Le Fanu and Stoker, the emphasis elsewhere is on a widening of scope. Morin's opening essay remaps the genre's origins, while Richard Haslam recuperates the Faustian narratives of an overlooked band of writers in the 1820s and 30s. Diane Long Hoeveler uncovers the ideological agendas underlying Dublin publishers' production of Gothic chapbooks in the early 1800s, and Anne Markey reveals the intersection of Irish folklore and Gothic fiction in the neglected volume *Tales of the Emerald Isle; or, Legends of Ireland* (New York, 1828), written by an intriguingly shadowy figure, "A Lady of Boston". The essays of Gillespie and Jim Shanahan focus attention on the crucial period from revolution to Union and beyond, giving sober grounding to the oft-made observation that the Irish Gothic proliferated in direct relation to the horrors of history. The experience of colonization, with its repetitions of rebellion and repression, ensures that the Gothic, as Shanahan puts it, "lies at the very core of Irish literature in English".

SINÉAD STURGEON

Bibliography

Malcolm Walsby and Natasha Constantinidou, editors
DOCUMENTING THE EARLY MODERN BOOK WORLD
Inventories and catalogues in manuscript and print
432pp. Brill. €154 (£131).
978 90 04 25889 1

This teeming exploration of early modern book inventories is both precise and expansive: in reading it we track forensically between individual records (a Ventian bookseller's receipts from June 4, 1484, for example), but then lift our gaze to Poland, Norway, Germany and Spain. In chapters enlivened by their authors' infectious delight, we encounter probate inventories, book trade lists advertising or monitoring stock, sales catalogues, banned book lists, and autobibliographies – inventories of works written by the compiler of the list, and a form of bibliography as self-representation favoured by Conrad Gesner and Erasmus of Rotterdam.

Inventories are valuable for reconstructing lost or scattered libraries; for understanding ownership patterns and reading habits; and for revealing retail pricing and second-hand values. Sometimes inventories blossom into much more: Justyna Kiliańczyk-Zięba, in her chapter on the Cracow bookbinder Maciej Przywilcki, reads his inventory to find not only the books in his shop (poetry by Jan Kochanowski; translations of Castiglione's *Il libro del cortegiano*; guides to choosing a good wife), but also the tools in his bindery and the bindings of his stock. We almost feel what book historians want to feel: that we're there at the book stall in January 1587, turning the pages.

Alexander Marr examines the Bodleian's Benefactors Register: "every man bethinks himself", wrote Dudley Carleton, "how by some good book or other he may be written in the scroll of the benefactors". Kasper van Ommen discusses catalogues of the collection of Josephus Justus Scaliger (a "sixteenth-century Einstein", in Anthony Grafton's words), who on his death in 1609 left the recently founded University of Leiden "tous mes livres de langues estrangeres, Hebraics, Syriens, Arabics, Aethiopiens". Cristina Dondi and Neil Harris describe the fifteenth-century *Zornale* or day-book of the bookseller Francesco de Madiis, which offers "a fly-on-the-wall documentary of . . . a Renaissance Venetian bookshop".

If lists attempt to impose order on what Robert Burton described as the "vast *Chaos* and confusion of bookes", then they are often driven by fear: chapters explore inventories generated by the Congregation of the Index in Rome, which paradoxically publicized the titles they sought to eradicate. Lists itemize books and seem therefore to pin them down; but the book culture they describe was mobile: "books easily crossed national and linguistic boundaries". The inventory might be thought of as a record of a temporary alignment of books which each had their own trajectories: a momentary coming together.

The astonishing price of this book will mean, sadly, that *Documenting the Early Modern Book World* will only find a place in university libraries, or in inventories of texts to be read.

ADAM SMYTH

Philosophy

Michael Edwards
TIME AND THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL IN EARLY MODERN PHILOSOPHY
236pp. Brill. €99 (£85).
978 90 04 23232 7

"You suppose that the nature of time is perfectly clear, when nothing could be more obscure." This was Pierre Gassendi's reproach to René Descartes in 1644. Time's murkiness is so obvious to Gassendi that he then mocks Descartes outright: "How you would place the whole republic of letters in your debt if you could elucidate the nature of time!" Gassendi later took up the question of time in his posthumously published *Syntagma Philosophicum* (1658). Like Descartes, he failed to resolve it. Yet the *Syntagma*'s nine folio pages on time demonstrably influenced Isaac Newton's definition of "absolute, true and mathematical time" in the *Principia Mathematica* (1687).

In his new book, Michael Edwards begins to sketch a parallel history of what Newton would call "relative, apparent and vulgar time". According to Edwards, the *Principia* "took the soul out of time": his aim is to reconsider the soul's place in theories of time in the decades leading up to Newton's work (roughly, from 1590 to 1660). His book is an original, subtle and approachable contribution to the history of the philosophy of time.

What Edwards calls "the science of the soul" (*scientia de anima*) is rooted in late medieval and Renaissance commentaries on Aristotle, and associated with Reformation-era scholasticism. Jesuit and Calvinist scholastics occupy the foreground in Edwards's survey. The first half of the book is a finely drawn account of how a network of authors, including Bartholomaeus Keckermann and Hieronymus Dandinus, describe the soul's conjugation of change and duration. Early modern scholastics revised and occasionally devised complex, branching and still interesting distinctions between real and imaginary time, external and internal time, physical and hyperphysical time, divisible and indivisible time, and Edwards reports their discussions with sympathy and skill.

He somewhat marginalizes these scholastics in the book's second part, where he turns to Descartes and Thomas Hobbes as representatives of the "new philosophers". Unlike Keckermann and Dandinus, it is doubtful that Descartes wrote anything lasting about time. It would have been better to devote a chapter to Descartes's combative interlocutor, Gassendi. In the last pages of Edwards's book, it is perplexing that Epicurus and Lucretius receive no mention. Hobbes's theory of time is fundamentally Epicurean (if nominally Aristotelian), and he is perhaps the first philosopher after St Augustine to espouse the Epicureans' sensualist notion of time. Still, as Hobbes said in 1642: "Time has always been whatever anyone wanted it to be".

DAVID VAN DUSEN

Fiction

Ondjaki
GRANMA NINETEEN AND THE SOVIET'S SECRET
Translated by Stephen Henighan
172pp. Biblioasis. Paperback, $15.95.
978 1 927428 65 8

In 1982, engineers from the Soviet Union began building a mausoleum in the Angolan capital, Luanda, for the embalmed body of the country's first president, Agostinho Neto, who had died in Moscow three years earlier. To make way for the rocket-like construction, a residential neighbourhood was demolished; it then took another three decades to complete and cost well over $1 billion. A former Soviet diplomat has described the project as "blatantly absurd" – a quality that has inspired the imaginations of several Angolan artists and writers, among them the author Ondjaki.

Set in the 1980s, *Granma Nineteen and the Soviet's Secret* (translated by Stephen Henighan) opens with an explosion at the entrance to the mausoleum. Immediately, we are thrust into the world of the child protagonist, Ondjaki's inventive and possibly unreliable narrator who lives with his grandmother and her sister at the foot of the monument. The boy thinks he recognizes the "warlike rumbling" of fighter jets, but is rapidly seduced by the beauty of the flares, "as though all the rainbows in the world had come running to drink a toast on the ceiling of our dark city".

As with Ondjaki's other novels – including *Bom dia camaradas* (2001; *Good Morning Comrades*) and *Os Transparentes* (2012) – this is a strangely deceptive read. Although the narrative often feels rather whimsical, Angola's long history of colonialism and conflict, its various foreign allies and enemies, and the extraordinary suffering of its population, are menacingly present. The narrator's great-aunt only wears black and talks endlessly of the dead and dying. The local tramp, "comrade lunatic" Sea Foam, who hangs out on the beach and makes the children giggle, says of the ocean's salty waters, "They're the tears of those who just died". And the narrator's best friend, Pinduca, observes, "Well, they're always talkin' about peace, but as far as I know it still doesn't exist".

In many ways, the novel (which was first published in Portuguese in 2008) can be read as a brave and highly political work. The text is laced with sarcastic references to the propaganda of the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola, which has been in power since 1975, as well as the authority of "Comrade President" and the reliability (or otherwise) of the party mouthpiece, *Jornal de Angola*. The central plot, which pivots on a community that fears it is about to be destroyed, highlights a contemporary problem in Luanda, where poor neighbourhoods are regularly flattened to make way for the wealthy. Ondjaki deserves praise for taking on such tricky material, even if the final form of this enjoyable novel does not quite match its ambitions.

LARA PAWSON

Memoirs

Lilian Pizzichini
MUSIC NIGHT AT THE APOLLO
A memoir of drifting
224pp. Bloomsbury. £16.99.
978 1 4088 1599 1

In the autumn of 2007, Lilian Pizzichini took herself to live on the Grand Union Canal in Southall. She bought a leaking houseboat and – as the story here goes – gave herself over to drinking and drugs. "The conventional world is one of pretence, formalities and going through the motions", she advises. "In a very real sense, it's a waste of time." Cut then to her new local, the Brickmaker's Arms, where a fairly conventional bunch of the dispossessed "had stopped caring about themselves". Prostitutes, drug-dealers, criminals, pimps and assorted no-hopers hang out in squalor together. She spends a lot of time vomiting in the Ladies, and seems not to mind: "I did not want to take myself seriously because that might involve some effort".

Off the page of this puzzling book though, Pizzichini is somewhere industrious. Her *The Blue Hour: A portrait of Jean Rhys* was published in 2009. Nothing so dull as a library is mentioned in her calamitous recollections, but a well-researched family tree is in the making throughout, and it is to this that the book's wildest passages drift. Her "genealogical road map" is the starting point for imaginary recollections of distant relations, who wander through fictional scenes of convivial cheer. These fond ancestors sing, suffer, read poetry and cleave to each other through mishap and adventure. Their narratives cut into hers, in hallucinatory fashion. On a trip to score from an ex-con on the South Coast, Pizzichini's drug-induced nightmare is interrupted by scenes from a great-aunt's imagined past: "On the bowling green and open spaces of Southend-on-Sea, Daisy performed cart-wheels, while Herbert recited nursery rhymes".

What seems to be at play here is something much sadder than Pizzichini can tell us directly, which is the longing for company that cares. Swarming relations ("George and Emily Maria reckoned their daughter's darkness was due to the Baldocks on his mother's side") and fragmented historical research ("The Metropolitan Music Hall is now Paddington Green Police Station") seem necessary to compensate Pizzichini for the emptiness of her own affairs. Nothing connects with anything much, least of all the jangled voices, which lurch from one register to another at the drop of something nasty. Jean Rhys is definitely in the mix: "There is nothing so comfortable as being numb". So is melodramatic Victorian fiction: "That man waxes rich on the likes of us". Who Lilian Pizzichini herself is remains a matter for speculation, as "a memoir of drifting" is here eclipsed by the baffling performance of a woman adrift.

SHEENA JOUGHIN

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