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Essay 1 of 1.

5045 words.

“I am made of literature. I am nothing else and cannot be anything else.”¹

— Franz Kafka

Playing with gods & twiddling our chains: problems of sanctity and originality.

The following will be a largely theoretical essay, that will both dismantle and advocate for different levels of what we may term *originality*. Fuelled by theoretical frameworks such as Levine’s *affordances* and Bakhtin’s *heteroglossia*, I will equip myself to discuss the latent possibilities of form and the compound nature of voices at all levels, using my findings to elucidate an understanding of the process of innovation as aided by constraint, and of originality as compositional as opposed to generative. By this, I mean to explore the latent aspects of constraints that allow for their own subversion, and to argue for the unreachability of complete novelty, literarily or otherwise. With regards to subversion, questions will be asked of practical sanctity, important in the recreation or parodying of existing forms, styles, beliefs, and so on. Herein, I will broaden the scope of the term *form*, too, applying the logical structure of expectation and the deviation therefrom to cognitive constructions as well as literary ones. Moreover, the investigation of originality as seen through a composite lens will expound the universality of the concept of synergy, and so allow for insight into a seemingly inherently important aspect of life as well as of artistic creation. The universal interest in such matters of originality and compositeness may be captured by aligning the voices of diverse personalities. We may see that Abraham Lincoln and Mary Antoinette’s dressmaker, Rose Bertin, had an interest in such matters, respectively stating that ‘books serve to show a man that those original thoughts of his aren’t very new after all’, and ‘there is nothing new except what has been forgotten.’^{2,3} Returning to the literary world, we will see that writers recognise the extra-literary application of the sentiment, too. Chuck Palahniuk, for example, states that ‘anymore, no one’s mind is their own, as well as ‘nothing of me is original. I am the combined effort of everyone I’ve ever

¹ (Anderson, p.17)

² As verified by The Abraham Lincoln Association, which published a multi-volume set of Lincoln’s correspondence, speeches, and other writings, in 1953.

³ (Black, p.498)

known.^{4,5} The latter of these quotes comes from *Invisible Monsters*, whose narrator herself is a composite comprised of various pseudonyms and identities. The universal interest in these matters makes their exploration a source of rich material. To evidence the notion of compositeness and originality, I will utilise a piece of original writing, transposed through various styles and forms. Propelled by a theoretical exploration of subversion and sanctity, we will encounter amongst others Kafka and the Kafkaesque, including a misattribution thereto, whereat I will use a further piece of original work to illuminate the conceptual arguments I purport.

We may first look the composite nature of all voices, and subsequently reimagine the authorial role as constructive rather than creative. Paralleling Kafka's titular quote, Jorge Luis Borges said in a 1981 interview with El Pais 'I am not sure that I exist, actually. I am all the writers that I have read, all the people that I have met, all the women that I have loved; all the cities I have visited.'⁶ These eerily similar positions bring to life Roland Barthes' suggestion that a text is a tissue of citations from countless cultural sources, rather than a single line of meaning created by an 'Author-God'. So too do they align readers and writers: the former of whom are, according to Barthes, the 'very space in which are inscribed, without any being lost, all the citations a writing consists of.'⁷ Borges' quote in particular takes this idea and applies extra-literarily, claiming that our very personalities are composite constructions, their citations being our experiences, though Kafka's too seems to share this logic of being made of a matrix of influences. Whilst this leads Barthes to question the creative originality of the author, British writer Alan Watts joins Borges' extra-literary application when claiming that 'our most private thoughts and emotions are not actually our own [...] we think in terms of languages and images which we did not invent, but which were given to us by our society.'⁸ So, if we are not original beings ourselves, how may we hope to create original literature? The

⁴ (Palahniuk, 2018, p.75)

⁵ (Palahniuk, 2003, p.105)

⁶ (Fermosel) (translation my own)

⁷ (Barthes, p.4-5)

⁸ (Watts, p.53-54)

answer may be in accepting that we are necessarily products of a series of personal and cultural influences, powerless to forego our compositional makeup, and incapable of being original in the sense of the term which suggests untetheredness. We may though be capable of individualising ourselves by malleating the citations of which we are made, playing with formalistic expectation, and exploring existing literary structures with new linguistic modes of transport. As Mikhail Bakhtin puts it, 'it is as if the author has no language of his own, but does possess his own style, his own organic and unitary law governing the way he plays with languages.'⁹ The following piece of my original work will serve to elucidate such matters:

'What those things were I daren't ask another soul,
My fear eternalised as is their toil.

A suited officer: a welcome reprieve,
Stood twixt the bodiless **and** my fear rued
His **re**collection **appearing** to cleave
The joint of I and those ghastly ghouls.

The natural world recoiled, divinity stayed away,
Belief became dust, trust left me for doubt,
I check they chug I pray they stay away,
Open, my heart came falling out.

Superstition, voodoo, worn with pride,
Evading my eyes purveying their lies with no
Supervision, these hoodoos stride by stride
Do march into the wide mouth of Marlow.'

The context of this piece's existence is as follows: an extract from Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* (Appendix 1A) was transposed via James Joyce's imitation of Horace Walpole in *Ulysses* (Appendix 1B) into an original piece of writing by myself (Appendix 1C), which was then transposed into the

⁹ (Bakhtin, p.311)

final piece, above. This artificially constructed process is a conscious condensing of that which occurs naturally when an artist's exposures influence their work. The process in its entirety illustrates a modification of both style and form, but let us first look at the linguistic lineage present. The content itself is a hybrid of Conrad's narrative and a Walpolean gothic quality, with the former dictating to a large degree the nouns at my disposal (i.e. the characters and places are present) and the latter constricting, or at least heavily advising, my adjectival and verbal choices. Though these things did not choose every specific word that is present in the piece, they did provide the set from which I was reasonably permitted to choose from. This is to say that, should I have chosen outside of the sets presupposed by Conrad's narrative and Walpole's style, I would have relinquished parodying either and instead ventured into a realm of generation as opposed to transposition. (It is important to note here that even if I had abandoned the voices of Conrad and Walpole in favour of my own, 'one's own language is never a single language: in it there are always survivals of the past and a potential for other-languedness': thus even in non-inorganically-restricted writing, monoglossia must be seen as relative.¹⁰) By departing from the preordained expectations and influence of a certain language set, then, we simply enter into those of another. Departing from the expectations of form, however, leads to subversion. I illustrate this via my inversion of the sonnet form: beginning with a finalising couplet which rather corks the poem and inhibits movement towards a resolution; opening up into a hopeful stanza, followed by a volta which indicates here a problem incoming as opposed to being alleviated; finishing back at the source of the original text, after having impregnated the persona with anxiety. Whilst there may be no space between linguistic sets for a writer to exist in, unaffected, originality may be achieved via the malleation of the constraints that house our creations. Within this, stylistic choices regarding form, too, may afford a sense of originality, for example, my wealth of enjambment to mimic the unhaltable procession of spectres, intensified by the final stanza's incessant rhythm; indentations at the close of each stanza to mimeticise the language they separate (cleave/joint; away/open; stride/do march), and the emboldening of 're-ap'

¹⁰ (Bakhtin, p.66)

and 's-and' to call attention to the process of meaning being created via linguistic subunits. Though the composite nature of authorial voice may inhibit generative originality at a certain level, the very act of interaction between the different compositional strands is generative of its own accord: 'every parody is an intentional dialogized hybrid. Within it, languages and styles actively and mutually illuminate one another.'¹¹ By way of illustration, the subversion of a traditionally love-centric poetic form illuminates the fear and distance present in the subtext of *Heart of Darkness*, whilst placing an extract of Conrad's narrative in a fourteen-line poetic form shows the condensing capabilities of that very form: it can denote far more than it tangibly shows. The gothic overlay aids in hyperbolising/metaphorising the themes I have chosen to extract from Conrad's work, a process which poetic forms innately engage in anyway due to their symbolic and often romanticised nature. Again, style is created via the composition of subunits of language (here via words as opposed to syllables/letters) to create synergistic meaning beyond the literal linguistic makeup.

An organic linguistic set is a community; a literary linguistic set is a genre/style: within these, members all have the same tools at their disposal, as to choose from outside a group's vocabulary merely results in utilising another group's voice. Outside of any set of language exists another: there is no gap therebetween that allows for monoglossic speech. This speaks of the inescapability of heteroglossia. Borges' *The Writing of the God* protagonist speaks of this approach to untetheredness, wherein we may align the notion of freedom with that of awakening: 'you have wakened not out of sleep, but into a prior dream, and that dream lies within another, and so on, to infinity, [...] and you will die before you have truly awakened.'¹² The chiasmic structure conveys the same sentiment of entrapment and inescapability as do the words we read. The extreme stance that externality can only be achieved by death is mirrored by the Kafkaesque assertion that 'you can choose to be free, but it's the last decision you'll ever make', suggesting once more an impossibility

¹¹ (Bakhtin, p.76)

¹² (Borges, p.574)

of a clean slate for originality.¹³ (I say Kafkaesque, because upon further researching this quote, I found it to be misattributed to Kafka, and in actuality stemming from Richard Marshall, which will imminently be discussed further.) We have learnt, then, that playing with form allows for subversion that departing linguistic expectation cannot do: pushing around the boundaries of a form allows us to invent whilst remaining within a set of expectations, whilst departing these completely invalidates our play by removing the backdrop against we may compare our innovation. Paul Muldoon purports as much, masterfully: 'form is a straitjacket in the way that a straitjacket was a straitjacket for Houdini.'¹⁴ Houdini needs the initial constraint for his spectacle to have relevance. The context of evading the rules of a constraint is what allows the evocation of meaning, in a way that completely disregarding the rules nullifies: breaking or adhering to a rule says more than operating outside of its remit. Carol Levine implicates this when borrowing the notion of *affordance* from design theory. Speaking of the latent properties of a form, she explains that they may 'be put to use in unexpected ways that expand our general sense of that form's affordances', to which my argument suggests that subversion of itself is a latent potentiality of any given form.¹⁵ The imaginative use of a form thus results in novelty within – and grâce à – constraint. Marcel Bénabou concurs this affordance of form in his *Rule and Constraint*, asserting the 'paradoxical effect of constraint, which, rather than stifling the imagination, serves to awaken it.'¹⁶ Constraint and form, though, aren't limited to the literary world. Levine thanks Foucault's *Discipline and Punish* for elucidating to her the commonalities between literary/formalistic structures to societal ones, comparing, by way of example, form and timing to prison cells and factory routines.¹⁷ Further to this, I add that there exist also mental forms, known in the fields of psychology and cognitive science as *schemas*, which comes from the Greek for form, or figure.¹⁸ These are essentially mental structures that organise information and, through

¹³ (Marshall)

¹⁴ (Chivers, p.10)

¹⁵ (Levine, p.6)

¹⁶ (Bénabou, p.38)

¹⁷ (Levine, preface X/XI)

¹⁸ "schema, n.". 1 b. *Neurology and Psychology*. An automatic, unconscious coding or organization of incoming physiological or psychological stimuli, giving rise to a particular response or effect. (OED)

experience, result in expectations being formed in relation to a given scenario. (Kant had previously used the term similarly, in a philosophical remit.¹⁹) This once more aligns the real world with the literary one. Just as our unavoidably composite nature becomes literature's unavoidable heteroglossia, our cognitively built-in necessity for organisation gives rise to formalistic structures. In turn, the experience of a deviation from either captures our attention. We are witnessing the mental structures given to us by experience become transposed into a literary remit, wherein subversion thereof jolts us into a state of deeper awareness.

The aforementioned Kafka misattribution is interesting for a number of reasons, largely to do with the notion of sanctity and also the treatment of voices. Single voices – though difficult or even impossible to extricate due to social heteroglossia – can be emphasised to capture a style or to embody a universal message (as with fables and parables). Marshall attempts the former, pitting Kafka against James Baldwin in a dialogue that is essentially a back-and-forth of ideas, beliefs, perspectives, and styles. Unsurprisingly, the two speakers come to stand for the embodiment of their respective own. This form allows no space for the common language of the author, or for a narrative voice to refract such language. The piece is a binary of uninterrupted Kafka then Baldwin then Kafka and so on, highlighting the nonexistence of a chasm between ideas, influences, and voices. This is even alluded to allegorically with Marshall's choice of interlocutors: Baldwin was born less than two months after his fellow converser's death. Marshall's piece then comes to suggest that there exists no empty space in human consciousness, no pause between voices or ideas, no silent vacuum punctuating collective thought. Marshall's authorial presence, though, cannot conceal itself entirely. Bakhtin asserts that narrators are usually the space wherein a voice is spliced, as a reader senses the refracted voice of the writer in their guide through a text: 'we acutely sense two levels at each moment in the story; one, the level of the narrator, a belief system filled with his objects,

¹⁹ "schema, n." 1 b. *Philosophy*. In Kant: Any one of certain forms or rules of the 'productive imagination' through which the understanding is able to apply its 'categories' to the manifold of sense-perception in the process of realizing knowledge or experience. (OED)

meanings and emotional expressions, and the other, the level of the author, who speaks (albeit in a refracted way) by means of this story and through this story.’²⁰ Though Marshall has not allowed this narratorial space for his voice to be seen, authorial presence may nonetheless be perceived by the treatment of the more tangible voices we are privy to. At each moment we are aware of the attempted mimicry, and the gap between the real Kafka and Baldwin and Marshall’s incarnations thereof opens up before us, allowing us to perceive the artistic process undertaken. I believe then this showing of oneself to be unavoidable, irrespective of the presence of a narrator: Bakhtin would perhaps agree, considering multi-voicedness to exist not only at the level of characters within texts, but also at the level of social heteroglossia.²¹ Marshall has in the plainest of ways invoked a formalistic/expectational backdrop upon which to play, employing two clearly-defined voices to demarcate his intention of invoking two sets of ideas, styles, identities, beliefs, and philosophies.

The sanctity of all of these things is brought into question by the notion of misattribution more broadly. How should voices, and the information they carry, be treated? Not only this, but also how much respect must or should be shown to forms? I believe the latter question is partially answered by the previously discussed ideas of a backdrop being necessary for innovation and creation. A form must be respected and acceded to enough for it to provide a structure upon which a writer may very well choose to enact subversion, but may also reap the benefit of the form’s intended purpose. In the same way that departing a set of language precludes the possibility of either inclusion or subversion of that very set, breaking too many formalistic rules results in the abandonment of the original form as a status quo to support or critique. If a bird escapes its cage, it can no longer flap against the bars to appeal its imprisonment, nor can it sit prettily for an aesthetic photograph. When Kafka says ‘a cage went in search of a bird’, it is suggestive of established forms – in any of the discussed senses of the word – becoming newly occupied with each writer who is drawn to utilise

²⁰ (Bakhtin, p.314)

²¹ (Bakhtin, p.326)

them.²² Once the cage finds its occupant, its latent properties are evoked. Which ones exactly, depends on the attitude of the bird towards its new home, and its resulting behaviour. With regards to the sanctity that should be afforded to voices, styles, beliefs, etc., a similar logic may be applicable. Though the treatment of certain subject matters may be an issue for politics, the use of any existent notion in literature, to be valid, must, as mentioned, retain a view of the original notion itself. Thus, the essential features of a style or voice must be present in a recreation thereof, even when being used for subversion. Parody is our way of playing with style from within its own boundaries. A further piece of my original writing will illuminate the conversation around sanctity and subversion:

‘To God’s dismay, the left-hand side queue hastened. The Operator had misread Frances Svoboda’s papers and he was accordingly sent to the back of the line, resulting in a quick turnover at the application station. God #2, however, began thumbing through the stack of bills he stood to win, increasingly eagerly on occasion of a hold up at the right-hand side queue.

“Not this shit again,”

“I advised you to switch sides,”

“Fucking Operat-“

Both God and God #2 peered at the maze of suited men, women, and children, all of whom, including Frances, had by now completed one lap of the labyrinth and had their first of two acceptance letters stamped, signed, and set aside in anticipation of their owner’s return.

Two-faced Ani had already been denied his application on account of forgetting which face his documents were linked to, and now Frances had to stare at the more irate of the two whilst Ani queued to complain.

Whilst they waited, the machine reliant on an initial signature was laboriously churning out the personalised stamps necessary for approval of the second documents, racing to be ready before the queue closed in on it, thankful for Operator #2’s intentionally excessive thoroughness.’

²² (Kafka, p.81)

In this short piece, certain things are created in order to later be subverted or desanctified. First, though, an instance of the upholding of the sanctity of a form can be gleaned when observing the dialogic Haiku that is woven into the narrative. To prevent the syllables of the last line from breaking the formalistic rules, the invisible authorial hand that assembles these linguistic subunits reaches down and interrupts the dialogue. The fact that the Haiku is made up of voices that are not my own, yet has its formalistic integrity upheld by my authority, speaks for the compositional, structuring role of the writer. The sanctity of religion is another story entirely. A monotheistic religious backdrop is invoked by the presence of 'God', before being undermined by the presence of a second (capitalised) God, and the humanisation of both via the insinuation of gambling and use of profanity. Abrahamic religious belief is further subverted upon the invocation of Ani, the Etruscan god of the sky, predating Christianity, Judaism, and Islam. Here, the specificity of a capitalised God is essential in eliciting the notion of monotheistic religion, for this to in turn be subverted. The same can be said of the use of 'two-faced' in a literal sense. We are used to the linguistic compound 'two-faced' denoting a figurative sentiment relating to a person; once it becomes clear that the phrase is used literally, we experience surprise and/or humour at the deviation from our expectation. The cognitive trap has to first be set, just as an existing belief must be incurred in order for it to be played with. The illogical process of queueing twice to have documents signed at the same station is eventually reasoned, as we are told of the technicalities of the necessary machine. This process too, once acknowledged as an instance of irrational bureaucracy, is what erects and subsequently levels the most poignant aspect of the piece: the Kafkaesque. The initial illogicalness of the process, alongside the mazy labyrinth through which the applicants must navigate, becomes a Kafkaesque depiction of unnecessary bureaucracy, all of which is undermined by the eventual explanation that the process is rather more rational than first thought. Again, the initial construction of a form – or in this case style – is essential: unfairness, and uncaring authority is alluded to by Frances being punished through no fault of his own, and even by the Gods' devaluation of the human process, in a manner which aligns two of my artistic intentions: subverting monotheistic religion, and creating the Kafkaesque.

Furthermore, an initial bureaucratic foundation, primed for demolition, is created by the utter vagueness of the application process and the inspecificity as to what exactly the application is for. Not only this, but the fact that men, women, children *and a god* are included illustrates bureaucratic pervasiveness, with the inclusion of the latter invoking Kafka's *Poseidon*, wherein even the god of the sea is subjected to painstaking manual labour. This too further undermines the sanctity of gods, as does linguistically aligning God and God #2 with The Operator and Operator #2. Kafka's *In the Penal Colony* is also conjured by 'The Operator' mimicking 'The Officer', and by the strangely complex workings of the machines. Emotionally complex authority figures are also a feature of Kafka, as explains David Foster Wallace: 'Kafka's authority figures are never just hollow buffoons to be ridiculed, but are always absurd and scary and sad all at once, like *In the Penal Colony's* Lieutenant.'²³ Hence, included is the inference of Operator #2's sympathy for his machine, alluded to with the use of 'intentionally.' These initial constructions include the latent quality of their own destruction, and so our initially one-dimensionally authoritarian Operators are humanised, and unnecessary, illogical processes are validated: the Kafkaesque falls under the weight of explanation. Retrospectively, I notice that despite my intentions being to illustrate creation, subversion, and sanctity, my own style is to be gleaned nonetheless. Amongst other things, my penchant for duality and irony are to be seen via the duplicated Gods, Operators, letters, queues, and Ani, and by 'Svoboda' being Czech for *freedom*. Whilst the latter aspect was more of an active choice on my part, the duality was not premeditated, but organically stemmed from my individual cognitive logicising that a dualistic narrative would best house my more conscious intentions. The creative process itself will always expose the fingerprints of a creator, even when the perceptible creation seems to offer only rearranged or transposed material. The notion of complete creative originality, then, may be a case of categorical error. 'Originality' is not to create matter in a scientifically impossible way, as states Mary Shelley in her introduction to *Frankenstein*:

²³ (Wallace, p.48)

‘Invention, it must be humbly admitted, does not consist in creating out of void, but out of chaos; the materials must, in the first place, be afforded: it can give form to dark, shapeless substances, but cannot bring into being the substance itself. [...] Invention consists in the capacity of seizing on the capabilities of a subject, and in the power of moulding and fashioning ideas suggested to it.’²⁴

This is of course mirrored in her narrative: Dr Frankenstein is a compositional creator, not a generative one. Nonetheless, the biggest existential question regards Frankenstein’s monster’s consciousness: how is it that a reassembly of existent parts give rise to something entirely new, that being consciousness. This synergistic process is spoken of later in the text by Dr Waldman who claims that ‘the modern masters [...] know that [...] the elixir of life is a chimera’ and that ‘these philosophers [...] have indeed performed miracles.’²⁵ Literature is similarly chimeric and synergistic, with reformulations of existing ideas and styles into novel orders and patterns giving rise to apparently original sentiments. Yet this is not where originality ends: it is also the organic, individual methodology that occurs behind the creative process. The processes that, whilst pre-existent, are employed less than consciously, and unnoticeably drive a creation, being foreign at first even to the creator in question. Thus Kant’s assertion of the intangibility of genius, which includes the inexplicability even of its own conduit, is applicable at all levels of creation, not just those deemed by consensus to be of high artistic order.²⁶

We have learnt of the unavoidability of heteroglossia, which precludes the possibility of originality at the level of generation from a void. Before finishing, though, it will be interesting to consider an instance of attempted monoglossia, to further contextualise our findings. The idea underpinning Bakhtin’s initial notion of heteroglossia is that generational differences and various cultural subcategories within a linguistic community ensure a mixture of perspectives, adding valuable depth

²⁴ (Shelley, p.191)

²⁵ (Shelley, p.30)

²⁶ (Kant, ch.5)

and texture to a novel, which may not be present in comparatively *flatter* or simpler forms of literature, (as compared to the novel which Bakhtin's theoretical framework was originally applied to). This composite nature is markedly different to forms which employ a single dominant voice to drive a narrative and drown out the polyphony of the real world. By way of illustration, we may assess an ancient literary form: Aesop's fables. Let us elucidate *The Tortoise and the Hare* by saying that the eponymous duo respectively embody sentiments useful in moralising or didacticizing: fitting within the context of a fable, but with a necessary limiting one-dimensionality that necessitates translation on the part of a reader to apply such moral lessons to reality. The duo is situated so as to bring an abstract teaching into a more accessible physical incarnation, whilst simultaneously abstracting the instances of this teaching from the real world and malleating them into a unified, less realistic symbolisation thereof. The attempt is to posit the text between a too-distant abstract notion of moralising, and the real-world application thereof that usually exists in a polyphonic matrix which make the single voice difficult to extricate. Moreover, the entire narrative of the fable – not just the characters – is centred on amplifying the desired moral (which has now been isolated and metaphorized), with no role for subordinate information, characterisation outside of that intended to ameliorate the embodiment of a sentiment or attitude, or accessorial subplots that we have come to expect in forms with more extended narratives. In fact, we may suggest that forms such as fables and parables actively avoided heteroglossia in order to maintain focus on the central moral themes of their texts. Of course, this application of the term is anachronistic in nature, but the suggestion that these forms sought to streamline a message, ensuring minimal mental capacity was filled by surplus information, seems uncontroversial. In turn this led to characters, and texts in their entirety, that were intentionally restricted by what we may now term a monoglossic scope. A heteroglossic text and the characters therein are situated differently: they are imitations of real life as opposed to emblems of a single notion therefrom. To invoke Kafka once more, we may see *In the Penal Colony's* Officer as heteroglossic. He is a composite of the Old Commandant's ideologies and his own dedication thereto, as well as his own ego in being the last remnant of the old guard, and is our

source of information of both the previous and current penal colony. Rather than extricating an aspect of our world and translating it into a playful, didactic form and language, heteroglossia allows for a reconstruction of our reality, or rather, a *new* reality, with a composite nature just like our own. The vital difference between monoglossia and heteroglossia is the same difference between extracting and recomposing: extracting a single voice from the many that exist in the world versus recomposing a separated heteroglossic world.

Alas, whilst fables and other more figurative forms of literature may be ostensibly monoglossic, we have seen enough to relativise these claims, and to unearth the authorial fingerprints that compose these stories, just as they would a multi-voiced novel. It is the stylistic choices that dictate originality in lieu of the generation of subject matter or novel language; it is the compositional process and the malleation of form from within that afford a creator individuality without surrendering to untetheredness. Subversion requires sanctity in the first instance: it is the presence of a status quo that allows us to critique. In response to my discussion, I argue further that the gothic and the Kafkaesque are of the same level. Whilst the latter may seem more readily monoglossic, I suggest that Kafka holds no more right of ownership of the Kafkaesque than does Walpole the gothic. Certain writers may be vessels through which a label is originated, but literature is a synergistic, composite practice, with matrixes of infinitely overlapping voices, styles, and forms. In some ways this may validate the hedonistic, constructionist reader, but I would rather suggest it reconstitutes our definition of originality and refocuses our eye onto intricate stylistic elements that better illustrate artistry than does recycled language or form.

Appendix 1A – Conrad, Joseph. 2006. *Heart Of Darkness*. 5th ed. Edited by Paul B. Armstrong New York: Norton. P.16

‘A slight clinking behind me made me turn my head. Six black men advanced in a file, toiling up the path. They walked erect and slow, balancing small baskets full of earth on their heads, and the clink kept time with their footsteps. Black rags were wound round their loins, and the short ends behind wagged to and fro like tails. I could see every rib, the joints of their limbs were like knots in a rope; each had an iron collar on his neck, and all were connected together with a chain whose bights swung between them, rhythmically clinking. Another report from the cliff made me think suddenly of that ship of war I had seen firing into a continent. It was the same kind of ominous voice; but these men could by no stretch of imagination be called enemies. They were called criminals, and the outraged law, like the bursting shells, had come to them, an insoluble mystery from the sea. All their meagre breasts panted together, the violently dilated nostrils quivered, the eyes stared stonily uphill. They passed me within six inches, without a glance, with that complete, deathlike indifference of unhappy savages. Behind this raw matter one of the reclaimed, the product of the new forces at work, strolled despondently, carrying a rifle by its middle. He had a uniform jacket with one button off, and seeing a white man on the path, hoisted his weapon to his shoulder with alacrity. This was simple prudence, white men being so much alike at a distance that he could not tell who I might be. He was speedily reassured, and with a large, white, rascally grin, and a glance at his charge, seemed to take me into partnership in his exalted trust. After all, I also was a part of the great cause of these high and just proceedings.’

Appendix 1B: Joyce, James. 2008. *Ulysses*. Edited by Jeri Johnson. Oxford: Oxford University Press. P.392

'But Malachias' tale began to freeze them with horror. He conjured up the scene before them. The secret panel beside the chimney slid back and in the recess appeared... Haines! Which of us did not feel his flesh creep! He had a portfolio full of Celtic literature in one hand, in the other a phial marked Poison. Surprise, horror, loathing were depicted on all faces while he eyed them with a ghostly grin. I anticipated some such reception, he began with an eldritch laugh, for which, it seems, history is to blame. Yes, it is true. I am the murderer of Samuel Childs. And how I am punished! The inferno has no terrors for me. This is the appearance is on me. Tare and ages, what way would I be resting at all, he muttered thickly, and I tramping Dublin this while back with my share of songs and himself after me the like of a soulth or a bullawurru? My hell, and Ireland's, is in this life. It is what I tried to obliterate my crime. Distractions, rookshooting, the Erse language (he recited some), laudanum (he raised the phial to his lips), camping out. In vain! His spectre stalks me. Dope is my only hope... Ah! Destruction! The black panther! With a cry he suddenly vanished and the panel slid back. An instant later his head appeared in the door opposite and said: Meet me at Westland Row station at ten past eleven. He was gone. Tears gushed from the eyes of the dissipated host. The seer raised his hand to heaven, murmuring: The vendetta of Mananaun! The sage repeated: Lex talionis. The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done. Malachias, overcome by emotion, ceased. The mystery was unveiled. Haines was the third brother. His real name was Childs. The black panther was himself the ghost of his own father. He drank drugs to obliterate. For this relief much thanks. The lonely house by the graveyard is uninhabited. No soul will live there. The spider pitches her web in the solitude. The nocturnal rat peers from his hole. A curse is on it. It is haunted. Murderer's ground.'

Appendix 1C: Original Rewriting

The knowingness of Marlow's voice had such depth that it seemed to contain the night rather than be released into it. He recounted the scene with grim precision.

"I stood in blissful ignorance as to the terrors that would unfurl around me. Hollow air parted on the command of six spectres which gradually solidified into the silhouettes of men. The inhuman regularity of their footsteps shunned the jauntily-clinking chains that shackled the figures together by their ankles, wrists, and necks. Tunics and braies clung to their fading bodies, shook with unerring regularity. One moment they were gone, the next they were almost upon me...as they approached they seemed to dematerialise once more – they took my crawling flesh with them as they threatened to disappear entirely. Each of them had a totem dangling about their breastbone: I spied a poppet, a coyote's foot, and a chipped cross of red clay jangling against steadily beating chests. The heaving of their diaphragms mimicked the artificial motion of ventilators; the smog would have justified such equipment. Horror, long-suppressed fear, monotony presented itself on the ghoulis visages as they neared, agonisingly, for an age. I anticipated I would be forever trapped in a frozen state of fear and hypnosis before a thunderous crack in the ground rippled underfoot in waves, and sent my mind to the accounts of my journey kept always in the journal in my breast-pocket. It was gone. Tears pulsed behind my eyes but were chased away by the reinvigorated pulsing of fully-solidified footfall. With a mumbled cry I jolted on the spot. Hell can offer no onslaught more fear-inducing than the rhythmic thuds that shook me from not a seamewe's wingspan away. The cross dropped at my feet as they passed, and vanished into the dirt in a plume of dust. The unnaturalness! The unholiness!

"An instant later a suited officer entered my eye-line, commanded my attention. A real, human officer, lonely amongst the translucent figures that forego him in my recollection. He spoke only 'Hello!', his bright smile too far separated from the idea of those he surely keeps in order for it to be construed as either knowing or naïve. Then, 'Goodbye!', he raised an arm, revealing a rifle and a pouch fat with currency. The surety of his vivid, bodily presence, gone. He remains a friend for my fearful memory.

"What were these things? How I wish I no longer wondered! It is true that I have been haunted by them ever since. I am, after all, a cog in the machine that eternalises their toil."

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