Access to English\_ Literature

Programfaget Engelskspråklig litteratur og kultur

by Richard Burgess and Theresa Bowles Sørhus

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# xxx1 Preface

\_Access to English: Literature\_ is a textbook for the five-hour course in English Literature and Culture \_(Engelskspråklig litteratur og kultur – programfag i studiespesialiserende utdanningsprogram)\_, to be taken in the third year of upper secondary school.

  \_To the teacher:\_

  Welcome to the revised edition of \_Access to English: Literature.\_ If you have used the first edition, then there is much you will recognise here. The structure of the book is basically unchanged. Many of the classic texts have been kept, while some have been replaced by other equally classic ones, for the sake of either variation or balance. The chapter that is most changed is, naturally enough, the last one: "Contemporary Literature". In addition to choosing new, recent texts, we have endeavoured to give the chapter the same treatment as the earlier ones – i.e. focusing on some central literary trends of the period.

  Another new feature of this revised edition is the six-part course called "Across the Arts", which aims to give students a more structured approach to the "culture" part of the course than was provided in the first edition. Architecture, painting, music and design are some of the forms of expression we feature, focusing on typical examples and drawing parallels to literature from the same period. We believe that "Across the Arts" will be a welcome variation for the students and a useful tool for getting to grips with literary history.

  All the literary texts in the book are recorded and there is a website which offers further materials and useful links. As we all know, the web can be an invaluable resource – and a hopeless timewaster. We have done our best to help you make it the former rather than the latter!

  \_To the student:\_

  Welcome to an exciting year in which you will be cherry-picking some of the finest literature in the English language! The fact that you have chosen to take this particular English course means that you have already discovered that reading literature is interesting, exciting and fun. This year, in addition to reading literature from the present day, you will have the chance to become acquainted with some of the best writers of the English language over the last four centuries. These writers are people who have influenced the way you think, even if you have never heard of them. They have helped to shape the culture we share and they continue

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to influence it today through the literature they have left us. So we will be asking you to treat their works not as museum exhibits from a bygone age, but as living expressions that continue to resonate down the centuries.

  We can't gather William Shakespeare, Benjamin Franklin and Virginia Woolf around a table and hear them talk, but we can put them within the covers of the same book and let their writing "converse" across the centuries. By listening closely to this conversation we can learn how attitudes and sensibilities have changed, and also – perhaps more importantly – how much the human spirit has remained the same. One of the joys of reading older literature is the shock of recognition. These texts are about us! – about how wonderful, awful, hilarious and tragic it is to be a human being. Now what could be more important than that?

  While literature will be the main focus, it is worth remembering that the trends and traditions that shaped English literature have also shaped other forms of artistic expression. The course curriculum takes this into account in the title "English Literature \_and Culture"\_. We will therefore be inviting you to listen to music and look at works of art, at buildings and landscape gardens, both with a view to finding parallels to the literary texts and for the sheer enjoyment it gives.

  This year you will not only be \_reading\_ literature – you will also be \_talking\_ and \_writing\_ about it. In fact, it will be your ability to do these two things that will decide your grade at the end of the year. Writing about literature is an art that has to be learned. \_Access to English: Literature\_ will help you to do this. It includes a writing course that will equip you with what you need to get the most out of your essay writing. We also give you hints on how to improve your oral presentations.

  We firmly believe that this book is a treasure chest of wisdom, pleasure and fun. Putting it together has been a rewarding experience and we hope opening it will be too.

  The authors

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# xxx1 CHAPTER 1: Making a Long Story Short

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

\_Competence aims in focus:\_

The aims of the studies are to enable students to:

{{List}}

-- have a command of the terminology needed for analysing works of fiction, films and other aesthetic forms of expression

-- use a nuanced, well-developed and precise vocabulary to communicate on literature and culture

--summarize, comment on and discuss differing viewpoints in fictional texts

{{End of list}}

(Translation: udir.no)

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## xxx2 Enjoying the Short Story

We are going to start this year of literary study by reading some short stories. In doing so we will brush up our skills in how we interpret and analyse stories, using the first story, "The Moment before the Gun Went Off" by the South African writer Nadine Gordimer, as an example. This will almost certainly not be the first time you have dealt with literary analysis, but if you need to recap some of the terminology, you can find the article "Enjoying Fiction: Literary Analysis" at access.cdu.no.

{{Tasks}}

First, sit in pairs or groups of three and discuss the following questions:

Task a) What is the best short story you have read, and what was so good about it?

Task b) How would you expect a short story to differ from a novel apart from the fact that it is shorter?

Task c) Think of the titles of some of the short stories you have read. Why do you think the authors chose these titles?

Task d) Now check whether you need to recap terminology by discussing what you understand by the following terms: i) \_plot\_ ii) \_setting\_ iii) \_character\_ iv) \_theme\_ v) \_point of view\_ vi) \_irony\_

{{End}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

Before you read "The Moment before the Gun Went Off", a piece of advice: try and read it through in one sitting the first time. Don't rush, but on the other hand, don't dawdle either. There will be time to look up vocabulary, underline things and take notes later. (One of the great things about the short story genre is that it is possible to read the text more than once!) The important thing in this first reading is to get an impression of the story as a whole.

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## xxx2 The Moment before the Gun Went Off

\_By Nadine Gordimer\_

Marais Van der Vyver shot one of his farm labourers, dead.

  An accident. There are accidents with guns every day of the week: children playing a fatal game with a father's revolver in the cities where guns are domestic objects, and hunting mishaps like this one, in the country. But these won't be reported all over the world. Van der Vyver knows his will be. He knows that the story of the Afrikaner farmer – a regional Party leader and Commandant of the local security commando – he, shooting a black man who worked for him will fit exactly their version of South Africa. It's made for them. They'll be able to use it in their boycott and divestment campaigns. It'll be another piece of evidence in their truth about the country. The papers at home will quote the story as it has appeared in the overseas press, and in the back-and-forth he and the black man will become those crudely-drawn figures on antiapartheid banners, units in statistics of white brutality against the blacks quoted at United Nations – whom they will gleefully call "a leading member" of the ruling Party.

{{Textbox}}

\_Apartheid\_ was the official policy enforced by the ruling white regime from 1948 to the early 1990s in which the races were segregated and the majority black population was denied electoral rights and political influence.

{{End of textbox}}

People in the farming community understand how he must feel. Bad enough to have killed a man, without helping the Party's, the government's, the country's enemies, as well.

{{Glossary}}

\_fatal:\_ livsfarlig, dødelig/livsfarleg, dødeleg

domestic: hjemlig/heimleg

\_Afrikaner: \_ethnic group in South Africa of Dutch descent\_

\_divestment:economic sanctions against the apartheid regime in South Africa\_

\_crude:\_ uferdig, enkel, skissepreget/uferdig, enkel, skisseprega

drawn: tegnet/teikna

\_to sneer:\_ å flire hånlig/å flire hånleg

{{End of glossary}}

They see the truth of that. They know, reading the Sunday papers, that when Van der Vyver is quoted saying he is "terribly shocked", he will "look after the wife and children", none of those Americans and English, and none of those people at home who want to destroy the white man's power will believe him. And how they will sneer when he even says of the farm boy (according to one paper, if you can trust any of those reporters), "He was my friend. I always took him hunting with me": Those city and overseas people don't know it's true: farmers usually have one particular black boy they like to take along with them in the lands: you could call it a kind of friend, yes, friends are not only your own white people, like yourself, you take into your house, pray with in church and work with on the Party committee. But how can those others know that? They don't want to know it. They think all blacks are like big-mouth agitators in town. And Van der Vyver's face, in the photographs, strangely opened by distress – everyone in the district remembers Marais Van der Vyver as a little boy who could go away and hide himself if he caught you smiling at him. And everyone knows him now as a man who hides any change of expression round his mouth behind a thick, soft moustache, and in his eyes, by always looking at some object in hand, while concentrating on what he is saying, or while listening to you. It just goes to show

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what shock can do. When you look at the newspaper photographs you feel like apologizing; as if you had started in on some room where you should not be.

  There will be an inquiry. There had better be – to stop the assumption of yet another case of brutality against farm workers, although there's nothing in doubt – an accident, and all the facts fully admitted by Van der Vyver. He made a statement when he arrived at the police station with the dead man in his bakkie.

  Captain Beetge knows him well, of course; he gave him brandy. He was shaking, this big, calm, clever son of Willem Van der Vyver, who inherited the old man's best farm. The black was stone dead. Nothing to be done for him. Beetge will not tell anyone that after the brandy, Van der Vyver wept. He sobbed, snot running onto his hands, like a dirty kid. The Captain was ashamed for him, and walked out to give him a chance to recover himself.

  Marais Van der Vyver had left his house at three in the afternoon to cull a buck from the family of Kudu he protects in the bush areas of his farm. He is interested in wild life and sees it as the farmer's sacred duty to raise game as well as cattle. As usual, he called at his shed workshop to pick up Lucas, a twenty-year-old farmhand who had shown mechanical aptitude and whom Van der Vyver himself had taught to maintain tractors and other farm machinery. He hooted. And Lucas followed the familiar routine, jumping onto the back of the truck. He liked to travel standing up there, spotting game before his employer did. He would lean forward, braced against the cab below him.

  Van der Vyver had a rifle and .300 ammunition beside him in the cab. The rifle was one of his father's, because his own was at the gunsmith's in town.

{{Glossary}}

\_inquiry:\_ etterforskning/etterforsking

\_assumption:\_ antagelse/meining, tru

\_bakkie: South African for pickup truck\_

\_snot:\_ snørr

\_to cull:\_ å velge ut/å velje ut

\_buck:\_ bukk

\_kudu:\_ antilope

\_game:\_ vilt, dyr som er gjenstand for jakt/vilt, dyr som det blir jakta på

\_aptitude:\_ anlegg

\_to maintain:\_ å vedlikeholde/å halde ved like

\_to hoot:\_ å tute

\_whiteripple:\_ hvitkrusete/kvitkrusete (om farge)

\_pot-hole:\_ (slag)hull i veien/(slag)hol i vegen

{{End of glossary}}

Since his father died (Beetge's sergeant wrote "passed on") no-one had used the rifle and so when he took it from a cupboard he was sure it was not loaded. His father had never allowed a loaded gun in the house. He himself had been taught since childhood never to ride with a loaded weapon in a vehicle. But this gun was loaded. On a dirt track, Lucas thumped his fist on the cab roof three times to signal: look left. Having seen the whiteripple-marked flank of a Kudu, and its fine horns raking through disguising bush, Van der Vyver drove rather fast over a pot-hole. The jolt fired the rifle. Upright, it was pointing straight through the cab roof at the head of Lucas ...

  That is the statement of what happened. Although a man of such standing in the district, Van der Vyver had to go through the ritual of swearing that it was the truth. It has gone on record, and will be there in the archive of the local police station as long as Van der Vyver lives, and beyond that, through the lives of his children, Magnus, Helena and Karel

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– unless things in the country get worse, the example of black mobs in the towns spreads to the rural areas and the place is burned down as many urban police stations have been. Because nothing the government can do will appease the agitators and the whites who encourage them. Nothing satisfies them, in the cities: blacks can sit and drink in white hotels now, the Immorality Act has gone, blacks can sleep with whites ... It's not even a crime any more.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_to appease:\_ å blidgjøre, å dempe, å berolige/å blidgjere, å dempe, å roe ned

\_Immorality Act: a law that banned both marriage and sexual relations between different races\_

\_artificial stream:\_ kunstig dam eller bekk

\_aerial:\_ antenne

{{End of glossary}}

Van der Vyver has a high barbed security fence round his farmhouse and garden which his wife, Alida, thinks spoils completely the effect of her artificial stream with its tree-ferns beneath the Jacarandas. There is an aerial soaring like a flag-pole in the back yard. All his vehicles, including the truck in which the black man died, have aerials that swing like whips when the driver hits a pot-hole. They are part of the security system the farmers in the district maintain, each farm in touch with every other by radio, twenty-four hours out of twenty-four. It has already happened that infiltrators from over the border have mined remote farm roads, killing white farmers and their families out on their own property

--- 12 to 432

for a Sunday picnic. The pot-hole could have set off a landmine, and Van der Vyver might have died with his farm boy. When neighbours use the communications system to call up and say they are sorry about "that business" with one of Van der Vyver's boys, there goes unsaid: it could have been worse.

  It is obvious from the quality and fittings of the coffin that the farmer has provided money for the funeral. And an elaborate funeral means a great deal to the blacks; look how they will deprive themselves of the little they have, in their life-time, keeping up payments to a burial society so they won't go in boxwood to an unmarked grave. The young wife is pregnant (of course) and another little one, wearing red shoes several sizes too large, leans under her jutting belly. He is too young to understand what has happened, what he is witnessing that day. But neither whines nor plays about. He is solemn without knowing why. Blacks expose small children to everything. They don't protect them from the sight of fear and pain the way whites do theirs.

  It is the young wife who rolls her head and cries like a child, sobbing on the breast of this relative and that. All present work for Van der Vyver or are the families of those who work. And in the weeding and harvest seasons, the women and children work for him, too, carried – wrapped in their blankets, on a truck, singing – at sunrise to the fields. The dead man's mother is a woman who can't be more than in her late thirties (they start bearing children at puberty) but she is heavily mature in a black dress between her own parents, who were already working for old Van der Vyver when Marais, like their daughter, was a child. The parents hold her as if she were a prisoner or a crazy woman to be restrained. But she says nothing, does nothing. She does not look up, she does not look at Van der Vyver, whose gun went off in the truck. She stares at the grave. Nothing will make her look up, there need be no fear that she will look up, at him.

  His wife, Alida, is beside him. To show the proper respect, as for any white funeral, she is wearing the navy-blue-and-cream hat she wears to church this summer. She is always supportive, although he doesn't seem to notice it. This coldness and reserve – his mother says he didn't mix well as a child – she accepts for herself but regrets that it has prevented him from being nominated, as he should be, to stand as the Party's parliamentary candidate for the district. He does not let her clothing, or that of anyone else gathered closely, make contact with him. He, too, stares at the grave. The dead man's mother and he stare at the grave in communication like that between the black man outside and the white man inside the cab before the gun went off.

{{Glossary}}

\_elaborate:\_ forseggjort, påkostet/forseggjord, påkosta

\_to deprive:\_ å nekte (seg)

\_jutting:\_ struttende, utstikkende/struttande, utstikkande

solemn: høytidelig, alvorlig/høgtideleg, alvorleg

\_weeding:\_ luking

\_restrained:\_ kontrollert, holdt igjen/kontrollert, halden att

{{End of glossary}}

The moment before the gun went off was a moment of high excitement shared through the roof of the cab, as the bullet was to pass, between

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the young black man outside and the white farmer inside the vehicle. There were such moments, without explanation, between them, although often around the farm the farmer would pass the young man without returning a greeting, as if he did not recognize him. When the bullet went off, what Van der Vyver saw was the Kudu stumble in fright at the report and gallop away. Then he heard the thud behind him, and past the window saw the young man fall out of the vehicle. He was sure he had leapt up and toppled – in fright, like the buck. The farmer was almost laughing with relief, ready to tease, as he opened his door, it did not seem possible that a bullet passing through the roof could have done harm.

  The young man did not laugh with him at his own fright. The farmer carried him in his arms, to the truck. He was sure, sure he could not be dead. But the young black man's blood was all over the farmer's clothes, soaking against his flesh as he drove.

  How will they ever know, when they file newspaper clippings, evidence, proof, when they look at the photographs and see his face! Guilty! They are right! How will they know, when the police stations burn with all the evidence of what has happened now, and what the law made a crime in the past. How could they know that they do not know – anything. The young black callously shot through the negligence of the white man was not the farmer's boy; he was his son.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_to stumble:\_ snuble

\_to leap up:\_ å hoppe (til)

­\_to topple:\_ å falle over ende

\_callous:\_ ubarmhjertig, ufølsom/hjartelaus, ufølsam

\_negligence:\_ uaktsomhet, skjødesløshet/aktløyse, skøyteløyse

{{End of glossary}}

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{{Tasks}}

Before reading on, write your own responses to the following questions:

Task a) What was your response to the story when you had finished reading it?

Task b) Which details in the story can be seen in a different light when we have read the last sentence?

Task c) What do think the author's attitude to the apartheid regime is? What makes you think this?

Task d) Where do your sympathies lie at the end of the story? Does anyone deserve blame?

{{End of tasks}}

## xxx2 Responding to Literature: "The Moment before the Gun Went Off"

The story you have just read is short enough to be read more than once. You should reckon on doing that with the short stories in this book. A second or third reading will give you important insights that you didn't get the first time through. This is particularly true in a story like "The Moment before the Gun Went Off" where the events of the story don't fall into place until the very last line. It's rather like watching a conjuring trick: the first time we see the trick, we allow the conjuror to astonish us, but we need a second or third viewing to see how the trick is achieved.

  The following is an analysis of the story. It is by no means a comprehensive one, the only one or the "right" one. You may find that you can add to it or disagree with points made in it. However, it provides us with a chance to use some of the vocabulary of literary analysis.

### xxx3 Plot

The terms \_plot\_ and \_story\_ are often used interchangeably in everyday speech. However, in literary analysis we often make a distinction between the two. Put simply, we could say that the story is the answer to the question "What happened?" – in other words, it is the sequence of events that are we told about. Plot, on the other hand, is the way the author takes the raw material of these events and "processes" them, putting them in a specific order, interpreting them and giving them a specific causality in relation to each other.

{{Glossary}}

\_conjuring trick:\_ tryllekunst

­\_conjuror:\_ tryllekunstner, magiker/tryllekunstnar, magikar

\_comprehensive:\_ altomfattende, fullstendig/altomfattande, fullstendig

\_interchangeable:\_ om hverandre/om kvarandre

\_causality:\_ kausalitet, årsakssammenheng/kausalitet, årsakssamanheng

{{End of glossary}}

In "The Moment before the Gun Went Off" the story is contained in the first and the last sentences of the text. If we simply join them up, we are

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left with a simple event: on a shooting trip, farmer Marais van der Vyver accidently shoots his son. The plot of the story is achieved by the author not revealing the last piece of information until the very end. It is the \_secret\_ of Marais van der Vyver and Lucas's father-son relationship that is the crux of the plot, and it is the revelation of this secret that provides the climax of the story in the last sentence. This revelation enables us, retrospectively, to make sense of their lives up until the shooting and understand details of what we are told happens afterwards – at the police station and at the funeral. It is the secret that transforms the sad, but banal event of the accident into a human tragedy that shocks and moves us.

### xxx3 Setting

When we talk about the \_setting\_ of a story, we are referring to the place and time the events take place in. But it is not just a question of geography and chronology. Setting concerns the social and political environment that is depicted, which may or may not impinge on plot. In the case of "The Moment Before the Gun Went Off" it certainly does.

  The setting here is rural South Africa some time in the transition period between apartheid (see p. 9) and majority rule. The narrator mentions that blacks can now sit and drink in white hotels and that the Immorality Act, which forbade sexual relations between the sexes, is no longer in place. At the same time it seems this is in the recent past (and still difficult for the narrator to accept). We can thus date the story to the period just before 1994, when majority rule was introduced.

  We meet a society that is in practice still segregated and in which white Afrikaner landowners feel under threat both from an increasingly hostile international community and from the danger of "infiltrators" from across the border, i.e. armed insurgents. Black people figure in the story either as the local workforce or as a distant threat ("black mobs in the town" and "big-mouth agitators"). Lucas is the only black person with a name in the story. Although the Immorality Act may be gone, its legacy lives on in the form of the social taboo concerning intimate relations between the races. The Act is the reason why Marais van der Vyver and Lucas's mother had to keep their relationship a secret and the taboo prevents van der Vyver from being able to openly acknowledge Lucas as his son.

  In other words, this is a story in which the particular social and political setting has a direct influence on the plot and the characters.

{{Glossary}}

\_crux:\_ avgjørende punkt/avgjerande punkt

\_revelation:\_ avsløring, overraskelse/avsløring, overrasking

\_retrospective:\_ tilbakeskuende, når man ser tilbake/tilbakeskodande, når ein ser tilbake

\_to impinge on:\_ å påvirke, å berøre/å påverke, å verke inn på

rural: landlig, landsens/landleg, landsens

\_transition:\_ overgang

\_narrator:\_ forteller/forteljar

\_to segregate:\_ å atskille, å skille fra hverandre (særlig om rase- eller kjønnsskille)/å skilje åt, å skilje frå kvarandre (særleg om rase- eller kjønnsskilje)

\_hostile:\_ fiendtlig (innstilt)/fiendtleg (innstilt)

\_insurgent:\_ opprører/opprørar

\_legacy:\_ arv

\_to acknowledge:\_ å anerkjenne, å vedstå seg

{{End of glossary}}

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### xxx3 Character

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

Marais van der Vyver is clearly the main character of the story and the only one who can be called a fully developed or "rounded" character. He is revealed to us mainly through direct characterisation, i.e. by the narrator telling us what he is like. At the beginning of the story we are told how he will be wrongly perceived by the press, particularly the foreign press – as a stereotype of the brutal Afrikaner farmer and National Party member. The narrator offers a more positive view based on a general consensus among those that know him: "Everyone in the district remembers Marais van der Vyver as a little boy who would go away and hide himself if he caught you smiling at him, and everyone knows him now as a man who hides any change of expression round his mouth behind a thick, soft moustache ..." At the same time there is mention of a certain "coldness and reserve", which can be interpreted as a form of shyness. This is corroborated by van der Vyver's mother, who says that he "did not mix well as a child".

{{Glossary}}

\_stereotype:\_ forenklet bilde, klisjé, stereotyp/forenkla bilde, klisjé, stereotyp

\_consensus:\_ (bred) enighet/(brei) semje

\_to corroborate:\_ å bekrefte, å styrke/å stadfeste, å bekrefte, å styrke

{{End of glossary}}

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In addition there is some indirect characterisation, when we see him (through the eyes of Captain Beetge) with his guard down, weeping in the midst of his grief: "He sobbed, snot running onto his hands, like a dirty kid." This reveals that there is a well of strong emotion beneath his reserved exterior. The revelation of the last sentence of the story allows us in retrospect to make sense of his character. His shyness, secrecy and inability to mix as a young man may have made him both more likely to seek intimacy in a relationship with a childhood friend, like Lucas's mother, and less likely to reveal the secret to anybody.

  The other characters in the story are painted with few brush strokes. Van der Vyver's wife, Alida, comes across as a superficial person, preoccupied with her artificial stream and her regrets that her husband did not stand for Parliament. Lucas's mother is described only in the setting of the funeral, silent and passive, while Lucas himself is not described at all. This in itself underlines the "white perspective" that Gordimer chooses in the story.

### xxx3 Point of view

\_Point of view\_ refers to the perspective from which a story is told. We can use the metaphor of the camera: whose lens are we viewing events through? Or the metaphor of voice can also be useful: whose voice are we hearing in the narrative? An author often chooses a voice that she identifies with closely herself, but it is perfectly possible to make the opposite choice. That is when irony arises – the discerning reader senses that there is a distance between the author's intention and the voice we are hearing. We realise that the narrator cannot be trusted and that what is being told cannot be taken at face value. This is very much the case in "The Moment before the Gun Went Off", where the third-person limited point of view is used to great effect.

{{Glossary}}

\_well:\_ brønn, kilde/brønn, kjelde

\_exterior:\_ ytre, utside

\_superficial:\_ overfladisk/overflatisk

\_discerning:\_ klarsynt, kritisk

\_to take something at its face value:\_ å ta noe for det det er/å ta noko for det det er

\_malicious:\_ ondskapsfull, skadefro/vondskapsfull, skadefro

\_gleeful:\_ munter, frydefull

\_condescension:\_ nedlatenhet/nedlatande haldning

{{End of glossary}}

Nadine Gordimer was a lifelong opponent of and activist against apartheid. However, the voice we hear telling the story is rather different. From the opening paragraph we understand that the narrating voice identifies with the old regime. Opponents of apartheid in the foreign and domestic media are portrayed as a malicious "they" who will "gleefully" be able to make the story of the shooting accident "fit exactly \_their\_ version of South Africa". The narrator is clearly pessimistic about the future, saying that "nothing the government can do will appease the agitators and the whites who encourage them". At the same time, the farm employees and their families are lumped together collectively as "blacks", and there is condescension in the way their culture is referred to: "And an elaborate funeral means a great deal to blacks; look how they will deprive

--- 18 to 432

themselves of the little they have ...". "The young wife is pregnant (of course) ..." "Blacks expose small children to everything, they don't protect them from the sight of fear and pain the way whites do theirs." In its reference to the victim of the accident, the narrating voice is worse than condescending: "The black was stone dead, nothing to be done for him." There is a note of scorn in the way van der Vyver's grief for the dead man is described ("He sobbed, snot running onto his hands, like a dirty kid.").

  In retrospect we can see that the author has left hints that foreshadow the revelation of the last sentence – e.g. the special relationship between Lucas and his employer, the way van der Vyver and Lucas's mother avoid looking at each other at the funeral, and his "excessive" grief. However, Gordimer artfully keeps the secret under wraps, thus preserving the sting in the final sentence. She does this by keeping her narrator apparently in the dark about the truth. It is only in the last section of the story, in the description of the accident itself, that a new narrative voice enters the story. With the description of the shared excitement of the hunt ("there were such moments without explanation, between them"), it is as if the insensitive, rather bigoted voice of "the farming community" falls silent and the author steps in to allow us insight into the characters' inner lives. This voice continues, with rising intensity, until the final revelation.

### xxx3 Theme and title

The term \_theme\_ refers to the underlying idea of a text. Put simply, we can say that if you can answer the question "What is the story about?" without mentioning any of the characters or events of the story, you are talking about the theme. If we answer this question about "The Moment before the Gun Went Off", we could say that it is about the tragic human price of apartheid. Behind the callous narrating voice of "the farming community" there is the author's indignation towards a system she sees as inhuman. To this extent we can say that the story has a social and political moral.

  At a more general level the story is also about the lies we tell and the secrets we keep, and how they can prevent us from living our lives fully. Lucas and van der Vyver can never fully realise their relationship and the latter and Lucas's mother can't offer each other any consolation at his funeral. The title of a short story is directly related to this theme, referring to "a moment of high excitement shared through the roof of the cab" when father and son are as close as they are able to be.

{{Glossary}}

\_to deprive:\_ å nekte (seg)

\_scorn:\_ forakt

\_to foreshadow:\_ å varsle, å antyde

\_excessive:\_­ overdreven/overdriven

\_bigoted:\_ trangsynt/trongsynt

\_callous:\_ ufølsom/ufølsam

\_indignation:\_ forargelse, harme/forarging, harme

\_consolation:\_ trøst/trøyst

{{End of glossary}}

--- 19 to 432

## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 1 QUESTIONS FOR REFLECTION

>>> Task a) Did you find anything in this analysis of the story that surprised you, or that you hadn't thought about?

>>> Task b) Is there anything important that needs to be added, or that you disagree with?

>>> Task c) Has your response to the story changed in any way through reading the analysis? If so, explain how it has changed.

### xxx3 2 TERMINOLOGY

Match the literary terms in the left-hand column with their definitions in the right-hand column. If you need help, see "A Glossary of Literary Terms" on p. 426.

{{Table converted to lists}}

Literary terms:

-- point of view

-- mood

-- irony

-- plot

-- setting

-- climax

-- theme

Definitions:

-- the point of highest interest or dramatic intensity

-- the action in a work of fiction

-- the perspective from which the story is told

-- the state of feeling created by a piece of writing

-- the idea, general truth or commentary on life or people brought out by a story

-- the time and place in which the events occur

-- mode of expression in which the author says one thing and means the opposite

{{End of lists}}

### xxx3 3 EXAMINE A STORY

Work in pairs. This is the standard structure of a simple short story:

-- EXPOSITION: the introduction of the characters and the conflict

-- COMPLICATION: the action creates an increasingly complicated situation, producing rising tension

-- CLIMAX: the high point is reached at which the conflict comes to a head

-- RESOLUTION: the conflict is resolved and tension falls back to normal

{{End of list}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

Agree on a short story you have both read. Write a short analysis describing whether the story fits the standard structure or not. Point to examples from the story to illustrate your arguments.

--- 20 to 432

## xxx2 Working with Short Stories: Checklist

Now that you have finished reading the short story "The Moment before the Gun Went Off" you are equipped to work more in depth on the short story as a genre. Read all the five short stories that follow. Then work in groups and choose one of the five stories to analyse. (Teacher: make sure there are groups for all five stories!) Use the checklist below to help you analyse the story. Present your analysis to the class orally, using written notes.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

The following is a set of questions to ask yourselves when you are analysing short stories in general. Not all of the questions may apply to your particular story in this task, however. Don't worry if some of the questions seem irrelevant. Work with the questions that apply to your story.

{{Textbox}}

See "A Glossary of Literary Terms" on p. 426 for help on analysing literature.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Plot

-- What happens in the story?

-- How does the story start? What information is given in the first paragraph?

-- What is the main conflict?

-- Is this conflict internal (within the character) or external (outside the character)?

-- Is the conflict resolved during the course of the story? How?

-- Are the events presented in chronological order or are there flashbacks?

-- What is the climax of the story?

-- How does the story end? (\_falling action\_)

-- Is there suspense or surprise?

{{End of list}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

### xxx3 Setting

-- Where does the story take place?

-- What social environment does the story take place in?

-- How much time does the story cover – an hour, a day, a lifetime?

{{End of list}}

xxx3 Characters

-- Who is/are the main character(s)?

-- How are the characters presented? (\_characterisation\_)

-- Directly, i.e through description by the narrator or other characters?

-- Indirectly, i.e. by what they say or do?

-- By a combination of direct and indirect characterisation?

--- 21 to 432

-- Are the characters \_dynamic\_ (they change in the course of the story) or are they \_static\_ (remain unchanged)?

-- Are they fully developed characters \_(rounded\_ characters) or are they stereotypes (\_flat\_ characters)?

-- Can you identify with any of the characters?

{{End of list}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

xxx3 Point of view

-- Who tells the story?

-- Is the narrator objective, limited or omniscient?

-- \_Objective\_ – the narrator is simply a "fly on the wall" who records events and dialogue dispassionately

-- \_Limited\_ – we are allowed access to the thoughts and feelings of one or more characters

-- \_Omniscient\_ – the narrator is "God" and has insight into the minds of all her characters

-- Is the point of view constant, or does it change?

-- Is the narrating voice reliable, i.e. does it accord with the author's?

-- Does the story contain irony?

{{End of list}}

### xxx3 Mood, language and style

-- Does the story create a special mood? How is this done?

-- Does the writer use a particular sort of language? (\_formal/informal, poetic/expressive/objective\_)

-- Is there anything unusual in the style of writing?

{{End of list}}

### xxx3 Theme

-- What is/are the theme(s) of the story?

-- What does the title tell you about the story?

-- Why has the author chosen this particular title, do you think?

-- Does the story have a moral, i.e. a purpose beyond the purely literary one?

{{End of list}}

{{Textbox}}

{{Quote}}

"The truth is people are kind of scared by very very short stories – just as they are by long poems. A short story is closer to the poem than to the novel (I've said that a million times) and when it's very very short-1,2, 2 1/2 pages – should be read like a poem. That is slowly. People who like to skip can't skip in a 3-page story."

{{End of quote (\_Grace Paley\_)}}

{{End of textbox}}

--- 22 to 432

## xxx2 Appointment in Samarra

\_By William Somerset Maugham\_

  There was a merchant in Baghdad who sent his servant to market to buy provisions, and in a little while the servant came back, white and trembling, and said, "Master, just now when I was in the market-place I was jostled by a woman in the crowd and when I turned I saw it was Death that jostled me. She looked at me and made a threatening gesture; now, lend me your horse, and I will ride away from this city and avoid my fate. I will go to Samarra and there Death will not find me." The merchant lent him his horse, and the servant mounted it, and he dug his spurs in its flanks and as fast as the horse could gallop he went. Then the merchant went down to the market-place and he saw Death standing in the crowd and he came to Death and said, "Why did you make a threatening gesture to my servant when you saw him this morning?" "That was not a threatening gesture," Death said. "It was only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Baghdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra."

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 23 to 432

## xxx2 Her First Ball

\_By Katherine Mansfield\_

  Exactly when the ball began Leila would have found it hard to say. Perhaps her first real partner was the cab. It did not matter that she shared the cab with the Sheridan girls and their brother. She sat back in her own little corner of it, and the bolster on which her hand rested felt like the sleeve of an unknown young man's dress suit; and away they bowled, past waltzing lamp-posts and houses and fences and trees.

  "Have you really never been to a ball before, Leila? But, my child, how too weird –" cried the Sheridan girls.

  "Our nearest neighbour was fifteen miles," said Leila softly, gently opening and shutting her fan.

  Oh dear, how hard it was to be indifferent like the others! She tried not to smile too much; she tried not to care. But every single thing was so new and exciting ... Meg's tuberoses, Jose's long loop of amber, Laura's little dark head, pushing above her white fur like a flower through snow. She would remember for ever. It even gave her a pang to see her cousin Laurie throw away the wisps of tissue paper he pulled from the fastenings of his new gloves. She would like to have kept those wisps as a keepsake, as a remembrance. Laurie leaned forward and put his hand on Laura's knee.

  "Look here, darling," he said. "The third and the ninth as usual. Twig?"

  Oh, how marvelous to have a brother! In her excitement Leila felt that if there had been time, if it hadn't been impossible, she couldn't have helped crying because she was an only child, and no brother had ever said "Twig?" to her; no sister would ever say, as Meg said to Jose that moment, "I've never known your hair go up more successfully than it has to-night!"

  But, of course, there was no time. They were at the drill hall already; there were cabs in front of them and cabs behind. The road was bright on either side with moving fan-like lights, and on the pavement gay couples seemed to float through the air; little satin shoes chased each other like birds.

  "Hold on to me, Leila; you'll get lost," said Laura.

  "Come on, girls, let's make a dash for it," said Laurie.

{{Glossary}}

\_appointment:\_ avtale

\_merchant:\_ kjøpmann

\_servant:\_ tjener/tenar

\_provisions:\_ forsyninger/forsyningar

\_to jostle:\_ å skumpe, å dytte

\_threatening gesture:\_ truende håndbevegelse/truande handrørsle

\_fate:\_ skjebne/lagnad, skjebne

\_start:\_ støkk

\_cab:\_ drosje

\_bolster:\_ armlene

\_indifferent:\_ uberørt/upåverka

\_loop of amber:\_ sløyfe av rav

\_pang:\_ stikk

\_remembrance:\_ minne, suvenir

\_gay:\_ glad, munter

\_cloak:\_ kåpe

\_wrap:\_ håndkle, badekåpe/handkle, badekåpe

{{End of glossary}}

Leila put two fingers on Laura's pink velvet cloak, and they were somehow lifted past the big golden lantern, carried along the passage, and pushed into the little room marked "Ladies". Here the crowd was so great there was hardly space to take off their things; the noise was deafening. Two benches on either side were stacked high with wraps. Two old

--- 24 to 432

women in white aprons ran up and down tossing fresh armfuls. And everybody was pressing forward trying to get at the little dressing-table and mirror at the far end.

  A great quivering jet of gas lighted the ladies' room. It couldn't wait; it was dancing already. When the door opened again and there came a burst of tuning from the drill hall, it leaped almost to the ceiling.

  Dark girls, fair girls were patting their hair, tying ribbons again, tucking handkerchiefs down the fronts of their bodices, smoothing marblewhite gloves. And because they were all laughing it seemed to Leila that they were all lovely.

  "Aren't there any invisible hair-pins?" cried a voice. "How most extraordinary! I can't see a single invisible hair-pin."

  "Powder my back, there's a darling," cried some one else.

  "But I must have a needle and cotton. I've torn simply miles and miles of the frill," wailed a third.

  Then, "Pass them along, pass them along!" The straw basket of programmes was tossed from arm to arm. Darling little pink-and-silver programmes, with pink pencils and fluffy tassels. Leila's fingers shook as she took one out of the basket. She wanted to ask some one, "Am I meant to have one too?" but she had just time to read: "Waltz 3. 'Two, Two in a Canoe.' Polka 4. 'Making the Feathers Fly,'" when Meg cried, "Ready, Leila?" and they pressed their way through the crush in the passage towards the big double doors of the drill hall.

  Dancing had not begun yet, but the band had stopped tuning, and the noise was so great it seemed that when it did begin to play it would never be heard. Leila, pressing to Meg, looking over Meg's shoulder, felt that even the little quivering coloured flags strung across the ceiling were talking. She quite forgot to be shy; she forgot how in the middle of dressing she had sat down on the bed with one shoe off and one shoe on and begged her mother to ring up her cousins and say she couldn't go after all. And the rush of longing she had had to be sitting on the veranda of their forsaken up-country home, listening to the baby owls crying "More pork" in the moonlight, was changed to a rush of joy so sweet that it was hard to bear alone. She clutched her fan, and, gazing at the gleaming, golden floor, the azaleas, the lanterns, the stage at one end with its red carpet and gilt chairs and the band in a corner, she thought breathlessly, "How heavenly; how simply heavenly!"

  All the girls stood grouped together at one side of the doors, the men at the other, and the chaperones in dark dresses, smiling rather foolishly, walked with little careful steps over the polished floor towards the stage.

  "This is my little country cousin Leila. Be nice to her. Find her partners; she's under my wing," said Meg, going up to one girl after another.

{{Glossary}}

\_quivering:\_ skjelving, dirring

\_jet:\_ stråle

\_bodice:\_ kjoleliv

\_frill:\_ plissert krage, rynkekappe

\_tassel:\_ dusk

\_forsaken:\_ forlatt/forlaten

\_chaperone:\_ anstand

\_under my wing:\_ under min beskyttelse/under mitt Vern

{{End of glossary}}

Strange faces smiled at Leila – sweetly, vaguely. Strange voices

--- 25 to 432

answered, "Of course, my dear." But Leila felt the girls didn't really see her. They were looking towards the men. Why didn't the men begin? What were they waiting for? There they stood, smoothing their gloves, patting their glossy hair and smiling among themselves. Then, quite suddenly, as if they had only just made up their minds that that was what they had to do, the men came gliding over the parquet. There was a joyful flutter among the girls. A tall, fair man flew up to Meg, seized her programme, scribbled something; Meg passed him on to Leila. "May I have the pleasure?" He ducked and smiled. There came a dark man wearing an eyeglass, then cousin Laurie with a friend, and Laura with a little freckled fellow whose tie was crooked.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_parquet:\_ parkett

\_flutter:\_ oppstyr, uro

{{End of glossary}}

--- 26 to 432

Then quite an old man – fat, with a big bald patch on his head – took her programme and murmured, "Let me see, let me see!" And he was a long time comparing his programme, which looked black with names, with hers. It seemed to give him so much trouble that Leila was ashamed. "Oh, please don't bother," she said eagerly. But instead of replying the fat man wrote something, glanced at her again. "Do I remember this bright little face?" he said softly. "Is it known to me of yore?" At that moment the band began playing; the fat man disappeared. He was tossed away on a great wave of music that came flying over the gleaming floor, breaking the groups into couples, scattering them, sending them spinning ...

  Leila had learned to dance at boarding school. Every Saturday afternoon the boarders were hurried off to a little corrugated iron mission hall where Miss Eccles (of London) held her "select" classes. But the difference between that dusty-smelling hall – with calico texts on the walls, the poor terrified little woman in a brown velvet toque with rabbit's ears thumping the cold piano, Miss Eccles poking the girls' feet with her long white wand – and this was so tremendous that Leila was sure if her partner didn't come and she had to listen to that marvelous music and to watch the other sliding, gliding over the golden floor, she would die at least, or faint, or lift her arms and fly out of one of those dark windows that showed the stars.

  "Ours, I think –" Some one bowed, smiled, and offered her his arm; she hadn't to die after all. Some one's hand pressed her waist, and she floated away like a flower that is tossed into a pool.

  "Quite a good floor, isn t it? drawled a faint voice close to her ear.

  "I think it's most beautifully slippery," said Leila.

  "Pardon!" The faint voice sounded surprised. Leila said it again. And there was a tiny pause before the voice echoed, "Oh, quite!" and she was swung round again.

  He steered so beautifully. That was the great difference between dancing with girls and men, Leila decided. Girls banged into each other, and stamped on each other's feet; the girl who was gentleman always clutched you so.

  The azaleas were separate flowers no longer; they were pink and white flags streaming by.

  "Were you at the Bells' last week?" the voice came again. It sounded tired. Leila wondered whether she ought to ask him if he would like to stop.

  "No, this is my first dance," said she.

  Her partner gave a little gasping laugh. "Oh, I say," he protested.

{{Glossary}}

\_eyeglass:\_ monokkel

\_freckled:\_ fregnete/freknete

\_patch:\_ flekk

\_yore:\_ før i tiden, fordum/før i tida

\_corrugated iron:\_ bølgeblikk/bølgeblekk

\_calico:\_ kaliko, kattun (tekstiltype)

\_toque:\_ liten damehatt

\_to poke:\_ å stikke, å støte/å stikke, å støyte

\_to faint:\_ å besvime, å bli matt/å svime av, å bli matt

\_waist:\_ midje, liv

\_to drawl:\_ å dra på ordene/å dra på orda

\_slippery:\_ glatt

\_to clutch:\_ å gripe hardt tak i, å trykke

\_gasping:\_ gispende/gispande

{{End of glossary}}

"Yes, it is really the first dance I've ever been to." Leila was most

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fervent. It was such a relief to be able to tell somebody. "You see, I've lived in the country all my life up till now ..."

  At that moment the music stopped, and they went to sit on two chairs against the wall. Leila tucked her pink satin feet under and fanned herself, while she blissfully watched other couples passing and disappearing through the swing doors.

  "Enjoying yourself, Leila?" asked Jose, nodding her golden head.

  Laura passed and gave her the faintest little wink; it made Leila wonder for a moment whether she was quite grown up after all. Certainly her partner did not say very much. He coughed, tucked his handkerchief away, pulled down his waistcoat, took a minute thread off his sleeve. But it didn't matter. Almost immediately the band started and her second partner seemed to spring from the ceiling.

  "Floor's not bad," said the new voice. Did one always begin with the floor? And then, "Were you at the Neaves' on Tuesday?" And again Leila explained. Perhaps it was a little strange that her partners were not more interested. For it was thrilling. Her first ball! She was only at the beginning of everything. It seemed to her that she had never known what the night was like before. Up till now it had been dark, silent, beautiful very often – oh yes – but mournful somehow. Solemn. And now it would never be like that again – it had opened dazzling bright.

  "Care for an ice?" said her partner. And they went through the swing doors, down the passage, to the supper room. Her cheeks burned, she was fearfully thirsty. How sweet the ices looked on little glass plates and how cold the frosted spoon was, iced too! And when they came back to the hall there was the fat man waiting for her by the door. It gave her quite a shock again to see how old he was; he ought to have been on the stage with the fathers and mothers. And when Leila compared him with her other partners he looked shabby. His waistcoat was creased, there was a button off his glove, his coat looked as if it was dusty with French chalk.

  "Come along, little lady," said the fat man. He scarcely troubled to clasp her, and they moved away so gently, it was more like walking than dancing. But he said not a word about the floor. "Your first dance, isn't it?" he murmured.

  "How did you know?"

  "Ah," said the fat man, "that's what it is to be old!" He wheezed faintly as he steered her past an awkward couple. "You see, I've been doing this kind of thing for the last thirty years."

  "Thirty years?" cried Leila. Twelve years before she was born!

  "It hardly bears thinking about, does it?" said the fat man gloomily. Leila looked at his bald head, and she felt quite sorry for him.

  "I think it's marvelous to be still going on," she said kindly.

{{Glossary}}

\_fervent:\_ entusiastisk

\_blissful:\_ lykkelig/lykkeleg

\_wink:\_ blunk

\_waistcoat:\_ vest

\_mournful:\_ sørgelig, trist/sørgeleg, trist

\_solemn:\_ høytidelig, alvorlig/høgtideleg, alvorleg

\_creased:\_ krøllete, skrukkete

\_scarce:\_ knapp, nesten ikke/knapp, nesten ikkje

\_to wheeze:\_ å gispe, å puste tungt

\_gloomy:\_ trist, melankolsk

{{End of glossary}}

"Kind little lady," said the fat man, and he pressed her a little closer,

--- 28 to 432

and hummed a bar of the waltz. "Of course," he said, "you can't hope to last anything like as long as that. No-o," said the fat man, "long before that you'll be sitting up there on the stage, looking on, in your nice black velvet. And these pretty arms will have turned into little short fat ones, and you'll beat time with such a different kind of fan – a black bony one." The fat man seemed to shudder. "And you'll smile away like the poor old dears up there, and point to your daughter, and tell the elderly lady next to you how some dreadful man tried to kiss her at the club ball. And your heart will ache, ache" – the fat man squeezed her closer still, as if he really was sorry for that poor heart – "because no one wants to kiss you now. And you'll say how unpleasant these polished floors are to walk on, how dangerous they are. Eh, Mademoiselle Twinkletoes?" said the fat man softly.

  Leila gave a light little laugh, but she did not feel like laughing. Was it – could it all be true? It sounded terribly true. Was this first ball only the beginning of her last ball, after all? At that the music seemed to change; it sounded sad, sad; it rose upon a great sigh. Oh, how quickly things changed! Why didn't happiness last for ever? For ever wasn't a bit too long.

  "I want to stop," she said in a breathless voice. The fat man led her to the door.

  "No," she said, "I won't go outside. I won't sit down. I'll just stand here, thank you." She leaned against the wall, tapping with her foot, pulling up her gloves and trying to smile. But deep inside her a little girl threw her pinafore over her head and sobbed. Why had he spoiled it all?

  "I say, you know," said the fat man, "you mustn't take me seriously, little lady."

  "As if I should!" said Leila, tossing her small dark head and sucking her underlip ...

  Again the couples paraded. The swing doors opened and shut. Now new music was given out by the bandmaster. But Leila didn't want to dance any more. She wanted to be home, or sitting on the veranda listening to those baby owls. When she looked through the dark windows at the stars, they had long beams like wings ...

  But presently a soft, melting, ravishing tune began, and a young man with curly hair bowed before her. She would have to dance, out of politeness, until she could find Meg. Very stiffly she walked into the middle; very haughtily she put her hand on his sleeve. But in one minute, in one turn, her feet glided, glided. The lights, the azaleas, the dresses, the pink faces, the velvet chairs, all become one beautiful flying wheel. And when her next partner bumped her into the fat man and he said, "Pardon," she smiled at him more radiantly than ever. She didn't even recognize him again.

{{Glossary}}

\_to shudder:\_ å grøsse

\_to ache:\_ å verke, å gjøre vondt/å verke, å gjere vondt

\_sigh:\_ sukk

\_pinafore:\_ stort forkle, ermeløs kjole/stort forkle, ermelaus kjole

\_ravishing:\_ fortryllende, henrivende/fortryllande, dårande

\_stiff:\_ kjølig, stiv

\_haughty:\_ arrogant, stolt

\_radiant:\_ strålende/strålande

{{End of glossary}}

--- 29 to 432

## xxx2 Like the Sun

\_By R.K. Narayan\_

  "Truth," Sekhar reflected, "is like the sun. I suppose no human being can ever look it straight in the face without blinking or being dazed." He realized that morning to night, the essence of human relationship consisted in tempering truth so that it might not shock. This day he set apart as a unique day – "At least one day in the year we must give and take absolute truth whatever may happen. Otherwise life is not worth living." The day ahead seemed to him to be full of possibilities. He told no one of his experiment. It was a quiet resolve, a secret pact between him and eternity.

  The very first test came while his wife served him his morning meal. He showed hesitation over a tit-bit, which she thought was her culinary masterpiece. She asked, "Why, isn't it good?" At other times he would have said, considering her feelings in the matter, "I feel full-up, that's all." But today he said, "It isn't good. I'm unable to swallow it." He saw her wince and said to himself, "Can't be helped. Truth is like the Sun." His next trial was in the common room when one of his colleagues came up and said, "Did you hear of the death of so and so? Don't you think it a pity?" "No," Sekhar answered. "He was such a fine man –," the other began. But Sekhar cut him short with: "Far from it. He always struck me as a mean and selfish hypocrite."

  During the last period when he was teaching geography for Third Form A, Sekhar received a note from the headmaster: "Please see me before you go home." Sekhar said to himself:

  "It must be about these horrible test papers." A hundred papers in the boys' scrawls; he had shirked this work for weeks, feeling all the time as if a sword were hanging over his head.

  The bell rang and the boys burst out of the class.

  Sekhar paused for a moment outside the headmaster's room to button up his coat; that was another thing the headmaster always sermonized about. He stepped in with a very polite "Good evening, sir –" The headmaster looked up at him in a very friendly manner and asked, "Are you free this evening?"

  Sekhar replied. "Just some outing which I have promised the children at home –"

  "Well, you can take them out another day. Come home with me now."

  "Oh, ... yes, sir, certainly ..." And then he added timidly, "Anything special, sir?" "Yes," replied the headmaster, smiling to himself ... "You didn't know my weakness for music?"

  "Oh, yes, sir ..."

{{Glossary}}

\_dazed:\_ blendet/blenda

\_to temper:\_ å dempe, å tilpasse

\_resolve:\_ beslutning/avgjerd

\_tit-bit:\_ godbit, delikatesse

\_culinary:\_ kulinarisk, matlagings-

\_to wince:\_ å rykke til

\_common room:\_ personalrom

\_hypocrite:\_ hykler, en person som gjør seg bedre enn han/hun er/hyklar, ein person som gjer seg betre enn han/ho er

\_scrawls:\_ kråketær, utydelig håndskrift/kråketær, utydeleg handskrift

\_to shirk:\_ å lure seg unna, å unndra seg

\_to sermonize:\_ å gi en skjennepreken/å gi ei skjennepreike

\_timid:\_ engstelig, sjenert/engsteleg, sjenert

{{End of glossary}}

"I've been learning and practising secretly, and now I want you to

--- 30 to 432

hear me this evening. I've engaged a drummer and a violinist to accompany me – this is the first time I'm doing it full-dress and I want your opinion. I know it will be valuable."

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

Sekhar's taste in music was well-known. He was one of the most dreaded music critics in the town. But he never anticipated his musical inclinations would lead him to this trial ...

  "Rather a surprise for you, isn't it?" asked the headmaster. "I've spent a fortune on it behind closed doors ..." They started for the headmaster's house. "God hasn't given me a child, but at least let him not deny me the consolation of music," the headmaster said, pathetically, as they walked. He incessantly chattered about music: how he began, one day out of sheer boredom, how his teacher at first laughed at him and then gave him hope, how his ambition in his life was to forget himself in music.

  At home the headmaster proved very ingratiating. He sat Sekhar on a carpet, set him before several plates of delicacies, and pressed them on him as if he were a son-in-law of the house. He even said, "Well, you must listen with a free mind. Don't worry even about these test papers ..." He added half-humorously, "I will give you a week's time."

  "Make it ten days, sir," Sekhar pleaded.

  "All right, granted," the headmaster said generously. Sekhar felt really relieved now – he would attack them at the rate of ten a day and get rid of that nuisance.

{{Glossary}}

\_full-dress:\_ fullstendig

\_inclination:\_ tilbøyelighet, lyst/tilbøyelegheit, lyst

\_consolation:\_ trøst/trøyst

\_ingratiating:\_ innsmigrende/innsmigrande

\_to grant:\_ å innvilge

\_incense:\_ røkelse/røykelse

\_alapana: a melodic improvisation in Indian classical music (Sanskrit)\_

\_Kalyani: \_a musical scale in Indian music\_

\_Thyagaraja: a composer of Indian classical music in the 1700- and 1800s\_

{{End of glossary}}

The headmaster lighted incense sticks. "Just to create the right atmosphere," he explained. A drummer and a violinist already seated on a carpet were waiting for him. He sat down between them, cleared his throat and began an \_alapana\_, and paused to ask, "Isn't it good \_Kalyani?"\_ Sekhar pretended not to have heard the question. The headmaster went on to sing a full song composed by Thyagaraja and followed it with two more. All the time the headmaster was singing Sekhar went on commenting

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within himself, "He croaks like a dozen frogs. He is bellowing like a buffalo. Now he sounds like loose window shutters in a storm."

  The incense sticks burned low. Sekhar's head throbbed with the medley of sound that he had stood for a couple of hours now. He felt halfstupefied. The headmaster had gone nearly hoarse, when he paused to ask, "Shall I go on?" Sekhar replied, "Please don't sir, I think this will do ..." The headmaster looked stunned. His face was beaded with perspiration. Sekhar felt the greatest pity for him. But he felt he could not help it. No judge delivering a sentence felt more pained and helpless ... Sekhar noticed that the headmaster's wife peeped in from the kitchen, with eager curiosity. The drummer and the violinist put away their burdens with an air of relief. The headmaster removed his spectacles, mopped his brow and asked, "Now, come out with your opinion?"

  "Can't I give it tomorrow, sir?" Sekhar asked tentatively.

  "No. I want it immediately – your frank opinion. Was it good?"

  "No, sir ..." Sekhar replied.

  "Oh ... Is there any use continuing my lessons?"

  "Absolutely none, sir ..." Sekhar said with his voice trembling. He felt very unhappy that he could not speak more soothingly ... Truth, he reflected, required as much strength to give as to receive.

  All the way home he felt worried. He felt that his official life was not going to be smooth sailing hereafter. There were questions of increment and confirmation and so on, all depending upon the headmaster's goodwill. All kinds of worries seemed to be in store for him ... Did not Harischandra lose his throne, wife, child, because he would speak none less than absolute Truth whatever happened?

  At home his wife served him with a sullen face. He knew she was still angry with him for his remark of the morning. "Two casualties for today," Sekhar said to himself. "If I practise it for a week, I don't think I shall have a single friend left."

  He received a call from the headmaster in his classroom next day. He went up apprehensively.

  "Your suggestion was useful. I have paid off the music master. No one would tell me the truth about my music all these days. Why these antics at my age! Thank you. By the way, what about those test papers?"

  "You gave me ten days, sir, for correcting them."

  "Oh, I've reconsidered it. I must positively have them here tomorrow ..." A hundred papers in a day! That meant all night sitting up! "Give me a couple of days, sir ..."

  "No, I must have them tomorrow morning. And remember, every paper must be thoroughly scrutinized."

  "Yes, sir," Sekhar said, feeling that sitting up all night with a hundred test papers was a small price to pay for the luxury of practising Truth.

{{Glossary}}

\_to croak:\_ å kvekke

\_to bellow:\_ å brøle

\_to throb:\_ å banke, å dirre

\_medley:\_ sammensurium/samansurium

\_stupefied:\_ lamslått, sjokkert

\_stunned:\_ lamslått, sjokkert

\_to bead:\_ å danne perler

\_perspiration:\_ svette/sveitte

\_sentence:\_ dom

\_to mop:\_ å tørke av

\_soothing:\_ trøstende/trøystande

\_increment:\_ lønnstillegg

\_confirmation:\_ bekreftelse/stadfesting

\_Harischandra: a king of the Solar Dynasty in Hindu religious texts\_

­\_casualties:\_ offer

\_apprehensive:\_ engstelig, bekymret/engsteleg, uroleg, bekymra

\_antics:\_ påfunn, tåpeligheter/påfunn, tåpelegheiter

\_to scrutinize:\_ å gjennomgå nøye

{{End of glossary}}

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## xxx2 I Spy

\_By Graham Greene\_

  Charlie Stowe waited until he heard his mother snore before he got out of bed. Even then he moved with caution and tiptoed to the window. The front of the house was irregular, so that it was possible to see a light burning in his mother's room. But now all the windows were dark. A searchlight passed across the sky, lighting the banks of cloud and probing the dark deep spaces between, seeking enemy airships. The wind blew from the sea, and Charlie Stowe could hear behind his mother's snores the beating of the waves. A draught through the cracks in the window-frame stirred his nightshirt. Charlie Stowe was frightened.

  But the thought of the tobacconist's shop which his father kept down a dozen wooden stairs drew him on. He was twelve years old, and already boys at the County School mocked him because he had never smoked a cigarette. The packets were piled twelve deep below, Gold Flake and Players, De Reszke, Abdulla, Woodbines, and the little shop lay under a thin haze of stale smoke which would completely disguise his crime. That it was a crime to steal some of his father's stock Charlie Stowe had no doubt, but he did not love his father; his father was unreal to him, a wraith, pale, thin, and indefinite, who noticed him only spasmodically and left even punishment to his mother. For his mother he felt a passionate demonstrative love; her large boisterous presence and her noisy charity filled the world for him; from her speech he judged her the friend of everyone, from the rector's wife to the "dear Queen", except the "Huns", the monsters who lurked in Zeppelins in the clouds. Tonight he had said he would be in Norwich, and yet you never knew. Charlie Stowe had no sense of safety as he crept down the wooden stairs. When they creaked he clenched his fingers on the collar of his nightshirt.

  At the bottom of the stairs he came out quite suddenly into the little shop. It was too dark to see his way, and he did not dare touch the switch. For half a minute he sat in despair on the bottom step with his chin cupped in his hands. Then the regular movement of the searchlight was reflected through an upper window and the boy had time to fix in memory the pile of cigarettes, the counter, and the small hole under it. The footsteps of a policeman on the pavement made him grab the first packet to his hand and dive for the hole. A light shone along the floor and a hand tried the door, then the footsteps passed on, and Charlie cowered in the darkness.

{{Glossary}}

\_irregular:\_ ujevn, skjev/ujamn, skeiv

\_to probe:\_ å sondere, å søke

\_airship:\_ luftskip

\_draught:\_ trekk

\_to draw on:\_ å lokke

\_to mock:\_ å gjøre narr av/å gjere narr av

\_to pile:\_ å stable

\_stale\_ her: sur, gammel/sur, gammal

\_to disguise:\_ å skjule

\_wraith:\_ gjenferd, skygge/gjenferd, skugge

\_indefinite:\_ svevende, utflytende/svevande, utflytande

\_spasmodic:\_ sporadisk, av og til

\_boisterous:\_ løssluppen, høyrøstet/laussleppt, høgrøysta

\_charity:\_ godhet/godheit

\_to creak:\_ å knirke

\_collar:\_ krage

\_to cup:\_ å ta om med hånden/å ta om med handa

\_to cower:\_ å krype sammen, å dukke/å krype såman, å dukke

{{End of glossary}}

At last he got his courage back by telling himself in his curiously adult way that if he were caught now there was nothing to be done about it, and he might as well have his smoke. He put a cigarette in his mouth and

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then remembered that he had no matches. For a while he dared not move. Three times the searchlight lit the shop, while he muttered taunts and encouragements. "May as well be hung for a sheep." "Cowardy, cowardy custard," grown-up and childish exhortations oddly mixed.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_taunt:\_ ukvemsord

\_exhortation:\_ formaning

\_torch:\_ lommelykt

{{End of glossary}}

But as he moved he heard footfalls in the street, the sound of several men walking rapidly. Charlie Stowe was old enough to feel surprise that anybody was about. The footsteps came nearer, stopped; a key was turned in the shop door, a voice said, "Let him in," and then he heard his father, "if you wouldn't mind being quiet, gentlemen. I don't want to wake up the family." A torch flashed and the electric globe burst into blue light.

--- 34 to 432

The boy held his breath; he wondered whether his father would hear his heart beating, and he clutched his nightshirt tightly and prayed, "O God, don't let me be caught." Through a crack in the counter he could see his father where he stood, one hand held to his high stiff collar, between two men in bowler hats and belted mackintoshes. They were strangers.

  "Have a cigarette," his father said in a voice as dry as a biscuit. One of the men shook his head. "It wouldn't do, not when we are on duty. Thank you all the same." He spoke gently, but without kindness; Charlie Stowe thought his father must be ill.

  "Mind if I put a few in my pocket?" Mr. Stowe asked, and when the man nodded he lifted a pile of Gold Flake and Players from a shelf and caressed the packets with the tips of his fingers.

  "Well," he said, "there's nothing to be done about it, and I may as well have my smokes." For a moment Charlie Stowe feared discovery, his father stared round the shop so thoroughly; he might have been seeing it for the first time. "It's a good little business," he said, "for those that like it. The wife will sell out, I suppose. Else the neighbours'll be wrecking it. Well, you want to be off. A stitch in time. I'll get my coat."

  "One of us'll come with you, if you don't mind," said the stranger gently.

  "You needn't trouble. It's on the peg here. There, I'm all ready."

  The other man said in an embarrassed way: "Don't you want to speak to your wife?" The thin voice was decided. "Not me. Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow. She'll have her chance later, won't she?"

  "Yes, yes," one of the strangers said and he became very cheerful and encouraging. "Don't you worry too much. While there's life ..." And suddenly his father tried to laugh.

  When the door had closed Charlie Stowe tiptoed upstairs and got into bed. He wondered why his father had left the house again so late at night and who the strangers were. Surprise and awe kept him for a little while awake. It was as if a familiar photograph had stepped from the frame to reproach him with neglect. He remembered how his father had held tight to his collar and fortified himself with proverbs, and he thought for the first time that, while his mother was boisterous and kindly, his father was very like himself, doing things in the dark which frightened him. It would have pleased him to go down to his father and tell him that he loved him, but he could hear through the window the quick steps going away. He was alone in the house with his mother, and he fell asleep.

{{Glossary}}

\_mackintosh:\_ regnfrakk

\_to caress:\_ å kjærtegne, å kjæle med/å kjærteikne, å kjæle med

\_a stitch in time (saves nine):\_ bedre føre var (enn etter snar)/betre føre var (enn etter snar)

\_peg:\_ knagg, kleshenger/knagg, kleshengar

\_awe:\_ frykt

\_to reproach:\_ å bebreide

\_to fortify:\_ å styrke

\_proverb:\_ ordspråk

{{End of glossary}}

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## xxx2 Across the Rooftops

\_By Kevin Barry\_

  Early one summer morning, I sat with her among the rooftops of the city and the fat white clouds moved slowly above us – it was so early as to be a city lost in sleep, and she was really very near to me. My want for her was intense and long-standing – three months, at least; an eternity – and I was close enough to see the opaque down of her bare arms, each strand curling like a comma at its tip, and the tiny scratched flecks of dark against the hazel of her eyes. She was just a stretch and a clasp away. The city beneath was lost to the peaceful empty moments of 5 a.m. – it might be a perfect Saturday of July. All I had to do was make the move.

  Nor was it my imagination that her shoulder inclined just slightly towards me, that there was a dip in the way she held it, the shoulder bare also beneath the strap of her vest top. The shoulder's dip must signal an opening.

  "Now I don't want to sound painfully cool here?" I said.

  "I believe you," she said.

  "But you may be looking at the man who introduced Detroit techno to the savages of Cork city."

  We talked about the music and the clothes and the pills and the hours we had spent together – the nightclub, and then the party at the flat that was rented by friends, all of whom were panned out inside now, asleep or halfways there, and we had climbed onto the rooftop to smoke a joint and see the day come through. Every line had the dry inflected drag of irony – feeling was unmentionable. We talked about everything except the space between us.

  I sat on my hands.

  I thought about maybe kissing her shoulder. How would that be for a move? It would be the work of two seconds – a lean-to, a planting of the lips, a withdrawal. And a shy little glance to follow.

  "I should maybe think about going," she said.

  I really needed to make the move.

  "Don't yet," I said.

  The pool of silence that was the city beneath us was broken but infrequently – a scratch of car noise from a cab rank, the tiny bark of a dog from high in the estates somewhere, very distant, the sound of the traffic lights turning on the corner of Washington Street and Grand Parade. Across the way the church and its steeple, the grey of old devotion, the greened brass of its dome.

  I turned towards her and I looked at her directly and her eyes braved me to make the move.

{{Glossary}}

\_opaque:\_ ugjennomskinnelig/ugjennomskinleg

\_down:\_ dun

\_hazel:\_ rødbrun/raudbrun

\_clasp:\_ omfavnelse/omfamning

\_to incline:\_ å helle, å skråne

\_savage:\_ villmann

\_to pan out her:\_ å flate ut, å slukne/å flate ut, å slokne

\_inflected drag of irony:\_ vridd til ironi

\_glance:\_ øyekast/augekast

\_estate:\_ (bolig)område/(bustad)område

\_steeple:\_ (tårn med) spir

\_devotion:\_ fromhet, andektighet/fromheit, andektigheit

{{End of glossary}}

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"So any plans for Saturday?" I said.

  I read again the disappointment in her – she was urging me on but onwards I could not make ground.

  "Depends," she said.

  Her shoulder dipped a fraction again. Now was the moment. I sat on my hands and looked out across the rooftops and saw nothing, registered nothing but the heard quickening beat of my heart.

  "So ... how's it you know Cecilie again?" I said.

  She sighed and explained the connection – it was through the university, they had shared a place on French's Quay as first years.

  "And-how-do-you-know-Cecille?"

  She said it in an exaggeratedly bored tone – an automated drone, the words running into each other; a mockery.

  The flat high on Washington Street was Cecille's – Cecilie had in her bedroom loudly been fucking some boy for most of the night; Cecilie had no trouble ever making the moves.

  "Cecille's had a good night anyway," I said.

  "Yeah," she said.

  Maybe I should just ask, I thought. Can I kiss you? How would that sound?

  A gull descended to the lip of the church's roof. Across the breadth of the street, the mad stare of its eye was vivid and comical and a taunt to me.

  I allowed my left hand to emerge from beneath my buttock and I let it travel the space between us, along the cool stone of the ledge, and I placed my fingers lightly on hers.

  No response.

  I listened for a change in her breathing but nothing. She was still even and steady and I turned to look at her and blithely still she looked out and across the rooftops. She did not incline her head towards me. And she did not speak at all.

  I drew back my fingers but only by an inch or two.

  I looked to see if she would withdraw her hand to a safer distance but she did not.

  She breathed evenly.

  Hard rasps of jungle panic ripped at my chest inside.

  I thought – what's the worst that can happen here? The worst that can happen is I lurch and she recoils. So much worse not to try.

  "So all I have to do now," I said, "is make the move."

  "Jesus Christ," she said.

  "What?"

  "You're killing this stone dead," she said.

  But she did not get up from the ledge. She did not leave my side. She allowed the silence to swell and fill out again.

{{Glossary}}

\_to urge:\_ å overtale, å be inntrengende/å overtale, å be inntrengande

\_drone:\_ monoton tale

\_mockery:\_ parodi, latterliggjøring/parodi, latterleggjering

\_gull:\_ måke

\_vivid:\_ levende/levande

\_taunt:\_ spydighet/spydigheit

\_ledge:\_ vinduspost, vinduskarm/vindaugspost, vindaugskarm

\_blithe:\_ bekymringsløs/bekymringslaus

\_to lurch:\_ å hive seg fram

\_to recoil:\_ å trekke seg tilbake

{{End of glossary}}

--- 37 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 38 to 432

Now birdsong taunted from the direction of Bishop Lucey Park. What if I left it to her to make the move? Procreation would end and the world would stop spinning.

  The birdsong rose up now and strung its notes along the rooftops and linked them in a jagged line, the rise and fall of the steeples and chimneys was as though a musical notation. There was dead quiet from the flat inside. The last awake, we had the morning to ourselves.

  "I really like you," I said.

  "Okay," she said.

  "I mean really really."

  So very hard to put the words out but they were on the air and at their work now. I turned to look at her and she turned but to look away. I saw that a flush had risen to her cheek. The perfect knit of her collarbone as it turned, and flawless brown from a good June the smooth curve of the shoulder. Like rounded stone made smooth by water. It was as if my words had just flown up into the white sky above and softly imploded there, as if an answer was not needed.

  "Okay," I said.

  This meant everything. All of summer would be coloured by this. She did not seem to breathe then. I kept my eyes fixed on her, as she looked anywhere but at me, and I counted the seconds away as she did not turn to face me.

  In my evil dreams I had seen myself approach her with lascivious intent – with a cold thin cruel sexual mouth just parted slight-ways – and I went deep then to find a way to make this suave magic come real. Still, something in her presence unmanned me; perhaps it was the sense that I was aiming too high. She was really quite beautiful.

  "Turn to me," I said.

  She laughed but it was only a tiny laugh and it had the trace of shock in it – I was forceful now out of nowhere.

  And she turned to me.

  I leaned in without pause – I did not allow the words to jumble up in my head and forbid me – and I placed my lips on hers.

  She responded well enough – the opening of the lips was made, our jawbones worked slowly and devoutly, but ... we did not ascend to the heavens; the kiss did not take.

  After I don't know how long – maybe half a minute, maybe a little more – she placed very lightly on my chest the tips of her fingers and the tiny pressure she applied there told me it was over, already, the pressure was of a fuse that fed directly from her heart. Gendy so with her fingertips she pushed me back to break the kiss.

{{Glossary}}

\_to swell:\_ å øke, å vokse/å auke, å vekse

\_procreation:\_ forplantning

\_jagged:\_ ujevn, taggete/ujamn, taggete

\_notation:\_ noteskrift, notesystem

\_flush:\_ rødme/raudne

\_to implode:\_ å briste, å kollapse/å breste, å kollapse

\_lascivious:\_ vellystig, eggende/vellystig, eggande

\_intent:\_ hensikt, intensjon

\_suave:\_ sofistikert, elegant

\_devout:\_ inderlig, oppriktig/inderleg, oppriktig

\_to ascend:\_ å stige opp

{{End of glossary}}

She turned quickly to look away and I turned as quickly to look in

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the opposite direction. My heart opened and took in every black poison the morning could offer.

  Midsummer. Slant of the sun coming through the white-clouded sky then, and the church across the way drew its own shade over half of Washington Street; a fat pigeon flew beneath the eave of the church and only the heavy beat of its wings on the air broke the dark spell that had formed about us. I turned to look at her, and she responded with a halfsmile, half sorrowful. She placed her palms face down on the ledge and pushed herself to a stand. Languid, the movement, to let me know what I was missing.

  "I'm going to go," she said.

  I nodded as coolly as I could. That I could muster even the tiniest measure of cool was credit to my resilience. I was resilient as the small medieval city beneath – throw a siege upon me and I will withstand it. She crawled through the Velux window to the flat inside, and I heard after a few moments the turn and click on the flat's door; then her footsteps on the stair. With her steps' fading, the summer went, even as the sun came higher across the rooftops and warmed the stone ledge and the slates, and I looked out across the still, quiet city, and I sat there for hours and for months and for years. I sat there until all that had been about us had faded again to nothing, until the sound of the crowd died and the music had ended, and we all trailed home along the sleeping streets, with youth packed away, and life about to begin.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_languid:\_ langsom/langsam

\_to muster:\_ å samle

\_resilience:\_ styrke, utholdenhet/styrke, uthald(sevne)

\_siege:\_ beleiring/omlægring

\_to fade:\_ å avta, å svinne hen/å minke, å svinne bort

{{End of glossary}}

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## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 1 ORAL PRESENTATION

See instructions on page 20. For tips on giving oral presentations, see access.cdu.no.

### xxx3 2 COMPARING THE STORIES

>>> Task a) Which of the short stories has most in common with "The Moment before the Gun Went Off" in terms of the way the plot is structured?

>>> Task b) The term "stories of initiation" is used about stories in which a young person is confronted with some truth about life or himself/herself. To which of the five stories could the term apply? What do they have in common?

>>> Task c) One story is told from a first-person point of view. Why has the author chosen this sort of narrator, do you think? Do you trust him more – or less? Does the first-person perspective make you identify with the narrator, who is also the main character in this story? Explain your opinion.

>>> Task d) Four of the stories are told from a third-person point of view. In which of the stories is this point of view \_objective, limited\_ or \_omniscient\_? How does the choice of point of view color the way the reader experiences the narrative?

>>> Task e) Which of the stories makes use of irony? How is it used differently in the different stories?

>>> Task f) Compare the main characters of the stories. Which of them do you find it easiest to identify with, and why?

>>> Task g) Compare the style of the stories. Do any of them use expressive language? In which of them could the style be called objective?

### xxx3 3 LISTENING TO A SHORT STORY: "THE STORY OF AN HOUR"

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{{End}}

Listen to this classic American short story by Kate Chopin. You will find it at access.cdu.no.

>>> Task a) After listening the first time, write down your first response to the story,

>>> Task b) After listening for a second time (or more if necessary), write down answers to the following questions:

-- What is the setting?

-- Who are the characters?

-- Who tells the story? (\_point of view\_)

-- Is there a climax (a point of greatest tension or a turning point)? If there is, where is it?

-- Irony arises when what we know to be true is at odds with what the narrator tells us. Where is there irony in this story?

-- What is the theme?

>>> Task c) Discuss your interpretations of the story in groups or in class.

{{End of list}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

### xxx3 4 CREATIVE WRITING

According to Edgar Allan Poe's classic definition, a short story is a story that one should be able to read in one sitting. But even short stories can vary in length. "Flash fiction" is a genre of very short stories which has become popular in recent years. (Somerset Maugham's "Appointment in Samarra" can be seen as an early example of the genre. See chapter 7 for contemporary examples.)

Try your hand at writing a short story limited to 200 words (the length of Somerset Maugham's). Here is some advice:

-- Focus on one event. (And remember: conflict is the stuff of literature.)

-- Dive in! Choose an opening sentence that puts the reader straight into the action.

-- Use few characters.

-- Let every word count. There's no room for excess baggage in flash fiction. If your story overshoots the 200-word limit, go back and see what can be removed.

{{End of tasks}}

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## xxx2 ESSAY WRITING COURSE 1: THE LITERARY ESSAY

There are lots of ways of writing about literature and reasons for doing it. You can chat online with a friend and tell her about the incredible (or incredibly awful) book you have just read. Or you might be the sort who likes to note down ideas and feelings you have when you are reading a book, in order to get the most out of the reading experience. Some people write for a newspaper, a literature blog or a magazine to share their reading experience with a wider audience.

### xxx3 Why write a literary essay?

The way of writing about literature that you will encounter most often at school – and in later studies – is the literary essay. Why write a literary essay? Well, there are two answers to that. One is because your teacher has told you to. It is part of your course work and you are given a grade for it. In fact, at the end of this year your ability to write literary essays is likely to play an important part in deciding your final grade.

  But there is another answer too, and it is related to the origin of the essay as a written genre. The word "essay" comes from the French "essai" and means \_a try\_ or \_an attempt\_. What you are trying or attempting to do is to \_understand\_ a text, and to share that understanding with somebody else. Writing a literary essay is a way of getting to grips with a text, finding out what it means and how it works – and arguing your case to other readers.

  We have all seen those final courtroom scenes in TV series, where the opposing attorneys, one for the defence and one for the prosecution, are summing up for the jury. They are both talking about the same events – a murder, for example – and the same individuals. But they are presenting perhaps very different understandings of those events: what actually happened and why, and what the motivations of the people involved were. Their ability to persuade the jury of the defendant's guilt or innocence will depend on the evidence they can put forward and on the plausibility of their understanding of events, i.e. how well they can make all the details of the case fit together.

  The writer of a literary essay is doing something similar. Let us say you are writing about a poem, for example. The actual text has, like the murder, already "happened". It is finished and over and has ended up in a book. But because we are different people with different experiences, backgrounds and personalities, our understandings of it may be quite different. How successful our essay is will depend on how we succeed in making sense of the text and how plausibly we can argue our case.

### xxx3 Characteristics of the literary essay

Just as with the courtroom summing up, there are a number of accepted norms and traditions for how a literary essay should be.

  \_a) Whom are you addressing?\_

  The "members of the jury" in the case of the literary essay are fine, upstanding citizens like yourself. They have read the text that you are writing about, and they have a wide vocabulary, both general and literary, although they may need to have special expressions or usages explained. Not least, they have an open mind and are prepared to be persuaded by your arguments.

--- 42 to 432

\_b) Formality\_

  The literary essay is a formal genre. "Formal" does not mean "boring and stilted", though. It simply means that you should try to be serious and correct in your choice of language. That means you must write in proper sentences and abide by the rules of grammar, punctuation and spelling. It also means that you should avoid typically oral language. Don't use slang ("it's a bloody good poem") or abbreviations (we're, you've, doesn't). Avoid "chattiness" ("Now I expect you're wondering what happens next!") and steer clear of typically oral phrases like "you know", "kind/sort of ", "if you see what I mean".

  "Formality" also means it must have a clear form; that is to say, the essay should be well organised and give an impression of cohesion (i.e. hanging together).

  \_c) Argumentation\_

  You may feel wildly enthusiastic about a text, or you may loathe it like the plague. Feelings are important when it we are responding to literature, arguably more important than anything else. But the literary essay should be based on argumentation, i.e. on reasoned discussion. Therefore, your essay should not primarily be about how you react to a text, but about what it was in the text that caused your reaction.

  The success of an analytical text such as a literary essay is largely determined by its credibility. In other words, your reader has to be confident that you know what you are talking about. Credibility is closely linked to neutrality. The reader must be confident that your evaluations are based on proper analysis, not on prejudices or purely personal preferences. If, for example, you refer to someone or to a poem as "pretty dire", you are undermining your own credibility. You are, of course, perfectly entitled to think the poem is pretty dire, but in academic writing there are conventions that require us to express ourselves in more objective language.

  To achieve this we have to create a distance between ourselves as writers and the value judgements made in the text. For example, instead of writing: "The language in this poem is so weird that I haven't got the foggiest idea what he is on about", we can write: "The poet's use of vocabulary makes for a challenging read." Instead of writing: "I think Shakespeare was the coolest dramatist of them all", we can write: "Shakespeare's position as the greatest dramatist in the language is surely unrivalled." Instead of "I am absolutely certain that...", we can use "There seems to be little doubt that...". Notice that in the "modified" versions the first person pronoun is omitted. Notice, too, the use of phrases with abstract nouns to replace simple verbs – "There is \_a widespread conviction"\_ instead of "we all \_know"\_, "there are \_reasons to doubt"\_ instead of "I \_think"\_.

  \_d) Length\_

  "How long should it be?" This is a question students often ask when they have been given an essay task. Like "How long is a piece of string?" it is not an easy question to give a straight answer to. Essays may vary greatly in length, depending on the task. We have already said that an essay should have a form and an argument. Whether an essay is short or long, the form should feel complete and the argument carried through. The shorter an essay is, the less room there is for reasoned discussion.

--- 43 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

>>> Task 1 In the following paragraph, which parts (words, phrases, sentences) can you identify as not being suitable for a strictly objective, informative text?

{{Textbox}}

Marilyn Monroe (1926–1962) (born Norma Jean Mortenson) was an American actress famous for her gorgeous looks and for the many successful motion pictures she starred in. Her childhood was deeply tragic and she spent many years in foster homes. In her early films her acting ability was pretty awful, but she compensated for this with her sexiness and screen charm. Later, however, she took acting lessons and actually became quite an amazing actress. She was nominated for a Golden Globe for her performance in \_Bus Stop\_ (1956).

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{End of textbox}}

>>> Task 2 The following sentences are rather too subjective or bombastic for literary essay. Rewrite them in a more objective register. Example:

  It's absolute rubbish to suggest that Shakespeare's plays were really written by Francis Bacon.

  \_There does not seem to be much basis for claims that Shakespeare's plays were really written by Francis Bacon.\_

a As I young person I can really relate to the main character of "Her First Ball" and her emotional vulnerability,

b We all know that modern art is pretty incomprehensible for most people,

c Having read Hilary Mantel's latest book, I'd say her position as Britain's leading novelist is secure.

d Believe me, the \_Harry Potter\_ books are definitely the best children's literature around.

e The description of her mother's death was so sad that it almost had me in tears.

>>> Task 3 In each of the following lists of synonyms, sort the words and phrases into three categories: \_formal, informal, neutral\_.

a esteem, like, dig, appreciate, love, fancy, get a kick out of, hold dear, be keen on, admire

b buddy, companion, crony, mate, friend, colleague, comrade, bro, accomplice, pal

c festivity, get-together, party, binge, celebration, feast, booze-up, reception, banquet

d sloshed, inebriated, drunk, intoxicated, pissed, under the influence, wasted, under the table

e disapprove, grumble, bitch, kick up a fuss, protest, whine, complain, remonstrate, moan

f check out, examine, suss out, investigate, review, have a look at, scrutinise

g child, brat, minor, juvenile, infant, youngster, kid, offspring

>>> Task 4 Which of the adjectives in the following lists do you think are most neutral?

--- 44 to 432

a (of a person) undersized, tiny, slight, small, pocket-sized, miniature, little

b (of evidence in a court case) momentous, vital, significant, decisive, important, crucial

c notorious, well-known, celebrated, distinguished, infamous, prominent

d wealthy, filthy rich, well-to-do, prosperous, rolling in it, loaded

e down-and-out, poverty-stricken, impoverished, flat broke, poor, needy

>>> Task 5 Write an encyclopaedia entry on the island of Guernsey, based on the information given in the text below, which is taken from a website for tourists. Make sure the language and focus in your entry are objective and informative. (Use the fact box on Guernsey for added information.)

{{Textbox}}

Cliff paths and clean beaches. Hidden hamlets and ancient forts. World-class cuisine and wildflower walks. And a carefree charm that runs through everything you see and do. Welcome to Guernsey.

Ask anyone who's been here – Guernsey is different. History and geography have conspired to create a character that is part British, part French and wholly unique. It's where you'll discover a community that looks to the future for inspiration, but where traditional values still hold sway; where the influence of the Continent is keenly felt, but not enough to shake an unwavering loyalty to the British Crown; and where the dynamism of a 21st Century economy sits alongside centuries-old traditions with ease.

This is a place where, in the morning, you can be walking breathtaking cliff paths and, less than an hour later, be uncovering a bargain in an upmarket boutique; where one moment you can be wandering tiny hamlets shaded from the march of time by blankets of floral colour, and the next be watching something as unlikely as a performance of baroque music in a local pub; where exploring some of our many and varied heritage sites can be followed by a dinner of fresh seafood in a restaurant overlooking the bay in which it was caught.

But don't be fooled into thinking that the island is some kind of sleepy backwater. This is a thriving, modern community – we've just taken the best of what contemporary life can offer and mixed it with a liberal sprinkling of tradition and some of the best weather in the British Isles.

In this brochure we'll introduce some of the things that make our island so unique. We hope you enjoy reading and look forward to welcoming you soon to the stunning Channel Island of Guernsey.

{{End of textbox}}

{{Textbox}}

\_ Fact box on Guernsey\_

Geographical position: One of the Channel Islands

Constitutional status: British Crown Dependency

Capital: St Peter Port

Population: 65 345

Area: 78 km2

{{End of textbox}}

--- 45 to 432

# xxx1 CHAPTER 2: The Renaissance and Shakespeare

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

\_Competence aims in focus:\_

  The aims of the studies are to enable students to:

-- interpret a representative selection of texts from literary-historical periods in English literature, from the Renaissance up to the present time

-- elaborate on and discuss lengthy and linguistically demanding discourses with general, specialized and literary content

-- use a nuanced, well-developed and precise vocabulary to communicate on literature and culture

-- analyse and assess a film and a selection of other artistic forms of expression within English-language culture

{{End of list}}

(Translation: udir.no)

--- 46 to 432

Five hundred years after his death, William Shakespeare, the glover's son from Stratford, continues to pull the crowds. He is by far the most frequently performed dramatist and his plays are presented on stages all over the world in many different languages. Over 400 films and TV adaptations of his plays have been made, in addition to numerous re-workings of his plays in different guises, from musicals (e.g. \_West Side Story)\_ to cartoons (e.g. \_The Lion King).\_

{{Tasks}}

Which Shakespeare (or Shakespeare-related) plays and films have you seen? What was your response to them? What expectations do you have of reading Shakespeare in the original?

{{End of tasks}}

## xxx2 The English Renaissance

If you had told William Shakespeare that he was a "Renaissance writer", he would not have known what you meant. The term "Renaissance" was coined by later generations to describe the explosion of creativity in the arts and in science that took place in Europe between the 14th and 16th centuries. This is a long period of time, and some historians doubt whether we can really talk of the Renaissance as one historical period. The word itself means "rebirth", and what was being reborn was an attitude and a view of the world that had been dominant in the Classical world – that is, in ancient Greece and Rome – and that had been dormant during the "darkness" of the Middle Ages. (Most modern historians agree that the Middle Ages were not as "dark" as this view suggests.)

  We can sum up this view of the world in the word "humanism". For a humanist it is humanity, indeed each individual human being, who is worthy of interest and study. That does not mean that God and religion are not important. In the Renaissance faith in God is still more or less universal. But to a greater extent than in the Middle Ages, the individual is seen as being more than merely a tiny cog in the huge wheel of creation. For the Renaissance artist, for example, there is more to life than doing one's duty and knowing one's place. Art is seen as having a value in itself, as a way of reaching beyond the narrow limits of our lives. Each individual is a cosmos, a complex of hopes and fears, doubts and contradictions, which it is the artist's job to reflect.

{{Glossary}}

\_dormant: \_ slumrende/slumrande

\_cog:\_ tannhjul

\_contradiction:\_ motsigelser/motseiingar

{{End of glossary}}

The term "the English Renaissance" usually refers to the period starting in the early 1500s and ending in the early 1600s. In this period there was a flourishing of the arts, particularly literature, with the Royal Court in London playing a central role as a source of patronage (what we call sponsorship today) for artists of all kinds.

--- 47 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 48 to 432

An interest in the arts and a classical education (which meant knowledge of Greek and Latin) were seen as essential elements in an aristocrat's lifestyle. This applied to the monarch too. Henry VIII, for example, was an accomplished musician and poet, as was his daughter Elizabeth I, who also spoke six languages fluently.

{{Textbox}}

\_ Spot check\_

a) When did the Renaissance take place?

b) What does the word "renaissance" mean, and why was that name given to this era?

c) How was the individual regarded during the Renaissance?

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 The English Reformation

These were troubled times in the religious life of the country. England started the century as one of the Catholic Church's staunchest supporters and ended it as its sworn enemy. But in England, unlike in most countries, the driving force of the Reformation came not from rebels within the Church, but from the monarch himself. Henry VIII was no Martin Luther; indeed, he was given the title "Defender of the Faith" by Pope Leo X for his defence of church doctrines. But although he was basically conservative in his theology, he was a man who put his personal interests first. When Rome refused to accept Henry's divorce from his first wife and his marriage to the young Anne Boleyn, Henry broke with the Catholic Church, establishing his own Church of England with himself as its head.

  After Henry's death in 1547, England was thrown into a period of religious turmoil. In the space of a decade, the radically Protestant King Edward VI was succeeded by a fervently Catholic Queen Mary I, only to be followed by the re-establishment of the Church of England under Elizabeth I. These were dangerous times when heretic bonfires burned fiercely. Elizabeth's long reign (1558–1603), however, provided more stability. Catholicism was illegal, but tolerated if practiced discreetly.

### xxx3 The English language

At the beginning of 1500s, the English language, after four centuries of rapid change from its origins in Anglo-Saxon, had arrived at something like the English we use today. There were, of course, many local dialects, and spelling had not yet been standardised. For example, we find Shakespeare's name written eleven different ways! English already had a literary heritage to look back on, with writers like Geoffrey Chaucer and William Langland, but the language had no international status at all. In fact, far from everybody on the island of Great Britain could speak it. Welsh, Gaelic, Cornish and Scots (a close relative of English, also descended from Anglo-Saxon) were also spoken.

{{Glossary}}

\_accomplished:\_ dyktig

\_staunch:\_ trofast/trufast

\_turmoil:\_ opprør

\_fervent:\_ glødende/glødande

\_heretic:\_ kjetter/kjettar

\_bonfire:\_ bål

\_reign:\_ regjeringstid

{{End of glossary}}

--- 49 to 432

Before the Reformation the language of the Church was Latin. When William Tyndale translated the Bible to English, Henry VIII, still enjoying his title of Defender of the Faith, condemned him as a heretic. (Tyndale eventually died a heretic's death – strangled and burned at the stake in Antwerp.) However, only a few years later, following his change of heart and change of wife, Henry authorised the writing of an English Bible (1539) to be used for reading aloud in Church. Elizabeth I's successor King James I (1603–25) later authorised a new, revised translation, usually known as "the Authorised Version", which has been a source of inspiration for writers ever since.

  When you read texts from the Renaissance, you will be aware of differences compared to the English we write and speak today. You will sometimes (but not always) find old-fashioned forms like \_thee, thou\_ and \_ye\_ instead of \_you\_, and \_thy\_ and \_thine\_ instead of \_your\_ and \_yours\_. Sometimes verbs end in -\_st\_ in second-person plural (e.g. \_thou dost\_, thou \_shouldst\_ instead of \_you do, you should)\_. Sometimes verbs end in -\_th\_ in third-person: e.g. \_he doth, she taketh\_, instead of \_he does, she takes\_. You will find often different contractions to those used today – e.g. \_'tis, 'twill\_ instead of \_it's\_ and \_it'll\_ You will also find that many words used by Renaissance writers have changed their meaning since then or fallen into disuse. But essentially, this is modern English. Often it is an advantage to hear it read aloud, which is, of course, how a Renaissance audience would have encountered it.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) How did the English Reformation come about?

b) When and how did life in England become more stable?

c) Explain this statement: "Shakespeare wrote in modern English."

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Elizabethan theatre

In the reign of Elizabeth I, the theatre had a much more central role in the cultural life of a city like London than it does today. It was a place frequented by both noblemen and commoners. The former would have reserved seats in the galleries, while the latter, often referred to as "groundlings", would simply stand through the performance in front of the stage. Large theatres were open-air affairs, usually built three stories high and "in-the-round". By modern standards, stages were fairly primitive. Trap doors and ropes allowed for some special effects, but there was little in the way of scenery and, since performances were held in daylight, lighting effects were out of the question.

  Whatever limitations Elizabethan theatre might have had in technical terms, in one area it excelled – speech. Creating atmosphere, invoking the setting, telling the story, moving the audience to tears or laughter – all this had to be achieved first and foremost by the spoken word. Fortunately, audiences were connoisseurs of the spoken word, much as we today are connoisseurs of moving images.

{{Glossary}}

\_to burn at the stake:\_ å brenne på bål

\_contraction:\_ sammentrekning/samantrekking

\_encounter:\_ møte

\_trap door:\_ fall-lem

\_to invoke\_ her: å trylle fram

\_connoisseur:\_ kjenner/kjennar

{{End of glossary}}

--- 50 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 51 to 432

Speeches, sermons, proclamations and story-telling were a part of everyday life, and wit and wordplay were highly prized. There were also dramatic conventions that today strike us as being odd and unrealistic, but which helped audiences to suspend their disbelief. A character talking aloud to himself on stage (a \_soliloquy)\_, or speaking to the audience without the other characters hearing him (an \_aside)\_, were taken for granted. So was the fact that all roles were played by men, with young boys taking the female roles.

### xxx3 William Shakespeare – "the Bard"

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

Of all the many dramatists writing for the Elizabethan stage, William Shakespeare stands head and shoulders over the others. He wrote a total of thirty-seven plays: tragedies, comedies and historical plays. He achieved popularity in his own time, but his reputation has grown ever since. Today his plays are performed all over the world, both in the original and in translation, on the stage and the film screen.

  About the man William Shakespeare (1564–1616) we know remarkably little. He was born in the Midland town of Stratford-upon-Avon, where his father was a successful glover and the town alderman. He married at eighteen (to a woman eight years his senior) and had three children. In his twenties Shakespeare moved to London where he became involved with the theatre, becoming an actor, writer and part-owner of a theatrical troupe called the Lord Chamberlain's Men (because of their patron).

  After the death of Elizabeth I the troupe was renamed the King's Men under the patronage of the new monarch, King lames I, and Shakespeare became part-owner in one of the first theatres to be built outside London, the Globe. He died in Stratford as a fairly wealthy man. A few portraits survive, but of the personality behind the face, we know nothing. Although novels have been written about him and films made about him, these are all based on guesswork. All we have is the literature that bears his name and the characters he created – characters that continue to fascinate us to this day and that are reinterpreted by every new generation of actors, directors and audiences.

{{Glossary}}

\_sermon:\_ prediken, preken/preike

\_proclamation:\_ kunngjøring/kunngjering

\_to suspend:\_ å oppheve

\_glover:\_ hanskemaker/hanskemakar

\_alderman:\_ byrådsmedlem

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Describe the role of the theatre during the English Renaissance.

b) Why was the spoken word so important?

c) Who was William Shakespeare, and why is he both extremely famous and almost unknown?

{{End of textbox}}

--- 52 to 432

## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 1 VOCABULARY

Explain what the following words or phrases mean in the context of the text you have just read. Write at least one complete sentence for each word or phrase:

-- Renaissance

-- humanism

-- patronage

-- Reformation

-- religious turmoil

-- heretic

-- the spoken word

{{End of list}}

### xxx3 2 APHORISMS

An aphorism is a concise statement of some truth or sentiment. Shakespeare is the origin of many aphorisms that live on in the English language, independently of the plays in which they were written.

  Sit in pairs or groups of three and make a written translation of each of the ten Shakespeare aphorisms below into Norwegian. Be as precise and as elegant as you can!

-- Better a witty fool than a foolish wit. \_(Twelfth Night)\_

-- Brevity is the soul of wit. \_(Hamlet)\_

-- It is a wise father that knows his child. \_(The Merchant of Venice)\_

-- Nothing can come of nothing. \_(King Lear)\_

-- We know what we are, but know not what we may be. \_(Hamlet)\_

-- Life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. \_(Macbeth)\_

-- Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste death but once. \_(Julius Caesar)\_

-- Oh, what a bitter thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. \_(As You Like It)\_

-- We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep. \_(The Tempest)\_

{{End of list}}

### xxx3 3 WORKING WITH VISUAL MATERIAL

Go to the website at access.cdu.no and choose one task to work with:

>>> Task A Slides: "The Reformation and religious conflict in Britain". Study the slides and write a summary of what you learn from them.

>>> Task B Film: \_Elizabeth\_. This fine historical drama tells the story of Queen Elizabeth I and how she became a \_great\_ queen. The film shows palace intrigue, attempted assassinations, executions and an England divided by faith: Protestant against Catholic. We watch as the new queen grows into her role. There are tasks for the film at access.cdu.no.

### xxx3 4 QUICK RESEARCH

Find out more about one of the topics below. Then join a partner who has chosen something different and share what you have found out.

-- Henry VIII

-- Queen Mary I

-- Ben Jonson

-- the Globe Theatre

{{End of tasks}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 53 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

## xxx2 FACT BOX: HAMLET – THE TRAGEDY

Of all of Shakespeare's characters, perhaps it is the hero of the play we have chosen here – \_Hamlet\_ – that is the most intriguing and memorable. Actors who have played Hamlet say they never get to the bottom of him. What are his motivations? What makes him tick? He can be seen as representing the ultimate Renaissance view of Man – as a cosmos unto himself.

Ghosts, murder, poison, incest, betrayal, sword fights, skeletons, lust, suicide, mistaken identity, thwarted love, revenge, insanity, despair and a whole pile of bodies – these are just some of the ingredients in \_Hamlet\_. And there are even a few laughs as well! The play is one of Shakespeare's tragedies. Tragedy is a drama in which the main character, the protagonist, is overcome by the obstacles facing him, ending in catastrophe, often death. In a tragedy, the protagonist is doomed by a tragic flaw in his character, or by forces beyond his control.

The story itself was not Shakespeare's invention (very few of his stories were). Hamlet (or actually, Amleth) is mentioned in an ancient history of the Danish kings. What Shakespeare does is to take the bare bones of the story and make a human drama out of it.

{{Glossary}}

\_thwarted love:\_ ulykkelig kjærlighet/ulykkeleg kjærleik

\_protagonist:\_ hovedperson/hovudperson

\_obstacle:\_ hindring

{{End of glossary}}

--- 54 to 432

## xxx2 CAST OF CHARACTERS:

We can only look at parts of the play, so the list of characters is not complete.

  \_Main characters:\_

  HAMLET: The Prince of Denmark, who has returned from his studies abroad upon the death of his father

  CLAUDIUS: The new King of Denmark, Hamlet's uncle

  GERTRUDE: Queen of Denmark, Hamlet's mother. Before you can say "her husband is dead in his grave", Gertrude has married Claudius

  GHOST: The ghost appears to be King Hamlet, Hamlet's father

  Other important characters:

  POLONIUS: Counsellor to the King

  OPHELIA: Daughter of Polonius, she has shown a romantic interest for Hamlet, and he for her

  LAERTES: Son of Polonius, also studying abroad

  HORATIO: Hamlet's true friend

  BARNARDO, FRANCISCO and MARCELLUS: Officers of the watch

## xxx2 Hamlet

\_By William Shakespeare\_

### xxx3 ACT 1 SCENE 1

A gun platform on the battlements of Elsinore Castle

  Enter BARNARDO and FRANCISCO, two sentinels

  BARNARDO Who's there?

FRANCISCO Nay answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BARNARDO Long live the king!

FRANCISCO Barnardo?

BARNARDO He.

FRANCISCO You come most carefully upon your hour.

BARNARDO 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed Francisco.

FRANCISCO For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold And I am sick at heart.

BARNARDO Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO Not a mouse stirring.

BARNARDO Well, good night.

{{Texbox}}

The line numbers used here are from the text of the play used in the \_New Cambridge Shakespeare.\_

{{End of textbox}}

{{Glossary}}

\_sentinel:\_ vakt

\_to unfold:\_ å bekjentgjøre/å kunngjere

{{End of glossary}}

--- 55 to 432

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

FRANCISCO I think I hear them.

   \_Enter\_ HORATIO \_and\_ MARCELLUS

  Stand ho! Who is there?

HORATIO Friends to this ground,

MARCELLUS And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO Give you good night.

  MARCELLUS Oh farewell honest soldier, Who hath relieved you?

  FRANCISCO Barnardo hath my place. Give you good night.

   \_Exit Francisco\_

  MARCELLUS Holla, Barnardo!

  BARNARDO Say, What, is Horatio there?

  HORATIO A piece of him.

  BARNARDO Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

  MARCELLUS What, has this thing appeared again tonight?

  BARNARDO I have seen nothing.

  MARCELLUS Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

  And will not let belief take hold of him

  Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us.

  Therefore I have entreated him along

  With us to watch the minutes of this night,

  That if again this apparition come

  He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

  HORATIO Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

  BARNARDO Sit down awhile,

  And let us once again assail your ears,

  That are so fortified against our story,

  What we two nights have seen.

  HORATIO Well, sit we down,

  And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

  BARNARDO Last night of all,

  When yond same star that's westward from the pole

  Had made his course t'illume that part of heaven

  Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

  The bell then beating one –

  \_Enter\_ GHOST

{{Glossary}}

\_liegeman:\_ tro undersått/trugen undersått

\_to relieve:\_ å avløse/å avløyse

\_dreaded:\_ fryktet/frykta

\_to entreat:\_ å trygle

\_apparition:\_ spøkelse

\_to approve:\_ å bekrefte/å stadfeste, å bekrefte

\_to assail:\_ å bombardere

\_fortified:\_ befestet/her: stengde

\_yond:\_ der borte

\_to illume:\_ å lyse opp

{{End of glossary}}

--- 56 to 432

MARCELLUS Peace, break thee off. Look where it comes again.

BARNARDO In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

MARCELLUS Thou art a scholar, speak to it Horatio.

BARNARDO Looks a not like the king? Mark it Horatio.

HORATIO Most like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.

BARNARDO It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS Question it Horatio.

HORATIO What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? By heaven, I charge thee, speak.

MARCELLUS It is offended.

BARNARDO See, it stalks away.

HORATIO Stay! Speak, speak, I charge thee speak!

  Exit Ghost

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Where are we at the beginning of the play?

b) Who are present?

c) What strange occurrence does Barnardo tell the others about?

d) How is he interrupted?

See page 70 for more tasks.

{{End of textbox}}

Hamlet is Prince of Denmark and heir to the throne. He has just returned from Germany, where he has been studying philosophy, following the sudden death of his father. He is in a very black mood, not only because of this, but because his mother, Queen Gertrude, just two months after her husband's death, has married the dead King's brother Claudius. This was not unusual practice in medieval times – the new king would inherit not only the kingdom, but also the Queen. Hamlet, however, finds it deeply troubling. He feels his mother's quick acceptance of a new bedmate is immoral – incestuous, even – and a dishonour to his father.

  It is in this frame of mind that Hamlet learns from Horatio that the ghost of his father has been seen on the battlements. It is time for Hamlet to meet the ghost.

### xxx3 ACT 1 SCENE 5

GHOST I am thy father's spirit,

Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,

And for the day confined to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house,

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,

Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part

And each particular hair to stand an end

{{Glossary}}

\_scholar:\_ lærd

\_to mark:\_ å legge merke til

\_to harrow:\_ å rive

\_to usurp:\_ å rane til seg

\_to stalk:\_ å liste seg

\_battlement:\_ brystvern

\_confined:\_ bundet/bunden

\_foul:\_ stygg

\_to purge:\_ å rense/å reinse

\_but that:\_ hvis det ikke var fordi/om det ikkje var fordi

\_sphere\_ her: øyehull/augehol

\_knotted and combinéd:\_ flettet og oppsatt/fletta og oppsett

\_lock:\_ hårlokk

{{End of glossary}}

--- 57 to 432

### xxx3 FACT BOX: READING THE TEXT ALOUD

Most of the play \_Hamlet\_ is written in what is called \_blank verse. Blank\_ simply means that is does not rhyme, but usually the term is used with a particular rhythmic pattern – or \_metre\_ – in mind. Look at the first longer speech of Marcellus (lines 23–29, p. 55). If you read the first two lines aloud, you will notice that there is a regular metre here, with stress on every alternate syllable:

Hor-a-tio says 'tis but our fan-tas-y, And will not let be-lief take hold of him

If we ignore the words and just look at the metre, we could write it like this:

Di-dum di-dum di-dum di-dum di-dum

Di-dum di-dum di-dum di-dum di-dum

This basic metre is called \_iambic pentametre. Penta-\_ is from the Greek word for "five" (as in "pentagon"), meaning that there are five beats to each line. \_Iambic\_ means that each beat consists of an \_iamb\_, meaning that it consists of an unstressed syllable followed by a stressed syllable (as in words like \_belief, control, attack)\_.

You might think that page after page of di-dum di-dum would be very monotonous, but it does not have to be. Iambic rhythms come naturally in English, and Shakespeare's use of blank verse brings it very close to the patterns of ordinary speech. Look at the rest of Marcellus' short speech:

Touch-ing this dread-ed sight, twice seen of us.

There-fore I have en-treat-ed him a-long

With us to watch the min-utes of this night,

That if a-gain this app-a-ri-tion come

He may ap-prove our eyes, and speak to it.

The first two lines here differ from the others. They still have five beats to a line, but the stress falls on the first syllable rather than the second – Dum-di di-dum di-dum di-dum di-dum.

Some lines in Shakespeare have an extra unstressed syllable at the end. This is sometimes referred to as a "feminine" ending. For example:

'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed Francisc-o.

Variants like this give Shakespeare's verse such flexibility that we almost forget that it is verse.

{{Picture}}

Caption: Michael Maloney as Hamlet Barbican Theatre, London, 2004. For some reason the image of Hamlet holding a skull has become associated with the famous "To be or not to be" soliloquy. In fact, it belongs to a much later scene (Act 5 Scene I) when Hamlet and Horatio, newly returned from England, come across a gravedigger digging a grave (for Ophelia, as it turns out). They strike up a darkly humorous conversation about death during which the gravedigger unearths a skull which, he says, used to belong to Yorick, the old court jester. Hamlet has fond childhood memories of him and is deeply moved. "Alas, poor Yorick!" exclaims Hamlet as he holds up the skull. "I knew him, Horatio".

Explanation: Michael Maloney holding a skull.

{{End}}

--- 58 to 432

{{Picture}}

--

{{End}}

Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, oh list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love –

HAMLET O God!

GHOST Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET Murder?

GHOST Murder most foul, as in the best it is,

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAMLET Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love

May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST I find thee apt,

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,

Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now Hamlet, hear.

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,

A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forgèd process of my death

{{Glossary}}

\_quill:\_ pigg

\_fretful:\_ gretten

\_porpentine = porcupine:\_ hulepinnsvin/holepiggsvin

\_blazon:\_ skildring

\_list: \_ listen

\_know't \_ know it

\_apt:\_ lærenem/lærenæm

\_dull:\_ sløv

\_weed:\_ ugras

\_Lethe\_ gresk mytologi: en elv i underverdenen. Den som drakk av den, glemte sitt liv på jorden/ei elv i underverda. Den som drakk av denne elva, gløymde livet sitt på jorda

\_wharf:\_ brygge

\_to stir:\_ å la seg bevege

\_orchard:\_ hage

\_serpent:\_ slange

\_forgèd process:\_ falsk anklage/falsk skulding

{{End of glossary}}

--- 59 to 432

Rankly abused; but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life

Now wears his crown.

HAMLET O my prophetic soul!

My uncle?

The ghost now goes on to tell Hamlet how he was murdered:

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What does the ghost tell Hamlet?

b) How does Hamlet react to the news he is given by the ghost?

c) What does Hamlet swear to do quickly in lines 29–31?

\_See page 70 for more tasks.\_

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 ACT 1 SCENE 5

GHOST Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

With juice of cursèd hebenon in a vial,

And in the porches of my ears did pour

The leperous distilment, whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man

That swift as quicksilver it courses through

The natural gates and alleys of the body,

And with a sudden vigour it doth posset

And curd, like eager droppings into milk,

The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,

And a most instant tetter barked about,

Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatched;

{{Glossary}}

\_rankly:\_ på verst mulig måte/på verst mogleg måte

\_abused\_ her: lurt

\_hebenon:\_ ibenholt

\_vial:\_ liten flaske/lita flaske

\_leperous:\_ giftig

\_distilment:\_ væske

\_enmity:\_ fiendskap

\_vigour:\_ kraft

\_to posset:\_ å stivne, å koagulere

\_to curd:\_ å stivne, å koagulere

\_eager droppings:\_ sure dråper/sure dropar

\_tetter:\_ utslett

\_to bark\_ her: å bli barkaktig/å bli som bork

\_lazar:\_ spedalskhet/spedalsk sjuke

\_vile:\_ ekkel

\_loathsome:\_ motbydelig/motbydeleg

\_crust:\_ skorpe

\_to dispatch:\_ å frata/å ta ifrå

\_absolution:\_ syndsforlatelse/syndsforlating

{{End of glossary}}

Hamlet's father ends his speech by saying that he died without the necessary sacraments and without the chance of confession and absolution. Being killed thus without having a chance to makes one's peace with God makes the crime that much worse.

  The meeting with the ghost leaves Hamlet consumed with anger and in fiery rhetoric he vows to think of only one thing: taking revenge on his uncle. (The ghost has told him not to harm the Queen, but to leave her to the judgement of heaven and the torment of her own conscience.)

  How will Hamlet go about taking his revenge? There are several possibilities here. He could just take his sword and run Claudius through. On the other hand, this might be difficult to explain afterwards! He is, after all, the only one who has heard the ghost's explanation. Others might interpret this regicide (i.e. killing a king) rather differently: as an attempt to seize power for himself. Would the people support him? And

--- 60 to 432

how can he be sure that the ghost was telling the truth? It was commonly accepted that some ghosts were not what they seemed, but were creations of the devil. Could this ghost be one of those?

  The strategy Hamlet chooses is unusual. He warns his friend, Horatio, that he will be pretending to be mad and makes him swear that he will tell nothing about the ghost. He does not explain what he intends to achieve by this, but at the end of Act I Hamlet's angry rhetoric seems to have burnt out: "The time is out of joint," he moans. "O cursed spite/That ever I was born to set it right!"

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) How has Claudius killed his brother?

b) Why was this murder particularly evil?

c) Why is it difficult for Hamlet to decide how to avenge his father?

d) What does he decide to do?

\_See page 70 for more tasks.\_

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 ACT 2:

Whatever Hamlet's intentions are in playing mad, his behaviour soon has consequences for those around him. Hamlet is in love with Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius, the King's counsellor. Now she reports to her father that Hamlet is behaving strangely. He has visited her, pale and dishevelled, "... with a look so piteous in purport/As if he had been loosed out of hell/To speak of horrors". Her father, a well-meaning but foolish man, decides that it must be love that is the cause of Hamlet's madness. He tells the King and Queen of his theory and suggests they spy on the couple to prove it. Meanwhile, Claudius has hired two old school friends of Hamlet to humour him and find out what is bothering him.

  So Hamlet is soon not the only one play-acting. And when a travelling group of actors arrive at the castle, he hatches a plan to gain more proof of the King's guilt. Having seen how well a group of actors play out the act of revenge on the stage, and tormented by his own inaction, Hamlet hatches his plan "to catch the king" in the soliloquy below.

### xxx3 ACT 2 SCENE 2

HAMLET Now I am alone.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit

That from her working all his visage wanned,

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing?

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

{{Glossary}}

\_counsellor:\_ rådgiver/rådgivar

\_dishevelled:\_ pjuskete, uflidd

\_piteous in purport:\_ ynkelig/ynkeleg

\_to hatch:\_ å klekke ut

\_to torment:\_ å plage

\_soliloquy:\_ enetale/einetale

\_rogue:\_ slyngel

\_conceit:\_ påfunn

\_visage:\_ ansikt

\_to wan:\_ å blekne/å bleikne

\_Hecuba\_ gresk mytologi: kone av kong Priamos av Troja

{{End of glossary}}

--- 61 to 432

That he should weep for her? What would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty and appal the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed

The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak

Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing – no, not for a king,

Upon whose property and most dear life

A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,

Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face,

Tweaks me by th'nose, gives me the lie i'th'throat

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

Ha, 'swounds, I should take it, for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall

To make oppression bitter, or ere this

I should ha' fatted all the region kites

With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

Oh, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,

That I, the son of the dear murderèd,

Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must like a whore unpack my heart with words,

And fall a-cursing like a very drab,

A scullion!

Fie upon't, foh! About, my brains. Hum, I have heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play

Have by the very cunning of the scene

Been struck so to the soul, that presently

They have proclaimed their malefactions;

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father

Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks,

I'll tent him to the quick. If he do blench,

I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

May be a devil – and the devil hath power

T'assume a pleasing shape. Yea, and perhaps,

Out of my weakness and my melancholy,

{{Glossary}}

\_to cleave:\_ å kløyve

\_to appal:\_ å forferde

\_confound:\_ forvirre

\_muddy-mettled:\_ puslete

\_rascal:\_ skurk

\_John-a-dreams:\_ drømmer, døgenikt/drøymar, dagdrivar

\_unpregnant\_ her: umotivert

\_villain:\_ kjeltring

\_pate:\_ hode/hovud

\_to tweak:\_ å klype

\_'swounds! = God's wounds!:\_ ved Gud!

\_pigeon-livered:\_ pysete, feig

\_gall:\_ frekkhet/frekkheit

\_to fat:\_ å gjøre feit, å mette/å gjere feit, å mette

\_kite:\_ glente, åtselfugl

\_offal:\_ innvoller/innvolar

\_bawdy:\_ liderlig/lauslynt

\_remorseless:\_ uten anger/utan anger

\_lecherous:\_ usedelig/usedeleg

\_kindless:\_ unaturlig/unaturleg

\_vengeance:\_ hevn/hemn

\_to prompt:\_ å drive, å anspore/å drive, å egge

\_drab:\_ hore

\_scullion:\_ kjøkkenjente

\_fie upon't, foh:\_ tvi, fy

\_abou\_ her: til arbeid

\_cunning:\_ sluhet/sluheit

\_presently:\_ straks

\_to proclaim\_ her: å innrømme

\_malefaction:\_ misgjerning

\_to tent:\_ å sondere

\_to the quick:\_ til hjertet/til hjartet

\_to blench:\_ å blekne/å bleikne

-to assume:\_ å ta på seg

{{End of glossary}}

--- 62 to 432

As he is very potent with such spirits,

Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds

More relative than this. The play's the thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Exit

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Who is Ophelia?

b) What does she tell her father, Polonius?

c) What actions are taken by Polonius and the King?

d) How do the actors inspire Hamlet?

\_See p. 70 for more tasks.\_

{{End of textbox}}

{{Glossary}}

\_potent:\_ sterk

\_relative\_ her: vektig

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

--

{{End}}

--- 63 to 432

### xxx3 ACT 3:

The next time we see Hamlet, there is no sign of the excitement we saw at the end of Act 2. He stands alone on the stage, unaware that he is being observed by Claudius and Polonius, and delivers this famous soliloquy:

### xxx3 ACT 3 SCENE 1

HAMLET To be, or not to be, that is the question –

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep –

No more; and by a sleep to say we end

The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep –

To sleep, perchance to dream – ay, there's the rub,

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause. There's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,

And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great pitch and moment

With this regard their currents turn awry,

And lose the name of action.

{{Glossary}}

\_sling:\_ slynge

\_to be heir to:\_ å arve

\_consummation:\_ resultat

\_devoutly:\_ inderlig/inderleg

\_perchance:\_ kanskje

\_rub:\_ ulempe, problem

\_to shuffle off:\_ å frigjøre seg fra/å frigjere seg frå

\_mortal:\_ dødelig/dødeleg

\_coil:\_ virvar

\_calamity:\_ ulykke

\_scorn:\_ hån

\_contumely:\_ hån

\_disprized:\_ ikke gjengjeldt/ikkje gjengjeld

\_insolence:\_ frekkhet/frekkheit

\_spurn:\_ slag

\_quietus:\_ dødsstøt/dødsstøyt

\_bodkin:\_ dolk

\_fardel:\_ byrde

\_to grunt:\_ å stønne

\_dread:\_ frykt

\_bourn:\_ grense

\_hue:\_ farge

\_resolution:\_ besluttsomhet/snarrådigskap

\_sickly over:\_ å sykne bort/å sjukne bort

\_pale cast of thought:\_ ettertankens blekhet/bleik ettertanke

\_current:\_ strømning/strøyming

\_to turn awry:\_ å gå feil

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What is the situation like in this excerpt?

b) Who is watching Hamlet?

c) Is Hamlet still full of hatred and anger?

\_See p. 71 for more tasks.\_

{{End of textbox}}

--- 64 to 432

Now Ophelia enters in what is the first on-stage meeting between them. At her father's bidding, and knowing that he and Claudius are secretly observing them, she hands back gifts Hamlet has given her. Hamlet seems consumed with bitterness and cruelty. He denies that he ever loved her, he questions her honesty and chastity (or is he really thinking about his mother?) and finally tells her "Get thee to a nunnery!" This is a wicked pun, because, in Elizabethan slang, a nunnery could also mean a brothel.

  Hamlet's plan for using the players to prick his uncle's conscience works perfectly. The King is so shocked at seeing his own crime reenacted on stage that he stops the performance. Now Hamlet knows for sure the King is guilty. Surely the time for action has come? Hamlet seems to think so.

### xxx3 ACT 3 SCENE 2

HAMLET 'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day

Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother.

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her but use none.

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,

How in my words somever she be shent,

To give them seals never my soul consent.

  Exit

{{Glossary}}

\_consumed\_ her: oppslukt

\_chastity:\_ kyskhet/kyskleik

\_nunnery:\_ nonnekloster

\_pun:\_ ordspill/ordspel

\_brothel:\_ bordell

\_witching time:\_ trolldomstime

\_contagion:\_ smitte

\_to quake:\_ å skjelve

\_Nero:\_ romersk keiser som fikk sin egen mor avlivet/romersk keisar som fekk tatt livet av mor si

\_bosom:\_ bryst

\_dagger:\_ dolk

\_hypocrite:\_ hykler/hyklar

\_somever:\_ hvor enn/kvar enn

\_shent:\_ skjent på

\_to give them seals\_ her: å gjøre mine ord til handlinger/å gjere orda mine til handlingar

\_to consent:\_ å gi tillatelse/å gi lov, å gi løyve

\_to appease:\_ å få til å falle til ro

\_grossly\_ her: uten at han var forberedt/utan at han var førebudd

\_full of bread:\_ stinn

\_broad blown:\_ i full blomst/i full bløming

\_vengeance:\_ hevn/hemn

{{End of glossary}}

Hamlet soon gets the opportunity to carry out some "bitter business". On his way to confront his mother Hamlet comes across the King, who is attempting to pray for forgiveness for his crime. What an opportunity for Hamlet! The King's guilt has been confirmed, he is kneeling in a perfect position for a quick chop on the neck and then his father's ghost can be appeased and Hamlet will have done his duty. But does he do it? No. These are his reasons: Claudius is at prayer. If Hamlet kills him now, his soul will go to heaven. Hamlet's father, on the other hand, was killed "grossly, full of bread,/With all his crimes broad blown". That is why his spirit cannot rest. What sort of vengeance is this, Hamlet argues, that lets the murderer off so lightly? It would be better, says Hamlet, to wait for another opportunity:

--- 65 to 432

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,

Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,

At game a-swearing, or about some act

That has no relish of salvation in't –

  Hamlet visits his mother and gives her quite a tongue lashing. Polonius has hidden behind some drapes in Gertrude's room so he can spy on Hamlet. Hamlet, assuming it is the King, runs his sword into the drapes and kills Polonius, and shrugs this off rather nonchalantly. He then continues to rage against his mother, begging her to compare Claudius to his father and to see the difference between them. He wonders at how young people can be expected to control their passions if mothers cannot control theirs and attacks her for her sexuality. Gertrude pleads for him to stop, but Hamlet rages even more. The ghost reappears, but only Hamlet can see him. The ghost speaks of Hamlet's "blunted purpose".

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) How does Hamlet react when Ophelia hands back the presents he has given her?

b) What does the play reveal to Hamlet about the King?

c) Why doesn't Hamlet kill the King when he gets the opportunity to do so?

d) What kind of opportunity is he waiting for?

e) Describe what happens when Hamlet visits his mother.

\_See page 71 for more tasks.\_

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 ACTS 4–5:

Hamlet may be unable to act, but Claudius certainly is not. He understands that his stepson represents a danger to him and therefore decides to arrange his murder. He sends Hamlet off to England with the two school friends, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, with instructions to have him killed as soon as he sets foot in England. But Hamlet outsmarts them – the two school friends suffer the fate intended for Hamlet.

  On his return to Denmark he finds that Ophelia, grief-stricken first by Hamlet's rejection of her and then by her father's death, has turned mad and committed suicide, drowning herself in the river. The King has enlisted Laertes, Ophelia's brother and Polonius's son, to the cause of killing Hamlet. The idea is to lure Hamlet into a "friendly" duel. To ensure the desired outcome, he has poisoned the tip of Laertes's sword. But Claudius is a cautious man. If Laertes should fail, the King has a cup of poisoned wine ready for Hamlet. Oh, such treachery!

  Osric, a courtier, is referee for the duel. Before the fight Hamlet apologizes to Laertes, as his mother wished him to do. Hamlet and Laertes choose their swords.

### xxx3 ACT 5 SCENE 2 [WITH A FEW SMALL OMISSIONS]

KING Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ord'nance fire.

{{Glossary}}

\_relish:\_ smak

\_salvation:\_ frelse

\_tongue-lashing:\_ skjennepreken/skjennepreike

\_drapes: forheng

\_to shrug something off:\_ å trekke på skuldrene av noe/å trekke på skuldrene av noko

\_blunted:\_ som er blitt sløv

\_to outsmart:\_ å lure

\_to lure:\_ å lokke

\_treachery:\_ svik

\_stoup:\_ krus

\_exchange:\_ utveksling (av stikk)

\_ord'nance:\_ artilleri

{{End of glossary}}

--- 66 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 67 to 432

The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,

And in the cup an union shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannoneer without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,

"Now the King drinks to Hamlet!" Come begin;

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

[Trumpets the while.]

HAMLET Come on, sir.

LAERTES Come, my lord.

[They play and Hamlet scores a hit.]

HAMLET One.

LAERTES No.

HAMLET Judgment.

OSRIC A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES Well, again.

Now the King prepares the poisoned cup for Hamlet, putting in "an union" (a pearl) which is coated with poison.

KING Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine.

Here's to thy health! Give him the cup.

[Drum, trumpets sound flourish. A piece goes off within.]

HAMLET I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

Come.

[They play again.]

Another hit; what say you?

LAERTES A touch, a touch, I do confess't.

KING Our son shall win.

QUEEN He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAMLET Good madam!

KING Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN I will, my lord, I pray you pardon me.

[Drinks]

KING \_[Aside.]\_ It is the pois'ned cup, it is too late.

HAMLET I dare not drink yet, madam. By and by.

QUEEN Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES \_[Aside to the King.]\_ My lord, I'll hit him now.

KING I do not think't.

{{Glossary}}

\_union\_ her: perle

\_kettle\_ tromme

\_cannoneer:\_ kanoner

\_to bear a wary eye:\_ å følge godt med

\_palpable:\_ tydelig/tydeleg

\_to fence:\_ å fekte

\_bout:\_ runde

\_fat\_ her: svett/sveitt

\_to be scant of:\_ å mangle

\_to carouse:\_ å skåle

{{End of glossary}}

--- 68 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

LAERTES \_[Aside.]\_ And yet it is almost against my conscience.

HAMLET Come, for the third, Laertes. You do but dally.

I pray you pass with your best violence.

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

LAERTES Say you so? Come on.

\_[They play.]\_

OSRIC Nothing, neither way.

LAERTES Have at you now!

\_[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers.]\_

KING Part them. They are incens'd.

HAMLET Nay, come again.

[Hamlet wounds Laertes. The Queen falls.]

OSRIC Look to the Queen there, ho!

HORATIO They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

OSRIC How is't, Laertes?

LAERTES Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric: I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAMLET How does the Queen?

KING She swounds to see them bleed.

QUEEN No, no, the drink, the drink – O my dear Hamlet – The drink, the drink! I am pois'ned.

\_[Dies.]\_

HAMLET O villainy! Ho, let the door be lock'd!

Treachery! Seek it out.

\_[Laertes falls]\_

LAERTES It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;

No med'cine in the world can do thee good;

{{Glossary}}

\_to dally:\_ å somle, å tulle

\_to make a wanton of someone:\_ å gjøre narr av/å gjere narr av

\_to scuffle:\_ å slåss/å slåst

\_rapier:\_ kårde

\_incens'd:\_ sint

\_woodcock:\_ rugde

\_springe:\_ snare

\_to swound:\_ å dåne

\_slain:\_ drept/drepen

{{End of glossary}}

--- 69 to 432

In thee there is not half an hour of life.

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again. Thy mother's pois'ned.

I can no more – the king, the king's to blame.

HAMLET The point envenom'd too?

Then, venom, to thy work.

\_[He wounds the King.]-

ALL Treason! treason!

KING O, yet defend me, friends. I am but hurt.

HAMLET Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damnèd Dane,

Drink off this potion! \_[He forces the King to drink]\_

Is thy union here?

Follow my mother!

\_[King dies.]\_

LAERTES He is justly served.

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me!

\_[Dies.]\_

HAMLET Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time – as this fell sergeant death

Is strict in his arrest – O, I could tell you –

But let it be. Horatio, I am dead.

Thou livest. Report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

HORATIO Never believe it;

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.

Here's yet some liquor left.

HAMLET As th' art a man,

Give me the cup. Let go! By heaven, I'll ha't!

O God, Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity a while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain

To tell my story.

{{Glossary}}

\_unbated:\_ skarp

\_envenom'd:\_ forgiftet/fortgifta

\_foul practice:\_ komplott

\_potion:\_ drikk

\_to temper\_ her: å blande

\_mute\_ stum person

\_fell\_ grusom/fælsleg

\_sergeant\_ her: lensmann

\_unsatisfied\_ her: de som ikke er informert/dei som ikkje er informerte

\_antique Roman:\_ en som vil begå selvmord i en slik situasjon/ein som vil ta livet av seg i ein slik situasjon

\_absent thee from felicity\_ ikke tenk på lykken (dvs. selvmord)/ikkje tenk på lykka (dvs. sjølvmord)

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Who are Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and what happens to them?

b) What happens to Ophelia?

c) The King's first plan to kill Hamlet failed. Now he has another, as well as a backup plan. What are these plans?

d) How does Laertes's attitude to Hamlet change during the scene?

e) What does Hamlet command Horatio to do to at the end?

f) What is the final body count?

{{End of textbox}}

--- 70 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 FIRST EXCERPT: ACT 1, SCENE 1 (pp. 54–56)

##### xxx5 1 READING ALOUD

Sit in pairs and read the text aloud from where the Ghost enters. Read it several times to make it sound as natural as possible, while at the same time keeping to the basic metre. Notice where the stressed syllables are. Then answer the following questions:

>>> Task a In order to make the line scan (i.e. keep to the rhythm), how may syllables is the name \_Horatio\_ pronounced with?

>>> Task b What about the word \_heaven?\_.

>>> Task c Which lines have "feminine" endings?

##### xxx5 2 GETTING A FEEL FOR THE PLAY

>>> Task a What is the atmosphere in the first scene of the play?

>>> Task b How does Shakespeare create this atmosphere?

>>> Task c Why do you think Barnardo challenges Francisco?

>>> Task d In Shakespeare's time the play would have to be staged in broad daylight. Find words and phrases that Shakespeare uses to create the impression of night and darkness.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

##### xxx5 3 STAGING A SCENE

>>> Task a Now that you have read the lines, decide how you would actually stage this scene. Work in groups, each group planning how it would stage the opening of the play to give the best dramatic effect.

-- What will be the first thing the audience sees?

-- How will you help give the sense of the "bitter cold"?

-- How will Horatio behave when he realises there really is a ghost?

-- What does the ghost look like? (Horatio offers a description in lines 47 to 50.) In some productions the ghost does not physically appear, leaving him to the audience's imagination. How would you present the ghost?

-- How should the ghost enter?

>>> Task b Present your staging plans in class and then decide on a production and act out this excerpt from the first scene.

#### xxx4 SECOND AND THIRD EXCERPTS: ACT 1, SCENE 5 (pp. 56–59)

##### xxx5 4 ANALYSIS

>>> Task a Hamlet says: "Oh my prophetic soul! My uncle?" Does this indicate that Hamlet has had his suspicions? Or is he glad he now has even better reason to hate his uncle?

>>> Task b Why do you think Hamlet's mood has changed at the end of Act 1?

>>> Task c Why do you think Hamlet chooses the strategy he does? What might he achieve by it?

##### xxx5 5 DISCUSSION

How would you react to the ghost's news if you were in Hamlet's shoes? What would you consider doing ...

a in Hamlet's time?

b in today's world?

##### xxx5 6 ROLE PLAY

In groups of three, act out the murder, while one of you reads the Ghost's lines.

#### xxx4 FOURTH EXCERPT: ACT 2, SCENE 2 (pp. 60–62)

##### xxx5 7 ANALYSIS: MOODS

Hamlet's mood shifts constantly during this soliloquy. Below is a list describing these different

--- 71 to 432

moods, in a random order. Mark out the sections of the soliloquy which are described by each item in the list.

-- Working out a plan to test the Ghost's word

-- Fear that the Ghost may be a devil, who tells lies to tempt him to eternal damnation by killing Claudius

-- Self-criticism

-- Deepening self-disgust

-- Elation at the thought of proving Claudius's guilt

-- Rage against Claudius

-- Self-reproach for his emotional outburst

-- Envy of the player's tears for Hecuba

-- Imagining the player's reactions to real grievances

{{End of list}}

##### xxx5 8 PLOTTING TO CATCH THE KING

>>> Task a What does this soliloquy tell us about Hamlet's state of mind?

>>> Task b Do you think Hamlet has a good plan? Should he still be planning at this stage?

>>> Task c In this soliloquy Hamlet lists attributes of himself, Claudius and the player. Find these "lists" in the soliloquy:

-- The player's reactions

-- What the player would do if he played Hamlet

-- What Hamlet imagines a bully would do to him

-- What Hamlet calls Claudius

-- What Hamlet calls himself

>>> Task d Consider the seven things Hamlet calls Claudius in lines 532–533. Are these apt descriptions? Are the things Hamlet calls himself justified, or is he unfair to himself, considering the position he is in?

#### xxx4 FIFTH EXCERPT: ACT 3, SCENE 1 (p. 63)

##### xxx5 9 UNDERSTANDING THE SOLILOQUY

This is perhaps the most famous speech in all of Shakespeare's plays. It is also quite difficult to understand!

>>> Task a Sit in pairs and write a modern paraphrase of the speech. Try to put the idea expressed in each sentence into as simple language as possible. Then compare your versions in class.

>>> Task b What prevents us from taking our own lives, according to Hamlet?

>>> Task c What does the speech tell us about Hamlet's character?

#### xxx4 SIXTH EXCERPT: ACT 3, SCENE 2 (pp. 64–65)

##### xxx5 10 ANALYSIS

>>> Task a What do you think of Hamlet's reason for not killing Claudius when he has the chance?

>>> Task b How has Hamlet's purpose become "blunted", do you think?

##### xxx4 SEVENTH EXCERPT: ACT 5, SCENE 2 (pp. 65–69)

###### xxx5 11 ANALYSIS

>>> Task a What does the way Hamlet deals with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern tell us about his character?

>>> Task b The experience with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern should have taught Hamlet that the King is now out to kill him. And yet he seems not to suspect any sinister purpose in the duel that is arranged. What explanations might there be?

>>> Task c How do you understand Gertrude's role in the final scene? Does she know what is going on? She drinks from the cup even though Claudius warns her not to. Why?

>>> Task d What is Horatio's role in the scene?

#### xxx4 TASKS FOR THE ENTIRE PLAY

##### xxx5 12 ANALYSING THE PLAY

Discuss the questions below in groups or in class.

Then write answers to them.

>>> Task a What role does Hamlet's father play in the drama?

>>> Task b Why do you think Hamlet hesitates to act? Is it cowardice, a flaw in his character, or are there good rational or ethical reasons for his hesitation?

--- 72 to 432

>>> Task c What is Gertrude's role in the drama? Is she a victim or one of the culprits? Describe Hamlet's relationship to his mother.

>>> Task d How is the issue of suicide dealt with in the play? How does Hamlet's attitude to death change during the play?

##### xxx5 13 ROLE PLAY

>>> Task a Preparation: Make groups of three or four. Choose one of the following roles: Hamlet, Claudius, Gertrude, Ophelia. Write six questions for each of the other roles in the group. Three of the questions should be factual, right-or-wrong questions; for example, "Hamlet: What did the Ghost reveal to you?" Three should be more speculative in nature; for example, "Gertrude: What did you know of your first husband's death?"

>>> Task b Act it out. Sit in your groups. Each role stands up and remains standing while the other group members take turns asking questions. Remember to stay in your role. Repeat the process around the group.

##### xxx5 14 LISTENING: GERTRUDE TALKS BACK

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

In the text "Gertrude Talks Back" the Canadian writer Margaret Atwood gives an alternative and rather modern take on the character and role of Hamlet's mother. Listen to the text and answer the following questions:

>>> Task a How does Atwood's Gertrude compare to the one you wrote about in question 12c above?

>>> Task b How does Atwood's Gertrude portray her relationship with Hamlet's father?

>>> Task c Where does the humour in the text lie?

##### xxx5 15 MAKE A MODERN VERSION

Many of Shakespeare's plays have been given a modern treatment, either on the stage or on film. Imagine that you have been asked to make a modern adaptation of \_Hamlet\_, set in present-day America. As there are no kings and princes in the USA, you will have to give Hamlet's father another profession. What was Hamlet going to inherit that his uncle Claudius got instead? How does Claudius murder Hamlet's father? How does Hamlet learn of the murder? And so on. Write a summary of the plot of your modern \_Hamlet\_.

##### xxx5 16 PERFORMING THE PLAY

Perform the play, using the abbreviated version you have read here. Using a narrator to tell the story of Hamlet, act out the excerpts presented in this book and/or other scenes you choose from the play. You could do this in full costume set in medieval times, or you could place the action in modern times as in the activity above.

##### xxx5 17 COMPARING FILM VERSIONS

Some fifty English-language film versions of \_Hamlet\_ have been made (and many more in foreign languages), and several of these are still available. Get hold of two different versions.

  Choose scenes from the play – for example, Act 1 scenes 4–5 (where Hamlet meets the ghost), Act 3 scene 2 (where the players perform for the King), and Act 5 scene 2 (the final scene).

  Compare how these scenes are treated in the different versions. Can you find any differences in the way the actors portray Hamlet? Which version do you like best, and why?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 73 to 432

## xxx2 FACT BOX: THE SONNET

William Shakespeare is not only known as a playwright, he is also famous for his sonnets. A sonnet is a poem that has a specific number of lines and follows some formal rules.

There are two main types of sonnet: the first is the \_Petrarchan\_ sonnet, divided into eight lines, called an octave, and six lines, the sestet, which follows the rhyme scheme abbaabba cdecde (see the text "Enjoying Poetry", p. 138). The other type is the \_Shakespearian\_ sonnet, which normally follows the rhyme scheme abab cdcd efef gg, or a 4+4+4+2 structure: that is, three quatrains (a quatrain is four lines) followed by a rhyming couplet. What the poem is trying to say often unfolds from one quatrain to the next, with the final couplet making the key point.

Shakespeare wrote 154 sonnets in all. Of these, the majority seem to be addressed to an unnamed young man ("Fair Youth"), while other later sonnets are addressed to an unnamed woman ("the Dark Lady"). A male poet using romantic language in a poem addressed to another man was not unusual for the time. Whether this implied a sexual relationship or simply a strong platonic one is something scholars disagree about. However, there is no doubting the romantic ardour in the sonnets written to both genders. All the sonnets take the form of a private message to the addressee. Indeed, it is uncertain that Shakespeare ever intended them to be published.

{{End}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 74 to 432

## xxx2 Sonnet: Sonnet 18

\_By William Shakespeare\_

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;

Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

{{End of sonnet}}

{{Glossary}}

\_thee\_= you (object)\_

\_thou\_= you (subject)\_

\_temperate:\_ temperert, moderat

\_bud:\_ knopp

\_lease:\_ varighet/varigheit

\_eye of heaven\_ = sun\_

\_complexion:\_ (ansikts)farge

\_to decline:\_ å forfalle

\_untrimm'd:\_ uendret, utrimmet (om seil)/uendra, utrimma (om segl)

\_eternal:\_ evig

\_to brag:\_ å skryte

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 75 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 WORKING WITH THE SONNET

>>> Task a What is the poet comparing, and what is being contrasted throughout the poem?

>>> Task b The poet begins with an image of something that is more or less perfect – a summer's day. Yet he manages to mention some imperfections in this otherwise perfect image. What are they?

>>> Task c "But thy eternal summer shall not fade", writes the poet to his loved one. Why is this?

>>>d What is the sonnet actually praising?

#### xxx4 2 LEARNING BY HEART

You can't leave school without knowing at least one piece of Shakespeare by heart! (You will find that being able to quote a Shakespeare sonnet is a good way to impress people.) The secret of learning poetry by heart is to feel the music of the language – the rhythm, the rhyme, the sounds. But don't overdo it – this is a sonnet, not a football chant! Try to learn it piece by piece – lines 1–4, 5–8, 9–12, 13–14.

#### xxx4 3 SHAKESPEARE IN TRANSLATION

Find Norwegian translations of "Sonnet 18" in your school library (both Hartvig Kiran and André Bjerke have translated it) and at access.cdu.no, and compare them with each other and the original. What is lost or gained in these translations? (The more courageous of you might like to try your own translation of the poem. If so, do it before you read these "official" translations!)

--- 76 to 432

## xxx2 John Donne (1572-1631)

{{Textbox}}

was a man of contrasts. Born into a devoutly Catholic family, he witnessed religious persecution first hand; his uncle, a Jesuit priest, was martyred by the barbaric method of "hanging, drawing and quartering". In his early life he was a lover of women and theatre, and he has written some of the most famous erotic poetry in the English language. Later in life he converted to the Church of England and even became an ordained minister. In this period he wrote sermons and "meditations" that show a deep religious feeling. Whether writing of earthly or of heavenly joys, John Donne's poetry and prose are famous for their surprising, even shocking imagery (see p. 144).

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Poem: The Sun Rising

Busy old fool, unruly Sun,

Why dost thou thus,

Through windows, and through curtains, call on us?

Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?

Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide

Late school-boys and sour prentices,

Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride,

Call country ants to harvest offices;

Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,

Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams so reverend, and strong

Why shouldst thou think?

I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,

But that I would not lose her sight so long.

If her eyes have not blinded thine,

Look, and tomorrow late tell me,

Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine

Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.

Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,

And thou shalt hear, "All here in one bed lay."

She's all states, and all princes I;

Nothing else is;

Princes do but play us; compared to this,

All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy.

Thou, Sun, art half as happy as we,

In that the world's contracted thus;

Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be

To warm the world, that's done in warming us.

Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;

This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_saucy:\_ frekk

\_wretch:\_ slyngel

\_to chide:\_ å kjefte på

\_prentice:\_ lærling

\_country ant\_ her: flittig landarbeider/flittig landarbeidar

\_clime:\_ klima

\_reverend:\_ hellig/heilag

\_to eclipse:\_ å formørke

\_alchemy\_ her: forfalskning/forfalsking

\_contracted\_ laget/laga

{{End of glossary}}

--- 77 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

#### xxx4 1 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a Who is being addressed in the poem, and why?

>>> Task b What sort of a "character" is the sun portrayed as here?

>>> Task c What power does the poet claim to have over the sun?

>>> Task d The Elizabethan Age was a time of maritime discovery. How is this reflected in the text?

>>> Task e Why is the sun "half as happy as we"?

>>> Task f Has Donne got his astronomy right in the last line?

>>> Task g What importance is attached to physical love in this poem?

#### xxx3 2 LOOKING AT RHYME, METRE AND LANGUAGE

>>> Task a What is the rhyme pattern here?

>>> Task b What about the metre? How many beats are there to each line?

>>> Task c What examples of archaic (in other words, old-fashioned) English can you find in the poem? How would you change it to make it closer to modern English?

#### xxx4 3 WRITING

Write an analysis of the poem "The Sun Rising" in which you focus on its meaning and use of imagery.

#### xxx4 4 GOING FURTHER

Go to access.cdu.no to read an extract of John Donne's famous "No man is an island" meditation. When you have read it, discuss the following:

>>> Task a How does Man (humanity) compare to the rest of creation, according to Donne?

>>> Task b What do you think he means by saying that "Man (hath) many pieces, of which the world hath no representation"?

>>> Task c How does Donne's view of man's place in the world strike you? Is it old-fashioned or modern?

>>> Task d Donne says that when we hear a funeral bell tolling, it tolls for us all. What do you think he means by that?

--- 78 to 432

On 8 August 1588, Elizabeth I made a journey to Tilbury on the River Thames to deliver the most important speech of her reign. At the time, England was in mortal danger. King Philip II of Spain had dispatched a huge armada of ships whose instructions were to destroy the English fleet and transport 30 000 Spanish forces across the Channel from Flanders. The "Bastard Queen" was to be punished for her heresy and England was to be returned to the Catholic fold.

  Elizabeth was no stranger to the written word. Fluent in several languages, she translated numerous classical works, wrote poetry and delivered many speeches in which she showed her mastery of classical rhetoric.

{{Tasks}}

Do you know any examples of famous speeches? If so, what was it about them that made an impression on you?

{{End of tasks}}

## xxx2 Queen Elizabeth's Speech at Tilbury

My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourself to armed multitudes for fear of treachery; but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people.

  Let tyrants fear. I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects, and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all, to lay down my life for my God and for my kingdom and for my people, my honour, and my blood, even in the dust.

  I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm; the which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know, already for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, in the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you.

  In the meantime my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject, not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people.

{{Glossary}}

\_mortal:\_ døds-, skjebnesvanger, veldig

\_to dispatch:\_ å sende ut

\_heresy:\_ kjetteri, falsk lære

\_to take heed:\_ å passe seg

\_armed:\_ bevæpnet, kampklar/væpna, kampklar

\_multitude:\_ folkemasse

\_treachery:\_ forræderi

\_subject:\_ undersått, statsborger/undersått, statsborgar

\_disport:\_ tidsfordriv, lek/tidsfordriv, leik

\_resolved:\_ bestemt, besluttet/bestemd, viljefast

\_feeble:\_ svak

\_foul:\_ moralsk avskyelig, galt/moralsk avskyeleg, gale

\_scorn:\_ gjenstand for forakt, hån

\_realm:\_ (konge)rike

\_virtue:\_ evne

\_duly:\_ behørig, i rett tid/rettmessig, i rett tid

\_lieutenant-general:\_ generalløytnant (offiser i Hæren)

\_in my stead: i mitt sted, i stedet for meg/i min stad, i staden for meg

\_obedience:\_ lydighet/lydnad

\_concord:\_ samhold, enighet/samhald, einigheit, semje

\_valour:\_ tapperhet, mot/tapperheit, mot

{{End of glossary}}

--- 79 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 80 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 UNDERSTANDING THE SPEECH

Write a modern version of the speech, keeping as close to the content as possible, but avoiding archaic (old-fashioned) language.

#### xxx4 2 CLOSE ANALYSIS

>>> Task a Elizabeth opens the speech using the royal "we", but soon reverts to the first person singular "I". Why do you think she does this? What is the effect?

>>> Task b As a woman on the throne of England at a time of war, Elizabeth was aware that she might be regarded as vulnerable. How does she deal with this?

>>> Task c How does she portray her own rule and her relationship with her subjects?

>>> Task d Her audience here would have been soldiers and sailors. How does she try to gain their goodwill?

>>> Task e What does she demand of them?

#### xxx4 3 FOCUS ON RHETORIC

>>> Task a A common device in classical rhetoric is \_tricolon\_, i.e. a pattern of three phrases in parallel, as in the last phrase of the speech: \_we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people\_. What other examples of tricolon can you find in the text?

>>> Task b \_Antithesis\_ is a rhetorical device where the speaker refers to what is \_not\_ desirable, followed by what \_is\_ desirable (e.g. "I do not want to wait until everyone is ready – change must come now"). Can you find antithesis in Elizabeth's speech?

>>> c In classical rhetoric there are three main modes of persuasion:

\_Logos\_: appealing to the audience on the basis of logic or reasoning

Example: "Cigarette smoke contains over 4,800 chemicals, 69 of which are known to cause cancer."

\_Pathos\_: appealing to the audience on the basis of emotions

Example: "You owe it to your child to give up smoking."

\_Ethos\_: appealing to the audience on the basis of the speaker's credibility

Example: "I'm a doctor, and I don't smoke."

Which modes do you find in Elizabeth's speech?

#### xxx4 4 COMPARING TEXTS

>>> Task a The following is the version of Queen Elizabeth's Tilbury speech as delivered in the film \_Elizabeth: The Golden Age\_ (2007), starring Cate Blanchett. What has been added and what has been left out? Why do you think the changes have been made?

{{Textbox}}

My loving people, we see the sails of the enemy approaching, we hear the Spanish guns over the water. Soon now we will meet them face to face. I am resolved in the midst of the heat of battle to live or die amongst you all. While we stand together, no invader shall pass. Let them come with the armies of Hell – they will not pass. And when this day of battle is ended, we meet again in Heaven or on the field of victory.

{{End of textbox}}

>>> Task b Elizabeth I was not the only monarch to give a speech to her subjects at the outbreak of war. In 1939 King George VI delivered a radio speech to the nation after Britain had declared war on Nazi Germany. You can find the speech at access.cdu.no. Read it and answer the following questions:

-- George VI's speech was aimed at the whole population, not just the armed forces. How is this reflected in the language used?

-- Compare the methods the two monarchs use to try and establish closeness to their audiences.

-- What role does faith in God play in the two speeches?

{{End of tasks}}

--- 81 to 432

## xxx2 Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

{{Textbox}}

Born the son of a wealthy goldsmith, Robert Herrick (1591–1674) grew up in London and loved city life. He was ordained as a priest in the Church of England in 1623 and lived the latter part of his life as a vicar in Devon, still longing for London. Like John Donne, he combined the sensual and the spiritual, both in his life and in his poetry.

{{End}}

The theme of carpe diem (Lat. "seize the day") was a popular one among Renaissance poets. The idea of the unstoppable passage of time, of fleeting youth and of the importance of grasping the here and now (not least the sensual here and now) was, of course, not a Renaissance invention. In fact, the term was coined by the Roman poet Horace in the phrase "carpe diem quam minimum credula postero" – "seize the day, put very little trust in tomorrow".

  It is worth remembering that in the Elizabethan age the fleetingness of life was more than just a poetic theme. Tomorrow could be a pretty uncertain proposition. Life expectancy was around 40 years. The advice that Robert Herrick delivered to young women in the following poem also had a practical, economic aspect to it. Marriage was for most women the only means of ensuring their economic wellbeing. To be too late "on the market" could mean destitution.

{{Textbox}}

Bubonic plague, for example, swept through London five times during Elizabeth's reign. Smallpox and typhus were also killers, as was syphilis (a relative newcomer, now believed to have originated from the Americas, but typically nicknamed "the French pox").

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Poem: To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,

Old time is still a-flying:

And this same flower that smiles to-day

Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,

The higher he's a-getting,

The sooner will his race be run,

And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,

When youth and blood are warmer;

But being spent, the worse, and worst

Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,

And while ye may go marry:

For having lost but once your prime

You may for ever tarry.

{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_rosebud:\_ rosenknopp/roseknopp

\_coy:\_ blyg

\_prime:\_ beste alder

\_to tarry:\_ å vente

{{End of glossary}}

--- 82 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a What advice is Herrick giving to virgins?

>>> Task b Robert Herrick was a vicar. To what extent is his message here within Christian morality?

>>> Task c What seems to be his view of the ageing process?

>>> Task d What is his warning at the end?

#### xxx4 2 CLOSE READING

>>> Task a What is the tone of the poem, in your opinion?

>>> Task b How does the rhythm of the poem contribute to this?

>>> Task c Find examples of personification in the poem. (Personification: when non-human things are given human characteristics.)

>>> Task d What other imagery does the poet use to express his theme? (See p. 144 to learn about imagery.)

#### xxx4 3 WRITING

Herrick's poem is written as a piece of advice to young Elizabethan women. Write a text in which you give advice to young people of today on the theme of carpe diem. (You may or may not favour a carpe diem approach to life.) Your text may be in prose or poetry.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

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## xxx2 ESSAY WRITING COURSE 2: THE WRITING PROCESS

There are three main stages in the process of writing an essay:

-- Gathering material

-- Planning

-- Drafting and writing

{{End of list}}

One of the secrets of good essay writing is organising your time most fruitfully. There is a tendency to focus too much on the last part of the process – which feels like the most productive one – at the expense of the first two. A good essay is generally born in the preparation phase. The better planned an essay is, the quicker it is to write it.

### xxx3 a) Gathering material

It is important to be absolutely clear about what you are gathering material for. Look very carefully at the task and be sure that you have understood what it is asking you to do. Is it asking you to do more than one thing, perhaps? When this is clear, it is time to start collecting ideas. Sometimes this process is called "brainstorming", and there are many different ways of doing it. Some people find diagrams useful and fill whole pages with them. Others write down sentences and even paragraphs that occur to them. Some people do not write at all, but just think. Others again find talking and discussing the best way to get thought processes working. (In examinations that allow preparation time, it is a good idea if students who share this preference for "verbal brainstorming" work together.) Whichever method you choose, the idea is simply to get as many ideas as possible to bubble up, without worrying too much about "quality control" at this stage.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

### xxx3 b) Planning

If we return to our courtroom comparison (p. 41), the procedure of the trial is not unlike the material-gathering process described above. Evidence, clues and testimony have been put forward and argued over. Some witnesses have proved to be unreliable or irrelevant, and some connections have been revealed that perhaps neither attorney was prepared for. What must be done now is to turn all these elements into a reasoned argumentation.

  Unlike the attorneys, you are not paid to have any particular bias. You are free to argue whatever you please. But like them, your success will depend on your ability to persuade. Some essay tasks invite you specifically to present a "thesis" – i.e. to answer a question. For example: \_Why does Hamlet delay in avenging his father's death?\_ Your "thesis" will depend on how you interpret the character and the situation he finds himself in, and your job will be to persuade the reader that your understanding of this is sensible and based on the text. There are no "correct" theses, but, on the other hand, if you decide to argue that Hamlet has actually

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tried but keeps missing, or that he actually loves his uncle very much, or that his brain is under the control of extraterrestrials, then you may have trouble finding evidence to support you.

  Other tasks may not have such an obvious thesis. For example: \_Compare the poem "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time" by Robert Herrick with Shakespeare's "Sonnet 18".\_ Or: \_Give your interpretation of John Donne's poem "The Sun Rising".\_ There is no question mark in these tasks, but both of them still require you to have a thesis, something that you are trying to prove. Your thesis in the first will probably be that there are similarities between the poems, but also differences. In the second, your thesis will be your understanding of the poem. Just as in the \_Hamlet\_ essay, your job will be to persuade the reader that you are right.

  \_"Why does Hamlet delay in avenging his father's death?"\_

  Let us imagine that you have "brainstormed" on the Hamlet task. After looking at the evidence, you have decided that your thesis is this: There may be practical reasons which could excuse Hamlet's slowness in taking revenge, but at bottom the reason lies in his character. He has a deep-seated depression ("melancholy") that prevents him from taking action.

  This is what you are going to "prove" in your essay. You will need a logical structure to do so. In a way the formulation of your thesis gives you a hint about this structure. There are two main parts here:

A. There are practical reasons why Hamlet delays.

B. These are secondary to the main reason: Hamlet's psychology.

  Each of these two main parts can be divided up again:

A. What are these practical reasons? How convincing are they?

B. What forms does this depression take? What might its origins be?

  It is often said that an essay has three parts: 1. the introduction, 2. the body and 3. the conclusion. What we have planned so far is the second part. All that is required to finish off this essay plan is an introduction and a conclusion. It would make sense in an essay like this to introduce your thesis in the introduction and to sum up your answer to it in the conclusion. This gives us an essay plan that looks like this:

{{Textbox}}

\_1 Introduction\_

Thesis of the essay

\_2 Body\_

A There are practical reasons which could excuse Hamlet's slowness in taking revenge:

I He cannot be sure that the Ghost is telling the truth. (Although he does not seem in doubt when he meets the Ghost, which even comes back to remind him – as if it doubts his purpose.)

II Hasty actions might be misinterpreted by others – i.e. the court, the people – with dire consequences. (But we are told that he is popular with the people. And surely pretending to be mad is even more likely to be misinterpreted?)

III He wants to make sure that Claudius gets what he deserves, also after death. (But surely he could find a suitable opportunity if he wanted to?)

B The main reason is Hamlet's psychology:

I Hamlet is an intellectual and a poet; he

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is better at thought and words than action.

II He is in shock after his father's death and his mother's callous change of affections.

III Hamlet finds life a burden. He considers suicide.

IV He is unable to share his troubles with others, except perhaps Horatio. He loses his mother (to Claudius) and Ophelia (to madness).

\_3 Conclusion\_

Summing up of thesis

{{End of textbox}}

Your plan does not have to look as orderly as this. Particularly if you are writing in an examination, your plan is likely to look more of a mess, with crossings out, comments written in, arrows, etc. (Every plan needs to be amended as work proceeds.) But for most essay writers, some sort of plan is necessary. It prevents you having to think about where you are going all the time and it keeps your writing focussed on the thesis of your essay.

### xxx3 c) Drafting and writing

The next phase of the essay-writing process depends on the time available. If you are writing a long-term home assignment, for example the in-depth study that your curriculum requires, then you should be prepared to write at least one draft of your essay before you consider it finished. This gives you the chance to evaluate and make changes to the overall argumentation, to improve on language and eliminate errors. You may have an arrangement with

  your teacher whereby you can get feedback on the first draft before handing it in for evaluation.

  If, however, you are writing in an examination setting, you are likely to be pressed for time. What some students do – with dire results – is to cut down on (or cut out completely) the planning and keep the drafting. Perhaps it is because we feel better when we are busy writing – at least we are doing something! The result is often a poorly-thought-through essay, weak on structure and focus.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

## xxx2 TASK

### xxx3 Planning an essay

>>> Task a Together with another student (or two), choose one of the essay questions on p. 121. Now brainstorm \_individually\_ for 10 minutes, noting down your ideas. Formulate a thesis statement (also individually).

>>> Task b Now compare your findings. Agree on the wording of your thesis statement and on which main points your essay will contain. Formulate each main point as precisely as possible and put them in a logical order.

>>> Task c Present your essay to the class and explain the decisions you have made. Discuss your plan with the rest of the class.

{{End of tasks}}

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## xxx2 ACROSS THE ARTS 1: PORTRAITS OF POWER

The most significant political difference between the age of the Tudors and our own era is the position of the monarch. Today, in the West at least, the monarch's power is primarily symbolic. The Tudor monarch was certainly a symbol too, but he or she was also invested with enormous political power. Your relationship to the monarch was decisive for your own social status. In fact, as we saw in \_Hamlet\_, a monarch literally decided who should live and who should die. For this reason, monarchs were not only respected, they were also feared. In the following we are going to look at an art form that had a vital role in maintaining and reinforcing the power of the monarch and the hierarchy he or she was at the head of.

### xxx3 Portrait painting in Tudor and Elizabethan England

A portrait can be defined as a likeness of a person, in either a drawing, a painting or a photograph. Often a portrait features only the head and shoulders, but not always. Some portraits can be half-length (i.e. from the waist upwards) or full-length. Usually a portrait features one individual, although a picture of groups of people can also be called a portrait – family portraits, for example, are still popular adornments for sitting-room walls.

  The mark of a good portrait is that it captures something of the essence of the sitter or sitters. Achieving a good likeness of someone is demanding enough, and portrait painting may require many hours of patience from both the painter and the sitter. But a really good portrait does more that just stay on the surface: it gives us some insight into the character and mood of the person. This is partly achieved by the painter carefully directing the posture and facial expression of the subject. Just as wedding photographers will try to get the wedding party looking happy by being funny before they take the picture, a portrait painter must have a clear idea of what aspect of a person is going to predominate and then "arrange" the person accordingly.

  Most of the portraits we have from the 16th and 17th centuries were commissioned works, i.e. it was the sitter him- or herself who asked for the portrait to be done. This, of course, could make the task of the artist more difficult. On the one hand, he had to produce a faithful likeness that expressed something of the essence of the sitter, while on the other hand he had to make sure the portrait was flattering enough to be acceptable. When the sitter in question was, for example, Henry VIII – renowned for his hot temper and liberal use of the services of the Tower of London – there must have been a few sweaty palms and shaky knees when the finished portrait was first shown to the subject!

  Throughout Europe the Renaissance was a fertile period for portrait painting. The portrait was prized as an expression of worldly status and success – indeed it still is, as a visit to any company boardroom will confirm. In Tudor England portraits were a way for the Tudor dynasty to legitimise its rule. Henry VII, the first Tudor king, acceded to the throne after a bloody dynastic conflict, and the royal portraits of him and his son Henry VIII are clear statements to potential rivals about who is boss. Hans Holbein's famous portrait of Henry VIII from 1537 is particularly striking (see p. 47). With his aggressive posture – legs apart, codpiece bulging and eyes staring straight into "the camera" – Henry seems to be daring us to doubt his authority and virility.

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{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

The fact that the king himself, at 45, was approaching old age, seriously overweight and suffering from a debilitating thrombosis in both legs, only confirms the importance of the portrait as a political statement – as propaganda, even. After his recent break with Rome and his disastrous and humiliating marriage to Anne Boleyn, and still without a male heir (Edward was born later that year), Henry was at the lowest ebb of his reign. All the more reason to want to be depicted as Superman. Many copies of the painting were made and hung in stately homes throughout the realm.

  With the coming of the Reformation, portraits became even more popular. This was due to a sudden decline in the popularity of religious images, which, according to Protestant doctrine, could be seen as a form of idolatry. (God should be worshipped directly, not, as pagans did, through man-made idols.) Self-idolatry, on the other hand, was perfectly permissible, and no expense was spared. During Henry VIII's reign, the best portrait painters were to be found on the Continent, Hans Holbein from Augsberg in Germany being one of the most sought after. By Elizabeth I's reign a generation of home-grown portrait painters had emerged. Techniques were improving too, with oil painting taking over from egg-based tempura paints, enabling artists to render more detail and achieve a near-photographic realism.

  The portrait of Queen Elizabeth I (p. 50) was painted by Isaac Oliver around 1600. Oliver was a goldsmith by training and by origin a French Huguenot (Protestant) who had arrived in England in 1568 to escape religious persecution. The Queen would have been approaching 70 years old at the time the picture was painted, although you would never think so to look at her. The Queen was an icon, a symbol of monarchical power, rather than a human being, and as such she was ageless. The symbolism of the picture underlines her iconic position and tells us quite a lot about how she was perceived, or wished to be perceived. As a woman she could not follow in her father's footsteps and aim for bullish masculinity. Instead the portrait relies on subtle symbolism to underline her royal sovereignty and nearly goddess-like status.

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{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

Her orange cloak is decorated with eyes and ears, implying that, as Queen, she sees and hears everything in her kingdom. The sleeve of the cloak is decorated with a jewelled serpent with a ruby in its mouth. The serpent symbolises wisdom while the ruby represents the heart. The message is that the queen, who remained unmarried all her life, lets her heart be ruled by her wisdom, to the benefit of the nation. The implications of the rubies and pearls in her elaborate headdress are similar – pearls symbolise her virginity, rubies symbolise her passion. It her right hand she is holding what seems to be a rainbow. Certainly the text behind implies this. \_Non sine sole iris\_ is Latin and means "No rainbow without the sun". The rainbow symbolises peace, and the Queen, in her dazzling radiance, is the sun. In other words, she is the only guarantee of peace.

  To understand the power of the painting we need to grasp the historical context. In 1600 Queen Elizabeth had been on the throne for 42 years – the longest reign of any English monarch up to then. Compared with the years before her succession, when the country had been dragged through a bloody Reformation and an even bloodier Counter-Reformation, her reign was one of remarkable stability. The Spanish Armada had been defeated and the first steps taken towards establishing an empire – in Ireland and North America. Above all, she was loved by her subjects and her authority was unquestioned. So to compare her with a goddess is hardly an exaggeration – the queen was not only respected, she was worshipped, and portraits like Oliver's were a vital element in this cult of "Good Queen Bess".

### xxx3 Elizabethan architecture

The relative stability and prosperity of England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth is reflected in a period of architectural change often referred to as the Great Rebuilding. In the latter half of the 16th century and the first half of the 17th century there was a flurry of building activity in which older houses were either improved or completely rebuilt. At first this applied to just the wealthy, but over time it filtered down to ordinary folk. The availability of cheap glass made glazed windows affordable for poorer house-owners, while the advent of the chimney radically changed the way houses were built. Since medieval times cooking had been done at an open hearth from which the

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smoke rose up into the rafters of a high ceiling and out through an opening in the roof. A chimney made it possible to use the space more economically by putting in a second floor. Town houses were tightly packed together in several stories, each one jutting out over the other.

  At the other end of the social scale, the Elizabethan period saw the building of many grand manor houses, many of which can still be seen. One of these is Longleat House in Wiltshire, built in the 1570s. In some ways it resembles a castle, with its square construction and an enclosed area in the middle. But, typically for the age, it is a castle without fortification. The towers and turrets have become decorative, and the imposing façade is a symphony of glass with twelve huge windows on each side. Architect Robert Smythson was clearly influenced by Italian Renaissance architecture, as witnessed by the pilasters (decorative "columns") on either side of each window and the roundels decorated with carvings depicting Roman emperors.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

However, it is an unmistakeably English mansion, surrounded by an unmistakeably English park and garden. In their present form the landscaping dates from the 18th century and is the work of England's great landscape designer Capability Brown (more about him on p. 127). When the house was first built it was surrounded by a typical formal Elizabethan garden. Formal is the operative word. Elizabethan tastes required meticulously symmetrical low hedges (which thus could be viewed from the terrace). A typical feature was the "knot garden" in which flowers and herbs were planted in geometric patterns. The idea of letting nature loose had not yet caught on – the Elizabethan garden was very much a question of man imposing strict order on potentially riotous nature.

  Today Longleat House can be seen as a symbol of both historical continuity and social change. It is occupied by the seventh Marquess of Bath, a descendant of the man who had the house built back in the 16th century. The building is beautifully intact and retains many of the original furnishings. However, Longleat's first owner would be surprised by the number of people roaming about his house. In 1947 Longleat was opened to the public in order to meet the financial burden of death duties and running costs. If he took a tour around the park, he would be even more surprised. Lions, tigers, rhinos and giraffes are among the many animals he would encounter. Longleat Safari Park was opened in 1966 and attracts thousands of visitors every year.

## xxx2 TASKS

>>> Task 1 This portrait of Queen Elizabeth II (p. 90) was painted by Lucian Freud, regarded by many as one of the foremost portrait artists of his generation. The initiative for the painting came from the artist himself. However, the Queen, who must have known that the artist was not famous for

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his flattering approach to portrait painting, willingly sat for the artist on several occasions between May 2000 and December 2001. As such, the picture can be seen as having royal approval.

  The result left the critics divided. The Queen had recently been through troubled times, following the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, and various other royal scandals, and some applauded the honesty and insight of the painting. Others were less impressed. \_The Sun\_ newspaper suggested that the artist should be locked in the Tower of London for his efforts!

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

>>> Task a What do you think of Lucian Freud's portrait of Queen Elizabeth II?

>>> Task b Why do you think the Queen agreed to sit for an artist like Freud?

>>> Task c Do you think the result is to the benefit of the Royal Family – or the opposite?

>>> Task d What does the picture tell us about the changed role of the monarchy since Elizabeth I's time?

>>> Task 2 The portraits of Henry and Elizabeth (pp. 47 and 50) are purposely arranged and full of details that express the monarchs' position and their power. Discuss in pairs or groups of three how you would arrange a portrait of the following public figures and what details you would include:

>>> Task a The Norwegian monarch

>>> Task b The principal of a primary school

>>> Task c The captain of the Norwegian national football team

>>> Task 3 Go to access.cdu.no to find out more about one of the Elizabethan buildings listed below. Then prepare to present it very briefly to the class, pointing out its typical Elizabethan features.

  Burghley House – Charterhouse – Hardwick House – Montacute House – Wollaton Hall

{{End of tasks}}

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# xxx1 CHAPTER 3: The Enlightenment

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

\_Competence aims in focus:\_

  The aims of the studies are to enable students to:

-- interpret a representative selection of texts from literary-historical periods in English literature, from the Renaissance up to the present time

-- produce texts in a variety of genres with clear content, appropriate style, good structure, and usage that is precise and accurate

-- use a nuanced, well-developed and precise vocabulary to communicate on literature and culture

-- analyse and assess... a selection of other artistic forms of expression within English-language culture

-- assess his or her own language learning in terms of established language learning goals

{{End of list}}

(Translation: udir.no)

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{{Tasks}}

Sit in groups of three or four and discuss what you understand by the following quotations and whether you agree or disagree with them:

-- "The theist [believer in God] and the scientist are rival interpreters of nature, the one retreats as the other advances." (Joseph McCabe)

"Religion is a culture of faith; science is a culture of doubt." (Richard P. Feynman)

{{End}}

## xxx2 The Light of Science and Knowledge

Unlike the term \_Renaissance\_, which, as we have seen, was coined by later generations when looking back on the period, the word \_Enlightenment\_ was one often used by the key figures of the movement themselves. They felt that they were living in an exciting age, an Age of Reason, when the dark corners of superstition, ignorance and religious extremism were gradually losing ground to the glorious light of science and knowledge. And the origin of this light was not Faith, as it had been before, but a much greater gift from God – Reason. God had made humanity capable of rational thought, they argued, and it was our duty to use this to understand and improve the world around us.

### xxx3 Civil war in England

The 17th century had shown all too clearly what Faith could do. In a deeply traumatic period in Europe, many thousands had been killed as a result of religious persecution and war. The British Isles had seen more that their fair share of such conflicts. The English Civil War (1642–49) had torn the country apart, pitting brother against brother. On the one side stood supporters of King Charles I of the House of Stuart, a staunch believer in the "divine right" of kings and suspected of having Catholic sympathies. On the other stood supporters of the predominantly Protestant Parliament, eager to have more say in the running of the country and unwilling to foot the bill for the King's disastrous wars. The conflict ended when the King was executed in 1649. The kingdom was changed into a republican Commonwealth under Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell, leader of the anti-Royalist armies.

{{Glossary}}

\_reason:\_ fornuft

\_to pit:\_ å sette opp

\_staunch:\_ trofast/trufast

\_to foot the bill:\_ å betale regningen/å betale rekninga

{{End of glossary}}

### xxx3 The Restoration

The eleven years of the Commonwealth were a time of political experiment and confusion. When Cromwell died in 1658 it was soon clear that the easiest way out of political confusion was to invite the son of the

--- 93 to 432

executed King back – Charles II. This was known as the "Restoration" of the monarchy. However, the Civil War had created a new balance between the Parliament and the Crown, with Parliament the more powerful of the two. This is the origin of "constitutional monarchy" in England; that is, a monarchy in which the king or queen rules, but within limits set by the combined power of the House of Lords and the House of Commons. When James II, son of Charles II, tried to re-impose the Roman Catholic faith on the nation, Parliament quickly replaced him with his relative, the Protestant William of Orange from the Netherlands. He became King William III in 1689. Eventually Parliament entirely replaced the potentially Catholic House of Stuart with the solidly Protestant House of Hanover (descended from Charles's sister and today known as the House of Windsor). This established Parliament's power once and for all.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_to re-impose:\_ å gjeninnføre/å innføre på nytt

\_innovation:\_ nyvinning

{{End of glossary}}

### xxx3 Throwing light in the darkness

This new-found stability provided a good environment for interest in science and philosophy. The new ideas sown in the 17th century by people like Galileo Galilei, René Descartes and Isaac Newton could now flourish, and soon led to scientific innovations and technological advances that were to lay the basis of our modern world. The leading

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lights of the Enlightenment had no respect for the boundaries between disciplines – they were interested in \_everything\_. Joseph Priestley, for example, was a theologian who wrote books on grammar, history and pedagogy and still found time to discover oxygen and invent soda water. James Watt, the Scottish developer of the steam engine, also experimented with new formulas for bleach, while Erasmus Darwin (Charles's grandfather) combined a career as a doctor with writing works on botany and philosophy, and pamphlets against the slave trade and for the education of women, whilst also finding time for inventions such as a canal lift for barges and a horizontal windmill, and writing the odd poem for good measure.

### xxx3 Neo-classicism

In this Age of Reason, nature seemed transparent. Her ways and rules might not be fully understood yet, but they \_could\_ be, given time and effort – which Enlightenment polymaths like the above had seemingly endless reserves of. This confidence was based on a belief in the essential harmony, proportion and balance of Creation and it was mirrored in a corresponding belief in social stability after the excesses of the mid-17th century. Under influence from the Continent, especially aristocratic France, tastes in art and literature turned towards an admiration for restraint, order and common sense, qualities that were perceived as originating from classical antiquity. In literature, neo-classicism saw the rise of such genres as parody, satire, essays, letters and, not least, the beginnings of the novel.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Why has this age been called "the Age of Reason"?

b) What was the outcome of the English Civil War and the Restoration?

c) Many Enlightenment scientists, artists and philosophers were polymaths. What does this mean?

d) What was their view of nature and the universe?

e) What was neo-classicism?

{{End of textbox}}

xxx3 The rise of the novel

In some ways it seems odd that an age that cultivated order should have seen the birth of a genre like the novel, notorious for its disorderliness. The explanation lies in a growing interest in the individual as a social being, which was now the focus of philosophers like John Locke. The novel could follow an individual's social destiny like no other genre, and the journey of an individual towards self-discovery and harmony through interaction with others, which became the typical theme of the genre, perfectly suited neo-classicism's faith in reasoned judgement. Early novelists such as Daniel Defoe and Jonathan Swift drew heavily on journalism in their accounts of extraordinary adventures and it was not until Jane Austen that the novel realised its full potential, making the commonplaces of everyday life the stuff of great literature. The rise of the novel coincided with the rise of new, literate middle classes that were keen to see their own lives and aspirations reflected in literary form.

{{Glossary}}

\_to perceive:\_ å oppfatte

\_novel:\_ roman

\_aspiration:\_ forhåpning

{{End of glossary}}

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{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

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### xxx3 Rule Britannia

It was not only in the realms of science and philosophy that boundaries were being moved and new discoveries made. During the 18th century explorers charted ever more distant corners of the world, opening up new possibilities for trade and settlement. Not least the voyages of Captain James Cook to Australia, New Zealand and the South Pacific caught the public attention, and accounts of experiences in distant and exotic lands – many of them pretty fanciful – became popular reading matter. As we shall see, this also inspired two of the great literary works of the age – \_Robinson Crusoe\_ by Daniel Defoe (see page 100) and \_Gulliver's Travels\_ by Jonathan Swift (see page 105).

  Back home England and Scotland had joined forces to form a new Great Britain (1707), and together they developed a rich trading economy. The centre of this new nation was the thriving city of London, which became the trading capital of the world. Goods were brought to London from all corners of the globe: tea and cotton from India, timber and fur from North America, silk from China, etc. At home trade created a new and powerful middle class and upper middle class, whose representatives in Parliament took an active part in the politics of the nation. Abroad trade rapidly turned into empire building as Britain, in competition with other European powers, laid claim to huge areas of land – and their inhabitants. The 18th century was also the heyday of the infamous Atlantic slave trade where hundreds of thousands of Africans were transported to British colonies in the Americas to toil on plantations.

  The great profits from this and other trades were invested in other trading and industrial activities, generating new profits. Money that is invested like this is called capital: this was the start of capitalism. Big private trading companies were established, such as the East India Company and the Hudson Bay Company. Though they did not directly control foreign policy, not many treaties were signed or wars declared without their consent. The London Stock Exchange and the Bank of England were founded. The navy grew in strength, enabling the British to defeat their rivals. The British navy ruled the waves.

{{Glossary}}

\_trade:\_ handel

\_thriving:\_ blomstrende/blomstrande

\_treaty:\_ traktat

\_stock exchange:\_ børs

{{End of glossary}}

xxx3 Progress in America

Across the Atlantic in the British colonies along the east coast of North America, the same spirit of curiosity and scepticism that characterised the British Enlightenment could also be found. By 1776, the population of this area had grown to about 2.5 million or about one third of the 7.5 million found in Great Britain at that time. Large cities such as Boston,

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Philadelphia and New York had grown rapidly. A remarkably mobile society had developed, one with a high rate of literacy and a tradition of local government. The ideas of the Enlightenment were widely accepted. The concept of progress seemed well suited to the rapid development of the colonies. The idea that all people are equal and can improve their position in society through their own efforts could be seen in the practical lives of individuals. However, it is worth remembering that this vision of equality was far from all-inclusive – this was also a society that relied on institutionalised slavery.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_literacy:\_ lesekyndighet/lesedugleik

\_concept:\_ begrep/omgrep

{{End of glossary}}

### xxx3 American independence

Oddly, the separation of Great Britain and America came about precisely because the colonists regarded themselves as \_British\_. The government in London wished to tax the colonies to help pay for their defence. Now, one of the rights that had been won by Parliament in its long battle with the Crown was the sole right to decide on taxes. As Britons, the American colonists wanted to be represented in Parliament when they were taxed. "No taxation without representation" was their call. The British government of George III disagreed. In response to this "tyranny", the American colonies revolted and declared their independence on July 4, 1776. One of the architects of this declaration and a "founding father" of the new nation was Benjamin Franklin (see page 109).

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Why did the novel emerge as a new literary genre during this period?

b) How did voyages of exploration contribute to trade and literature?

c) Explain the system of early capitalism that emerged in Great Britain.

d) Why were the ideas of the Enlightenment perfectly suited to the American colonies?

e) What was the background for the American Declaration of Independence in 1776?

{{End of textbox}}

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### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a What connection is there between the Enlightenment and capitalism?

>>> Task b Religion played an important part in conflicts in the past, for example the English Civil War. What role does religion play in conflicts today?

>>> Task c Do you think "the Enlightenment" is a good name for a period in which slavery was widespread and the slave trade was a necessary prerequisite for progress and prosperity in Great Britain and America? Explain your opinion.

>>> Task d This period witnessed the birth of the novel. What is your favourite novel, and why?

#### xxx4 2 VOCABULARY

Here are explanations of some of the words or terms in this text. Find out which word fits each explanation. You can choose from the words listed below, but \_beware\_: there are more words than explanations.

a NOUN: a movement of the 18th century that stressed the belief that science and logic give people more knowledge and understanding than tradition and religion

b NOUN: a belief or practice resulting from ignorance, fear of the unknown, trust in magic or chance, or a false conception of causation

c NOUN: all people

d NOUN: a war between opposing groups of citizens of the same country

e ADJECTIVE: relating to or based on a form of government in which representatives are elected and there is no king or queen

f NOUN: knowledge or a system of knowledge covering general truths or the operation of general laws, especially as obtained and tested through the scientific method and concerned with the physical world and its phenomena

g NOUN: someone who knows a lot about many different things

h ADJECTIVE: able to be seen through; easy to notice or understand

i NOUN: an invented prose narrative that is usually long and complex and deals especially with human experience through a usually connected sequence of events

j NOUN: the activity or business of buying and selling slaves

\_middle class – polymath – novel – taxation – humanity – civil war – the Enlightenment – institutionalised – republican – capitalism – voyage – science – mobile society – transparent – aristocratic – faith – slave trade – superstition\_

#### xxx4 3 GOING FURTHER – THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The American Revolution (1775–1783) was full of great writing. Not the kind of writing meant for entertainment (although it had that function, too), but writing that attempted to convey arguments, to justify actions and to convince readers to support the revolutionary cause – or be loyal to the King! This was the age of the pamphlet and the broadsheet, short publications aimed at mobilising and educating the people. Hundreds of thousands of them were printed during the War of Independence. None was to prove more important that the one issued on 4 July 1776 – the Declaration of Independence.

  Go to access.cdu.no to find an extract of the Declaration as well as an introduction and a set of tasks. After working with them, discuss the following questions in groups:

>>> Task a Jefferson listed the following rights God has given to all persons: life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Originally his list read: \_life, liberty and property\_. Why do you suppose he changed it? What does the "pursuit of happiness" mean to you?

>>> Task b Should Jefferson have included more rights in his list? If so, which?

>>> Task c At what point do a people have a right to overthrow their government – that is, what kinds of governmental actions justify overthrowing it?

{{End of tasks}}

--- 99 to 432

## xxx2 FACT BOX: ROBINSON CRUSOE

The borders of the known world were quickly being expanded in the 18th century. Sailors and other travellers were a constant source of stories about distant places, exotic and barbaric peoples and weird and wonderful creatures. Although many of these stories were highly fanciful, and some of them downright lies, they enjoyed great popularity and were often taken to be true.

Two of the most famous literary works of the age relate to this new taste for travel accounts, although in very different ways. \_Robinson Crusoe\_ by Daniel Defoe is based on a true story and, although it is a work of fiction, aims to be as realistic as possible. \_Gulliver's Travels\_ by Jonathan Swift, on the other hand, is openly fantastic, in the real sense of the word, and can be read as a parody of some of the taller tales of 18th century travellers.

{{Picture}}

Explanation: A beach with palm trees.

{{End}}

{{Picture}}

Explanation: An ocean view from the beach.

{{End}}

\_Robinson Crusoe\_ (1719) was Defoe's first novel, and is seen by some as the first real novel in the English language. It is probably loosely based on the life of a real person, Alexander Selkirk, who was shipwrecked on a deserted island in the South Pacific in 1704 and was rescued four years later. In Defoe's novel the hero is a castaway for 28 years, and the focus of the story is on how he manages to live a civilised, ordered and virtuous life in spite of his isolation. Robinson Crusoe can be seen a role model for his age. He is practical and inventive. He is religious, but not fanatically so. Not least, he is able to reflect rationally and intelligently on his fate.

{{End}}

--- 100 to 432

## xxx2 Daniel Defoe (1660-1731)

{{Textbox}}

was born into a middle-class Puritan family in London. As a young man he tried his hand in business, but was not a success and soon found himself in debt. He made a name for himself as a writer of political pamphlets, making himself some powerful enemies in the process, and actually spent three days in the stocks for a pamphlet criticising the politicians of the day.

{{End of textbox}}

The extract below is from the latter part of \_Robinson Crusoe.\_ Crusoe discovers that his island is sometimes visited by cannibals, and observes them from a distance. One day he manages to save one of the cannibals' victims. At last Crusoe has a companion.

#### xxx3 Novel Excerpt: Chapter XXII (Robinson Crusoe)

He was a comely handsome Fellow, perfectly well made; with straight strong Limbs, not too large; tall and well shap'd, and as I reckon, about twenty six Years of Age. He had a very good Countenance, not a fierce and surly Aspect; but seem'd to have something very manly in his Face, and yet he had all the Sweetness and Softness of an \_European\_ in his Countenance too, especially when he smil'd. His Hair was long and black, not curl'd like Wool; his Forehead very high, and large, and a great Vivacity and sparkling Sharpness in his Eyes. The Colour of his Skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not of an ugly yellow nauseous tawny, as the \_Brasilians\_, and \_Virginians\_, and other Natives of \_America\_ are; but of a bright kind of a dun olive Colour, that had in it something very agreeable; tho' not very easy to describe. His Face was round, and plump; his Nose small, not flat like the Negroes, a very good Mouth, thin Lips, and his line Teeth well set, and white as Ivory. After he had slumber'd, rather than slept, about half an Hour, he wak'd again, and comes out of the Cave to me; for I had been milking my Goats, which I had in the Enclosure just by: When he espy'd me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the Ground, with all the possible Signs of an humble thankful Disposition, making a many antick Gestures show it: At last he lays his Head flat upon the Ground, close to my Foot, and sets my other Foot upon his Head, as he had done before; and after this, made all the Signs to me of Subjection, Servitude, and Submission imaginable, to let me know, how he would serve me as long as he liv'd; I understood him in many Things, and let him know, I was very well pleas'd with him; in a little Time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and first, I made him know his Name should be \_Friday\_, which was the Day I sav'd his Life; I call'd him so for the Memory of the Time; I likewise taught him to say \_Master\_, and then let him know, that was to be my Name; I likewise taught him to say, Yes, and No, and to know the Meaning of them; I gave him some Milk, in an earthen Pot, and let him see me Drink it before him, and sop my Bread in it; and I gave him a Cake of Bread, to do the like, which he quickly comply'd with, and made Signs that it was very good for him.

{{Glossary}}

\_countenance:\_ ansikt

\_vivacity:\_ livlighet/livleg uttrykk

\_tawny:\_ gyllenbrun

\_nauseous:\_ kvalmende/kvalmande

\_humble:\_ ydmyk/audmjuk

\_disposition:\_ holdning/haldning

\_subjection:\_ underdanighet/underdanigheit

\_servitude:\_ underkastelse/underkasting

\_submission:\_ underkastelse/underkasting

{{End of glossary}}

--- 101 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 102 to 432

{{Textbox}}

At first Robinson Crusoe is wary of his new companion, and alters his sleeping arrangements so that Friday is unable to launch a surprise attack ...

{{End of textbox}}

But I needed none of all this Precaution; for never Man had a more faithful, loving, sincere Servant, than \_Friday\_ was to me; without Passions, Sullenness or Designs, perfectly oblig'd and engag'd; his very Affections were ty'd to me, like those of a Child to a Father; and I dare say, he would have sacrific'd his Life for the saving mine, upon any occasion whatsoever; the many Testimonies he gave me of this, put it out of doubt, and soon convinc'd me, that I needed to use no Precautions, as to my Safety on his Account.

  This frequently gave me occasion to observe, and that with wonder, that however it had pleas'd God, in his Providence, and in the Government of the Works of his Hands, to take from so great a Part of the World of his Creatures, the best uses to which their Faculties, and the Powers of their Souls are adapted; yet that he has bestow'd upon them the same Powers, the same Reason, the same Affections, the same Sentiments of Kindness and Obligation, the same Passions and Resentments of Wrongs, the same Sense of Gratitude, Sincerity, Fidelity, and all the Capacities of doing Good, and receiving Good, that he has given to us; and that when he pleases to offer to them Occasions of exerting these, they are as ready, nay, more ready to apply them to the right Uses for which they were bestow'd, than we are; and this made me very melancholy sometimes, in reflecting as the several Occasions presented, how mean a Use we make of all these, even though we have these Powers enlighten'd by the great Lamp of Instruction, the Spirit of God, and by the Knowledge of his Word, added to our Understanding; and why it has pleas'd God to hide the like saving Knowledge from so many Millions of Souls, who if I might judge by this poor Savage, would make a much better use of it than we did.

{{Glossary}}

\_wary:\_ var

\_to launch:\_ å igangsette/å sette i gang

\_precaution:\_ foranstaltning/rådgjerd

\_design:\_ skummel plan

\_oblig'd:\_ velvillig

\_testimony:\_ bevis

\_faculty:\_ evne

\_to exert:\_ å utøve

{{End of glossary}}

--- 103 to 432

#### xxx3 TASKS

##### xxx4 1 UNDERSTANDING THE TEXT

The last paragraph is written as one long and rather complicated sentence. Read through it carefully and write your own simplified version, using shorter sentences and more modern vocabulary. Make sure that you are making the same basic points that Defoe/Crusoe is making! Compare your results in class.

##### xxx4 2 LOOKING CLOSELY AT THE TEXT

It is important to remember that Daniel Defoe, like his creation Robinson Crusoe, was a product of his times and shared its colonial attitude. A colonial attitude implies that the coloniser of European (here British) origin feels his culture to be superior to the culture of those being colonised. While not necessarily racist in the sense of believing one race to be biologically inferior to another (although there were plenty of these attitudes too, as the extract shows), the colonial attitude takes for granted that the colonised have more to learn from the colonisers than the other way around. It also supposes a form of paternalism, i.e. that the coloniser knows what is best for the colonised, as a parent does for a child.

>>> Task a The colonial attitude seems outrageous, ridiculous even, for a 21st century reader. For Defoe's readers in the 18th century, it most certainly was not. Read through the extracts again and find examples of attitudes that seem outdated, dangerous or ridiculous in the context of today's values.

>>> Task b The Irish novelist James Joyce said that Robinson Crusoe was "the true prototype of the British colonist". What do you think he meant by this?

>>> Task c Where do the ideas of the Enlightenment shine through in the text?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

##### xxx4 3 DISCUSSING THEMES

>>> Task a Robinson Crusoe takes it for granted that his culture and values are superior to Friday's. Do you think one culture or set of values can be "better" than another, or are they just different?

>>> Task b Sometimes the terms "primitive" and "advanced" are used about cultures and peoples. What do you understand by these terms? Are they useful?

>>> Task c Would you feel justified in persuading people from other cultures of the rightness of any of the following beliefs? Give your reasons.

-- The existence/non-existence of God

-- Democracy

-- Freedom of speech

-- Sexual equality

-- Racial equality

{{End of list}}

##### xxx4 4 VOCABULARY

Below is a list of abstract nouns used in the extract. Make sure you know what they mean, and then try to find corresponding verbs and adjectives for them.

  Example: \_subjection\_ (noun) – \_to subject\_ (verb) – \_subjective\_ (adjective)

  submission – obligation – resentment – providence – sweetness – enclosure – servitude

##### xxx4 5 GOING FURTHER

Defoe's novel has inspired many different versions and adaptations, in books, plays and films. Some have been loyal to the original story, while others have taken liberties with both plot and characters. One of the latter is the play "Man Friday" by Adrian Mitchell, in which the relationship between Crusoe and Friday is presented in a rather different, post-colonial light. Read an excerpt from the play at access.cdu.no and discuss what point you think Mitchell is trying to make with his version.

--- 104 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

## xxx2 FACT BOX: SATIRE AND \_GULLIVER'S TRAVELS\_

The word "satire" comes from the Latin "satura" which originally meant a vessel used in a harvest celebration, but came to mean a particular form of humorous entertainment. In modern usage it refers to a text that attacks something through mockery in order to show how foolish or evil it is. The rise in popularity of satire in the 18th century, in both prose and poetry, reflects the neo-classical focus on reason and proportion; in addition to its entertainment value, satire was intended to teach a humorous lesson by invoking common sense in the face of foolishness.

\_Gulliver's Travels\_ (1726) is Jonathan Swift's most famous work and it is still popular today. At one level it is a children's story of great imagination. At another it is hard-hitting satire on what Swift saw as the follies of English society in the 18th century. The story itself can be read as a parody of the many far-fetched travel accounts that were popular at the time, including Defoe's \_Robinson Crusoe.\_

\_Gulliver's Travels\_ tells of Lemuel Gulliver's travels to four undiscovered countries. The first, called Lilliput, is inhabited by people only a few centimetres high. Gulliver is therefore seen as an enormous giant, and finds himself quickly involved in Lilliput's endless and pointless war with neighbouring Blefuscu. He finally escapes and soon finds himself in Brobdingnag, a country where he is tiny and everyone else is huge. He becomes a great favourite at court, where he discusses affairs of state with the king. On his third voyage Gulliver is rescued from pirates by the inhabitants of a flying island called Laputa. The Laputans are profoundly learned in mathematics and music – and quite incapable of putting their learning to any good use.

On his final journey, from where our extract is taken, Gulliver finds himself in the land of the Houyhnhnms, a race of horses that are highly intelligent and civilised. (If you are wondering how to pronounce it, try saying \_who-win-im\_ – like a horse whinnying!) There is also another race, called the Yahoos (yes, the search engine is named after them!) that the Houyhnhnms use as a source of labour. These creatures are wild, dirty, violent and disgusting to behold – but it is clear that they are actually human beings. Gulliver succeeds in learning the Houyhnhnms' language and befriends one of them, persuading him that, despite his superficial resemblance, he is no Yahoo, but belongs to a quite different, superior race – Man. Gulliver tries to explain his own world to his "master", as he calls him, but finds that there are many things that are difficult for a Houyhnhnm to grasp.

{{Glossary}}

\_folly:\_ dumhet/dumskap

\_to whinny:\_ å vrinske

\_to behold:\_ å se på/å sjå på

\_resemblance:\_ likhet/likskap

{{End of glossary}}

--- 105 to 432

## xxx2 Jonathan Swift (1667-1745)

{{Textbox}}

was born in Ireland of Protestant English stock. He moved to London in his youth and studied theology eventually becoming ordained as a clergyman in the Church of Ireland. But it was as a writer that he made his reputation. Like Defoe, he was keenly involved in the political issues of his day and his essays, pamphlets and stories earned him both friends and enemies. Unlike Defoe, Swift was a master of satire. Vanity – particularly among the rich and powerful – was a favourite target of his writing. Rather than taking a high moral tone to criticise the injustices of his times, Swift preferred to use satire.

{{End of textbox}}

In the following extract Gulliver tries to explain why countries go to war. His explanation draws on the bloody religious wars of the 17th century, which in Swift's time were a recent memory. Some of the questions of doctrine about which people fought were, for example, the use of images in worship, what vestments a priest should wear, what sort of music should be played at church services and, not least, transubstantiation (i.e. whether the bread and wine of the Eucharist actually was Christ's flesh and blood, or just symbolised it).

{{Tasks}}

Satire is still a popular form in modern comedy. What examples can you think of satirical television programmes and films? What do they satirise?

{{End of tasks}}

### xxx3 Novel excerpt: Gulliver's Travels

He asked me, "what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another?" I answered "they were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war, in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions has cost many millions of lives: for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling be a vice or a virtue; whether it be better to kiss a post, or throw it into the fire; what is the best colour for a coat, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean; with many more. Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long a continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

{{Glossary}}

\_Eucharist:\_ nattverd

\_to stifle:\_ å kvele

\_to divert:\_ å avlede/å avleie

\_clamour:\_ opprør

\_vice:\_ last

\_post:\_ trestokk

\_to dispossess:\_ å frarøve/å røve frå

\_dominion:\_ maktområde

\_pestilence:\_ pest

\_embroiled:\_ viklet inn/vikla inn

{{End of glossary}}

"Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too strong; and sometimes, because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want, and we both fight, till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war, to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by

--- 106 to 432

factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient to us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and complete. If a prince sends forces into a nation, where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another, to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he has driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish, the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood, or marriage, is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer the kindred is, the greater their disposition to quarrel; poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honourable of all others; because a soldier is a Yahoo hired to kill, in cold blood, as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_faction:\_ stridende part/stridande part

\_to banish:\_ å landsforvise

\_kindred:\_ slekt

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

Gulliver continues to tell his "master" about his home country, but the Houyhnhnm is not impressed. Indeed, the account only confirms his suspicion that Gulliver's race is closely related to the Yahoos.

{{End of textbox}}

--- 107 to 432

For if, said he [\_the Houyhnhnm\_], you throw among five Yahoos as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will, instead of eating peaceably, fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to have all to itself; and therefore a servant was usually employed to stand by while they were feeding abroad, and those kept at home were tied at a distance from each other: that if a cow died of age or accident, before a Houyhnhnm could secure it for his own Yahoos, those in the neighbourhood would come in herds to seize it, and then would ensue such a battle as I had described, with terrible wounds made by their claws on both sides, although they seldom were able to kill one another, for want of such convenient instruments of death as we had invented. At other times, the like battles have been fought between the Yahoos of several neighbourhoods, without any visible cause; those of one district watching all opportunities to surprise the next, before they are prepared. But if they find their project has miscarried, they return home, and, for want of enemies, engage in what I call a civil war among themselves.

  That in some fields of his country there are certain shining stones of several colours, whereof the Yahoos are violently fond: and when part of these stones is fixed in the earth, as it sometimes happens, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out; then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels; but still looking round with great caution, for fear their comrades should find out their treasure. My master said, he could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a Yahoo; but now he believed it might proceed from the same principle of avarice which I had ascribed to mankind.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_to ensue:\_ å følge

\_kennel:\_ (hunde)hus

\_avarice:\_ griskhet/griskheit

{{End of glossary}}

--- 108 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 UNDERSTANDING SATIRE

>>> Task a Look at the first paragraph and find satirical references to religious debates. How does Swift make these debates seem ridiculous?

>>> Task b The second paragraph refers to recent historical events that Swift's readers probably would have recognised. But they also have a more general relevance. As a modern reader, can you think of any events from modern history (e.g. the last 100 years) that fit Swift's satirical description?

>>> Task c What point do you think Swift is trying to make by inventing the Yahoos?

>>> Task d What aspects of human behaviour are satirised in the Houyhnhnm's description of Yahoos?

>>> Task e Swift chooses horses as the representatives of reason and civilisation. Why do you think he does this?

>>> Task f Where do the ideas of the Enlightenment shine through in these excerpts?

#### xxx4 2 WORKING WITH VOCABULARY

>>> Task a The verbs in the list below are taken from the text. Use them to replace the underlined words in the sentences:

-- The war that followed was most destructive.

-- His intentions were good, but his plans went wrong.

-- Due to an accident the traffic had to be rerouted.

-- She soon became caught up in all sorts of internal conflicts.

-- Her honesty made him completely powerless.

-- He was accused of treason and sent away from the country.

-- His autocratic instincts led him to silence all debate.

-- The enemy has taken all the land on this side of the river.

-- We have ruined all the enemy's land that side of the river.

banish, miscarry, stifle, divert, ensue, waste, embroil, seize, render

{{End of list}}

>>> Task b Sit in pairs and explain to each other the difference between these word pairs:

different – indifferent, vice – avarice, faction – fraction, proceed – precede

#### xxx4 3 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

>>> Task a Reread the first paragraph of the extract. What characterises Gulliver's use of language here? How does it contribute to the humour of the text?

>>> Task b Look at the second paragraph of the excerpt and find examples of parallelism, i.e. parallel sentence structures.

>>> c What is the effect of this parallelism?

#### xxx4 4 \_WRITING\_

>>> Task a Write a review of a satirical television programme or film that you either admire or dislike.

>>> Task b If Swift were writing today, he would no doubt find more than enough to poke fun at and satirise. Choose an aspect of modern Norwegian society that you think deserves this treatment and write a satirical text along the lines of the first excerpt from \_Gulliver's Travels.\_ You can choose your own theme, or you can pick one of these:

The language conflict in Norway ("bokmål/nynorsk")/"Russefeiring"/Norwegian participation in the Eurovision Song Contest ("Melodi Grand Prix")/The present government/The royal family

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 109 to 432

## xxx2 Benjamin Franklin (1706-90)

{{Textbox}}

It would be difficult to find a better representative of the Enlightenment than Benjamin Franklin (1706–90). He was a writer, a newspaper editor, a printer and a political activist. He was a scientist who did groundbreaking research into the nature of electricity. He was the inventor of such innovations as bifocal lenses for glasses, flippers for swimming, a stove that circulated air and a musical instrument. He was a philosopher and a diplomat, a musician and a composer. And so far we have not mentioned what he is most famous for – he was one of the Founding Fathers, the group of men who signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, drafted the American Constitution and created the United States of America.

{{End of textbox}}

In an essay entitled "The Art of Virtue", Franklin describes how he "conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection" – no less! But this is more than the average New Year resolution to be a better person that most of us make from time to time. Franklin's plan is based on a "method". He makes a list of thirteen basic virtues. These he writes in a little book, one virtue on each page. Then he draws seven columns on each page, one for each day of the week, and crosses each column with thirteen lines. At the end of each day he puts a black spot in the appropriate square for every moral fault he has been guilty of. In this way he is able to see where his moral weaknesses lie and where he must strive to improve himself! Here are the thirteen virtues he identifies.

### xxx3 Excerpt prose: The Art of Virtue

1. TEMPERANCE. Eat not to dulness; drink not to elevation.

2. SILENCE. Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. ORDER. Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. RESOLUTION. Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5. FRUGALITY. Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; i.e., waste nothing.

6. INDUSTRY. Lose no time; be always employ'd in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. SINCERITY. Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. JUSTICE. Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. MODERATION. Avoid extreams; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. CLEANLINESS. Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, cloaths, or habitation.

11. TRANQUILLITY. Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. CHASTITY. Rarely use venery but for health or offspring, never to dulness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation.

13. HUMILITY. Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

{{Glossary}}

\_arduous:\_ slitsom/slitsam

\_elevation\_ her: rus

\_trifling:\_ triviell

\_resolution:\_ besluttsomhet, forsett/rådsnarheit, forsett

\_to resolve:\_ å beslutte/å avgjere

\_frugality:\_ sparsommelighet/sparsemd

\_deceit:\_ bedrag

\_to omit:\_ å utelate

\_to forbear:\_ å avholde seg fra/å avstå frå

\_to resent:\_ å ta seg nær av

\_habitation:\_ bopel/bustad

\_tranquillity:\_ ro

\_trifle:\_ småting

\_chastity:\_ kyskhet/kyskleik

\_venery:\_ sex

\_humility:\_ ydmykhet/audmjukskap

{{End of glossary}}

--- 110 to 432

{{Textbox}}

Idleness is, as we all know, the root of all evil, so Franklin also devises a timetable to ensure that the twenty-four hours of the day are used as effectively as possible:

{{End of textbox}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Textbox}}

The Morning Question

What Good shall I do this Day?

The Evening Question:

What Good have I done today?

Rise, wash, and address Powerful Goodness! Contrive day 's business, and take the resolution of the day; prosecute the present study, and breakfast.

Work

Read, or, overlook my accounts, and dine.

Work

Put things in their places, supper, music, or diversion, or conversation.

Examination of the Day

Sleep

{{End of textbox}}

{{Glossary}}

\_idleness:\_ lediggang

\_to devise:\_ å utarbeide

\_to contrive:\_ å forordne/å fastsette

\_to prosecute:\_ å forfølge

\_diversion:\_ adspredelse/tidtrøyte

{{End of glossary}}

--- 111 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 112 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a Franklin narrows down the list of virtues to thirteen. What do you think of his list? Are there any you would add, or take away?

>>> Task b Which of these virtues strike you as being old-fashioned – in other words, least compatible with life in the 21st century?

>>> Task c What do you think of Franklin's daily schedule? How does it compare to yours?

>>> Task d If you were to start using Franklin's schedule, how would it change your life? Would these changes be for the better, or the worse?

#### xxx4 2 VOCABULARY

>>> Task a Find adjectives for each of the virtues Franklin names. For example: \_temperance – temperate\_

>>> Task b Franklin gives a short exemplification of each virtue, using a verb in the imperative. For example: \_Temperance – Eat not to dulness, drink not to elevation.\_ Do the same with the virtues listed below. \_Note\_: Franklin uses the rather old-fashioned form of the negative imperative, rather than the modern form \_don't eat... don't drink\_. You can choose whether you want to sound modern or old-fashioned.

generosity – caution – patience – bravery – loyalty – perseverance – discretion

#### xxx4 3 LISTENING: "OLD MISTRESSES APOLOGUE"

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

Judging by "The Art of Virtue", you might imagine that Benjamin Franklin was something of a moralistic prig. However, even Franklin sometimes had his moments of human weakness. The essay "Old Mistresses Apologue" was considered too indecent to print until well into the 20th century. Styled as a letter, it is sometimes given the title "Advice to a young man on the choice of a mistress".

  Listen to the text at access.cdu.no and answer the following questions. (If you find the language difficult, you can find a transcription, with vocabulary, at the website.)

>>> Task a What is Franklin's first advice to the young man, and what grounds does he give for it?

>>> Task b What "paradox" does Franklin describe in the text?

>>> Task c What are the advantages, according to Franklin, of following his advice concerning mistresses?

#### xxx4 4 WRITING

>>> Task a Take a leaf out of Jonathan Swift's book and write a \_satirical\_ list of virtues for our times, with exemplifications. \_Satirical\_ means that you will be choosing "virtues" that are not very virtuous at all, but that you think are typical of the time we live in. You might try choosing antonyms (i.e. words that mean the opposite) to the virtues in Franklin's list.

>>> Task b Write a response to Franklin's "Old Mistresses Apologue" (see task 3 above). You may choose the form of your response, but here are some suggestions:

-- a letter from an indignant reader

-- a letter from Franklin's wife, who has stumbled over the text while tidying his study

-- a letter from one of Franklin's "old mistresses"

-- a personal response to Franklin's views on women and sex

{{End of tasks}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 113 to 432

## xxx2 Jane Austen (1775-1817)

{{Textbox}}

was born, the seventh of eight children, in Steventon, Hampshire, where her father was parish rector. Like most girls of her class – the lower landed gentry – she was chiefly educated at home, reading extensively in her father's library, learning to draw and play the piano and otherwise enjoying the social events such as parties and balls that she depicted in her fiction. Her adult life was outwardly uneventful. She never married and remained living with her parents, moving to Bath in 1801. She wrote all her life, but first had a novel (\_Sense and Sensibility\_) published anonymously in 1811.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{End of textbox}}

Literary epochs are not hard-and-fast things, starting on one day and finishing on another. They usually overlap. Jane Austen, often considered one of England's greatest novelists, wrote her novels in the second decade of the 19th century, when the Romantic Movement was in full swing (see chapter 4). But Austen's temperament, with her candid observations of human behaviour, her plea for balance and common sense and her gently ironic style, remained distinctly neo-classical. \_Pride and Prejudice\_ was written in 1813 and remains one of the most widely read novels in the English language. Its popularity has been helped by numerous recent film versions.

{{Tasks}}

Before reading, write down a list of the five most important qualities you look for in a partner. Then write a new list of the five qualities you detest in a partner. Form groups of three and compare your lists.

{{End}}

### xxx2 Novel excerpt: Pride and Prejudice (Chapter 1)

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

  However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

  "My dear Mr Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

  Mr Bennet replied that he had not.

  "But it is," returned she; "for Mrs Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

  Mr Bennet made no answer.

  "Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

  "You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

  This was invitation enough.

  "Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with Mr Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

{{Glossary}}

\_landed gentry:\_ godseieraristokratiet/godseigararistokratiet

\_candid:\_ oppriktig

\_plea:\_ (innstendig) bønn, appell

\_pride:\_ stolthet/stoltheit

\_prejudice:\_ fordom

\_to detest:\_ å avsky, å mislike intenst

\_to acknowledge:\_ å anerkjenne

\_fortune:\_ formue, rikdom

\_to let:\_ å leie ut/å leige ut

\_chaise and four:\_ vogn trukket av fire hester/vogn dregen av fire hestar

{{End of glossary}}

--- 114 to 432

"What is his name?"

  "Bingley."

  "Is he married or single?"

  "Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

  "How so? how can it affect them?"

  "My dear Mr Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

  "Is that his design in settling here?"

  "Design! Nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

  "I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr Bingley might like you the best of the party."

  "My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

  "In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

  "But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood."

  "It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

  "But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general you know they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him, if you do not."

  "You are over-scrupulous surely. I dare say Mr Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."

  "I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference."

  "They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters."

  "Mr Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

{{Glossary}}

\_design:\_ motiv, hensikt

\_occasion:\_ grunn

\_on that account:\_ av den grunn/på grumm av det

\_scrupulous:\_ samvittighetsfull/samvitsfull

\_consent:\_ samtykke

\_to recommend:\_ å gjøre attraktiv, å tale for/å gjere attraktiv, å tale for

\_to abuse:\_ å fornærme

\_to vex:\_ å terge, å plage

\_to have compassion on:\_ å ha medlidenhet med/å ha medkjensle med

{{End of glossary}}

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They

--- 115 to 432

are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

  "Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

  "But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood."

  "It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come since you will not visit them."

  "Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

  Mr Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three and twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

{{Textbox}}

To begin with, it seems as though Mrs Bennet will get her wish, as the new neighbour, Mr Bingley, seems to be quite in love with Jane, the eldest of the five Bennet daughters. He and Jane seem to have the same easygoing temperament and Jane too, has fallen in love with him. Elizabeth, however, is snubbed by Mr Bingley's friend, Mr Darcy, whom she finds intolerably proud and arrogant. Not even his considerable fortune is enough to win over her prejudice of him.

While staying with a friend, Elizabeth finds herself once again unwillingly in the company of Mr Darcy. When he begins to show an interest in her, she is polite but reserved. This reserve turns to aversion when she discovers that he is the reason why Mr Bingley left the neighbourhood suddenly and has made no effort to contact Jane who is silently pining for him. It is in this frame of mind that Elizabeth is surprised one morning by a visit from Mr Darcy.

When a man seeks the company of a woman alone in 19th century England, there can be only one motive for his visit – a proposal of marriage! Elizabeth is astonished to receive his visit but her astonishment grows even greater at the unconventional marriage proposal she receives. Mr Darcy starts out well enough.

{{End of textbox}}

"In vain have I struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be suppressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you."

{{Glossary}}

\_caprice:\_ innfall, lunefullhet/innfall, skiftande humør

\_insufficient:\_ utilstrekkelig/utilstrekkeleg

\_discontented:\_ misfornøyd/mis (for) nøgd

\_solace:\_ trøst, lindring, vederkvegelse/trøyst, lindring, kveik

\_to snub:\_ å avfeie, å avvise

\_intolerable:\_ ufordragelig/ufordrageleg

\_considerable:\_ betydelig/betydeleg

\_aversion:\_ avsmak, sterk motvilje

\_to pine for someone:\_ å lengte (seg syk) etter noen/å lengte (seg sjuk) etter nokon

\_unconventional:\_ original, uvanlig/original, uvanleg

\_in vain:\_ forgjeves

\_to suppress:\_ å undertrykke

\_ardent:\_ glødende, lidenskapelig/glødande, lidenskapeleg

{{End of glossary}}

--- 116 to 432

{{Textbox}}

Although Elizabeth is aware of the compliment he is paying her by asking her to become his wife, her feelings of dislike grow as Mr Darcy emphasizes the fact that he has fallen in love with her despite her inferior family and his good sense. Elizabeth refuses his proposal, which comes as a complete surprise to Mr Darcy. When he asks for a reason for her refusal, Elizabeth replies.

{{End of textbox}}

"I might as well enquire," replied she, "why with so evident a design of offending and insulting me, you chose to tell me that you liked me against your will, against your reason, and even against your character?"

{{Textx}}

Pride and prejudice must indeed be won over if this love affair is ever to have a chance of succeeding. The quarrel escalates, however, and Elizabeth explains that she could not ever marry a man who has caused so much pain to those she cares for. Mr Darcy replies that he was compelled by honesty to admit that he loved her in spite of her family.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx2 Novel excerpt: Pride and Prejudice (Chapter 34 [...])

Elizabeth felt herself growing more angry every moment; yet she tried to the utmost to speak with composure when she said,

  "You are mistaken, Mr Darcy, if you suppose that the mode of your declaration affected me in any other way, than as it spared me the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentleman-like manner." She saw him start at this, but he said nothing, and she continued,

  "You could not have made me the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it." Again his astonishment was obvious; and he looked at her with an expression of mingled incredulity and mortification. She went on.

  "From the very beginning, from the first moment I may almost say, of my acquaintance with you, your manners impressing me with the fullest belief of your arrogance, your conceit, and your selfish disdain of the feelings of others, were such as to form that ground-work of disapprobation, on which succeeding events have built so immoveable a dislike; and I had not known you a month before I felt that you were the last man in the world whom I could ever be prevailed on to marry."

{{Glossary}}

\_to emphasize:\_ å understreke

\_despite:\_ på tross av/trass i

\_inferior:\_ lavere (i rang), underlegen/lågare (i rang), underlegen

\_to enquire:\_ å spørre/å spørje

\_evident:\_ åpenbar/openberr

\_quarrel:\_ krangel

\_to escalate:\_ å øke, å vokse, å opptrappe(s)/å auke, å vekse, å trappe opp, å bli opptrappa

\_compelled:\_ tvunget/tvinga

composure: fatning, sinnsro

\_to start:\_ å fare opp, å rykke til

\_mingled:\_ en blanding av/ei blanding av

\_incredulity:\_ vantro, skepsis/vantru, skepsis

\_mortification:\_ ydmykelse, forbitrelse/audmjuking, forbitring

\_acquaintance:\_ bekjentskap/kjennskap

\_conceit:\_ forfengelighet, innbilskhet/forfengelegheit, innbilskheit

\_immoveable:\_ urokkelig, ubøyelig/urokkeleg, ubøyeleg

\_disdain:\_ forakt, ringeakt

\_disapprobation:\_ misbilligelse/vanvørdnad

\_to be prevailed on:\_ å la seg overtale

\_to comprehend:\_ å forstå

{{End of glossary}}

"You have said quite enough, madam. I perfectly comprehend your

--- 117 to 432

feelings, and have now only to be ashamed of what my own have been. Forgive me for having taken up so much of your time, and accept my best wishes for your health and happiness."

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

And with these words he hastily left the room, and Elizabeth heard him the next moment open the front door and quit the house.

  The tumult of her mind was now painfully great. She knew not how to support herself, and from actual weakness sat down and cried for half an hour. Her astonishment, as she reflected on what had passed, was increased by every review of it. That she should receive an offer of marriage from Mr Darcy! that he should have been in love with her for so many months! so much in love as to wish to marry her in spite of all the objections which had made him prevent his friend's marrying her sister, and which must appear at least with equal force in his own case, was almost incredible! It was gratifying to have inspired unconsciously so strong an affection. But his pride, his abominable pride, his shameless avowal of what he had done with respect to Jane, his unpardonable assurance in acknowledging, though he could not justify it, and the unfeeling manner in which he had mentioned Mr Wickham, his cruelty towards whom he had not attempted to deny, soon overcame the pity which the consideration of his attachment had for a moment excited.

{{Glossary}}

\_hasty:\_ hurtig, rask

\_gratifying:\_ tilfredsstillende, oppmuntrende/tilfredsstillande, oppmuntrande

\_unconsciously:\_ uvitende/uvitande

\_affection:\_ kjærlighet, hengivenhet/kjærleik, godhug

\_abominable:\_ redselsfull, avskyelig/redselsfull, avskyeleg

\_shameless:\_ skamløs, frekk/skamlaus, frekk

\_avowal:\_ erkjennelse, innrømmelse, tilståelse/erkjenning, vedgåing, tilståing

\_unpardonable:\_ utilgivelig, uforståelig/utilgiveleg, uforståeleg

{{End of glossary}}

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{{End}}

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She continued in very agitating reflections till the sound of Lady Catherine's carriage made her feel how unequal she was to encounter Charlotte's observation, and hurried her away to her room.

{{Textbox}}

\_Can such a relationship have any chance of success?\_

Immediately after this disastrous meeting, Mr Darcy writes a letter to Elizabeth explaining many things that she was unaware of. Elizabeth realizes that she has completely misjudged Mr Darcy. By chance she again meets him several months later and he is now charming and amiable. Subsequently, it is Mr Darcy who saves her sister Lydia's reputation when she elopes with Mr Wickham, who Elizabeth has discovered is a scoundrel, and he also encourages his friend Bingley to ask for Jane's hand in marriage. Mr Darcy has overcome his pride and Elizabeth realizes her prejudice was ill founded. Elizabeth and Mr Darcy are now free to nurture their love.

{{End of textbox}}

{{Glossary}}

\_amiable:\_ elskverdig, vennlig/elskverdig, vennleg

\_to elope:\_ å rømme (for å gifte seg)

\_to nurture:\_ å pleie, å dyrke

{{End of glossary}}

### xxx2 TASKS

#### xxx3 1 CLOSE READING

>>> Task a The first extract from the novel gives us a vivid impression of the characters Mr and Mrs Bennet and their relationship. How does Jane Austen achieve this? Is her characterisation direct or indirect?

>>> Task b What other information about the Bennet family does the first extract give us?

>>> Task c What sort of narrative voice (point of view) is established in the first extract?

>>> Task d In the second long extract, Darcy gets a tonguelashing from Elizabeth. How is Darcy's character expressed in his response to this? How well does it accord with Elizabeth's portrayal of him?

>>> Task e What is the point of view in the last part of the extract (after Darcy leaves)?

>>> Task f What aspects of Elizabeth's character come across in the extract?

#### xxx3 2 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a Jane Austen was a keen observer of the social conventions of her day. If we forget the formal language and the changing social conventions, does the conflict we see in this extract still have relevance today?

>>> Task b Gender roles have changed since Jane Austen's time. Or have they? To what extent are the gender roles portrayed in the extract recognisable for a modern reader?

>>> Task c \_Pride and Prejudice\_ has been adapted both for television and for cinema. Have you seen any of these versions? What was your impression?

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#### xxx3 3 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

There is no denying that the language of the novel is sometimes complicated and formal for a modern reader. Rewrite the following extracts from the text in a simpler, more modern style.

  For example:

  "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife."

  Modern version: "Everyone knows it's true that a rich bachelor needs a wife."

>>> Task a "You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr Bingley might like you the best of the party."

>>> Task b "You are mistaken, Mr Darcy, if you suppose that the mode of your declaration affected me in any other way, than as it spared me the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentleman-like manner."

>>> Task c "I had not known you a month before I felt that you were the last man in the world whom I could ever be prevailed on to marry."

>>> Task d "From the first moment I may almost say, of my acquaintance with you, your manners impressing me with the fullest belief of your arrogance, your conceit, and your selfish disdain of the feelings of others, were such as to form that ground-work of disapprobation, on which succeeding events have built so immoveable a dislike."

#### xxx3 4 LISTENING: A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN

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Under what conditions did Jane Austen write her novels? In her essay on women and fiction entitled \_A Room of One's Own\_ (1929) the author Virginia Woolf addressed this issue. Listen to the extract from the essay and answer the following questions:

>>> Task a Why was it more practical for Jane Austen to write novels than poetry or drama, according to Woolf?

>>> Task b In what way might the lack of a room of her own have equipped Jane Austen to write her novels?

>>> Task c What does Woolf see as being the "miracle" of Austen's writing?

>>> Task d In what way are Austen and Shakespeare similar, according to Woolf?

>>> Task e "Her gift and her circumstances matched each other completely." What does Woolf mean by this?

#### xxx3 5 WRITING

>>> Task a Imagine Elizabeth's state of mind after she has received Mr Darcy's marriage proposal. We are told she cried for half an hour! She decides to write to her sister Jane and confide in her about the day's events. You must pick a style for your letter. Decide whether you would like to write in a formal 19th century style like Jane Austen or in a more modern style.

>>> Task b View a film or television version of \_Pride and Prejudice\_ and write a review in which you focus on how successful the version is at presenting the novel to a modern audience.

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--- 121 to 432

## xxx2 WRITING TASKS: CHAPTERS 2 AND 3

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>>> Task 1 Write an assessment of the character Hamlet in which you look at his moral and psychological strengths and weaknesses.

>>> Task 2 How does Hamlet relate to the other characters in the play?

>>> Task 3 Write an essay in which you compare two of the three poems "Sonnet 18", "The Sun Rising" and "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time" in terms of language and theme. Lastly, say which one you like best, and why.

>>> Task 4 Compare the way love is depicted in Renaissance texts you have read.

>>> Task 5 "Our modern world is so distant from the Renaissance that its literature has little relevance for us today." Discuss.

>>> Task 6 What were the central ideas of the Enlightenment movement and how are these ideas reflected in the texts you have read?

>>> Task 7 The Enlightenment was also a period of growing colonialism. How is this reflected in the extract from \_Robinson Crusoe?\_

>>> Task 8 How is the theme of moral improvement reflected in some of the texts you have read from the period?

>>> Task 9 Jane Austen is said to have a distinctive literary style. With reference to the extract in this book, what would you say this style consists of?

>>> Task 10 In the 21st century horoscope writers, TV ghost-hunters and Tarot readers flourish, while "creationists" open museums. Do we still live in an Age of Enlightenment, in your opinion?

{{Textbox}}

\_Self-evaluation\_

Go to the section called "Self-evaluation" at access.cdu.no to rate your performance in English according to the goals in the subject curriculum.

{{End of textbox}}

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## xxx2 ESSAY WRITING COURSE 3: PARAGRAPHS

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Take a look at the three "essays" shown here. They all have the same title, and we can suppose that they have the same subject matter too. Without having read them, we can't say much about their quality as essays. Or can we?

  Which of them would you prefer to read, if you had to choose between them? Essay 1 looks a little daunting – one big, solid block of writing. Essay 2 looks demanding for a different reason. All those empty and half-empty lines make it look rather chaotic. Essay 3 looks the most tempting of the three, because it is divided into clear paragraphs. It gives the impression of having a structure and the text is served in "digestible" chunks.

  Of course, this first impression might be quite wrong. Essay 3 might be a complete mess, and the other two might turn out to be well-structured texts in terms of content. And it is, after all, the content that counts. But the layout of a text also has a role to play. It sends signals to the reader about how a text is organised, and where one idea starts and another finishes. So if essays 1 and 2 \_are\_ good, they would be even \_better\_ if they looked more like essay 3. Then the structure of the content would be reflected in the structure of the text and the reader would have an easier task.

##### xxx3 The topic sentence

The paragraph is an essential tool in a literary essay. It is not just a unit of text, it is a unit of \_thought\_. The general rule is that each paragraph should be about \_one\_ main idea. We should be able to stop after each paragraph and answer the question: "What was that about?" Usually this main idea is actually formulated in one of the sentences in the paragraph. We call this the topic sentence, and it often comes first:

  \_While Crusoe's (and Defoe's) attitude to Friday may be deeply patronising, it is not strictly racist. He is totally convinced that his own culture is superior and does not even consider learning Friday's language or enquiring whether he has a name already. On the other hand, he does not doubt for a moment that Friday has all the natural gifts of reason and goodness that a white man has, and even credits him with a greater willingness to use these gifts, if given the chance, than Crusoe's countrymen would show. What Friday lacks, according to Crusoe, are the benefits of civilisation – especially knowledge and Christianity.\_

  We could write the same paragraph with the topic sentence at the end:

  \_Crusoe is totally convinced that his own culture is superior and does not even consider learning Friday's language or enquiring whether he has a name already.

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On the other hand, he does not doubt for a moment that Friday has all the natural gifts of reason and goodness that a white man has, and even credits him with a greater willingness to use these gifts, if given the chance, than Crusoe's countrymen would show. What Friday lacks, according to Crusoe, are the benefits of civilisation – especially knowledge and Christianity. So while Crusoe's (and Defoe's) attitude to Friday may be deeply patronising, it is not strictly racist.\_

  The content is unchanged, but now the topic sentence functions as a summary of the sentences before it. The topic sentence can also be found in the middle of a paragraph, although this often gives it less emphasis:

  \_Crusoe is totally convinced that his own culture is superior and does not even consider learning Friday's language or enquiring whether he has a name already. On the other hand, he does not doubt for a moment that Friday has all the natural gifts of reason and goodness that a white man has, and even credits him with a greater willingness to use these gifts, if given the chance, than Crusoe's countrymen would show. So while Crusoe's (and Defoe's) attitude to Friday may be deeply patronising, it is not strictly racist. What Friday lacks, according to Crusoe, are the benefits of civilisation – especially knowledge and Christianity.\_

##### xxx3 Supporting sentences

In all three paragraphs, the topic sentence tells us what the main idea of the paragraph is. The other sentences have the function of supporting this main idea, in this case by explaining and giving examples. This is the most common form of support, although there might also be other functions too: for example, to defend an opinion stated in the topic sentence, to discuss an idea set forth there, or to define a word or a concept.

  Whatever their function, it is important to emphasise that the supporting sentences should not be "filler" or waffle. In fact, the difference between a good essay and a not so good one is often a matter of how well supported the topic sentence is.

##### xxx3 Paragraph length

How long should a paragraph be? Obviously there is no straight answer to this. It depends on how much there is to say on any particular point. As a general rule, though, we can say that it is worth taking an extra look at very long paragraphs to see that they are actually keeping to the point. Perhaps they actually contain more than one main point and should be divided up. At the other end of the scale, it is wise to avoid too many single-sentence paragraphs. This sort of writing, often used in tabloids or online newspapers (where it works very well), makes it difficult to reflect and analyse in the way an essay requires.

  Not all paragraphs conform to the form we have described above. If you are narrating events or describing something, it may be difficult to pick out one sentence as being more important than the others. But when you are analysing, discussing or arguing a point – which is often what you have to do in an essay – thinking in terms of topic and supporting sentences is useful as a way of focussing attention and structuring content.

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## xxx2 TASKS

>>> Task 1 Which sentence in each of the paragraphs below is the topic sentence, and how do the other sentences relate to it?

>>> Task a The relationship between sound and spelling in English is a nightmare. Our writing system is not phonetic to the point of being anti-phonetic. There are, for instance, at least seven ways of representing what to most people is the same vowel sound – "ee": free, these, leaf, field, seize, key, machine. What do we do? (From \_The Adventure of English\_ by Melvyn Bragg)

>>> Task b Spend a day in any English workplace, from a street-market to a merchant bank, and you will notice that one of the most striking features of English working life is the undercurrent of humour. I do not mean that all English workers and businessmen spend their time telling raucous, thighslapping jokes, nor that we are "good-humoured" in the sense of happy or cheerful: I am talking about the more subtle forms of humour – wit, irony, understatement, banter, teasing, pomposity-pricking – which are an integral part of almost all English social interaction. (From \_Watching the English\_ by Kate Fox)

>>> c Nearly three centuries after \_Gulliver's Travels\_ was first published, war is still used to solve conflicts. Politicians are generally no more virtuous now than they were in his day. Misuse of power is as common now as it was before, and the human race is, by and large no less vain, selfish and short-sighted. There can be no doubt that if Jonathan Swift were alive today, he would still find good use for his satirical pen.

>>> Task d Of course, this first impression might be quite wrong. Essay 3 might be a complete mess, and the other two might turn out to be well-structured texts in terms of content. And it is, after all, the content that counts. But the layout of a text also has a role to play. It sends signals to the reader about how a text is organised, and where one idea starts and another finishes. So if essays 1 and 2 are good, they would be even better if they looked more like essay 3. Then the structure of the content would be reflected in the structure of the text and the reader would have an easier task.

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{{End}}

>>> Task 2 In each of the following paragraphs, identify one of the supporting sentences that you feel does \_not\_ belong, and explain why.

>>> Task a Defoe's narrator, Robinson Crusoe, embodies many of the qualities that were highly regarded in the Age of Enlightenment. It seems likely that Crusoe represents Defoe's

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own values. He is practical and knowledgeable, and shows a keen curiosity in his surroundings. He is able to keep his emotions under control and use his reason. He is also willing to think critically about his own culture and attitudes.

>>> Task b Jane Austen's great contribution to prose fiction was to prove that the interactions and conversations of everyday life and ordinary people were worthy of our interest and could be the raw material of great literature. Until then the focus of narrative had generally been on the extraordinary, the exotic and the outwardly dramatic. With Austen it is as if the novel comes indoors, takes its hat and coat off and takes its place in the sitting room. Austen's life had not been particularly eventful anyway.

>>> Task c Virtue for Franklin was not an innate or inherited quality, but a skill that had to be worked at, rather like learning an instrument or a craft. This way of thinking was typical of the Enlightenment and was founded on a belief in humanity's underlying moral frailty. As his essay "Old Mistresses Apologue" shows, he was not without moral frailty himself. Moral frailty could only be overcome through effort and self-control, and it was the task of a civilised society to create social institutions to channel this.

>>> Task 3 In the following paragraphs, the order of the sentences has been jumbled. Put them in a suitable order and decide which one is the topic sentence.

>>> Task a Haven't we all dreamed of travelling to unknown lands, and of being tiny as a mouse or big as a giant? The many film and television adaptations of \_Gulliver's Travels\_ show that it continues to appeal to modern audiences, both young and old. But it is perhaps also because, by looking at these new worlds through Gulliver's eyes, we see our own world more clearly. Partly it is because of the fantastical element of the story.

>>> Task b They teach us that, whether we communicate by penned letter or Facebook, and whether we dance the Allemande or the Harlem Shake, the trials and joys of human interaction are basically unchanged. The enduring popularity of Austen's novels, both on the page and on the screen, cannot just be ascribed to a modern liking for costume drama and nostalgia. Her characters and conflicts, her social insights and moral reflections speak to us across the centuries and the linguistic and social divide.

>>> Task 4 Below are some topic sentences taken from paragraphs. In brackets after each of them is a hint about what the supporting sentences in each paragraph are doing. Recreate the paragraphs. Remember that you can vary the position of the topic sentence in relation to the others for effect.

>>> Task a \_Robinson Crusoe\_ and \_Gulliver's Travels\_ can be seen as products of the same literary fashion. \_(explanation)\_

>>> Task b The author makes extensive use of what is called indirect characterisation. \_(definition)\_

>>> Task c Gulliver's explanation of the various motives for war among humans reads like a catalogue of the religious wars of the 17th century. \_(exemplification)\_

>>> Task d To classify \_Pride and Prejudice\_ as purely "women's literature" is absurd/perfectly reasonable. \_(defence)\_

{{End of tasks}}

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## xxx2 ACROSS THE ARTS 2: ORDERING NATURE

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

### xxx3 The rise of the English landscape garden

The Georgian period in Britain stretches over more than a century from George I's accession to the throne in 1714 through the reigns of three more Georges until the death of George IV in 1830. It was a period of relative stability, which is odd considering that Britain was almost continually at war with somebody (usually the French) during all of that period. But such was the country's position as a major power that wars generally took place elsewhere – in the colonies, on the Continent and on the high seas.

  Stability at home and colonial expansion abroad generated enormous wealth for the ruling classes, and this wealth found expression in country estates of impressive appearance and enormous scale. In addition to being wealthy, their owners were invariably politically powerful. These were the men who passed laws sanctioning "enclosure" through Parliament.

  Enclosure was the process by which land that had formerly been common land, used by the rural underclass for haymaking or for grazing livestock, was "enclosed" under the ownership of privately owned estates. Enclosure had dramatic effects on the countryside. For one thing it created a class of landless poor in the villages who were then forced to seek work in the growing cities. It also made agriculture more efficient and productive. One of its more colourful effects was the creation of hundreds of landscape gardens.

  Every great house with respect for itself had a landscape garden. They were usually close to the house itself and often included huge areas of parkland. Sometimes whole villages were demolished to make way for them. They were a status symbol and a statement of power, but they were also an expression of a particular view of nature. Elizabethan gardens (see p. 88) were strictly geometric affairs where nature was not so much nurtured as held in check. There was a good theological basis for this, of course. After all, hadn't the Garden of Eden been perfectly ordered and harmonious, the animals tame and docile, until Adam's fall from grace had ruined it all, turning nature into a hostile wilderness full of wild beasts? The geometric garden with its fences and hedges was the Elizabethan attempt to recreate nature as God had intended.

  During the Georgian period tastes in gardens changed, reflecting a new attitude to nature itself. One of the most important influences here was the neoclassical art that was increasingly the vogue in Europe. Drawing on Greek and Roman traditions, artists such as Frenchman Claude Lorraine painted pictures where nature was depicted as a sort of arcadia, i.e. an idyllic landscape of woodlands and pagan temples, peopled by contented shepherds and shepherdesses. Firsthand knowledge of classical antiquities spread as the Grand Tour – an educational pilgrimage

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to the cultural centres of Europe – became an almost obligatory rite of passage for young aristocratic Englishmen.

  These essentially foreign influences gave rise to the sort of gardens and estates that we today see as being so very English. Nature, instead of being hemmed in, was harnessed to create new, idyllic landscapes, often at enormous cost. Lakes were dug, rivers were dammed and re-routed, waterfalls and fountains constructed. The topography was sculpted to afford the best possible views, and clumps of trees (often moved, ready-grown, from other locations) were placed strategically to ensure variation and colour.

  The Georgian estate was a total transformation of the strict geometries of Elizabethan gardens – but the result was really no more "natural". It was basically a constructed world, an idealised landscape in which the ruling class could keep reality at bay. The whole estate was often surrounded by a thick belt of trees to emphasise the impression of separateness and idyll.

  Landscape gardens became a growth industry during the Georgian period, and their creators were highly regarded and often became very wealthy. In many ways landscape architects were among the leading artists of their age, influencing the sensibilities of their contemporaries and leaving a legacy that still shapes the way Britons see themselves. Foremost among these was Lancelot Brown, popularly known as "Capability" Brown (1716–83) because of his ability to tackle logistical challenges. He was the architect behind over 170 estates, many of which can still be visited. The estate at Longleat is one example (see p. 88).

  Capability Brown's work became a model for landscape architects abroad and "le jardin anglais" became fashionable across Europe. Rather ironic for an art form that took its initial inspiration from the Grand Tour!

### xxx3 Art and the Enlightenment

The picture "An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump" (p. 91) was painted by the English artist Joseph Wright in 1768. Wright was famous for what were called "nocturnes": night-time scenes, usually indoors, where the source of light is a candle or a lamp. Some of his most famous paintings, like this one, also show his interest in natural science and the apparatus of scientific experiments. Here the term "enlightenment" has a literal meaning: the throwing of light on something to make it clear and understandable.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

What is being made clear to the onlookers here is that the air that surrounds us is not just nothingness, but a gas that is necessary for life. In the glass jar is a white cockatoo, fluttering

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helplessly as air is sucked out of the jar. The man conducting the experiment has his finger on the vent, perhaps ready to let air flood back into the jar at the last moment and save the bird's life – but probably not. This is a scientific experiment and sentimentality has no part in it. The scientist's expression is one of almost trance-like concentration as he looks directly at the viewer, as if he is asking what \_our\_ reaction is. The onlookers are reacting very differently to the experiment. The couple on the left seem to be preoccupied with each other. The others are looking on with interest, but the two young girls seem to be distressed by the cruelty involved, and one of them is covering her eyes.

  There are a number of things about the painting that make it a good illustration of the Enlightenment. Firstly, there is the very fact that a scientific experiment is deemed a worthy subject for a work of art. Paintings in this style usually depicted religious or classical scenes, and it created quite a stir to see bell-jars and air pumps, not to mention animal experiments, in such a setting. Beauty is to be found in truth and knowledge, the artist seems to be saying. It is also important that the scientist in the picture is not alone with his insight, but is demonstrating it to the onlookers – he is enlightening them. And it is no coincidence that the onlookers are of both sexes. Although the leading figures of the Enlightenment were men, they encouraged their daughters as well as their sons to take a keen interest in science. (It may not always be pleasant for them, the picture seems to say, but they need to know!)

  But what of the boy in the background? On the wall behind him is a bird's cage. Perhaps he is about to take it down to put the bird back in – in which case the bird will survive. Or is he putting it away, knowing that the bird will not? On the other hand, perhaps he is about to cover the window to prevent the moon from shining in. The moon can be a symbol of superstition, of madness or of the emotions, which is perhaps why it must not be allowed to disturb this scientific experiment.

### xxx3 "Gin Lane"

William Hogarth (1697–1764) was an artist who, as well as being a respected portrait painter, sought to comment on current issues in 18th century England through his satirical cartoons. "Gin Lane" (p. 95) was first printed in 1751 at the time of the Gin Act. This law was designed to regulate the gin market and require anyone selling gin to have a licence.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

Gin was in many ways the crack cocaine of the 18th century. Originally encouraged by the government in order to keep corn prices high, gin consumption soon became an epidemic in London. It has been estimated that between 1720 and 1750 one in fifteen houses in the capital were gin shops, and as many as one in four in areas like St. Giles, where Hogarth's scene is set. Drunkenness itself was not seen as a great problem – the upper classes drank

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copious quantities of wine and brandy, and the long-term consequences of alcoholism were still unknown. But as gin enslaved the poorest members of society, rates of violent crime, theft and prostitution exploded. To the ruling classes it seemed that gin was undermining both public morality and law and order.

  Hogarth's picture contains images that his audience would have recognised. At the centre of the picture is the drunken mother carelessly taking a pinch of snuff, while her baby falls – probably to its death. Her legs are covered with sores – probably an indication of syphilis. Although she could be anyone, there was an actual case which had caught the public's attention at the time. Judith Dufour was a gin-soaked mother who reclaimed her child from the workhouse where it had been given new clothes. She then murdered the child and sold the clothes to buy gin.

  The corpse-like figure below on the steps appears to be a travelling ballad-singer, and the ballad hanging from his basket is called "The Downfall of Mdm Gin", perhaps a reference to the new Gin Act. The building on the left is a pawn shop, with its characteristic symbol hanging over the door. Pawn shops made good business out of gin addiction. The pawnbroker (wearing the wig) is estimating the value of the saw (symbolising the tools of work) and the pots and pans (symbolising the home) that the man and woman wish to pawn to buy gin.

  There are two gin shops in the picture, both signified by the jug hanging outside. The other figures in the picture illustrate the social consequences of gin drinking. In the middle ground on the right-hand side is a mother forcing gin down her infant's throat. Behind her are two young girls drinking gin. They are both wearing badges on their sleeves with the initials GS, which means that they are orphans (or "charity girls") of St Giles parish, which would therefore be responsible for keeping them off the streets. In the background, behind the drunken mother, there are reminders of the fatal effects of gin. On the left a corpse is being put in a coffin, while on the right is a man who apparently has impaled a child on a skewer. This is perhaps a reference to the gin-induced acts of barbarity, like Judith Dufour's, that had come to public attention.

  The collapse of society is symbolised by the collapsing building in the background. Meanwhile the church spire is visible further in the background – but it seems very remote from the scene of moral dissolution before it. However, a closer look reveals two figures raising glasses even there ...

### xxx3 Pottery and polymaths

Today we live in a world where specialised expertise is paramount. To achieve success in any field, whether it is the arts, science or business, requires single-mindedness and focus. One of the most striking aspects of the Enlightenment period is the way in which the same names crop up in relation to widely different fields. This is the age of the polymath, the academic jack-of-all-trades, the person whose interests and abilities point in many directions.

  Josiah Wedgwood from Staffordshire was such a man. He showed an early interest and ability in pottery and set up in business in 1759 at the age of twenty-nine. During his career he succeeded in turning pottery from a cottage industry into a respected art form as well as a manufacturing enterprise with an international market. The secret of his success was his willingness to experiment. Wedgwood

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had a keen interest in science, and his invention of the pyrometer (which enabled potters to accurately measure the temperature of their kilns) earned him a place in the prestigious Royal Society. He became a close friend of many leading scientists, including Erasmus Darwin with whose family the Wedgwoods intermarried. (Charles Darwin, the evolutionary biologist, was the grandson of both Erasmus Darwin and Josiah Wedgwood.) As a businessman Wedgwood was interested in improvements to transport and infrastructure, and he became one of the key initiators of canal building in the Midlands. He was also a man with a social conscience and became one of the leading lights of the movement to abolish slavery.

  However, it is the pottery itself that is today most associated with his name, and that still enjoys considerable popularity. (The Wedgwood firm still exists.) Wedgwood's most popular ware, Jasperware, was inspired by a Roman vase and produced in a range of colours, notably the characteristic "Wedgwood blue". Vases were decorated with classical motifs often relating to ancient mythology, a field that was attracting growing interest through the advent of archaeology as a discipline. A Wedgwood pot can thus be seen as a representative expression of the age: manufactured according to the latest scientific advances and sold as a commodity in a blossoming capitalist market, it nevertheless looks back to classical antiquity for its inspiration and style.

## xxx2 TASKS

>>> Task 1 What attitude to nature, and to man's role in it, is reflected in the landscape gardens of Capability Brown? How does this attitude compare to modern, environmental thinking?

>>> Task 2 Take a closer look at the painting "An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump" by Joseph Wright (p. 91), paying special attention to the facial expressions and body language of the people in the picture. Pick three people. What do you think they are thinking? Now write a "speech bubble" caption for each of them.

>>> Task 3 What are the similarities in and differences between what Hogarth is trying to do in "Gin Lane" and what Swift is trying to do in \_Gulliver's Travels\_ (see p. 105)?

>>> Task 4 Hogarth's engraving (p. 95) was originally printed as part of a pair. The other picture is entitled "Beer Street" and shows a very different scene. Unlike gin, beer was regarded as a healthy drink, both for the individual and for society as a whole, and "Beer Street" presents an idealised picture of city life. Find the picture at the \_Access\_ website and compare it to "Gin Lane". What are the parallels and contrasts? Prepare to present your findings to the class.

>>> Task 5 If you were going to draw an illustration of the dark side of city life in the 21st century, what setting and what figures would you include? Perhaps you would like to try your hand at being a modern Hogarth and draw the picture.

>>> Task 6 Wedgwood pottery is an example of a manufactured product of a particular period that achieved iconic status and lasting popularity. Which products from our own era do you think could achieve the same?

{{End of tasks}}

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# xxx1 CHAPTER 4: Romanticism and the Gothic

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

\_Competence aims in focus:\_

The aims of the studies are to enable students to:

-- elaborate on and discuss the relationship between form, content and stylistic register in sentences and texts

-- interpret a representative selection of texts from literary-historical periods in English literature, from the Renaissance up to the present time

-- have a command of the terminology needed for analysing works of fiction, films and other aesthetic forms of expression

-- use a nuanced, well-developed and precise vocabulary to communicate on literature and culture

-- analyse and assess... a selection of other artistic forms of expression within English-language culture

(Translation: udir.no)

{{End of list}}

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Most literary periods are a reaction to the preceding one. Just as you grow tired of fashions and hairstyles that were the rage earlier and feel the need to try new styles, so too do writers and artists. By the end of the 1700s, the virtues of reason, moderation and order that had seemed so important in the Enlightenment now seemed to be blocking the full development of the human spirit.

{{Tasks}}

What do you think would characterise the period that followed the Age of Reason? Consider writing styles, genres and themes.

{{End}}

## xxx2 The Romantic Period: An Age of Revolution

Rather than viewing the world through the cool eyes of reason and scientific inquiry, a younger generation followed their emotions and imagination to what they felt was a truer, fuller understanding of the world. It was the individual, not society that was important. It was the \_heart\_, not the head that was the best guide in these extraordinary and dramatic times. This was the age of revolutions – the American Revolution, the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution. And what better way to express emotions than through poetry? Although there were important prose authors of the day, the Romantic period was first and foremost an age of poets and poetry.

  The Romantic period in England is sometimes defined as a relatively short period, lasting little more than thirty years. It is seen as starting with the publishing of William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge's famous collection of Romantic poetry, \_Lyrical Ballads\_, in 1798 and ending with the death of Walter Scott, considered \_the\_ typical Romantic novelist, in 1832. However, no literary period arrives from nowhere, and a poet like William Blake, who wrote poetry in the 1780s and 90s, but was largely ignored by his contemporaries, shares many interests and themes with the later Romantic poets. Similarly, Romantic tendencies carry on after Scott's death. Indeed, even today we can see the influence of the Romantic period in contemporary literature and what was typical for the period has not entirely disappeared. It is also worth pointing out that not everyone writing in the period was a Romantic. As we have already mentioned (p. 94), Jane Austen wrote her famous neoclassical novels in the middle of the Romantic period.

{{Textbox}}

When we talk about the \_lyrics\_ of a song we are referring to the words. \_Lyric poetry\_ uses words to express feelings in the way a song would. Poetry that is \_lyrical\_ is therefore poetry that is highly personal and expresses the poet's thoughts and strong emotion.

{{End of textbox}}

{{Glossary}}

\_contemporary:\_ samtidig

{{End of glossary}}

The early life of the poet William Wordsworth illustrates the revolutionary

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hopes and ideals of the Romantics. Wordsworth was born in 1770, before America became independent, before the French Revolution and when the Industrial Revolution was just starting. By the time he was thirty, the United States was a nation, the French Revolution (which he himself experienced in France) was ten years old, and England was fast becoming the first industrial society. Like all important Romantic poets, he supported the radical politics that led to the French Revolution, which he at first applauded. But as the Revolution grew in violence, Wordsworth changed sides, like many other English Romantics. In his later years he became very conservative, but he never forgot how his high hopes in 1789 had been disappointed.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_to part company:\_ å skille lag/å skilje lag

\_to violate:\_ å krenke

{{End of glossary}}

Politically, the younger Romantics parted company with the older. While Wordsworth and his close friend Samuel Taylor Coleridge became conservative, the younger poets Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley bitterly criticised them for their reversal. The younger Romantics held on to their belief in democracy and radical change. Shelley and Byron, for example, criticised British politicians again and again for violating civil liberties

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at home and abroad. They supported the nationalist movements in Italy, Poland and Greece. In fact, Byron died while taking part in the Greeks' war of independence from Turkey.

### xxx3 Romantic ideals

The poets of the Romantic period were concerned with using a language and style that ordinary people used and could understand. Early poets of the Enlightenment had developed an elegant style which the Romantics viewed as too concerned with rules and classical forms derived from Roman and Greek models (and thus called "neo-classical"). Romantics were individualists who wanted to do things their own way. Rather than celebrating the sophistication of the urban and well-educated elite of London, they saw great value in the innocent, ordinary people of the countryside – particularly children. They were more interested in misfits and outsiders than in aristocrats and the powerful.

  Above all they loved \_nature\_. Not that nature had been ignored by earlier poets. It had often been described beautifully. However, the Romantics gave it a new twist. A poem had to be more than a clever mirror of nature. It was not enough, for example, just to write about a river so that the reader would get a brilliant picture of it; no, they wanted the river to symbolise something more, to express some deep belief or idea, some fundamental and perhaps mystical connection with the universe. It was during the Romantic age that the word "artificial" took on its modern meaning of something man-made and false. Earlier it had implied the use of "art" to tame and improve nature – for example in the way classical gardens of the Enlightenment had been stylised and crafted (see p. 127). In contrast, the Romantics were particularly fond of wild nature, of mountains and waterfalls and hikes across country. It was in the untamed and rude nature of the world that truth was to be found.

{{Textbox}}

\_ Spot check:\_

a) Broadly speaking, when was the era of Romanticism?

b) How do the ideals of the Romantic writers differ from those of the writers from the Age of Reason?

c) Who were William Wordsworth and Lord Byron?

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 The Gothic

While the Enlightenment period had stressed the importance of reason, balance and common sense, the new Romantic sensibilities sparked an interest in the opposite end of human experience. The irrational, the fantastic, the mysterious and the grotesque – these "dark" sides of life came to be seen by some writers as somehow "truer" and more deserving of artistic attention than the everyday experiences of, for example, Jane Austen's heroines. The Romantics showed an interest in history, particularly the Middle Ages, and Walter Scott's historical novels, e.g. \_Rob Roy\_ (1817) and \_Ivanhoe\_ (1819) gained him an enormous readership. This historical interest led to a revival of the term \_Gothic\_.

{{Glossary}}

\_to derive:\_ å stamme fra/å stamme frå

\_artificial:\_ kunstig

\_hike:\_ fottur

{{End of glossary}}

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{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 136 to 432

The term comes from the Goths, a Germanic tribe who fought against the Romans for centuries. During the Renaissance, the word \_Gothic\_ was used scornfully to refer to architecture built during the Middle Ages which was not in the classical style and was therefore considered barbarian. Gradually, however, the term came to refer to novels which took place in Gothic-styled architecture – castles with turrets, old mansions, etc. In the Romantic period, the term was used to refer to this new taste in literature.

  Gothic novels ignored the polite conversation of the English country ball, preferring more exotic settings and more sensational conflicts. The supernatural, shunned by Enlightenment rationalists, made its triumphant return along with themes such as madness and violent emotion. Nature itself often appears in its most threatening aspect in Gothic novels, in the form of torrential rain and electric storms. If you in your mind's eye are picturing a Hollywood horror movie, you are not far off. The horror movie builds heavily on the Gothic literary genre.

  It is therefore no surprise that \_Frankenstein\_, a tale of a scientist and the monster he created, which has spawned dozens of horror movies, started life as a Gothic novel written in 1818 by Mary Shelley. Behind the horror, its theme of natural goodness being corrupted by evil authority is clearly Romantic. The Brontë sisters (Charlotte, Emily and Anne) included Gothic elements in their novels. On the other side of the Atlantic, Washington Irving (1783–1859) used local folk tales in his stories, mixing in elements of the supernatural, for example in his short story "Rip Van Winkle" (see task 3 on page 137). However, perhaps the American author most closely associated with the Gothic is Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849), whose tales of the mysterious and the macabre created a horror genre which has enjoyed popularity, on both the page and the screen, ever since.

  During the course of the 19th century, some of the extremes of Romanticism were tempered by a growing realism and moralism, while the increasingly dominant literary genre – the novel – gained an ever greater readership in a new age of rapid social change – the Victorian Age.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What characterises Gothic literature?

b) Who was Edgar Allan Poe?

{{End of textbox}}

{{Glossary}}

\_scornfully:\_ hånlig/hånleg

\_turret:\_ tårn

\_supernatural:\_ overnaturlig/overnaturleg

{{End of glossary}}

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## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 1 MAIN IDEAS

Choose a partner and use the following terms to discuss the main ideas in this text:

  \_Enlightenment – Romanticism – revolutions – new ideals – ordinary people – outcasts – authors – nature – the Gothic – grotesque – horror\_

### xxx3 2 VOCABULARY

>>> Task a The following words can be both verbs and nouns:

  \_spawn, spark, temper, stress, twist\_

  Write two sentences for each word in which it is used in both word classes.

>>> Task b Look at the word pairs below and discuss with a classmate what you think the difference in meaning is. Use a dictionary if necessary. Then use the words in sentences that demonstrate the difference in meaning.

\_barbarian – barbaric

mystical – mysterious

crafted – crafty

artificial – artistic

sensibility – sensitivity

electric – electrical\_

### xxx3 3 LISTENING: "RIP VAN WINKLE"

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

Washington Irving (1783–1859) was born in New York at the time of the birth of the new nation. He became the first famous man of letters in the United States. In his writing, Irving used local settings, customs and people, thus creating a distinctly new American national literature.

  In the story of Rip Van Winkle, Irving starts off with his standard characters – the lazy husband and the nagging wife – thereby making the hero of his most famous story the complete opposite of the ideal of the hard-working, thrifty American colonists. Escaping into the woods one day, Rip Van Winkle encounters gnomes, and drinks a magic drink which makes him sleep for twenty years.

  Listen to an excerpt at access.cdu.no in which

  we meet Rip before his encounter with the gnomes. Then work with the following:

>>> Task a Make a list of Rip Van Winkle's positive qualities.

>>> Task b What are the negative sides of his personality?

>>> Task c How is Dame Van Winkle portrayed? What type of character is she? Support your answers by referring to or quoting from the text.

>>> Task d When does this story take place? What is the political backdrop of the story?

Now listen to a second excerpt, and answer the following questions:

>>> Task e What has happened to Rip's family during the twenty years that he has been gone?

>>> Task f What other changes have taken place in society that Rip has missed out on?

### xxx3 4 WRITING

Suppose that you walked into the woods one day and met some strange-looking people. After having drunk their liquor, you sleep for twenty years. What changes do you see in society after a twenty-year sleep? Write an essay on this topic. Call your essay "A Twenty-Year Leap in Time".

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

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{{Tasks}}

>>> Task Task a Do you like poetry? If so, what is your favourite poem and why? If not, why not?

>>> Task Task b How can we tell that a piece of writing is a poem?

{{End}}

## xxx2 Enjoying Poetry

What is a poem? Poems come in all shapes and sizes, since people have been making poems for thousands of years all over the world. But can we agree about what a poem is? Everyone agrees that a poem is a spoken or written text of a special sort – it is this "of a special sort" that can give rise to disagreements. For example, can we call this advertising slogan a poem?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

[Text 1] Guinness is good for you.

Probably not, but why not? After all, it has several features that are typical of poetry:

-- it has a sense of \_rhythm\_, emphasised by the regular dum-di-di dum-di-di beat;

-- it has \_alliteration\_ in the repetition of /g/;

-- it has near \_rhymes\_ in "good" and "you";

-- it conveys a \_mood\_: a mood of optimism;

-- it has a sense of \_irony\_, because beer obviously is \_not\_ good for you.

All in all, this is not bad for five words! Even so, few people would go so far as to call this text a poem. It lacks something.

  What about this?

  [Text 2] {{Poem}}

I love to rise in a summer morn,

When the birds sing on every tree;

The distant huntsman winds his horn,

And the skylark sings with me.

Oh! what sweet company.

{{End (from "The Schoolboy" by William Blake)}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_feature:\_ trekk

\_mood:\_ stemning

\_to wind\_ her: å blåse i

\_skylark:\_ lerke

\_stanza:\_ strofe, vers

\_imagery:\_ bildebruk

{{End of glossary}}

This is also short (in fact, it is the first \_stanza\_ of a six-stanza poem) and simple. It has a strong sense of rhythm, resting on its regular rhyming scheme and a fairly regular "beat". It expresses the mood of a summer morning in the countryside, and is full of nature and countryside \_imagery\_ ("birds", "tree", "skylark" and the "huntsman" who "winds" – i.e. blows

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– his horn). Most people would say without hesitation that this is poetry, probably because the poet uses language in a "special" way to intensify its impact on us. It is this \_intensification\_ that poetry is all about. The American poet Emily Dickinson once wrote, "If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know it is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that it is poetry." Well, your response may not be as extraordinary as hers, but try to let a poem have an impact on you. Let it move you. Let it surprise you.

  You might find a surprise in this short text.

  [Text 3] \_In a Station of the Metro\_

{{Poem}}

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;

Petals on a wet, black bough.

{{End (Ezra Pound)}}

  This is complete, with its title, and is considered a poem. Do you agree? Think of the points we raised in connection with our two first texts: content, length, simplicity of language, rhythm, and aspects of style such as rhyme and alliteration. How many of these features can you find in Pound's short text?

{{Glossary}}

\_impact:\_ inntrykk, virkning/inntrykk, verknad

\_intensification:\_ forsterking

\_apparition:\_ syn

\_petal:\_ kronblad

\_bough:\_ grein

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 140 to 432

"In a Station of the Metro" has something the first two texts do not have, of course. It makes a comparison between one thing, or one "world" (the passengers' faces in the Metro), and another thing, another "world" (wet petals). These are two worlds that are not normally put together. When the poet creates a direct association like this between two things or two worlds that are normally not associated, we call it a \_metaphor\_. How you respond to Pound's text depends on how you respond to this metaphor. If it strikes you as effective, then you will probably enjoy the poem; if it strikes you as silly or pointless, then you probably won't. Metaphors are used in prose as well, of course, but often have a very powerful role in poetry.

  Perhaps we are getting closer to what poetry is. Consider these two texts:

  [Text 4] Remember that the Houses of Parliament were almost blown up on 5th November. We do not think we should ever forget it.

{{Glossary}}

\_effective:\_ virkningsfull/verknadsfull

\_prose:\_ prosa

{{End of glossary}}

[Text 5]{{Poem}}

Please to remember

The fifth of November,

Gunpowder, Treason and Plot.

We know no reason

Why gunpowder treason

Should ever be forgot.

{{End (Traditional English nursery rhyme)}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 141 to 432

Text 4 is clearly prose and text 5 is clearly poetry (perhaps not great poetry, and some people would prefer to call it "verse", but it \_is\_ poetry nonetheless). These two texts are obviously similar in some ways, but also very different. Can we pinpoint how they are different? It is in their \_style\_ and their use of \_language\_. Look at the way text 5 uses language to make an impact that is stronger than the impact made by text 4.

  By looking at these texts we have sorted out a few ideas about what a poem is and seen some of the ways in which a poem can use language to achieve a special impact. We have also noted that different people can respond in different ways to the same poem. We now suggest a strategy for enjoying a poem.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot Check:\_

a) Is text 1 a poem? Give reasons for and against.

b) Explain what "intensification" means.

c) What is a metaphor, and how are metaphors used in text 3?

d) Why is text 4 prose and text 5 poetry?

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 What is the poem about?

Look, first, at what a poem is about; search for what it is saying. Text 2 tells us that mornings are fun. Text 5 tells us that Guy Fawkes night (the fifth of November) should never be forgotten. In text 3 Pound says that the faces of the passengers make him think of petals on a branch. This is clearly a powerful idea for him (and a surprising idea for us, since petals – we say to ourselves – have no humanity). When you read a poem, then, try first of all to focus on what it is about. This will lead you to the \_theme\_ of the poem – the central idea the poet is trying to make.

  Consider the second stanza of Blake's poem "The Schoolboy":

  [Text 6] {{Poem}}

But to go to school in a summer morn,

Oh! It drives all joy away;

Under a cruel eye outworn,

The little ones spend the day

In sighing and dismay.

{{End of poem}}

The poem's subject matter is clear here, making a contrast with the first stanza (text 2). So the theme of the poem is beginning to unfold: that humdrum schooling can deprive a child of important things in life. Returning to Pound's short poem, we could say that its theme is a comment on modern transportation: that, with thousands of commuters arriving in the Metro every morning and evening, it tends to make us less human. Maybe \_you\_ will want to \_interpret\_ the poem differently, and find another theme. You are absolutely within your rights to do so, but you must be able to support your interpretation (or your "reading" as it is sometimes called) by pointing to something in the poem that makes you think the way you do.

{{Glossary}}

\_to pinpoint:\_ å påpeke/å peike på

\_outworn:\_ utslitt/utsliten

\_dismay:\_ forferdelse/fælske

\_humdrum:\_ kjedsommelig/keisam

\_to deprive:\_ å frata/å ta ifrå

\_commuter:\_ pendler/pendlar

{{End of glossary}}

--- 142 to 432

The meanings of some poems are, of course, sometimes difficult to grasp. When a poet uses language to maximum effect – "at full stretch" as a critic once put it – the results can be tricky. You may well find many poems that have a few lines you cannot properly understand. Go for the bits you do understand first, then try to tease out the meaning of the difficult lines – but do not worry if you feel part of the poem's meaning has escaped you. For you, the meaning is what \_you\_ get out of it.

  A poem can seem particularly difficult to understand if it refers to something you know nothing about. It could be a name that means nothing to you. Or it could be some aspect of the poet's life. In the next poem the full meaning of "shadows" and of the last two lines is difficult to grasp if you do not know that the Severn is a river in west England near the poet's home, and that he was a soldier in France in the First World War.

  [Text 7] {{Poem}}

Only the wanderer

Knows England's graces,

Or can anew see clear

Familiar faces.

{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_to tease\_ her: å lokke

\_grace:\_ dyd, yndighet/dyd, ynde

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 143 to 432

{{Poem}}

And who loves joy as he

That dwells in shadows?

Do not forget me quite

O Severn meadows.

{{End (Ivor Gurney)}}

Even if you lack biographical knowledge of the poet, the theme of his delicate poem is probably clear to you: you appreciate something most dearly when it is far away.

  Having found the theme of a poem, you might want to discuss it. Is the poet making a valid point? Is it an original point? Have you ever felt the same? And so on. Part of your response to a poem, and your enjoyment of it, lies in the doors it can open into new areas your mind can explore.

  Remember, too, that most poems also try to convey a \_mood\_ to the reader. If you write a poem about a river in summer, you may not really have a theme – you may simply want to write a beautiful description of a river, and to create a mood: a drowsy, sleepy, hot, grass-smelling summery mood perhaps. In text 2 the poet creates a bright morning mood, but then he chooses to go on to contrast this in the next stanza with the gloomy mood of the dull school, thus developing a theme.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What do we mean by the \_theme\_ of a poem?

b) How should you support your interpretation of a poem?

c) What is meant by the \_mood\_ of a poem?

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 The use of style and language

Having thought about what the poem is saying and about its theme, and maybe about the mood it conveys, you can start responding to the \_way\_ the poet puts across these things – that is, to how a poem's language underlines what the poet is saying, to how the style of the poem intensifies and deepens its meaning.

  Not everything that \_calls\_ itself a poem is necessarily written in a style that brings these rewards. Suppose some hack writer tried to chop up a line of prose into short lines and call it poetry. Consider the following:

  [Text 8] {{Poem}}

Remember

that the Houses of Parliament

were almost blown up

on 5th November.

We do not think

we should ever forget it.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_to dwell:\_ å leve, å bo/å leve, å bu

\_delicate:\_ fin, sart

\_valid:\_ gyldig

\_to convey:\_ å formidle

{{End of glossary}}

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\_Line length\_ and \_line breaks\_ are certainly among the devices a poet can use to intensify language, but is this "poem" more special or powerful than the prose version in text 4? Most readers would say "No". What a dull, lifeless thing this text is, they would say. Maybe it looks a little like a poem, but it has none of the qualities we want in poetry: no rhythm, for a start. No beauty. No neatness of expression. No striking metaphor. The language is not at full stretch – it is as limp as a fish. The impact of the message is not intensified in any way by the style. It is what it is: a prose text chopped up and served as fast food.

  What, then, should we look for in a poet's language and style? The answer is simple: look for the elements that make an impact on you. In the sections that follow, you can read about the different ways in which a poet can use language in a poem. We often call them "stylistic devices". They are tools a poet can employ to make the poem effective, so it has an impact on the reader. These devices, or tools, have names, and we have met several of them already in this article ("metaphor" and "rhythm" for example).

  However, a word of warning: when you are asked to talk about or write about your response to a poem, it is not a good idea to rush into giving details about its rhyming scheme or its use of repetition or its metaphors. Instead, go for the big picture. Go for your total response to the poem. Say what impact it has on you, and what you understand its content to be about and what its theme is. \_Then\_ discuss the style and language.

### xxx3 Imagery

An image is a picture or other sense impression expressed in words. In text 2 we see Blake describing the sounds of morning by using images from nature: what we call nature imagery. The poet actually hears the skylark, and when he uses the word "skylark" in his poem, he means the bird of that name. He is writing about exactly what he experiences. He uses the word "skylark" in its \_literal\_ meaning. Similarly, in the sentence "The thin detective looked tired" the words "thin" and "tired" are being used in their literal meaning. The speaker experiences the detective as a thin person, and as being short of sleep.

{{Glossary}}

\_device:\_ virkemiddel/verkemiddel

\_sense impression:\_ sanseinntrykk

\_literal:\_ bokstavelig/bokstaveleg

\_connotation:\_ konnotasjon, assosiasjon

\_to slither:\_ å åle seg

{{End of glossary}}

Pound, on the other hand, in the second line of his short poem (text 3), uses nature imagery not because it is something he actually experiences, but as something he imagines, something that is \_associated\_ in his mind with what he actually sees. We call this \_connotation\_. The sentence "The thin detective was a snake" gives another example of connotation. It tells us not that he slithered around his office on his stomach, but that he behaved in

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the sort of way we fancy a snake might behave (cruelly, deceitfully, etc). The word "snake" is not being used in its literal meaning denoting a long limbless reptile. It is connotative in this sentence.

  We call such non-literal use of language \_figurative\_. There are several common ways of using figurative language, which we call \_figures of speech\_. Imagery can be used to create various figures of speech which can be very powerful in expressing thoughts. There are two main figures of speech that use connotation: metaphors and similes. The figure of speech we have just used, "The detective was a snake", is a metaphor. A \_metaphor\_ identifies an image ("snake") with a person or thing ("detective") in order to express something about the person or thing through association – the detective had some of the qualities we traditionally think snakes have. Another figure of speech, very like a metaphor, is a \_simile\_, where the comparison is made using "like" or "as". For example, "the detective behaved like a snake" and "the detective was as slippery as a snake" are similes.

  As we suggested when we looked at text 3, figures of speech using connotation give a poet (or any writer) a wonderful chance to use language at full stretch, and to say something that has an impact deeper than the actual meaning of the isolated words. We do this all the time, in fact, when we speak. We say things like "He's as dumb as a door-post" or "She buried herself in her work" or "His girlfriend's a peach". Poetry simply raises the intensity of these figures of speech and makes "new" and exciting associations. It focuses them to express forcefully the poet's thoughts and enliven the reader's or listener's experience.

### xxx3 Symbolism

If you clench your fist and shake it in someone's face, you are not being friendly. A clenched fist has a fixed meaning in our culture: it implies a threat. As with gestures, so with words. In any culture, some words serve as a fixed token for something else; they are, you might say, highly developed metaphors and "stand for" something else. The word "snake", for example, often stands for evil. We call such words symbols. Symbols are usually material objects standing for something abstract, like a dove standing for peace. A symbol is not used just once, then forgotten; it must run through either a whole culture or a whole book or play, or, sometimes, a whole poem. In Shakespeare's \_Hamlet\_, for example, weeds and disease stand for moral corruption.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_deceitful:\_ svikefull

\_reptile:\_ krypdyr

\_figure of speech:\_ talemåte

\_token:\_ tegn, symbol/teikn, symbol

{{End of glossary}}

When deciding whether a word is being used as a symbol or as a metaphor, the key question is whether its "extra" meaning is fixed (as in

--- 146 to 432

a symbol), or whether it is a poet's private association (as in a metaphor).

  So far, we have concentrated on the subject matter and meaning of a poem, and on the language the poet chooses. Now we turn to another aspect of style: form.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Why would most readers say that text 8 is not a poem?

b) What should you describe first when giving your response to a poem?

c) Why is the sentence "The detective is a snake" an example of the use of metaphors?

d) Why is the sentence "The detective behaved like a snake" an example of the use of similes?

e) What is the difference between a symbol and a metaphor?

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 The form of a poem

The form of a poem centres around its rhythm. A poem must have a sense of rhythm – not necessarily a regular tripping rhythm, but some sort of rhythmic bedrock. Several elements can make up this rhythm:

   \_Metre\_ (spelt "meter" in American English): this is the pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables in poetry. Sometimes this pattern is regular, as in a sonnet. Here is the first line of a sonnet by Keats:

{{Excerpt}}

When I have fears that I may cease to be

{{End}}

Its metric pattern is a succession of five iambic feet. As you remember from your study of Shakespeare, an iambic foot contains two syllables, the first unstressed ("When") and the second stressed ("I"). Since there are five feet in each line, we say it is an iambic pentameter. If we wish to scan this line, we would write it like this:

{{Excerpt}}

u/u/u/u/u/

When I have fears that I may cease to be

{{End}}

Of course, the poet can break the basic rhythm to achieve a special effect. Indeed, one of the hallmarks of great art is the effective use of freedom within constraints. Shakespeare's "Sonnet 18" begins with this line:

{{Excerpt}}

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

{{End}}

It is absurd to read this as strict iambic pentameter. That would kill the line. The basic metre is iambic, but Shakespeare pushes it a bit one way and pulls it a bit the other way to produce a looser rhythm. You have to read a stress on both "comPARE" and "THEE". (If you are interested in music you will know that this is a form of syncopation.) This emphasises "thee", thus focusing the reader's attention on the person the poet is addressing.

{{Glossary}}

\_subject matter:\_ emne

\_bedrock:\_ grunnfjell

\_metre:\_ versemål

\_succession of:\_ rekke med

\_hallmark:\_ kjennetegn/kjenneteikn

\_constraint:\_ begrensning/avgrensing

\_syncopation:\_ synkopering

{{End of glossary}}

Other metric patterns can be less regular than the iambic pentameter. They might have, for example, just two or three stressed syllables somewhere in a line.

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\_Repetition\_: As well as highlighting something the poet wants to tell us, any element of repetition often emphasises a sense of rhythm (the repetition of "treason" in text 5, for example).

   \_Alliteration\_: This is the repetition of a sound or a letter, usually at the beginning of words, as in "Simple Sally was sifting seashells by the seashore." Other examples are in line 4 of text 7 and the /g/ sounds in text 1. Delicate use of alliteration can enhance the musical nature of a poem, making it pleasing on the reader's or listener's ear. Exaggerated use can be tiresome, as in the "Simple Sally" example.

   \_Rhyme\_: Rhyme is one of the most pronounced contributors to rhythm, and greatly enhances a poem's musicality. Consider a limerick:

  [Text 9] {{Poem}}

A rather small man from Bengal

Went to a fancy-dress ball;

Dressed as a biscuit

The silly fool missed it

For a dog ate him up in the hall.

{{End of poem}}

The rhyming pattern is regular – lines 1, 2 and 5 rhyme and lines 3 and 4 rhyme. These rhymes give a limerick much of its swing, or punch. We call this scheme aabba. We note a rhyming scheme or pattern by using letters to imitate the rhyming sounds at the ends of lines: in text 2, to take another example, the pattern is ababb where the words "morn" and "horn" rhyme (and get the letter a), and "tree" "me" and "company" rhyme (and get the letter b).

  Poetry does not have to have rhymes. Some of Shakespeare's most famous lines of poetry are completely without rhyme – look, for example, at Hamlet's famous soliloquy "To be or not to be" on page 63. A poet may find full rhymes too obvious and heavy, just as many singers must find the rhymes in pop songs desperately dull.

  One alternative device is a \_near rhyme\_. Words which contain the same vowel sound but lack similar consonant sounds can create a pleasant effect when spoken: such as (in text 3) "crowd" and "bough". This effect is called \_assonance\_. Poets can use another type of near rhyme when they use words with similar consonant sounds in stressed syllables but different vowel sounds. There is a vivid example in text 7 when Gurney achieves a delightful musical effect with the near rhymes "shadows" and "meadows". This type of near rhyme is sometimes called \_slant rhyme\_ or \_half rhyme\_.

{{Glossary}}

\_to enhance:\_ å forsterke

\_punch:\_ slagkraft

\_slant rhyme:\_ halvrim

{{End of glossary}}

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\_Structure\_: this is the way a poem is organised into line length and stanzas. Every poem has some sort of structure, and the structure is part of the framework on which the poem's rhythm is built. Genres such as the sonnet and the limerick have a set structure, and the poet must work within that strict form. However, as we saw above, a poet is free to "bend" the rules and find artistic freedom within the constraints of the chosen genre.

  Or a poet can simply choose a freer form. He or she can choose not to use any of the devices we have listed on these pages. Such poetry is called "free verse". Here is the beginning of Elizabeth Bishop's celebrated poem "The Fish":

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

[Text 10] {{Poem}}

I caught a tremendous fish

and held him beside the boat

half out of water, with my hook

fast in the corner of his mouth.

He didn't fight.

He hadn't fought at all.

{{End of poem}}

Free verse is not really free. It demands that the writer pay more than usual attention to the internal rhythm of the poem, and such features as line-breaks and spaces around words need to be chosen carefully. However, free verse usually has no obvious metric beat though it may have a powerful rhythm when words and phrases are repeated. Of course, free verse can use all the other resources of language available to a poet, such as figures of speech and symbolism.

  All these ways of constructing a poem are part of its form, and can be used to reflect and reinforce the poem's theme and intensify its impact.

### xxx3 Conclusion

It is our belief that a good way of enjoying poetry is to search, first, for a poem's meaning and theme, and to let the poem convey its mood to you. Then, moving from this to aspects of style, you can enjoy the poet's use of all the resources that language offers. Your total response is a combination of all these aspects of the poem working together.

{{Glossary}}

\_to reinforce:\_ å understreke

\_to rub off:\_ å smitte over

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What is a poem's metre?

b) What is alliteration and why is it used in poetry?

c) What are the advantages of using rhymes or near rhymes in poetry?

d) What is free verse? Why is text 10 a good example of free-verse poetry?

{{End of textbox}}

A good poem has an impact on you every time you read it, and reading it should always involve an element of discovery. Robert Frost once said that a poem "can never lose its sense of a meaning that once unfolded by surprise as it went". He is talking of the poet's surprise. Let the poet's "surprise" and excitement rub off on you, and trust your own response to the poem.

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## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 1 VOCABULARY

>>> Task a Write one or two sentences for each of the following words/word pairs in which you explain their meaning in the context of the text you have read:

\_free verse – imagery – stanza – poetry – mood – rhythm – symbol – rhyming pattern\_

Compare explanations in pairs.

>>> Task b Discuss in pairs what differences of connotation there are in the following word pairs:

-- interpret – dissect

-- challenging – difficult

-- weak – delicate

-- strange – original

>>> Task c The following nouns and adjectives are found in the text. Turn the nouns into adjectives and the adjectives into nouns. Then write meaningful sentences using the words – either as nouns or adjectives.

-- Nouns: \_intensity – excitement – surprise\_

-- Adjectives: \_figurative – stressed – powerful\_

### xxx3 2 METAPHORS

The Ezra Pound poem (text 3) consists of an unexpected metaphor (\_petals on a wet, black bough)\_ for a visual image (\_The apparition of these faces in the crowd\_). Invent your own metaphors for the following visual images:

>>> Task a November clouds, heavy with rain.

>>> Task b Cars thundering past on a wet motorway.

>>> Task c Two swans gliding on a lake.

>>> Task d A smile appearing on a face.

### xxx3 3 ANALYSIS

>>>a Read the following short poems several times. What do you think they are about? Compare your findings with those of another student.

{{Poem}}

\_Flying Crooked\_

The butterfly, a cabbage-white

(His honest idiocy of flight)

Will never now, it is too late,

Master the art of flying straight,

Yet has – who knows as well as I? –

A just sense of how not to fly:

He lurches here and here by guess

And God and hope and hopelessness.

Even the aerobatic swift

Has not his flying-crooked gift.

{{End \_(Robert Graves)\_}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Poem}}

\_England\_

Into my heart an air that kills

From yon far country blows:

What are those blue remember'd hills,

What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,

I see it shining plain,

The happy highways where I went

And cannot come again.

{{End \_(A.E. Housman)\_ }}

{{Poem}}

\_(Untitled)\_

I had no time to hate, because

The grave would hinder me,

And life was not so ample I

Could finish enmity.

Nor had I time to love, but since

Some industry must be,

The little toil of love, I thought,

Was large enough for me.

{{End \_(Emily Dickinson)\_}}

>>> Task b Find examples of figurative language in the poems above. What effect does it have?

### xxx3 4 CONNOTATIONS

How are the connotations of the following synonyms different?

>>> Task a horse, nag, steed, pony

>>> Task b strength, force, might, fortitude

>>> Task c resolute, inflexible, stubborn, dogged

>>> Task d in love, infatuated, sweet on, crazy for

--- 150 to 432

## xxx2 William Blake (1757-1827)

{{Textbox}}

lived most of his life in or near London. His early short poems have a direct lyricism that many readers today find very powerful. Blake's later poems are longer and more difficult, but common to all his work is a belief in the power of the imagination and a hatred of anything that limits that power. He was a many-sided artist, and his paintings and engravings, which often illustrated his own poems, are considered important contributions to British art.

{{End of textbox}}

\_The Romantic poets:\_

  Below we want you to look through a small sample of some of the poems from the period and try to find out for yourselves what was new and interesting about the work of these Romantic poets. Later, you can discuss your conclusions with each other. You will find suggested tasks on page 162.

  The first two poems are from William Blake's early collection \_Songs of Innocence and Experience\_ (1794), in which he contrasts poems that describe "innocent" aspects of life with poems that show "experience" of some of the darker sides of life. The first is a song of experience, the second a song of innocence.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 151 to 432

### xxx3 Poem: London

I wander thro' each charter'd street,

Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.

And mark in every face I meet

Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,

In every Infants cry of fear,

In every voice: in every ban,

The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry

Every blackning Church appalls,

And the hapless Soldiers sigh

Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear

How the youthful Harlots curse

Blasts the new-born Infants tear

And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_thro \_ through\_

\_charter'd\_ = chartered: her: regulert, lukket, stengt/regulert, lukka, stengd

\_woe:\_ sorg, elendighet/sorg, elende

\_ban:\_ forbud/forbod

\_to forge:\_ å smi, å hamre ut

\_manacles:\_ lenker, håndjern/lenker, handjern

\_chimney-sweeper:\_ skorsteinsfeier/skorsteinsfeiar

\_to appall:\_ å sjokkere, å forferde

\_hapless:\_ uheldig, ulykkelig/uheldig, ulykkeleg

\_harlot:\_ prostituert

\_to blast:\_ å herje, å ødelegge (i overført betydning)/å herje, å øydelegge (i overført tyding)

\_to blight:\_ å forderve, å smitte

\_plague:\_ pest

\_hearse:\_ begravelsesvogn/gravferdsvogn

{{End of glossary}}

--- 152 to 432

### xxx3 Poem: The Echoing Green

The sun does arise,

And make happy the skies.

The merry bells ring

To welcome the spring.

The skylark and thrush,

The birds of the bush,

Sing louder around,

To the bells' cheerful sound,

While our sports shall be seen

On the echoing green.

Old John with white hair

Does laugh away care,

Sitting under the oak,

Among the old folk.

They laugh at our play,

And soon they all say:

"Such, such were the joys

When we all, girls and boys,

In our youth-time were seen

On the echoing green."

Till the little ones weary

No more can be merry;

The sun does descend,

And our sports have an end.

Round the laps of their mothers

Many sisters and brothers,

Like birds in their nest,

Are ready for rest;

And sport no more seen

On the darkening green.

{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_skylark:\_ lerke

\_thrush:\_ trost

\_sport:\_ lek/leik

\_to descend:\_ å gå ned

{{End of glossary}}

--- 153 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 154 to 432

## xxx2 William Wordsworth (1170-1850)

{{Textbox}}

was the poet who, more than any other, shaped the Romantic movement in English literature (see p. 132). Even the younger Romantics, who were disappointed in his growing conservatism, agreed that he was a writer of genius who had an enormous importance for them.

{{End of textbox}}

Wordsworth is generally thought of as a "nature poet" but one of his most popular poems was written about central London. We know from his sister that Wordsworth actually crossed the Thames on Westminster Bridge early in the morning on their way to Dover to cross to France.

### xxx3 Poem: Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair:

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty:

This City now doth, like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky;

All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep

In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will:

Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;

And all that mighty heart is lying still!

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_doth = does\_

\_garment:\_ klesplagg, drakt

\_to steep:\_ å gjennomsyre, her: å stråle (ned)

\_splendour:\_ prakt, glans (og herlighet)/prakt, glans (og herlegdom)

\_ne'er = never\_

\_glideth = glides\_: flyter/flyt

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 155 to 432

## xxx2 Robert Burns (1759\_96)

{{Textbox}}

was born into a poor farmer's family in Scotland, but received a good education. Throughout his life he was both a farmer and a poet. At one time he considered emigrating to Jamaica, but his early poems were popular, so he stayed in Scotland. Burns was greatly loved by other poets, and few writers are so dear a household name throughout the world. Burns wrote in a variety of styles, but it is his private style – honest and fresh – that is best loved today. He often uses dialect and this emphasises his contact with ordinary people.

{{End of textbox}}

In this poem the speaker is an old lady, talking about her "jo" – her sweetheart.

### xxx3 Poem: John Anderson My Jo

John Anderson, my jo, John,

When we were first acquent;

Your locks were like the raven,

Your bonnie brow was brent;

But now your brow is beld, John,

Your locks are like the snow;

But blessings on your frosty pow,

John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,

We clamb the hill thegither;

And monie a canty day, John,

We've had wi' ane anither:

Now we maun totter down, John,

And hand in hand we'll go;

And sleep thegither at the foot,

John Anderson, my jo.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_brent = burnt\_

\_beld = bald\_

\_blessing:\_ velsignelse/velsigning

\_pow:\_ hode/hovud

\_thegither = together\_

\_canty:\_ livlig, glad/livleg, glad

\_maun:\_ må

\_to totter:\_ å stabbe, å stavre

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 156 to 432

## xxx2 John Keats (1795-1821)

{{Textbox}}

had in many ways a tragic life. His health was never good, and he knew, in the last two years of his life, that he was dying of tuberculosis. In his lifetime his poems never received the acclaim they deserved. He had a long and unhappy love affair. Yet he wrote some of the most beautiful poems in the English language, particularly his odes and sonnets. Like Wordsworth, he loved mountainous countryside, and nature has a central place in his poetry.

{{End of textbox}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 157 to 432

In "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" Keats chooses a medieval setting. Note that the narrator speaks the three first stanzas, and the knight-at-arms is the speaker in the rest of the poem.

### xxx3 Poem: La Belle Dame Sans Merci

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,

Alone and palely loitering?

The sedge is wither'd from the lake,

And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,

So haggard and so woe-begone?

The squirrel's granary is full,

And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow

With anguish moist and fever dew;

And on thy cheek a fading rose

Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,

Full beautiful – a faery's child,

Her hair was long, her foot was light,

And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,

And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;

She look'd at me as she did love,

And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,

And nothing else saw all day long,

For sideways would she lean, and sing

A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,

And honey wild, and manna dew;

And sure in language strange she said –

"I love thee true!"

She took me to her elfin grot,

And there she gazed and sigh'd full sore,

And there I shut her wild wild eyes

With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,

And there I dream'd – ah! woe betide!

The latest dream I ever dream'd

On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,

Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;

They cried – "La Belle Dame Sans Merci

Thee hath in thrall!"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam,

With horrid warning gaped wide,

And I awoke, and found me here,

On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here,

Alone and palely loitering,

Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,

And no birds sing.

{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_medieval:\_ middelaldersk/mellomaldersk

\_belle dame:\_ vakker kvinne

\_sans merci:\_ uten medlidenhet/utan medkjensle

\_to ail:\_ å plage

\_to loiter:\_ å gå omkring

\_sedge:\_ siv

\_to wither:\_ å visne

\_woe-begone:\_ sorgtung

\_granary:\_ kornkammer

\_brow:\_ panne

\_mead:\_ eng

\_faery = fairy\_ : alv

\_garland:\_ blomsterkrans

\_fragrant:\_ duftende/duftande

\_zone:\_ belte

\_steed:\_ ganger, hest/gangar, hest

\_relish:\_ smak

\_elfin grot:\_ alvegrotte

\_to lull\_ her: å bysse

\_woe betide:\_ ve meg

\_in thrall\_\_ trellbundet/trælbunden

\_gloam:\_ mørke

\_to sojourn:\_ å oppholde seg/å halde til

{{End of glossary}}

--- 158 to 432

## xxx2 Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

{{Textbox}}

was a rebel all his life. He rebelled against the solid and respectable middle-class family into which he was born, and he became a political radical. His private life was considered scandalous, especially when he left his wife to live with Mary Godwin, daughter of the early feminist Mary Wollstonecraft and author of \_Frankenstein\_. They went to live in Italy in 1818, and it was there that Shelley wrote much of his best work, even though his domestic life there was fairly chaotic. He formed a friendship with both Keats and Byron. Shelley drowned in an accident in 1822 (in his pocket was found a copy of Keats' poems).

{{End of textbox}}

"Aux armes, citoyens – To your weapons, citizens" sang revolutionary Frenchmen in 1792. In England, revolutionary fervour was no less wholehearted as Romantic poets were idealists intent on changing the world for the better, as the following poem illustrates.

### xxx3 Poem: Song to the Men of England

{{Glossary}}

\_robe:\_ drakt, kappe

\_drone:\_ lathans

\_to forge:\_ å smi

\_scourge:\_ pisk

\_toil:\_ slit

\_to reap:\_ å høste/å hauste

\_impostor:\_ svindler/svindlar

\_to heap:\_ å hope opp, å samle

{{End of glossary}}

{{Poem}}

Men of England, wherefore plough

For the lords who lay ye low?

Wherefore weave with toil and care

The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,

From the cradle to the grave,

Those ungrateful drones who would

Drain your sweat – nay, drink your blood?

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge

Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,

That these stingless drones may spoil

The forced produce of your toil?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,

Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?

Or what is it ye buy so dear

With your pain and with your fear?

The seed ye sow, another reaps:

The wealth ye find, another keeps;

The robes ye weave, another wears;

The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed, – but let no tyrant reap;

Find wealth, – let no impostor heap;

Weave robes, – let not the idle wear;

Forge arms, – in your defence to bear.

--- 159 to 432

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells;

In halls ye deck another dwells.

Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see

The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,

Trace your grave, and build your tomb,

And weave your winding-sheet, till fair

England be your sepulchre.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_to dwell:\_ å bo/å bu

\_wrought:\_ laget/laga

\_to temper:\_ å herde

\_sepulchre:\_ gravkammer

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 160 to 432

## xxx2 Lord Byron (1788-1824)

{{Textbox}}

was, in his lifetime, the most popular English Romantic poet, and in fact the most popular poet in Europe. Indeed, it is difficult for us to imagine how eagerly the public waited for his poetry to be published. His long poems, such as "Child Harold's Pilgrimage" and "Don Juan", are moving and action-packed, and "Don Juan" is also racy and witty. For many people, Byron's stormy life and his death in Greece during the Greek war of independence against the Turks symbolise the rebellious, bohemian Romantic "type". Despite being a lord, Byron had little time for established British society, and it had little time for him. He left England for good in 1816, and settled in Italy with the Shelleys.

{{End of textbox}}

Byron could write beautifully gentle verse, as in the first poem here. He could also write poetry that is more philosophical and less musical, as in the second poem, which was found after his death among his manuscripts.

### xxx3 Poem: Stanzas for Music

There be none of Beauty's daughters

With a magic like thee;

And like music on the waters

Is thy sweet voice to me:

When, as if its sound were causing

The charmed ocean's pausing,

The waves lie still and gleaming,

And the lulled winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving

Her bright chain o'er the deep;

Whose breast is gently heaving,

As an infant's asleep:

So the spirit bows before thee,

To listen and adore thee;

With a full but soft emotion,

Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

{{End of poem}}

### xxx3 Poem: Thoughts on Freedom

They only can feel freedom truly who

Have worn long chains – the healthy feel not health

In all its glow – in all its glory of

Full veins and flushing cheeks and pounding pulses,

Till they have known the interregnum of

Some malady that links them to their beds

In some wide – common – feverish hospital

Where all are tended – and none cared for, left

To public nurses, paid for pity, till

They die – or go forth cured, but without kindness.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_charmed:\_ fortrollet/fortrolla

\_gleaming:\_ skinnende/skinande

\_to lull:\_ å løye, å stilne

\_malady:\_ sykdom/sjukdom

{{End of glossary}}

--- 161 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 162 to 432

## xxx2 TASKS

Here you will find a set of questions about the above poems. Work in small groups or in pairs. Decide whether you want to consider all the poems here, or a selection of them. Discuss the questions that follow. Each group should make notes about its conclusions. Finally, each group can either make a poster or present its conclusions orally.

   \_Note\_: If you wish to work with supplementary questions on each Romantic poem, you will find tasks at access.cdu.no.

### xxx3 1 QUESTIONS ABOUT THEME

>>> Task a Do any of the poems have a political theme? If so, what political message do they have?

>>> Task b Do any of them comment on changes in society and the way people live? What comment do they seem to be making?

>>> Task c Are any of them about love? How is the erotic content conveyed?

>>> Task d Do any of the texts bring in a medieval setting? Do any of them have an industrial setting?

>>> Task e Do children or old people figure prominently in any of the poems? Where they do, what is the poet's attitude to them?

>>> Task f Do any of these poems give a special role to nature (e.g. to rivers, or trees, or an animal)? If so, in what way would you say this role is special?

>>> Task g Do any of the poems tell a story? If so, what sort of conflict is there?

>>> Task h Do any of the writers seem to be concerned with psychology? How?

>>> Task i Is there any element of mystery in any of the texts?

>>> Task j Do any writers seem to suggest that solitude (being alone) can give you insight and inspiration?

>>> Task k Where is there a focus on everyday, homely things in these poems?

>>> Task l Are any of the poems about society's misfits and outsiders, or about people on the very fringe of society (such as homeless people living on the street)?

>>> Task m Is irony used by any of the writers here? How?

### xxx3 2 QUESTIONS ABOUT FORM AND STYLE

>>> Task a Which of the poems are written in a simple and direct sort of language (even if some of the words seem rather out of date to us)? Are any of them written, in your opinion, in a very polite and elegant style?

>>> Task b Are local dialects or colloquial language (i.e. the sort of language we use in everyday speech) used?

>>> Task c Can you find any example of highly exaggerated language?

>>> Task d Are any of the poems song-like? If so, what features make them song-like?

>>> Task e Are there any "public" forms here, such as speeches or official declarations?

>>> Task f Do you find a strong sense of rhythm in any of these poems? If so, can you say what makes the rhythm strong?

### xxx3 3 PRESENTING A POEM

This can be done as individual work or as a group activity. Choose one poem from this chapter which you think represents some important aspects of Romanticism in Britain. Prepare a presentation to your class in which you discuss this poem.

### xxx3 4 WRITING ABOUT A POEM

Choose a poem from this chapter. Write an analysis of the poem in which you

-- discuss its subject matter and comment on its theme,

-- discuss how the poet puts across this theme,

-- suggest what mood the poet wishes to convey to the reader, and how successful he or she is,

-- and finally, discuss aspects of the style of the poem that you find interesting.

{{End of list}}

You can review the text "Enjoying Poetry" (p. 138) if you need to.

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## xxx2 FACT BOX: THE NOBLE SAVAGE

In the 18th and 19th centuries, the myth of the \_noble savage\_ came into vogue. This myth developed from a view of "primitive" people as being in a "first state of innocence" uncorrupted by the evils of civilisation. It is perhaps in the writings of the French philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712–78) that we see the most eloquent examples of man in harmonious existence with nature, but Daniel Defoe's portrayal of Friday (see page 100) in \_Robinson Crusoe\_ (1719) builds upon this tradition as well. In hindsight it is easy to see the inherent arrogance, ethnocentrism, racism even, of these attitudes, based as they are on the notion of the "savage". However, those who held these views were primarily preoccupied with a criticism of their own times and the "nobility" that had been lost.

In 1774, a \_bona fide\_ (real), living example of the "noble savage" appeared in London society. Omai was a Polynesian from Tahiti who traveled to England aboard Captain Cook's ship when Cook returned from one of his South Seas voyages. He was presented at court where his grace and natural good manners immediately delighted everyone. The pendulum was in motion. Enlightenment ideals were slowly being replaced by a more Romantic vision of man.

{{Glossary}}

\_savage:\_ vill (mann)

\_vogue:\_ på mote

\_grace:\_ ynde

\_pendulum:\_ pendel

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 164 to 432

## xxx2 Mary Shelley (1797-1851)

{{Textbox}}

was the daughter of two of the most famous radicals of the period. Her mother was the early feminist Mary Wollstonecraft, and her father the philosopher William Godwin. At 17 she ran away to France with the Romantic poet Percy Shelley. In 1818, at the height of the Romantic movement, she published her Gothic novel \_Frankenstein or. The Modern Prometheus.\_ At the time she was only 21 years old. The novel is often considered the prototype of the modern horror story.

{{End of textbox}}

Victor Frankenstein is the eldest son of a wealthy family in Geneva. He grows up in the happiest of families with Elizabeth, an adopted "sister", as his constant playmate. Victor shows an early interest in "natural philosophy" (science) and an insatiable thirst for knowledge. In short, he seems set to become a true son of the Enlightenment. But when his mother dies of scarlet fever just before he leaves home to study medicine, his scientific interests take a more morbid turn, and he begins to ask questions his teachers refuse to discuss: Is death irreversible? Is it possible to create life in the laboratory?

  Victor becomes obsessed with these ideas and starts on a quest: to create a human being. He "builds" a body from organs and body parts stolen from fresh corpses and, by using electricity from lightning, succeeds in bringing his creation to life. Unfortunately, things get out of hand ...

### xxx3 Novel excerpt: Frankenstein (Chapter 5)

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

  How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! – Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips.

{{Glossary}}

\_insatiable:\_ umettelig/umetteleg

\_scarlet fever:\_ skarlagensfeber/skarlaksfeber

\_morbid:\_ sykelig/sjukleg

\_irreversible:\_ ugjenkallelig/ugjenkalleleg

\_quest:\_ søking

\_to behold:\_ å beskue/å skode

\_toil:\_ slit

\_agony:\_ pine

\_to infuse:\_ å tilføre

\_convulsive:\_ krampaktig

\_to agitate:\_ å riste

\_to delineate:\_ å skissere

\_wretch:\_ stakkar

\_to endeavour:\_ å bestrebe seg/å legge vinn på

\_shrivelled:\_ innskrumpet/innskrumpa

\_complexion:\_ ansiktsfarge

\_inanimate:\_ livløs/livlaus

\_ardour:\_ glød

{{End of glossary}}

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure

--- 165 to 432

the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bedchamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured; and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain: I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed: when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch – the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited; where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

{{Glossary}}

\_to traverse:\_ å krysse

\_lassitude:\_ tretthet/trøttleik

\_in vain:\_ forgjeves

\_livid:\_ blågrå

\_shroud:\_ liklaken

\_convulsed:\_ fortrukket/forvridd

\_to detain:\_ å hefte

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 166 to 432

Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then; but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

  I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others, I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror, I felt the bitterness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space were now become a hell to me; and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete! [...]

{{Glossary}}

\_countenance:\_ ansikt

\_endued:\_ forsynt

\_joint:\_ ledd

\_Dante:\_ italiensk dikter (1265–1321) som beskrev helvete/italiensk diktar (1265–1321) som skildra helvete

\_palpitation:\_ hjertebank/hjartebank

\_languor:\_ matthet/kraftløyse

\_to relate:\_ å berette/å fortelje

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

Victor Frankenstein is disgusted by the creature he has created, and sick and disheartened eventually flees the city, leaving his creation to manage on his own. The "monster", too, leaves the city and hides in the mountains. In the following excerpt it is he who is the narrator. Here he relates how he learned to speak by secretly observing a peasant family. A foreign woman has come to live with them and as they attempt to teach her their language, he listens in and teaches himself to speak.

{{End of textbox}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Who is the narrator?

b) How is the setting described in the first paragraph?

c) What does his creation look like?

d) What happens during the night?

{{End of textbox}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 167 to 432

### xxx3 Novel excerpt: Frankenstein (Chapter 13)

"I now hasten to the more moving part of my story. I shall relate events that impressed me with feelings which, from what I had been, have made me what I am. [...]

  'I improved rapidly in the knowledge of language, so that in two months I began to comprehend most of the words uttered by my protectors.

  "In the meanwhile also the black ground was covered with herbage, and the green banks interspersed with innumerable flowers, sweet to the scent and the eyes, stars of pale radiance among the moonlight woods; the sun became warmer, the nights clear and balmy, and my nocturnal rambles were an extreme pleasure to me, although they were considerably shortened by the late setting and early rising of the sun; for I never ventured abroad during daylight, fearful of meeting with the same treatment I had formerly endured in the first village which I entered.

  "My days were spent in close attention, that I might more speedily master the language; and I may boast that I improved more rapidly than the Arabian, (the foreign woman) who understood very little, and conversed in broken accents, whilst I comprehended and could imitate almost every word that was spoken.

  "While I improved in speech, I also learned the science of letters, as it was taught to the stranger; and this opened before me a wide field for wonder and delight.

  "The book from which Felix instructed Safie was Volney's \_Ruins of Empires.\_ Through this work I obtained a cursory knowledge of history, and a view of the several empires at present existing in the world; it gave me an insight into the manners, governments, and religions of the different nations of the earth. I heard of the slothful Asiatics; of the stupendous genius and mental activity of the Grecians; of the wars and wonderful virtue of the early Romans – of their subsequent degenerating – of the decline of that mighty empire; of chivalry, Christianity, and kings. I heard of the discovery of the American hemisphere, and wept with Safie over the hapless fate of its original inhabitants.

{{Glossary}}

\_herbage:\_ planter

\_interspersed:\_ spekket med/spekka med

\_balmy:\_ mild

\_nocturnal rambles:\_ nattlige vandringer/nattlege vandringar

\_to obtain:\_ å skaffe seg

\_cursory:\_ overfladisk/overflatisk

\_slothful:\_ doven

\_chivalry:\_ ridderlighet/riddarleg framferd

\_hapless:\_ ulykkelig/ulykkeleg

\_scion:\_ etterkommer/etterkommar

\_abject:\_ foraktelig/forakteleg

\_mole:\_ muldvarp/moldvarp

\_to conceive:\_ å forestille seg

{{End of glossary}}

"These wonderful narrations inspired me with strange feelings. Was man, indeed, at once so powerful, so virtuous and magnificent, yet so vicious and base? He appeared at one time a mere scion of the evil principle, and at another as all that can be conceived of noble and godlike. To be a great and virtuous man appeared the highest honour that can befall a sensitive being; to be base and vicious, as many on record have been, appeared the lowest degradation, a condition more abject than that of the blind mole or harmless worm. For a long time I could not conceive how one man could go forth to murder his fellow, or even why there were laws and governments; but when I heard details of vice and bloodshed,

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my wonder ceased, and I turned away with disgust and loathing.

  "Every conversation of the cottagers now opened new wonders to me. While I listened to the instructions which Felix bestowed upon the Arabian, the strange system of human society was explained to me. I heard of the division of property, of immense wealth and squalid poverty; of rank, descent, and noble blood.

  "The words induced me to turn towards myself. I learned that the possessions most esteemed by your fellow-creatures were high and unsullied descent united with riches. A man might be respected with only one of these advantages but, without either, he was considered, except in very rare instances, as a vagabond and a slave, doomed to waste his powers for the profits of the chosen few! And what was I? Of my creation and creator I was absolutely ignorant; but I knew that I possessed no money, no friends, no kind of property. I was, besides, endued with a figure hideously deformed and loathsome; I was not even of the same nature as men. I was more agile than they, and could subsist upon coarser diet; I bore the extremes of heat and cold with less injury to my frame; my stature far exceeded theirs. When I looked around, I saw and heard of none like me. Was I then a monster, a blot upon the earth, from which all men fled, and whom all men disowned?

  "I cannot describe to you the agony that these reflections inflicted upon me: I tried to dispel them, but sorrow only increased with knowledge. Oh, that I had forever remained in my native wood, nor known nor felt beyond the sensations of hunger, thirst, and heat!

  "Of what a strange nature is knowledge! It clings to the mind, when it has once seized on it, like a lichen on the rock. I wished sometimes to shake off all thought and feeling; but I learned that there was but one means to overcome the sensation of pain, and that was death – a state which I feared yet did not understand. I admired virtue and good feelings, and loved the gentle manners and amiable qualities of my cottagers; but I was shut out from intercourse with them, except through means which I obtained by stealth, when I was unseen and unknown, and which rather increased than satisfied the desire I had of becoming one among my fellows. The gentle words of Agatha, and the animated smiles of the charming Arabian, were not for me. The mild exhortations of the old man, and the lively conversation of the loved Felix, were not for me. Miserable, unhappy wretch!"

{{Glossary}}

\_squalid:\_ ussel

\_to induce:\_ å forårsake/å valde

\_endued:\_ forsynt

\_agile:\_ smidig

\_stature:\_ (legems)høyde/(lekams) høgd

\_blot:\_ skjemmende flekk/skjemmande flekk

\_to disown:\_ å ikke ville kjennes ved/å ikkje vilje kjennast ved

\_agony:\_ smerte

\_to dispel:\_ å drive bort

\_lichen:\_ lav

\_intercourse:\_ samkvem

\_exhortation:\_ formaning

{{{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Who is the narrator in this excerpt?

b) How does he spend his nights and days?

c) What does he learn about human nature and human society?

{{End of textbox}}

--- 169 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a Frankenstein has worked for over two years on this experiment. How does he react when he finally succeeds in bringing his creation to life? Why do you think he reacts in this manner?

>>> Task b In describing the man he has created, Frankenstein says that he had "selected his features as beautiful". What does he mean by this? What makes his creation horrible nevertheless?

>>> Task c How does the "monster" relate to nature? How would you characterise his descriptions of nature in chapter 13? In what way does he embody Romantic ideals?

>>> Task d Some critics have seen the story of \_Frankenstein\_ as an indictment (\_anklage\_) by the Romantics of the belief in progress and science that characterised the Enlightenment. Do you find support for this claim in the excerpts that you have read? Explain your answer.

>>> Task e In the 18th century the term "noble savage" became widespread (see page 163) and referred to peoples who were uncorrupted by civilisation, such as the American Indian. In what way do you think that the "monster" Frankenstein has created can be characterised as a "noble savage"?

>>> Task f Why does the creature say that "sorrow only increased with knowledge"? What has he learned that has created such sorrow in him?

>>> Task g What makes the monster a tragic figure?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

#### xxx4 2 THE GOTHIC

>>> Task a What Gothic elements (see p. 134) do you find in the excerpt of the novel \_Frankenstein\_?

>>> Task b "Gothic" and "Goths" are terms used today to refer to a particular youth subculture. What parallels can you find between this and the literary term "Gothic"?

#### xxx4 3 MOOD

See p. 143 for help on \_mood\_.

>>> Task a How would you describe the mood of the two excerpts?

>>> Task b What differences are there in the two excerpts?

#### xxx4 4 VOCABULARY

>>> Task a English has an immensely rich vocabulary. What often makes older literature difficult to read is the use of vocabulary that is not commonly used today. In the left hand column below, you will find words taken from the first excerpt (Chapter 5). Match these words with their more familiar counterparts in the right hand column. Then reread the excerpt and see how these words are used in the text.

{{Table, 2 columns, 10 rows}}

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| \_embrace\_ | stop |
| \_lassitude\_ | no use |
| \_toil\_ | live |
| \_traverse\_ | lifeless |
| \_detain\_ | kiss |
| \_in vain\_ | work |
| \_inhabit\_ | try |
| \_exceed\_ | tiredness |
| \_endeavour\_ | cross |
| \_inanimate\_ | go beyond |

{{End}}

--- 170 to 432

>>> Task b Here are definitions or synonyms of nouns found in this text. Find the correct noun in the list below. (There are more nouns than definitions/synonyms.)

-- something which is done quietly or secretly

-- covering for a corpse

-- face

-- attempt, effort

-- search

-- enthusiasm, passion

-- lack of energy

-- advice, urging

-- skin colour (esp. in the face)

{{End of list}}

\_Nouns\_: ardour – accomplishment – shroud – wretch – countenance – emotion – endeavour – quest – stature – exhortation – stealth – complexion – palpitation – languor

{{Picture}}

--

{{End}}

#### xxx4 5 WRITING

{{Textbox}}

An \_allegory\_ is a narrative in which objects, persons or events are equated with meanings outside the narrative itself. The underlying meaning has moral, social, religious or political significance, and characters are often personifications of abstract ideas such as charity, greed or envy. Thus an allegory is a story with two meanings, a literal meaning and a symbolic meaning.

The subtitle of \_Frankenstein (The Modern Prometheus)\_ is a direct reference to Greek mythology. According to Greek mythology, Prometheus stole fire from the gods and gave it to mankind. As a punishment, Zeus had him chained to a mountain where a bird pecked at his liver. Each day his liver was renewed and each day the bird returned to torture him. His punishment was never-ending.

In stealing fire from the gods, Prometheus empowers mankind but is punished cruelly for his audacity. It has been said that the novel \_Frankenstein\_ is an allegory which warns against the "over-reaching" of modern man and the Industrial Revolution. In the novel, the "monster" that Frankenstein has created eventually turns against him and kills the people he loves most. Frankenstein spends the rest of his life trying to hunt down and destroy his creation.

{{End of textbox}}

Today, many people think we have continued to "over-reach" in our hunger for knowledge in the fields of science and technology.

-- Are there areas, in your opinion, that we should not explore in the name of science?

-- Are we always able to foresee the consequences of our actions?

-- Should we be allowed to tamper with nature?

-- Where should we draw the line?

Write an essay in which you discuss your views on this subject. Call your essay "The Modern Prometheus".

{{End of tasks}}

--- 171 to 432

## xxx2 Emily Brontë (188-1848)

{{Textbox}}

was one of three sisters who all wrote novels and poetry – one of the most famous examples of a "literary family" in English history. They all lived most of their lives in the village of Haworth on the edge of the Yorkshire moors. Emily published only one novel in her lifetime – \_Wuthering Heights\_ – which has become one of the best-loved novels in the English language. Published under the male pseudonym Ellis Bell, \_Wuthering Heights\_ was received with some scepticism at the time. While recognising the power of its language, critics found its storyline rather exaggerated and improbable. Emily died of tuberculosis just a year after the novel was published.

{{End of textbox}}

\_Wuthering Heights\_ relates the passionate and tragic love story between the protagonists Catherine and Heathcliff. The story takes place at the end of the 1700s at two manors which are separated by the moors. The Earnshaws live at Wuthering Heights and the Lintons at Thrushcross Grange. When Mr Earnshaw comes home from a trip to Liverpool one day, he has with him a ragged, dirty and wild-looking orphan, Heathcliff. Mr Earnshaw has two children of his own, Catherine and Hindley, but also treats Heathcliff as a son. The relationship between the three develops very differently. Hindley hates Heathcliff from the start, while Catherine and Heathcliff are soon inseparable, roaming the moors at every opportunity. As they grow older, these feelings of hate and love become more intense. Heathcliff adores Catherine, so when she agrees to marry Edgar Linton from Thrushcross Grange this is a terrible blow.

  In the following excerpt, Catherine is telling the housekeeper, Nelly, about a dream she has had in which she had died and gone to heaven. Unfortunately, she does not know that Heathcliff is listening in the back of the room, hidden by the darkness.

### xxx3 Novel excerpt: Wuthering Heights

"This is nothing," cried she: "I was only going to say that heaven did not seem to be my home; and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth; and the angels were so angry that they flung me out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights; where I woke sobbing for joy. That will do to explain my secret, as well as the other. I've no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven; and if the wicked man in there had not brought Heathcliff so low, I shouldn't have thought of it. It would degrade me to marry Heathcliff now; so he shall never know how I love him: and that, not because he's handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same; and Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire."

  Ere this speech ended I [editor's note: \_the housekeeper\_] became sensible of Heathcliff's presence. Having noticed a slight movement, I turned my head, and saw him rise from the bench, and steal out noiselessly. He had listened till he heard Catherine say it would degrade her to marry him, and then he stayed to hear no further.

  My companion, sitting on the ground, was prevented by the back of the settee from remarking his presence or departure; but I started, and bade her hush!

{{Glossary}}

\_to roam:\_ å streife omkring

\_moor:\_ (lyng)hei

\_wuthering:\_ stormfull

\_heath:\_ (lyng)mo

\_ere = before:\_ gml. innen, før/innan, før

\_settee:\_ liten sofa

{{End of glossary}}

--- 172 to 432

"Why?" she asked, gazing nervously round.

  "Joseph is here," I answered, catching opportunely the roll of his cartwheels up the road; "and Heathcliff will come in with him. I'm not sure whether he were not at the door this moment."

  "Oh, he couldn't overhear me at the door!" said she. "... Heathcliff has no notion of these things. He has not, has he? He does not know what being in love is!"

  "I see no reason that he should not know, as well as you," I returned; "and if you are his choice, he'll be the most unfortunate creature that ever was born! As soon as you become Mrs. Linton, he loses friend, and love, and all! Have you considered how you'll bear the separation, and how he'll bear to be quite deserted in the world? Because, Miss Catherine –"

  "He quite deserted! we separated!" she exclaimed, with an accent of indignation. "Who is to separate us, pray? ... Not as long as I live, Ellen: for no mortal creature. Every Linton on the face of the earth might melt into nothing before I could consent to forsake Heathcliff... If all else perished, and he remained, I should still continue to be; and if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger: I should not seem a part of it. – My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath: a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I AM Heathcliff! He's always, always in my mind: not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being. So don't talk of our separation again: it is impracticable; and –"

  She paused, and hid her face in the folds of my gown; but I jerked it forcibly away. I was out of patience with her folly!

{{Textbox}}

Catherine marries Edgar Linton, however, and Heathcliff runs away. When he comes back, Catherine is on her deathbed. She gives birth to a daughter and dies. But before she dies, Heathcliff comes to Thrushcross Grange to see her.

{{End of textbox}}

With straining eagerness Catherine gazed towards the entrance of her chamber. He did not hit the right room directly: she motioned me to admit him, but he found it out ere I could reach the door, and in a stride or two was at her side, and had her grasped in his arms.

{{Glossary}}

\_cartwheel:\_ vognhjul

\_mortal:\_ menneskelig/menneskeleg

\_to consent:\_ å samtykke i

\_to perish:\_ å gå til grunne

\_to annihilate:\_ å tilintetgjøre/å gjere til inkjes

\_foliage:\_ bladverk

\_eternal:\_ evig(varende)/evig (varande)

\_impracticable:\_ ugjennomførlig/ugjennomførleg

\_gown:\_ kjole

\_straining:\_ higende/hikande

\_stride:\_ langt skritt

\_to disguise:\_ å skjule

{{End of glossary}}

"Oh, Cathy! Oh, my life! how can I bear it?" was the first sentence he uttered, in a tone that did not seek to disguise his despair. And now he stared at her so earnestly that I thought the very intensity of his gaze would

--- 173 to 432

bring tears into his eyes; but they burned with anguish: they did not melt.

  [...] "I wish I could hold you," she continued, bitterly, "till we were both dead! I shouldn't care what you suffered. I care nothing for your sufferings. Why shouldn't you suffer? I do! Will you forget me? Will you be happy when I am in the earth? Will you say twenty years hence, "That's the grave of Catherine Earnshaw? I loved her long ago, and was wretched to lose her; but it is past. I've loved many others since: my children are dearer to me than she was; and, at death, I shall not rejoice that I am going to her: I shall be sorry that I must leave them!" Will you say so, Heathcliff?" [...]

  "Are you possessed with a devil," he pursued, savagely, "to talk in that manner to me when you are dying? Do you reflect that all those words will be branded in my memory, and eating deeper eternally after you have left me? You know you lie to say I have killed you: and, Catherine, you know that I could as soon forget you as my existence! Is it not sufficient for your infernal selfishness, that while you are at peace I shall writhe in the torments of hell?"

  "I shall not be at peace," moaned Catherine.

{{Picture}}

--

{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_anguish:\_ smerte

\_to rejoice:\_ å fryde seg

\_branded:\_ brennemerket/brennemerkt

\_eternally:\_ evinnelig/evinneleg

\_infernal:\_ helvetes

\_to writhe:\_ å vri seg

{{End of glossary}}

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### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 CLOSE READING

>>> Task a How does Catherine portray her emotional connection to Heathcliff?

>>> Task b What is point of view is used in the two excerpts? Why do you think the author chose this point of view?

>>> Task c \_Wuthering Heights\_ was written some three decades after Jane Austen's \_Pride and Prejudice.\_ Re-read the conversation (on p. 116) between that novel's two lovers (Elizabeth and Mr Darcy) and compare it with the extract from \_Wuthering Heights.\_ How is love depicted in the two texts? How is the language itself different?

>>> Task d The novel was written in the Victorian Age, but is influenced by Romanticism. How is this influence reflected in the excerpts?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

#### xxx4 2 VOCABULARY

Find synonyms for the following verbs in the extracts from \_Wuthering Heights\_:

  \_leave – ask – cry – agree – die – say – destroy\_

#### xxx4 3 "WUTHERING HEIGHTS" – THE SONG

When Kate Bush released her song "Wuthering Heights" in 1978, the public were as stunned as they had been when the novel appeared more than 130 years before. "Wuthering Heights" was an instant success, staying at number one for a month and in the charts for 12 weeks. Pushing her voice to the limits, Bush sounds something like an alien child as she sings: "Heathcliff, it's meee, Cath-eeey, come home now" over a swirling background of piano and strings.

  Listen to the song and read the lyrics below.

>>> Task a What story does the song tell?

>>> Task b What is the mood of the song? Does it match the mood of the text excerpt?

>>> Task c Do the personalities of the two protagonists match the characters in the song? Why or why not?

{{Poem}}

\_Wuthering Heights\_

Out on the wiley, windy moors

We'd roll and fall in green.

You had a temper like my jealousy:

Too hot, too greedy.

How could you leave me,

When I needed to possess you?

I hated you. I loved you, too.

Bad dreams in the night.

They told me I was going to lose the fight,

Leave behind my wuthering, wuthering

Wuthering Heights.

Heathcliff, it's me – Cathy.

Come home now. I'm so cold!

Let me in-a-your window.

Heathcliff, it's me – Cathy.

Come home now. I'm so cold!

Let me in-a-your window.

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{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Poem continues}}

Ooh, it gets dark! it gets lonely,

On the other side from you.

I pine a lot. I find the lot

Falls through without you.

I'm coming back, love.

Cruel Heathcliff, my one dream,

My only master.

Too long I roam in the night.

I'm coming back to his side, to put it right.

I'm coming home to wuthering, wuthering,

Wuthering Heights,

Heathcliff, it's me – Cathy.

Come home now. I'm so cold!

Let me in-a-your window.

Ooh! let me have it.

Let me grab your soul away.

Ooh! let me have it.

Let me grab your soul away.

You know it's me – Cathy!

Heathcliff, it's me – Cathy.

Come home now. I'm so cold!

Let me in-a-your window.

Heathcliff, it's me – Cathy.

Come home now. I'm so cold!

{{End (Kate Bush)}}

#### xxx4 4 WUTHERING HEIGHTS – THE FILM

In 2011 \_Wuthering Heights\_ was turned into a film (not for the first time – it has been adapted for film and television many times). Watch the film and then go to access.cdu.no to find a study guide.

{{End of tasks}}

--- 176 to 432

## xxx2 Charlotte Brontë (1816-55)

{{Textbox}}

The eldest of the three famous Brontë sisters, Charlotte Brontë (1816–55) was also the longest living, though dying at a mere 39 years of age. Like her sisters Emily and Anne, Charlotte chose a male pseudonym (Currer Bell) under which to publish her most famous novel, \_Jane Eyre.\_ The novel was a commercial success and was better received than her sister's novel, \_Wuthering Heights\_, although some found its portrayal of female passion "improper". \_Jane Eyre\_ drew heavily on Charlotte's own experiences as a governess for wealthy families.

{{End of textbox}}

The very same year that Emily Brontë published \_Wuthering Heights\_, Emily's elder sister Charlotte also published a novel that was destined to become as much of a classic as her sister's. At first glance \_Jane Eyre\_ could be seen a more conventional novel; for example, in the "impossible" romance between a poor governess and her rich employer from a higher social class, and in the sudden inheritance of wealth from surprise sources. These were typical features of novels at the time. In other ways \_Jane Eyre\_ was a highly unconventional novel; for example, in the presentation of the heroine as a complex and intelligent woman, and in the full-blooded love affair that is portrayed with, in places, strong sexual undertones.

  The narrator, Jane Eyre herself, is a poor orphan, looked after as a child by a harsh aunt and sent to a particularly grim school. Jane eventually becomes a teacher and starts working as a governess at Thornfield Hall. Her employer is Mr Rochester, a man of great passion, but also of dark secrets. The two develop a friendship which eventually blossoms into love, and when Mr Rochester proposes, Jane accepts. However, she has misgivings about their relationship, which are compounded by mysterious events at the Hall, including hearing screams and mad laughter, as well as several unexplained accidents. Many of these experiences seem to be associated in some way with Grace Poole, a drunken woman employed by Rochester. With the wedding approaching, Rochester has given Jane the gift of a veil which she keeps in her room. One night, when Rochester is away, she has a terrifying experience. She keeps silent about it until he returns, and then tells him all:

### xxx3 Novel excerpt: Jane Eyre

"On waking, a gleam dazzled my eyes; I thought – Oh, it is daylight! But I was mistaken; it was only candlelight. Sophie, I supposed, had come in. There was a light in the dressing-table, and the door of the closet, where, before going to bed, I had hung my wedding-dress and veil, stood open; I heard a rustling there. I asked, 'Sophie, what are you doing?' No one answered; but a form emerged from the closet; it took the light, held it aloft, and surveyed the garments pendent from the portmanteau. 'Sophie! Sophie!' I again cried: and still it was silent. I had risen up in bed, I bent forward: first surprise, then bewilderment, came over me; and then my blood crept cold through my veins. Mr. Rochester, this was not Sophie, it was not Leah, it was not Mrs. Fairfax: it was not – no, I was sure of it, and am still – it was not even that strange woman, Grace Poole."

{{Glossary}}

\_improper:\_ upassende/upassande

\_governess:\_ guvernante, lærerinne/guvernante, lærarinne

\_inheritance:\_ arv

\_misgivings:\_ betenkeligheter/tvil

\_to compound:\_ å øke, å forverre/å auke, å forverre

\_veil:\_ slør

\_gleam:\_ lysskjær, svakt lys

\_rustling:\_ rasling

\_aloft:\_ (opp) i luften, i været/i lufta, i vêret

\_to survey:\_ å betrakte

\_pendent:\_ hengende/hengande

\_portmanteau:\_ stor koffert

\_bewilderment:\_ forvirring

{{End of glossary}}

--- 177 to 432

"It must have been one of them," interrupted my master.

  "No, sir, I solemnly assure you to the contrary. The shape standing before me had never crossed my eyes within the precincts of Thornfield Hall before; the height, the contour were new to me."

  "Describe it, Jane."

  "It seemed, sir, a woman, tall and large, with thick and dark hair hanging long down her back. I know not what dress she had on: it was white and straight; but whether gown, sheet, or shroud, I cannot tell."

  "Did you see her face?"

  "Not at first. But presently she took my veil from its place; she held it up, gazed at it long, and then she threw it over her own head, and turned to the mirror. At that moment I saw the reflection of the visage and features quite distinctly in the dark oblong glass."

  "And how were they?"

  "Fearful and ghastly to me – oh, sir, I never saw a face like it! It was a discoloured face – it was a savage face. I wish I could forget the roll of the red eyes and the fearful blackened inflation of the lineaments!"

  "Ghosts are usually pale, Jane."

{{Glossary}}

\_solemn:\_ høytidelig/høgtideleg

\_precinct:\_ (innhegnet) område, grense/(innhegna) område, grense

\_gown:\_ kjole, kappe

\_sheet:\_ laken

\_shroud:\_ liksvøp, likklede/liksveip, likklede

\_visage:\_ ansikt

\_oblong:\_ avlang

\_inflation:\_ utspiling, her: pløsete

\_lineament:\_ (ansikts)trekk

\_brow:\_ panne

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

"This, sir, was purple: the lips were swelled and dark; the brow furrowed:

--- 178 to 432

the black eyebrows widely raised over the bloodshot eyes. Shall I tell you of what it reminded me?"

  "You may."

  "Of the foul German spectre – the Vampyre."

  "Ah! – what did it do?"

  "Sir, it removed my veil from its gaunt head, rent it in two parts, and flinging both on the floor, trampled on them."

  "Afterwards?"

  "It drew aside the window-curtain and looked out; perhaps it saw dawn approaching, for, taking the candle, it retreated to the door. Just at my bedside, the figure stopped: the fiery eyes glared upon me – she thrust up her candle close to my face, and extinguished it under my eyes. I was aware her lurid visage flamed over mine, and I lost consciousness: for the second time in my life – only the second time – I became insensible from terror."

  "Who was with you when you revived?"

  "No one, sir, but the broad day. I rose, bathed my head and face in water, drank a long draught; felt that though enfeebled I was not ill, and determined that to none but you would I impart this vision. Now, sir, tell me who and what that woman was."

{{Textbox}}

Mr Rochester manages to persuade Jane that her experience must have been "half-dream, half-reality" and that it was Grace Poole she saw. The wedding is to take place the following day and the ceremony passes without a hitch until Mr Wood, the clergyman, gets to the part where he asks the couple and the congregation whether "there is any impediment why ye may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony":

{{End of textbox}}

He paused, as the custom is. When is the pause after that sentence ever broken by reply? Not, perhaps, once in a hundred years. And the clergyman, who had not lifted his eyes from his book, and had held his breath but for a moment, was proceeding: his hand was already stretched towards Mr. Rochester, as his lips unclosed to ask, "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" – when a distinct and near voice said –

  "The marriage cannot go on: I declare the existence of an impediment."

{{Glossary}}

\_furrowed:\_ furet, rynkete/forete, rynkete

\_spectre:\_ gjenganger, gjenferd/gjengangar, gjenferd

\_gaunt:\_ uhyggelig/uhyggeleg

\_to rend:\_ å rive

\_to retreat:\_ å trekke seg tilbake

\_fiery:\_ brennende, flammende/brennande, flammande

\_to glare:\_ å stirre, å glo sint/å stire, å glo sint

\_to extinguish:\_ å slukke/å sløkke

\_lurid:\_ flammende/flammande

\_consciousness:\_ bevissthet/medvit, bevisstheit

\_insensible:\_ bevisstløs/medvitslaus

\_terror:\_ skrekk

\_to revive:\_ å kvikne til

\_draught:\_ slurk

\_enfeebled:\_ svekket, avkreftet/svekt, avkrefta

\_to impart:\_ å meddele, å avsløre/å melde frå, å avsløre

\_vision:\_ syn

\_hitch:\_ hindring

\_clergyman:\_ prest

\_congregation:\_ menighet, forsamling/kyrkjelyd, forsamling

\_impediment:\_ (eksteskaps)hinder

\_to proceed:\_ å fortsette/å halde fram

{{End of glossary}}

The clergyman looked up at the speaker and stood mute; the clerk did the same; Mr. Rochester moved slightly, as if an earthquake had rolled under his feet: taking a firmer footing, and not turning his head or eyes, he said, "Proceed."

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Profound silence fell when he had uttered that word, with deep but low intonation. Presently Mr. Wood said –

  "I cannot proceed without some investigation into what has been asserted, and evidence of its truth or falsehood."

  "The ceremony is quite broken off," subjoined the voice behind us. 'I am in a condition to prove my allegation: an insuperable impediment to this marriage exists."

  Mr. Rochester heard, but heeded not: he stood stubborn and rigid, making no movement but to possess himself of my hand. What a hot and strong grasp he had! and how like quarried marble was his pale, firm, massive front at this moment! How his eye shone, still watchful, and yet wild beneath!

  Mr. Wood seemed at a loss. "What is the nature of the impediment?" he asked. "Perhaps it may be got over – explained away?"

  "Hardly," was the answer. "I have called it insuperable, and I speak advisedly."

  The speaker came forward and leaned on the rails. He continued, uttering each word distinctly, calmly, steadily, but not loudly –

  "It simply consists in the existence of a previous marriage. Mr. Rochester has a wife now living."

  My nerves vibrated to those low-spoken words as they had never vibrated to thunder – my blood felt their subtle violence as it had never felt frost or fire; but I was collected, and in no danger of swooning. I looked at Mr. Rochester: I made him look at me. His whole face was colourless rock: his eye was both spark and flint. He disavowed nothing: he seemed as if he would defy all things. Without speaking, without smiling, without seeming to recognise in me a human being, he only twined my waist with his arm and riveted me to his side.

  "Who are you?" he asked of the intruder.

  "My name is Briggs, a solicitor of – Street, London."

  "And you would thrust on me a wife?"

  "I would remind you of your lady's existence, sir, which the law recognises, if you do not."

  "Favour me with an account of her – with her name, her parentage, her place of abode."

  "Certainly." Mr. Briggs calmly took a paper from his pocket, and read out in a sort of official, nasal voice: –

{{Glossary}}

\_to assert:\_ å påstå, å hevde

\_to subjoin:\_ å tilføye

\_allegation:\_ beskyldning, anklage/skulding

\_insuperable:\_ uoverstigelig, uoverkommelig/uoverstigeleg, uoverkommeleg

\_to heed:\_ å bry seg

\_to possess:\_ å ta

\_quarried marble:\_ marmor rett fra steinbruddet/marmor rett frå steinbrottet

\_advised:\_ veloverveid, klok/godt gjennomtenkt, klok

\_collected:\_ fattet/fatta

\_to swoon:\_ å besvime/å svime av

\_spark:\_ gnist/gneiste

\_flint:\_ flint(estein)

\_to disavow:\_ å fornekte, å avvise

\_to defy:\_ å trosse, å utfordre/å trasse, å utfordre

\_to twine:\_ å binde

\_to rivet:\_ å holde fast/å halde fast

\_solicitor:\_ sakfører, advokat/sakførar, advokat

\_abode:\_ bopel/bustad

{{End of glossary}}

"'I affirm and can prove that on the 20th of October A.D. – (a date of fifteen years back), Edward Fairfax Rochester, of Thornfield Hall, in the county of –, and of Ferndean Manor, in – shire, England, was married to my sister, Bertha Antoinetta Mason, daughter of Jonas Mason, merchant, and of Antoinetta his wife, a Creole, at – church, Spanish Town, Jamaica. The record of the marriage will be found in the register of that

--- 180 to 432

church – a copy of it is now in my possession. Signed, Richard Mason.'"

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

"That – if a genuine document – may prove I have been married, but it does not prove that the woman mentioned therein as my wife is still living."

"She was living three months ago," returned the lawyer.

  "How do you know?"

  "I have a witness to the fact, whose testimony even you, sir, will scarcely controvert."

  "Produce him – or go to hell."

  "I will produce him first – he is on the spot. Mr. Mason, have the goodness to step forward."

{{Glossary}}

\_genuine:\_ ekte

\_scarce:\_ knapt

\_to controvert:\_ å bestride, å benekte/nekte for

\_convulsive:\_ krampaktig

\_quiver:\_ dirring, skjelving

\_spasmodic:\_ krampaktig

\_frame:\_ kropp, legeme/kropp, lekam

\_hitherto:\_ hittil

\_to linger:\_ å dvele

{{End of glossary}}

Mr. Rochester, on hearing the name, set his teeth; he experienced, too, a sort of strong convulsive quiver; near to him as I was, I felt the spasmodic movement of fury or despair run through his frame. The second stranger, who had hitherto lingered in the background, now drew near; a pale face looked over the solicitor's shoulder – yes, it was Mason himself. Mr. Rochester turned and glared at him. His eye, as I have often said,

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was a black eye: it had now a tawny, nay, a bloody light in its gloom; and his face flushed – olive cheek and hueless forehead received a glow as from spreading, ascending heart-fire: and he stirred, lifted his strong arm – he could have struck Mason, dashed him on the church-floor, shocked by ruthless blow the breath from his body – but Mason shrank away, and cried faintly, "Good God!" Contempt fell cool on Mr. Rochester – his passion died as if a blight had shrivelled it up: he only asked – "What have you to say?"

  An inaudible reply escaped Mason's white lips.

  "The devil is in it if you cannot answer distinctly. I again demand, what have you to say?"

  "Sir – sir," interrupted the clergyman, "do not forget you are in a sacred place." Then addressing Mason, he inquired gently, "Are you aware, sir, whether or not this gentleman's wife is still living?"

  "Courage," urged the lawyer,–"speak out."

  "She is now living at Thornfield Hall," said Mason, in more articulate tones: "I saw her there last April. I am her brother."

  "At Thornfield Hall!" ejaculated the clergyman. "Impossible! I am an old resident in this neighbourhood, sir, and I never heard of a Mrs. Rochester at Thornfield Hall."

  I saw a grim smile contort Mr. Rochester's lips, and he muttered –

  "No, by God! I took care that none should hear of it – or of her under that name." He mused – for ten minutes he held counsel with himself: he formed his resolve, and announced it –

  "Enough! all shall bolt out at once, like the bullet from the barrel. Wood, close your book and take off your surplice; John Green (to the clerk), leave the church: there will be no wedding to-day." The man obeyed.

{{Textbox}}

Rochester then leads the wedding party to the attic where his wife is kept:

{{End of textbox}}

He passed on and ascended the stairs, still holding my hand, and still beckoning the gentlemen to follow him, which they did. We mounted the first staircase, passed up the gallery, proceeded to the third storey: the low, black door, opened by Mr. Rochester's master-key, admitted us to the tapestried room, with its great bed and its pictorial cabinet.

  "You know this place, Mason," said our guide; "she bit and stabbed you here."

{{Glossary}}

\_tawny\_: gulbrun

\_nay = no\_

\_hueless:\_ fargeløs, grå/fargelaus, grå

\_ruthless:\_ hensynsløs/omsynslaus

\_contempt:\_ ringeakt, forakt

\_to shrivel up:\_ å (få til å) visne bort

\_inaudible:\_ uhørlig/uhøyrleg

\_to ejaculate:\_ å utbryte, å utstøte/å rope ut, å sette i

\_to contort:\_ å fordreie

\_to muse:\_ å gruble, å fundere

\_counsel:\_ råd

\_resolve:\_ beslutning/avgjerd

\_surplice:\_ messeskjorte (liturgisk klesplagg)

\_to ascend:\_ å gå opp

\_to beckon:\_ å gjøre tegn til, å vinke til/å gjere teikn til, å vinke til

\_to mount:\_ å stige opp, å gå opp

\_tapestried:\_ tapetsert, dekket med gobeleng (e.l.)/tapetsert, dekt med gobeleng (e.l.)

\_pictorial:\_ illustrert, malerisk/illustrert, målande

\_cabinet:\_ skap, kabinett, kammer

{{End of glossary}}

He lifted the hangings from the wall, uncovering the second door: this, too, he opened. In a room without a window, there burnt a fire

--- 182 to 432

guarded by a high and strong fender, and a lamp suspended from the ceiling by a chain. Grace Poole bent over the fire, apparently cooking something in a saucepan. In the deep shade, at the farther end of the room, a figure ran backwards and forwards. What it was, whether beast or human being, one could not, at first sight, tell: it grovelled, seemingly, on all fours; it snatched and growled like some strange wild animal: but it was covered with clothing, and a quantity of dark, grizzled hair, wild as a mane, hid its head and face.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

"Good-morrow, Mrs. Poole!" said Mr. Rochester. "How are you? and how is your charge to-day?"

  "We're tolerable, sir, I thank you," replied Grace, lifting the boiling mess carefully on to the hob: "rather snappish, but not 'rageous."

  A fierce cry seemed to give the lie to her favourable report: the clothed hyena rose up, and stood tall on its hind-feet.

  "Ah! sir, she sees you!" exclaimed Grace: "you'd better not stay."

  "Only a few moments, Grace: you must allow me a few moments."

  "Take care then, sir! – for God's sake, take care!"

  The maniac bellowed: she parted her shaggy locks from her visage, and gazed wildly at her visitors. I recognised well that purple face, – those bloated features. Mrs. Poole advanced.

  "Keep out of the way," said Mr. Rochester, thrusting her aside: "she has no knife now, I suppose, and I'm on my guard."

  "One never knows what she has, sir: she is so cunning: it is not in mortal discretion to fathom her craft."

  "We had better leave her," whispered Mason.

  "Go to the devil!" was his brother-in-law's recommendation.

  '"Ware!" cried Grace. The three gentlemen retreated simultaneously. Mr. Rochester flung me behind him: the lunatic sprang and grappled his throat viciously, and laid her teeth to his cheek: they struggled. She was a big woman, in stature almost equalling her husband, and corpulent besides: she showed virile force in the contest – more than once she almost throttled him, athletic as he was. He could have settled her with a well-planted blow; but he would not strike: he would only wrestle. At last he mastered her arms; Grace Poole gave him a cord, and he pinioned them behind her: with more rope, which was at hand, he bound her to a chair. The operation was performed amidst the fiercest yells and the most convulsive plunges. Mr. Rochester then turned to the spectators: he looked at them with a smile both acrid and desolate.

  "That is my wife," said he. "Such is the sole conjugal embrace I am ever to know – such are the endearments which are to solace my leisure hours!"

{{Glossary}}

\_fender:\_ gnistfanger/gneistefangar

\_suspended:\_ hengende/hengande

\_saucepan:\_ kasserolle

\_to grovel:\_ å krype sammen, å huke seg sammen/å krype saman, å huke seg saman

\_charge:\_ protesjé (en man passer på)/protesjé (ein som ein passar på)

\_snappish:\_ bisk, morsk

\_'rageous = outrageous:\_ voldsom, vanvittig/ustyrleg, vanvitig

\_to bellow:\_ å brøle, å hyle

\_bloated:\_ oppblåst

\_cunning:\_ slu, listig

\_to fathom:\_ å fatte, å forstå

\_craft:\_ listighet, dyktighet/listigheit, dyktigheit

\_'ware = to beware:\_ å vokte seg/å vakte seg

\_to grapple:\_ å gripe tak i

\_stature:\_ høyde, skikkelse, vekst/høgde, skapnad, vekst

\_to throttle:\_ å strupe, å kvele

\_cord:\_ reip

\_to pinion:\_ å holde fast armene/å halde fast armane

\_plunge:\_ kast

\_desolate:\_ fortvilt

\_sole:\_ eneste/einaste

\_conjugal:\_ ekteskapelig/ekteskapeleg

\_endearment:\_ kjærtegn/kjærteikn

\_to solace:\_ å trøste, å lindre/å trøyste, å lindre

{{End of glossary}}

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### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 UNDERSTANDING THE TEXT

>>> Task a What awakened Jane?

>>> Task b Why had the figure entered the room?

>>> Task c What happened to Jane at the end of this visit?

>>> Task d What is Mr Rochester's reaction when the wedding is interrupted?

>>> Task e Why can the wedding not continue?

>>> Task f What is Grace Poole employed to do?

>>> Task g What does Mr Rochester mean by his last utterance in the excerpt?

#### xxx4 2 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a "The madwoman in the attic" is one of the most enduring images in Victorian literature. It is also the title of one of the most famous works of feminist literary criticism, written in 1979. Why might modern feminists be interested in this image, do you think?

>>> Task b One of the themes of the novel is the autonomy and freedom of women within the institution of marriage. How is this theme reflected in the excerpt?

>>> Task c What typical Gothic features do you find in the excerpt?

>>> Task d What parallels can you find between the portrayals of Bertha and the monster in \_Frankenstein\_?

>>> Task e Considering how desperate Jane's situation is by the end of this excerpt, how do you think the novel ends? (Afterwards you may go to access.cdu.no to see how close you got to Charlotte Brontë's ending!)

#### xxx4 3 VOCABULARY

Choose five words from the text that were unfamiliar to you. Keep them to yourself and then make groups of three or four. Then take turns to make each other guess the words by explaining them (without using them, of course). Alternatively, you may wish to mime them.

#### xxx4 4 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

>>> Task a In Romantic literature, strong emotion is often manifested physically. Look at how the revelation of the truth about Rochester's wife is manifested in first Jane and then Rochester. What makes these descriptions "Romantic"?

>>> Task b Charlotte Brontë uses language that today might be considered rather formal and literary. Make the text below more Brontë-esque by swapping some of its vocabulary with words from the list below it. (Important: you will not need all the words, and you may have to change the sentences slightly.)

\_He denied any knowledge of any thing that might prevent their happiness. However, he saw from the sad expression on her face that she took no notice of his words or found little consolation in them. She said not a word, having clearly decided not to explain any of her misgivings to him. Then went up the stairs, putting out candles as she went.

   \_Words\_: utter, proceed, heed, insuperable, desolate, visage, solace, disavow, extinguish, impart, convulsive, ascend.

#### xxx4 5 ACT IT OUT

Act out the wedding scene. You may perform it as a "stage performance" or as a "radio play". You should in either case focus on delivering your lines as convincingly as possible, checking pronunciation beforehand.

  For help, see the text "Writing and producing a radio play" at access.cdu.no.

{{End of tasks}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

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## xxx2 Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49)

{{Textbox}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

Today Edgar Allan Poe (1809–49) is considered one of America's great writers, but Poe himself knew little but failure in his own unhappy lifetime. When his career as a student failed, he began to earn his living as an editor of several publications, often contributing some of his own writings to these magazines. His life ended unexpectedly; he was found in a ditch in someone else's clothes after disappearing for several weeks, and he died shortly afterwards. What really happened to him remains a mystery – very like the stories he was the first to write. His stories of mystery and adventure have earned him the title of father of the modern short story. He was also the author of stories which were solved by clever deduction and which can be considered the first modern detective stories. His poems are often characterised by the same strange and melancholy mood of his stories and have a haunting, musical quality.

{{End of textbox}}

{{Tasks}}

"The Tell-Tale Heart" is often seen as the classic Gothic short story. What elements do you then expect it to contain?

{{End of tasks }}

### xxx3 Listening: The Tell-Tale Heart

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

True! – nervous – very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why \_will\_ you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses – not destroyed – not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? hearken! and observe how healthily – how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

{{Textbox}}

Listen to the rest of the short story at access.cdu.no, where you will also find a full glossary for the text.

{{End of textbox}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

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### xxx3 TASKS

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

#### xxx4 1 AFTER LISTENING

Work in small groups and discuss the following questions:

>>> Task a Start your discussion by retelling the story in your own words, trying to include as many details as possible from memory. Is this a story that is easily remembered? Why or why not?

>>> Task b Poe believed that every good narrative should create one definite and powerful impression on the mind of the reader, such as terror, horror, pity, shock, etc, and he prided himself on writing stories of intense emotion. In your opinion, has he succeeded in this story? What impression are you left with at the end of "The Tell-Tale Heart"?

>>> Task c What is the effect of using the first-person point of view in this story? Would it have been equally effective to describe the narrator's madness using a third-person point of view? Why or why not?

>>> Task d What role does the sense of \_hearing\_ play in this story?

>>> Task e Before listening to the story, you were asked what elements you expected from "the classic Gothic short story". Which of the elements you noted did you actually find in the story?

#### xxx4 2 WRITING A REPORT

Choose one of the following tasks:

>>> Task a Write the police report the police officers handed in after the arrest of the narrator.

>>> Task b Write a newspaper report of the crime.

>>> Task c Imagine that the narrator is interviewed by a psychiatrist to evaluate whether he is sane enough to stand trial. Write the psychiatrist's report.

#### xxx4 3 GOING FURTHER – "ANNABEL LEE"

This ballad by Edgar Allan Poe tells the story of the poet's undying love for the "beautiful Annabel Lee". Read the poem to find out what has happened to her. You will find the text and a recording of "Annabel Lee", as well as a set of tasks, at access.cdu.no.

#### xxx4 4 WRITING

Try your hand at writing a Gothic horror story. Here is a list of features that are often present in such stories. You may use some or all of these in your story if you like:

  \_graveyard – ghost – full moon – abandoned mansion – mad relative – locked closet – family secret – unexplained death – dramatic climax\_

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## xxx2 ESSAY WRITING COURSE 4: PARAGRAPH COHERENCE

An important quality in any good text, especially essays, is \_coherence\_. The coherence of a text means how well its parts – its words, sentences and paragraphs – work together and contribute to the text as a whole. An \_incoherent\_ text is one that lacks unity.

  When we looked at paragraphs (see p. 122), we drew attention to the importance of the topic sentence as a way of focussing attention on one main idea for each paragraph. We also said the function of the other sentences was to support the topic sentence by explaining, defining or giving examples of the point expressed there. Following this advice is an important step towards coherent essays. But there is more to it than that.

  As we have seen, a well-structured essay gains from being \_visually\_ structured too – in clear paragraphs. In the same way, the coherence of a paragraph needs to be reflected in the language it uses. Readers, after all, are not mind readers, so the job of the writer is to give them clear signals about what is to come and how it relates to what has already been said. Reading a good text should be a smooth ride, not a bumpy one. There are a number of ways in which you can achieve coherence in a text.

### xxx3 Repeating key words or phrases

Repeating the word or phrase that is the theme of your essay, or the topic of your paragraph, is a way of keeping the text focussed:

  \_Above all they loved \_nature\_. Not that \_nature\_ had been ignored by earlier poets. It had often been described beautifully. However, the Romantics gave it a new twist. A poem had to be more than a clever mirror of \_nature\_. It was not enough, for example, just to write about a river so that the reader would get a brilliant picture of it; no, they wanted the river to symbolise something more, to express some deep belief or idea, some fundamental and perhaps mystical connection with the universe. It was during the Romantic age that the word "artificial" took on its modern meaning of something man-made and false. Earlier it had implied the use of "art" to tame and improve \_nature\_ – for example, in the way classical gardens of the Enlightenment had been laid out in precise geometrical forms. In contrast, the Romantics were particularly fond of wild \_nature\_, of mountains and waterfalls and hikes across country. It was in the untamed and rude \_nature\_ of the world that truth was to be found.\_

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

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### xxx3 Pronoun reference

Obviously you don't want to exaggerate repetition. Too much of it makes a text boring or irritating. Another way in which we create cohesion is by avoiding the repetition of nouns, noun phrases or names and using pronouns instead. In speech we do this without thinking, but in writing we have to be sure that it is clear what the pronoun is referring to:

  \_Don't be misled by the British tendency to be soft-spoken and polite. If \_they\_ need to be, \_they\_ can be plenty tough. The English language didn't spread across the oceans and over the mountains and jungles and swamps of the world because ‑\_these people\_ were panty-waists.\_

  (From an instruction book for American servicemen in Britain, 1942)

  This paragraph works, in spite of the fact that "they" in the second sentence doesn't actually have a clear reference in the first sentence. From the context we understand that "they" – and later "these people" – are "the British". In the following paragraph the connection is less clear:

  \_The Romantic Movement was in many ways a reaction to the Enlightenment's one-sided focus on reason. \_They\_ wanted to focus on feelings instead.

  Here it would be better if \_they\_ were replaced by a noun: \_writers\_ or \_artists\_, for example.

### xxx3 Parallelism

Parallelism is a sort of repetition, only here it is not names or nouns that are repeated, but grammatical structures. Parallelism makes a text easier to read, and by making sentences similar in structure it helps to emphasise connections in content:

  \_The French Revolution was initially a source of inspiration for many young English Romantics. In its dream of equality, fraternity and liberty they found nourishment for \_their disdain\_ for conventional morality, \_their desire to\_ break new ground both in literature and society and \_their belief in\_ the perfectability of mankind. Only later, \_sickened by\_ the horrors of the guillotine and \_disillusioned by\_ the cynicism of its leaders, did poets like Wordsworth lose their faith in the Republican movement.

  Parallelisms of this sort help to bind a text together without the reader even noticing it. If we take them a step further, parallelisms become more typical of persuasive texts. It is no coincidence that some of the great speech-makers have found them an effective way of moving an audience.

   \_"Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, we will pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, and oppose any foe in order to assure the survival and success of liberty."\_ John F. Kennedy, Inaugural Address, 1961

  Faulty parallelism makes a text seem rather inelegant and amateurish. The following sentences are grammatically correct, but there is faulty parallelism in each of them:

>>> Task 1 There was nothing that pleased Wordsworth more than climbing the hills, walking on the moors and to write poetry.

>>> Task 2 Mary Wollstonecraft was a famous writer, a respected philosopher and she strongly supported feminism.

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>>> Task 3 Heathcliff's status as an outsider makes him sullen as a child, a resentful youth and a vindictive adult.

Now see the difference when we correct the parallelisms:

1 There was nothing that pleased Wordsworth more than \_climbing the hills, walking on the moors\_ and \_writing poetry\_.

2 Mary Wollstonecraft was \_a famous writer, a respected philosopher\_ and \_a leading feminist\_.

3 Heathcliff's status as an outsider makes him \_a sullen child, a resentful youth\_ and \_a vindictive adult\_.

xxx3 Transitional words and phrases

These are words and phrases that can be added to a text to make it clear how the sentences are related to each other. They can be compared to traffic signs for motorists; they tell us what to expect on the next stretch of road – or text. If we removed all the road signs, experienced drivers would still find their way around, but traffic flow would slow down and there would be misunderstandings. It is the same with a text:

  \_Mary Shelley's novel was written nearly two centuries ago. The story continues to strike a chord with modern readers. The science described in the creation of Victor Frankenstein's monster is outdated. The theme of playing God is as relevant as ever. The theme has never been more relevant. Modern genetic engineering has provided us with the means to create life on a scale never imagined by Victor Frankenstein.\_

  The content of this paragraph is fine – it has some sensible things to say. But it is a little difficult to see how the sentences relate to each other. If we add a few transitional words and phrases, as well as joining some of the sentences together, we get a clearer, more readable text:

  \_Although\_ Mary Shelley's novel was written nearly two centuries ago, the story continues to strike a chord with modern readers. \_While\_ the science described in the creation of Frankenstein's monster may be outdated, the theme of playing God is as relevant as ever. \_Indeed\_, it has never been more so. \_After all\_, modern genetic engineering has provided us with the means to create life on a scale never imagined by Shelley's young scientist.

  Below is a list of some of the more common transitional words and phrases, grouped according to their function. But a word of warning here: Don't overdo it! Too many transitional words and phrases become tiresome and confusing – just as too many road signs do. But it is useful to be aware of them so that you can use them when necessary.

{{Table converted into paragraphs}}

\_Adding information\_

again, also, and, and then, besides, equally important, finally, first, further, furthermore, in addition, in the first place, last, moreover, next, second, still, too

\_Comparing\_

also, in the same way, likewise, similarly

\_Conceding\_

granted, naturally, of course

\_Contrasting\_

although, and yet, at the same time, but at the same time, despite that, even so, even though, for all that, however, in contrast, in spite of, instead, nevertheless, on the contrary, on the other hand, otherwise, regardless, still, though, yet

\_Emphasising\_

certainly, indeed, in fact, of course

\_Illustrating\_

after all, as an illustration, even, for example, for instance, in conclusion, indeed, in fact, in other words, in short, it is true, of course, namely, that is, to illustrate, thus, truly

\_Summarising\_

all in all, altogether, as has been said, finally, in brief, in conclusion, in other words, in particular, in short, in simpler terms, in summary, on the whole, that is, therefore, to put it differently, to summarise

\_Giving a time sequence\_

after a while, afterward, again, also, and then, as long as, at last, at length, at that time, before, besides, earlier, eventually, finally, formerly, further, furthermore, in addition, in the first place, in the past, last, lately, meanwhile, moreover, next, now, presently, second, shortly, simultaneously, since, so far, soon, still, subsequently, then, too, until, until now, when

{{End}}

## xxx2 TASKS

>>> Task 1 Combine the following sentences using suitable transitional words or phrases.

a I prefer folk music. My girlfriend adores heavy metal.

b He's received three threatening letters. He is continuing to investigate the case.

c The referee blew his whistle to start the game. It began to pour with rain.

d Her boyfriend is very good-looking. He's a damn good cook.

e She was absolutely exhausted. She's just finished her final exams.

f You don't like him. You want that job. You'll have to be nice to him.

>>> Task 2 Correct the faulty parallelism in the following sentences:

a After completing the marathon for the third time, she vowed that she would retire from competitive sports, spend more time with her family and that she would write her autobiography.

b Her long experience as a teacher and the fact that she had trained as a chemist were both ignored by the appointments committee.

c Charlotte Brontë considered either working as a governess or that she would get a job as a schoolteacher.

d Poe is seen by some as the father of the detective story and some people see him as the father of the horror genre.

>>> Task 3 The following paragraphs are rather inelegant because of the way they use repetition. Rewrite them, using pronoun reference, parallelisms, changes in word order or whatever means you find useful, without changing the meaning.

a Emily Brontë's novel \_Wuthering Heights\_ is often regarded as one of the most singular novels in the English language and it is also often regarded as one of the remotest novels from the social realities of the time the novel was written. It is important to note that Emily Brontë dated the events of

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\_Wuthering Heights\_ to a half a century before the time the novel was written. However, there are plenty of signs in \_Wuthering Heights\_ that Emily Brontë knew a good deal about the social realities of her time, not least the impact of the Industrial Revolution.

b In \_Jane Eyre\_ Charlotte Brontë presented passionate love from a woman's point of view in a way that shocked many readers at the time. Many readers felt that Charlotte Brontë did not show enough feminine modesty in her portrayal of passionate love. While accepting that women might experience passionate love, many readers preferred to have passionate love portrayed as a romance, and preferred their heroines to be strikingly beautiful.

c Child labour was taken for granted in the late 18th and early 19th century. Child labour had been an essential part of agricultural life since agriculture began. Child labour was not seen as a social evil until the Industrial Revolution. In the Industrial Revolution child labour was used for work that was dangerous and exhausting. Work that required small stature typically used child labour, for example chimney sweeping. Using child labour for chimney sweeping was not forbidden until 1875.

>>> Task 4 Read the paragraphs below carefully. Then sit in pairs or threes and discuss what you think is the topic sentence in each of them and how you think they could be improved without changing the content. Then, working individually, rewrite them using the changes you discussed.

a The book I would choose to take on a desert island is a book called \_Frankenstein\_. It's an amazing book about a man called Frankenstein who is a scientist. He's obsessed with creating life. He creates this monster out of different body parts. He brings it to life using electricity. The monster escapes. Frankenstein wants to forget the whole experiment. The monster tracks him down. He wants revenge. He gets it.

b Jane Austen's life experience was limited. That is not the only reason why the settings of her novels are narrow. The real explanation is also artistic. She understood that important experiences did not have to be extraordinary. She understood that everyday life was full of important experiences. You just have to observe them closely.

c Catherine Earnshaw is the heroine of \_Wuthering Heights.\_ She is devoted to Heathcliff. She wants to advance herself socially by marrying Edgar Linton. She is torn between these two things. In this way she is like many modern heroines. She is unable to conform to what society requires of her.

d Percy Bysshe Shelley spent his life in conflict with convention. He was born into an old aristocratic family. He was a fervent supporter of the French Revolution. He went to Oxford University. He was expelled for publishing a pamphlet advocating atheism. His private life was also in conflict with convention. He eloped with his first wife, Harriet Westbrook, when she was sixteen. He left her and their first child and eloped with his second wife, Mary Godwin. She was sixteen at the time.

{{End of tasks}}

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## xxx2 ACROSS THE ARTS 3: NATURE AND NOSTALGIA

### xxx3 Romanticism and English landscape painting

Two names dominate English landscape painting in the first half of the 19th century: John Constable (1776–1837) and Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775–1851). Born within a year of each other, and both regarded as representatives of Romanticism, they are very different, both as artists and as men. Constable was the son of a wealthy Suffolk mill owner and corn merchant, Turner a barber's son from London. Constable was a handsome, respectable family man, while Turner was reputedly ugly, uncouth and promiscuous. The two men were also bitter rivals who apparently detested each other.

  John Constable's painting "The Hay Wain" (p. 131), finished in 1821, is one of the most familiar and popular English works of art. It is one of those rare images that have made it from the art gallery and the pages of books on art history to adorn such everyday things as biscuit tins, tea towels and jigsaw puzzles. For many, Constable's "The Hay Wain" embodies something quintessentially and soothingly English. It is odd, then, to think that the painting was once seen as being problematic, even provocative.

  In the 1700s landscape painting was seen as rather an inferior art form. It was interiors and portraits that were the vogue, and when nature was featured in paintings at all it was generally as a background for human figures and activity, and an orderly and civilised background at that. The idea of nature actually taking centre stage is in itself a Romantic innovation.

  Rather than civilising nature, Romantic artists gloried in its wildness and its disorderliness. Admittedly, the landscape in Constable's paintings is not the wildest, even by English standards. Constable painted scenes from the area he grew up in – the gentle, rural landscape on the border between Suffolk and Essex, which the tourist trade has since christened "Constable Country". But although the landscape may be gentle and domesticated, his aim was to depict its "naturalness" as vividly and truthfully as he could. In classical landscape painting, symmetry was strived for. Not so here. "The Hay Wain" aims to portray a real scene, not a stylised one. For example, notice the redbrick wall that is just visible on the far right of the picture next to the boat. We don't know what it is part of – it is as if the artist is a photographer and the wall just "got into the shot". Although the painting (which is six feet tall) was finished in the studio, Constable prepared the work by sketching on site. He said himself that while working he tried to forget that he had ever seen a picture before – his aim was to see the world as if for the first time.

  There is an almost photographic realism to the detail of the painting. The trees are not just any old trees; they are recognisable species of trees (black poplars). The clouds are not any old clouds, but particular sorts of clouds (cumulus clouds). (Constable took a keen interest in meteorology.) It is the freshness of the picture that makes it so memorable, and Constable developed his own methods to achieve this. His use of touches of pure white paint to highlight the disturbed water and the light catching the wall of the cottage was an innovation. Notice, too, the deep red of the horse harnesses that draws us to the focal point.

  There are figures and human activity in the picture, just as there were in earlier landscape paintings. But there is a difference here. For one thing, the figures seem somehow subordinate to the landscape they are in. It is nature

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that is our primary interest. Another important difference is that these are ordinary folks, rather than the gentry – hunting, shooting or picnicking – that often featured in earlier landscapes. There is the woman drawing water from the river on the left, there is the fisherman in his boat, while in the distance beyond the river there are farm workers bringing in the hay harvest. The focal point of the painting is the hay wain itself, drawn by two horses and carrying two farmhands. It is clearly a hot day and the horses are being watered before lumbering off to fetch a new load.

  It is an idyllic picture and one that exudes clarity and calm. The only disturbance is the little dog fussing along the shore. But 19th-century rural England was no idyll. The Industrial Revolution had started a massive movement of working people from the villages to the cities as machines increasingly replaced manpower. There were protests and even riots. None of this is present in the painting. Constable, the mill owner's son, seems to want to preserve an idyll, a vision of a simpler world. Not surprising, then, that the picture is a favourite on biscuit tins and tea towels.

  J.M.W. Turner's painting "The Fighting Temeraire" (p. 133) is at least as iconic as "The Hay Wain". It enjoys rather less popularity in the biscuit tin market, due to its less idyllic subject matter. The painting's full title is "The Fighting Temeraire tugged to her last berth to be broken up, 1838", and the ship in question would have been familiar to Turner's audience. \_The Temeraire\_ earned fame at the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805 by coming to the rescue of Nelson's \_Victory\_ and avenging his death. The news that the heroic warship, now outdated by the advent of steam, was to be scrapped was greeted with horror by many patriotic Britons.

  The painting is full of heavy symbolism: the dark, dirty steam-driven tug pulling the majestic sailing ship; the white flag in the rigging, ostensibly signalling that the boat is now in private ownership but with associations of surrender, the sunset representing the end of an era and the beginning of a new. At one level the painting is a memorial to a ship; at another it can perhaps be seen as an allegory (see p. 170) of the Industrial Revolution.

  As with "The Hay Wain", there is an extraordinary freshness to the picture that has to do with the way light is rendered. But Turner's technique is quite unlike Constable's. There is no attempt here at realistic accuracy. In fact, the painting is full of inaccuracies: the boats appear to be travelling eastwards, which is the wrong direction for the \_Temeraire's\_ actual destination. The real \_Temeraire\_ was pulled by two tugs, not one. But these details are irrelevant – Turner was most likely not even present when the event took place. It is a work of imagination in which the important thing is to create an atmosphere rather than a locality. The picture is almost without details, the artist using loose and light brushstrokes to create a hazy, dazzling effect. The exception is the \_Temeraire\_ itself, which is rendered in extraordinary detail, but with a strange, otherworldly appearance, as if it is a ghost ship. It is as if the past is somehow clearer than the present.

  In their different ways, the rivals Constable and Turner signal a break with the conventions of British painting. Their daring attempts to paint the world as if they were seeing it for the first time paved the way the way for later Impressionists. Turner, particularly, whose paintings are often more about colour and light than representation, has often been called the father of modern art.

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### xxx3 Documenting Nature's dignitaries

While Constable and Turner were capturing the "naturalness" of the domesticated English landscape, an artist on the other side of the Atlantic was struggling with a rather different, though related, project. George Catlin (1796–1872) was a lawyer-turned-painter with an obsession: he wanted to preserve on canvas the rapidly disappearing world of the Plains Indians. His fascination may have come from stories told by his mother who, as a child, had been abducted by the Iroquois – and released unharmed.

  In the 1830s the Native American tribes of the Great Plains were under increasing pressure as the Frontier moved ever westwards. The Indian Removal Act required them to vacate land east of the Mississippi to make room for settlers. One of the results of this was the Trail of Tears, when tribes from the South-East were forcibly relocated to Oklahoma, many thousands of them dying of disease and starvation on the way. European attitudes to Native Americans, particularly on the Frontier, were generally extremely negative – they were seen as savages and a threat to America's "Manifest Destiny" to conquer the continent from east to west.

  Catlin begged to differ. For him the "Red Indians", as they were known, were "Nature's dignitaries", proud, hospitable, honest people under threat from the corruption of Frontier society. He spent six years in Indian Territory, visiting 48 tribes and painting a total of 300 portraits and some 175 paintings depicting landscapes and Indian life. Some tribes were deeply sceptical of his art, believing that capturing a likeness was like capturing a soul, and it is a testament to Catlin's rapport with his subjects that he was able to persuade them to sit for him. Catlin had no formal training as an artist, and critics were often scathing about his technique. But the general public found his paintings interesting, if provocative, in their direct and detailed depictions of a people who were sometimes feared, sometimes despised, but rarely understood.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

However, Catlin's reputation as a "friend of the Indians" is not spotless. After his years in the West, he had to try and make a living from his work and experiences. In 1839 he came to Europe with what was basically a Wild West Show featuring not only his paintings but 35 real "Red Indians" who enthralled audiences with their costumes and enactments of rituals and daily life. It wasn't exactly a freak show,

--- 194 to 432

but seen from a modern perspective, it wasn't far off. His pictures, too, have been criticised by some Native Americans who see his project as invasive and exploitative.

  Nevertheless, the fact remains that Catlin's paintings today represent one of very few contemporary documentations of the material culture of mid-19th-century Plains Indians. And his portraits of chiefs, warriors, women and children also preserve something more: in their serious faces and their imperious stares it is tempting to read a knowledge both of their own worth and of their impending fate.

## xxx2 TASKS

>>> Task 1 John Constable's painting "The Hay Wain" (p. 131) and William Wordsworth's poem "Composed upon Westminster Bridge" (p. 154) are both famous expressions of Romanticism. What parallels can you find between them in terms of imagery, theme and mood? What differences are there?

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{{End}}

>>> Task 2 Go to access.cdu.no and listen to the podcast from the National Gallery with writer Russell Celyn Jones's personal response to J.M.W. Turner's "The Fighting Temeraire". Then answer the following questions:

>>> Task a What does Jones say about the role the ship played in history?

>>> Task b Jones says that Turner mourned the ship being brought "to the knacker's yard". Why does he use this image, do you think?

>>> Task c Jones talks about the painting as "emotional memory" of the ship. What does he mean by that?

>>> Task d How does Jones interpret the ghostlike appearance of the ship?

>>> Task 3 Compare the portrait of Stu-mick-o-súcks (p. 193) with the portrait of Elizabeth I (p. 50). What similarities are there?

>>> Task 4 In his book \_Last Rambles Amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes\_ (1868), George Catlin writes: "I love a people who always made me welcome to the best they had ... who are honest without laws, who have no jails and no poor-house ... who never take the name of God in vain ... who worship God without a Bible, and I believe that God loves them also ... who are free from religious animosities ... who have never raised a hand against me, or stolen my property, where there was no law to punish either ... who never fought a battle with white men except on their own ground ... and oh! how I love a people who don't live for the love of money".

  What parallels are there between these sentiments and those expressed by Robinson Crusoe in the last paragraph of the extract on p. 102?

{{End of tasks}}

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# xxx1 CHAPTER 5: The Victorian Age

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{{End}}

\_Competence aims in focus:\_

The aims of the studies are to enable students to:

-- interpret a representative selection of texts from literary-historical periods in English literature, from the Renaissance up to the present time

-- interpret literary texts and other cultural expressions from a cultural-historical and social perspective

-- analyse and assess ... a selection of other artistic forms of expression within English-language culture

-- assess his or her own language learning in terms of established language learning goals

(Translation: udir.no)

{{End of lists}}

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{{Tasks}}

What do you associate with the Victorian Age? What do you know about the following key figures from the Victorian Age? Charles Darwin, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, Florence Nightingale, Charles Dickens and Queen Victoria herself.

{{End of tasks}}

## xxx2 Britain in the Victorian Age

Like the Elizabethan Age, the Victorian Age owes its name to a seemingly indestructible female monarch that became both a figurehead and an embodiment of the age. As such we can date it exactly. Queen Victoria was crowned in 1837 and died in 1901. However, the Victorian Age was more than just the reign of a monarch; it was a pivotal period in Britain's development associated with particular attitudes and tastes.

  From time to time you can hear British politicians suggesting that modern Britain needs to return to "Victorian values". It always provokes a controversy. It is clear from the public response that the term means rather different things for different people. For some, "Victorian values" means economic progress, stability and strict family-based morality. For others, it means class division, urban misery and hypocrisy. For some, the Victorian Age was the high point of British history. For others, it was the root of many modern evils.

  How is it possible that a period in history should arouse such different reactions? And which one is right? Historical periods are, of course, as complex and full of contradictions as life itself. No historical period is without its negative and positive sides. That the verdict on the Victorian Age in particular should have the jury so divided is hardly surprising. After all, it is still fairly recent history. Although over a century has passed since it ended, the legacies of the period are still with us. In fact, it can be said that it was in the Victorian Age that the foundations of our modern world were laid.

{{Glossary}}

\_pivotal:\_ sentral

\_to provoke:\_ å provosere

\_controversy:\_ kontrovers, diskusjon

\_hypocricy:\_ hykleri

\_contradiction:\_ motsigelser/motseiingar

\_legacy:\_ arv

{{End of glossary}}

### xxx3 The Industrial Revolution

For one thing, this was the period that totally transformed where and how people lived in Britain – and, later, in the rest of the world. We call this transformation the Industrial Revolution, although that term was coined later. When Victoria came to the throne, Britain was already changing from a mainly rural, agricultural country to a mainly urban, industrial one. Places such as Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Bristol and Glasgow were rapidly being transformed from

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towns into huge, sprawling cities. By the end of Victoria's reign (1901), over 80% of Britons were city-dwellers.

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The driving force of this enormous demographic change was industrialisation. New technologies that had been developed during the Enlightenment, such as coal-fired steam power, the spinning jenny and improved iron founding, now bore fruit in the shape of mechanised production. Mechanisation created new jobs in the factories – and fewer jobs on the farms. Considering its small size, Britain was blessed with rich resources of coal and iron ore, while its empire, which now covered a quarter of the globe, provided virtually unlimited supplies of other vital raw materials, such as cotton and flax. Britain became "the workshop of the world" and, with the wealth this generated, the leading economic power.

{{Glossary}}

\_iron founding:\_ jernstøping/jernstøyping

\_ore:\_ malm

\_flax:\_ lin

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What is meant by "Victorian values"?

b) What was the Industrial Revolution?

c) What were some positive and negative consequences of this revolution?

{{End of textbox}}

xxx3 Wealth and poverty

But the wealth that these changes brought was not evenly spread. The aristocracy remained at the top of the pile, very few in number but still

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owning the vast majority of the land. Their political and economic power, however, was rapidly being eroded by the middle class, for whom the growing economy offered great opportunities for self-improvement, either through business or through the professions. They built houses – semi-detached or detached – in the leafy suburbs of the new cities and could afford the new comforts of the age – running water, indoor lavatories and bathrooms, gas lights and stoves. Increasingly, it was the middle class who set the agenda, not just economically, but morally. Hard work, self-discipline, duty and family life were seen as being the cornerstones of respectability.

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For the millions of poor migrating to the cities, a sort of respectability was within reach, but comforts certainly were not. The lucky ones found work in mines, factories and shipyards, and moved into the crowded and unsanitary tenements and back-to-back houses that were hastily built in the inner cities. To have a living wage, the whole family had to earn, including children, and the work was generally noisy, monotonous and dangerous. A new urban working class was born – poor and often hungry, but also, especially among skilled workers, increasingly self-aware and eager to improve themselves.

{{Glossary}}

\_to erode:\_ å forvitre

\_to set the agenda:\_ å sette dagsordenen

{{End of glossary}}

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At the bottom of Victorian society were the mass of unemployed and unemployable. For them there were two choices. One was the workhouse, the last resort of the destitute (see page 203). The other was to join the ranks of what were often called "the criminal classes", the underworld of thieves, pick-pockets and prostitutes that thrived alongside "respectable Victorian society", like a mirror image of it. Every city had its slum areas, where poverty and human degradation ruled and where respectable people never went – except under cover of darkness to avail themselves of the degradation it had to offer.

  The seeds of social unrest were sown here in the uneven distribution of Britain's ever-growing wealth. Some politicians feared the consequences, such as Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli who warned of the danger of "Two nations between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets.

### xxx3 The growth of empire

At the top of the British social ladder was the woman the era is named after: Queen Victoria, the longest-reigning monarch in British history (1837–1901). Although, like modern monarchs, she "reigned" rather than "ruled", Queen Victoria's influence as a figurehead and a role model was enormous. With her large family (she had nine children) and her devotion to her husband, Prince Albert, she personified middle-class family values and strict moral codes, in contrast to the often scandalous behaviour of her predecessors. When Albert died of typhoid in 1861, she went into a period of mourning that lasted for the rest of her life.

{{Glossary}}

\_destitute:\_ lutfattig

\_to avail:\_ å utnytte

\_predecessor:\_ forgjenger/forgjengar

\_typhoid:\_ tyfus

\_scramble:\_ kav

\_swathe:\_ område

{{End of glossary}}

A small, plump figure, invariably dressed in black and with the air of a rather dominating old aunt, she came to symbolise not just the nation but a huge empire. In 1876, after over a century of British dominance, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India (which in those days included also present-day Pakistan, Bangladesh and Myanmar). Britain also led the field in the "scramble for Africa", not least through the efforts of imperialist adventurer Cecil Rhodes, who put vast swathes of the southern part of the continent under British rule. In addition to these were the "settler nations" of Canada, Australia and New Zealand. In all nearly a quarter of the world's surface belonged to this lady, who herself never ventured further than the Isle of Wight.

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{{End}}

The term "Pax Britannica" ("the British peace") was coined to describe

--- 200 to 432

a world in which one dominant super-power kept the peace. Actually, it was far from the truth. The British Army was kept busy all through Victoria's reign, but conflicts were limited in scope and, more importantly, they took place far from the Isle of Wight. For Britain and her European neighbours, it was mostly a time of peace.

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### xxx3 Victorian literature

Britain's colonial adventures also had an impact on literature. Exotic, foreign settings were nothing new in English literature, as we saw in \_Robinson Crusoe\_, but now they were based on first-hand experience and real insight. Writers like Rudyard Kipling described the imperialist project from the British point of view, but not without a critical edge.

{{Glossary}}

\_impact:\_ inntrykk, virkning/inntrykk, verknad

{{End of glossary}}

Novels were the favourite reading matter of the rising middle class. They were often serialised in newspapers and magazines, and the most popular authors reached huge audiences. Some of these novels were melodramatic, some were romantic, and some attempted to give a realistic portrayal of the less pleasant aspects of Victorian society. None were more

--- 201 to 432

popular than the novels of Charles Dickens, who succeeded in doing all these things. The growth of the reading public meant that novelists had real influence in society and were able to direct public attention to contemporary social issues such as child labour, working conditions and the effects of materialism.

  Many Victorian novelists were women. The novels of the Brontë sisters (see pp. 171 and 176), though heavily influenced by Romanticism, belong chronologically to the Victorian Age. Elizabeth Gaskell's novels and short stories, including the ever-popular \_Cranford\_ (1853), are more typical of the age, focussing on the impact of industrialisation. Being taken seriously as a woman writer was still a challenge, as evidenced by the fact that Mary Ann Evans found it necessary to choose a male penname, George Eliot, for her seven novels. She achieved both popularity and critical acclaim, with her last novel, \_Middlemarch\_ (1874), being widely regarded as one of the finest English novels.

  The Victorian era also sees the birth of children's literature. Indeed, some credit the Victorians as "inventing" childhood in the modern sense of the word – as a separate period of life requiring a literature and a culture of its own. As more children were going to school and learning to read, there was a growing audience for books for children and young people. Some of it was openly moralistic and educational, but works of fantasy, like those of Lewis Carroll, enjoyed great popularity, as did \_The Jungle Book\_ by Rudyard Kipling.

  Victorian literature, in all its variety, continues to enjoy enormous popularity, as evidenced by the never-ending stream of films and TV adaptations. It is as if the two faces of the Victorian Age – the optimism and the despair, the righteousness and the hypocrisy – continue to fascinate us. Perhaps it is because we recognise so much of our own times.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Describe the different social classes in Britain during the Victorian Age.

b) What happened to the British Empire in this period?

c) How would you characterise Victorian literature?

{{End of textbox}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_contemporary:\_ samtidig

{{End of glossary}}

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## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 1 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a What similarities do you see between the Victorian Age and our own times? What are the chief differences?

>>> Task b Benjamin Disraeli feared that social divisions would lead to "two nations between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy ...". Would you say he has been proven right?

>>> Task c During the Victorian Age Britain was indisputably the world's dominant superpower. To what extent can this period of the country's history be seen in modern Britain?

>>> Task d Have you seen any TV or film adaptations of Victorian literature? If so, what impression did you get? Why do you think Victorian literature is still popular?

### xxx3 2 VOCABULARY

>>> Task a English has many abstract nouns that end in -\_y\_. Turn the following (taken from the text) into adjectives:

stability, misery, poverty, hypocrisy, respectability, sympathy, fantasy

>>> Task b Use a dictionary to find out how the following words are pronounced, paying special attention to stress. Then make meaningful sentences using as many of the words as possible. Finally, sit in pairs and check each other's pronunciation by reading the sentences aloud.

pivotal, controversy, venture, tenement, aristocracy, embodiment, legacy

### xxx3 3 GOING FURTHER

Go to access.cdu.no to find the article "1857: The Year that Made Britain Great", in which a British journalist takes a retrospective look at Victorian society and makes a surprising claim. It is your job to find out what that claim is.

### xxx3 4 QUICK RESEARCH

Find out more about one of the following Victorian figures (some of whom are mentioned in the prereading task). Then sit in groups of three or four and tell each other about the figures you have chosen:

  Charles Darwin, Isambard Kingdom Brunei, Florence Nightingale, Julia M Cameron, William Booth, William Gladstone, Benjamin Disraeli

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

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## xxx2 FACT BOX: CHARLES DICKENS AND THE VICTORIAN WORKHOUSE

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\_Oliver Twist\_ is one of Charles Dickens's earlier works, published in 1837, the first year of Victoria's reign. It is still one of his most popular and has been made into several film and television versions, and also into a very successful musical.

The novel tells the story of a poor, virtuous workhouse orphan who, through no fault of his own, finds himself involved in London's criminal underworld. Much of the action of the novel takes part in the dirty, dangerous backstreets of the London where few of Dickens's readers had ever ventured. There is a colourful cast of characters, including the streetwise Jack Dawkins, known as the Artful Dodger, the murderous Bill Sykes and, not least, the terrifying figure of Fagin, master of thieves. In classic Dickens fashion it ends happily – Oliver is rescued from Fagin's clutches by Mr Brownlow, who turns out to be a friend of Oliver's dead father.

The workhouse was an institution that inspired fear and shame among the poor of 18th- and 19th-century England. Originally set up to "save" the poorest in the community – those too old or sick to look after themselves – it was treated by many local authorities as a sort of deterrent against poverty. The inmates wore uniforms, treatment was often brutal and food rations were meagre. Worst was the shame of living there at all. In another Dickens novel, \_Our Mutual Friend\_, the poor old lady Betty Higden puts it like this:

Kill me sooner than take me there. Throw this pretty child under cart-horses' feet and a loaded wagon, rather than take him there. Come to us and find us all a-dying, and set a light to us all where we lie and let us blaze away with the house into a heap of cinders sooner than move a corpse of us there.

Dickens's portrayal of the workhouse in \_Oliver Twist\_ made a real impression on the reading public and helped to bring about improvements during the Victorian period.

{{Glossary}}

\_to venture:\_ å driste seg

\_streetwise:\_ gatevant/gatevan

\_deterrent:\_ avskrekking

\_cinder:\_ aske/oske

{{End of glossary}}

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## xxx2 Charles Dickens (1812-70)

{{Textbox}}

was, and still is, by far the most popular Victorian novelist. He had a hard childhood, being put to work in a factory when he was only twelve years old. This experience made a lasting impression on him, giving him sympathy for the exploited expressed in several of his greatest novels, including \_David Copperfield\_ and \_Great Expectations.\_ He dealt with serious social and political matters in a warm and humorous way with the intention of touching the hearts and consciences of the middle-class readers of his time. However, his timeless portrayal of humanity continues to touch readers' hearts and minds to this very day.

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In this scene from chapter 2, Oliver has just turned nine years of age. Until now he has been under the care – if that is the word – of the elderly Mrs Mann in the workhouse's "baby farm", along with thirty other infants. One day Mr Bumble, the pompous beadle (a sort of constable) of the parish, comes visiting.

### xxx3 Novel Excerpt: Oliver Twist

Mrs. Mann ushered the beadle into a small parlour with a brick floor; placed a seat for him; and officiously deposited his cocked hat and cane on the table before him. Mr. Bumble wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his walk had engendered, glanced complacently at the cocked hat, and smiled. Yes, he smiled. Beadles are but men: and Mr. Bumble smiled.

  "Now don't you be offended at what I'm a going to say," observed Mrs. Mann, with captivating sweetness. "You've had a long walk, you know, or I wouldn't mention it. Now, will you take a little drop of some-think, Mr. Bumble?"

  "Not a drop. Not a drop," said Mr. Bumble, waving his right hand in a dignified, but placid manner.

  "I think you will," said Mrs. Mann, who had noticed the tone of the refusal, and the gesture that had accompanied it. "Just a leetle drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar."

  Mr. Bumble coughed.

  "Now, just a leetle drop," said Mrs. Mann persuasively.

  "What is it?" inquired the beadle.

  "Why, it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house, to put into the blessed infants' Daffy, when they ain't well, Mr. Bumble," replied Mrs. Mann as she opened a corner cupboard, and took down a bottle and glass. "It's gin. I'll not deceive you, Mr. B. It's gin."

  "Do you give the children Daffy, Mrs. Mann?" inquired Bumble, following with his eyes the interesting process of mixing.

  "Ah, bless 'em, that I do, dear as it is," replied the nurse. "I couldn't see 'em suffer before my very eyes, you know sir."

  "No," said Mr. Bumble approvingly; "no, you could not. You are a humane woman, Mrs. Mann." (Here she set down the glass.) "I shall take a early opportunity of mentioning it to the board, Mrs. Mann." (He drew it towards him.) "You feel as a mother, Mrs. Mann." (He stirred the ginand-water.) "I – I drink your health with cheerfulness, Mrs. Mann"; and he swallowed half of it.

{{Glossary}}

\_beadle:\_ konstabel

\_parlour:\_ stue

\_officiously:\_ geskjeftig

\_dignified:\_ verdig

\_Daffy\_ her: medisin

{{End of glossary}}

--- 205 to 432

"And now about business," said the beadle, taking out a leathern pocket-book. "The child that was half-baptized Oliver Twist, is nine year old today."

  "Bless him!" interposed Mrs. Mann, inflaming her left eye with the corner of her apron.

  "And notwithstanding a offered reward of ten pound, which was afterwards increased to twenty pound. Notwithstanding the most superlative, and, I may say, supernat'ral exertions on the part of this parish," said Bumble, "we have never been able to discover who is his father, or what was his mother's settlement, name, or condition."

  Mrs Mann raised her hands in astonishment; but added, after a moment's reflection, "How comes he to have any name at all, then?"

  The beadle drew himself up with great pride, and said, "I inwented it."

  "You, Mr. Bumble!"

  "I, Mrs. Mann. We name our fondlings in alphabetical order. The last was a S,-Swubble, I named him. This was a T,-Twist, I named \_him\_. The next one comes will be Unwin, and the next Vilkins. I have got names ready made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z."

  "Why, you're quite a literary character, sir!" said Mrs. Mann.

{{Glossary}}

\_to interpose:\_ å skyte inn

\_to inflame:\_ å gjøre rød/å gjere raud

\_exertion:\_ anstrengelse/strev

\_fondling (= foundling):\_ hittebarn

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 206 to 432

"Well, well," said the beadle, evidently gratified with the compliment; "perhaps I may be. Perhaps I may be, Mrs. Mann." He finished the ginand-water, and added, "Oliver being now too old to remain here, the board have determined to have him back into the house. I have come out myself to take him there. So let me see him at once."

  "I'll fetch him directly," said Mrs. Mann, leaving the room for that purpose. Oliver, having had by this time as much of the outer coat of dirt which encrusted his face and hands, removed, as could be scrubbed off in one washing, was led into the room by his benevolent protectress.

  "Make a bow to the gentleman, Oliver," said Mrs. Mann.

  Oliver made a bow, which was divided between the beadle on the chair, and the cocked hat on the table.

  "Will you go along with me, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble, in a majestic voice.

  Oliver was about to say that he would go along with anybody with great readiness, when, glancing upward, he caught sight of Mrs. Mann, who had got behind the beadle's chair, and was shaking her fist at him with a furious countenance. He took the hint at once, for the fist had been too often impressed upon his body not to be deeply impressed upon his recollection.

  "Will she go with me?" inquired poor Oliver.

  "No, she can't," replied Mr. Bumble. "But she'll come and see you sometimes."

  This was no very great consolation to the child. Young as he was, however, he had sense enough to make a feint of feeling great regret at going away. It was no very difficult matter for the boy to call tears into his eyes. Hunger and recent ill-usage are great assistants if you want to cry; and Oliver cried very naturally indeed. Mrs. Mann gave him a thousand embraces, and what Oliver wanted a great deal more, a piece of bread and butter, less he should seem too hungry when he got to the workhouse. With the slice of bread in his hand, and the little brown-cloth parish cap on his head, Oliver was then led away by Mr. Bumble from the wretched home where one kind word or look had never lighted the gloom of his infant years. And yet he burst into an agony of childish grief, as the cottage-gate closed after him. Wretched as were the little companions in misery he was leaving behind, they were the only friends he had ever known; and a sense of his loneliness in the great wide world, sank into the child's heart for the first time.

{{Glossary}}

\_gratified:\_ fornøyd/(for)nøgd

\_coat:\_ lag

\_to encrust:\_ å dekke med skorpe

\_benevolent:\_ snill, velmenende/snill, velmeinande

\_countenance:\_ ansiktsuttrykk

\_recollection:\_ minne

\_consolation:\_ trøst/trøyst

\_to make a feint:\_ å late som

\_ill-usage:\_ mishandling

\_embrace:\_ omfavnelse/omfamning

\_wretched:\_ elendig

\_gloom:\_ mørke

\_agony:\_ smerteanfall

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What is it that Mrs Mann offers the beadle, and which we learn that she also gives the children when they are ill?

b) How did Oliver get his name?

c) Why has the beadle come to "the baby farm"?

d) How does Oliver react to the news?

{{End of textbox}}

{{Textbox}}

So Oliver becomes an inmate at the main workhouse. And there he might have remained, had it not been for the incident at supper:

{{End of textbox}}

--- 207 to 432

The room in which the boys were fed, was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end: out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at mealtimes. Of this festive composition each boy had one porringer, and no more – except on occasions of great public rejoicing, when he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again; and when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls), they would sit staring at the copper, with such eager eyes, as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves, meanwhile, in sucking their fingers most assiduously, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months: at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cookshop), hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel per diem, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

  The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered each other, and winked at Oliver; while his next neighbours nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said: somewhat alarmed at his own temerity:

  "Please, sir, I want some more."

  The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupified astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder; the boys with fear.

  "What!" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

  "Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

  The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle; pinioned him in his arm; and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

{{Glossary}}

\_copper:\_ kjele (av kopper)/kjele (av kopar)

\_ladle:\_ øse/ause

\_gruel:\_ velling

\_porringer:\_ skål

\_to devour:\_ å sluke

\_assiduously:\_ iherdig

\_voracious:\_ skrubbsulten/skrubbsvolten

\_per diem:\_ per dag

\_pauper:\_ fattiglem

\_grace:\_ bordbønn

\_temerity:\_ frekkhet/frekkheit

\_stupefied:\_ stum

\_to pinion:\_ å holde fast/å halde fast

\_conclave:\_ møte

{{End of glossary}}

The board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said, "Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has

--- 208 to 432

asked for more!"

  There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

  "For \_more!"\_ said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

  "He did, sir," replied Bumble.

  "That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hung."

  Nobody controverted the prophetic gentleman's opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish. In other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

{{Glossary}}

\_allotted:\_ tildelt

\_dietary:\_ rasjon

\_to controvert:\_ å motsi/å motseie

\_confinement:\_ arrest

\_sequel:\_ fortsettelse/framhald

\_to mar:\_ å skjemme

{{End of glossary}}

"I never was more convinced of anything in my life," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, as he knocked at the gate and read the bill next morning: "I never was more convinced of anything in my life, than I am that that boy will come to be hung."

  As I purpose to show in the sequel whether the white waistcoated gentleman was right or not, I should perhaps mar the interest of this narrative (supposing it to possess any at all), if I ventured to hint just yet, whether the life of Oliver Twist had this violent termination or no.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) How does Dickens describe the way the boys are fed at the workhouse?

b) What do the boys decide to do about this?

c) How do the master, the assistants, the beadle and the board react to Oliver's request?

{{End of textbox}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 209 to 432

## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 1 LOOKING MORE CLOSELY AT THE TEXT

>>> Task a In spite of its heart-breaking subject matter, these two scenes are comic. How does Dickens make them funny? How would you characterise the humour?

>>> Task b Find examples of words used ironically here.

>>> Task c Does the comedy soften or harden the blow of the subject matter, do you think?

>>> Task d What is the role of the narrator here? If the scene was just "shown" (i.e. only actions and dialogue) what would the difference be?

>>> Task e The scene where Oliver asks for more is one of the most famous in all Dickens's novels. Why do you think that is?

### xxx3 2 LANGUAGE AND CHARACTERISATION

>>> Task a Dickens is famous for his colourful, larger-than-life characters who each have their own particular way of speaking. Mr Bumble is an example of this. What is characteristic about his language? Refer to examples from the text.

>>> Task b How is Oliver's language in comparison? Refer to examples.

### xxx3 3 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

Dickens's style can be quite demanding for a modern reader. He enjoys using a wide vocabulary and quite complicated syntax, often with comic effect. Below are some sentences which have been taken from the text and "translated" into simpler, more modern English. Try to find the original sentences that they are translated from:

>>> Task a We haven't been able to find out who his parents are, although we have tried really hard.

>>> Task b He remembered the fist because he'd been hit by it so often.

>>> Task c He was rather surprised by his own daring.

>>> Task d Everyone looked horrified.

>>> Task e I would spoil the story if I revealed whether Oliver really does end up being hanged.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

### xxx3 4 ACT IT OUT

Turn the first extract (featuring Mrs Mann, Mr Bumble and young Oliver) into drama. The dialogue is already given, and the rest of the text provides directions for movements and actions. You may have your lines written down, but you should practise so that you can deliver them convincingly. Try to capture the essence of the characters in your performance!

### xxx3 5 GOING FURTHER-WORKHOUSES

Workhouses continued to exist right up until the 1970s, although by then they were generally renamed "public assistance institutions". Some famous people have spent at least some of their childhood in the workhouse, such as Charlie Chaplin and the explorer Henry Morton Stanley. Go to access.cdu.no and read about or listen to the experiences of these and other former workhouse inmates.

--- 210 to 432

## xxx2 FACT BOX: COAL MINING

Coal mining was the very basis of Great Britain's Industrial Revolution. The country's rich coal deposits, laid down millions of years before, provided a local and seemingly endless supply of cheap energy. Coal had been mined in Britain on a small scale since the Bronze Age, but the huge amounts needed to fuel the steam engines and iron foundries of the 19th century led to the establishment of a mining industry on a huge scale. The mines gave employment to thousands, and towns and villages sprang up around them, with housing often provided by pit-owners. These mining communities, with the characteristic pit wheels dominating the skyline, were often close-knit and fiercely proud, developing a strong solidarity in the face of adversity.

For if coal was cheap in the economic sense, it carried a high price in human terms. Mining is uncomfortable and dangerous at the best of times, and in the 19th century there was little regulation of health and safety. The industry left a terrible scar on the landscape, on individuals and on whole communities. At surface level, women and children were employed sorting coal. (Child labour in mines themselves was made illegal in 1833.) The pit heaps grew into mountains and the coal dust got everywhere, causing lung diseases. Working conditions below the surface were indescribable. Coal seams usually lay hundreds of feet below the surface, and had to be mined manually by miners with picks and shovels working in cramped tunnels. The dangers were many: roof-falls, fires, suffocation, flooding and, especially, the danger of explosions. Most miners experienced some sort of injury at some time, and when disaster struck – which it often did – whole villages would be left mourning.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 211 to 432

## xxx2 Tommy Armstrong (1848-1920)

{{Textbox}}

was himself a miner from County Durham and earned himself the title "the pitman's poet" for his songs about the industry and the communities it relied on. Sometimes funny, sometimes sad and sometimes critical, his songs continue the tradition of the older "broadsheet ballads", written to reflect popular response to current events. Armstrong, who had fourteen children to support, wrote for money: his songs were printed and sold at public houses at a penny a copy.

{{End of textbox}}

Trimdon Grange in County Durham in the North-East of England had grown up around the pit head in the early 19th century and by the 1880s it had become a small community. On 16 February 1882 an explosion occurred in one of the shafts, caused by a miner's lamp igniting methane gas (which the miners called "fire-damp"). Seventy-five miners were killed. Few families in the village were left untouched by the tragedy. The Trimdon Grange disaster was by no means unique or even particularly large by Victorian standards. Between 1,000 and 1,500 miners were killed every year in the industry.

### xxx3 Song lyrics: The Trimdon Grange Explosion

O let's not think of to-morrow

Lest we disappointed be,

For our joys may turn to sorrow

As we all may daily see.

To-day we're strong and healthy,

Tomorrow there comes the change,

As we may see from the explosion

That has been at Trimdon Grange

Men and boys set out that morning

For to earn their daily bread,

Never thinking that by the evening

They'd be numbered with the dead.

Let's think of Mrs Burnett

Once had sons but now has none;

In the Trimdon Grange disaster

Joseph, George and James have gone.

February has left behind it

What will never be forgot;

Weeping women and helpless children

May be found in many's the cot.

They ask if father's left them

And the mother she hangs her head,

With a weeping widow's feelings

Tells the child its father's dead.

God protect the lonely widow

And raise each drooping head.

Be a father unto the orphans

Do not let them cry for bread.

Death will pay us all a visit,

They have only gone before.

And we will meet the Trimdon victims

Where explosions are no more.

{{End of song lyrics}

{{Glossary}}

\_foundry:\_ støperi/støyperi

\_pit:\_ kullgruve/kolgruve

\_adversity:\_ motgang

\_seam:\_ åre

\_to ignite:\_ å tenne på

\_widow:\_ enke

{{End of glossary}}

--- 212 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 RESPONDING TO THE SONG

>>> Task a How would you describe the tone of the song? How is the tone expressed in the language of the song? Give examples.

>>> Task b The song mentions neither the pit owner nor the authorities. Does this surprise you? What could the reason be?

>>> Task c What do you think the function of a song like this would have been?

>>> Task d Would you expect a modern song about a similar disaster to be different in any way? Explain.

#### xxx4 2 DISCUSSION

"Black gold" is a term used to denote both coal and another fossil fuel, oil. The oil industry, too, has cost many lives. Are we simply willing to pay whatever human price is necessary to get fuel, provided the profits are enough?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 213 to 432

## xxx2 Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-94)

{{Textbox}}

was born into a family of famous Scottish engineers and lighthouse builders. Ill health prevented him from following his father's career and instead he studied law. But it soon became clear that story-telling was his passion, and in his twenties he made a number of journeys abroad, providing him with ample material for his writing. He wrote poetry and adventure stories, the most famous of which is \_Treasure Island.\_ In the last years of his short life he and his wife moved to Samoa in the South Pacific, hoping the climate would improve his health. By the time he died, he had become a revered figure among the native population, who called him Tusitala – "story-writer".

{{End of textbox}}

As we have mentioned, the Victorian Age was full of contradictions. On the one hand, it was a time of unparalleled economic growth. On the other, it was a time of grinding poverty. It was the age of "family values" and strict sexual morality. Nonetheless, prostitution and pornography flourished. It was the age of the Salvation Army – and of the serial killer Jack the Ripper.

  Nowhere is this Victorian "duality" more clearly expressed than in the novella \_Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde.\_ (A novella is longer than a short story, but shorter than a novel.) Written in 1886, it is in many ways a terrifying tale and it continues to strike a chord in modern readers, as witnessed by the many film and television versions that have been made. The names \_Jekyll\_ and \_Hyde\_ have entered the language, as expressions of the contradictions of the human soul.

### xxx3 Novella excerpt: Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

{{Textbox}}

\_The plot so far:\_

In Victorian London an incident of street violence and the brutal murder of a Member of Parliament have been linked to a strange, solitary man called Mr Hyde. A lawyer, Gabriel Utterson, hears about the case and notices that Mr Hyde's movements seem to be connected to those of a friend of his, Dr Henry Jekyll. Jekyll has even changed his will, leaving his property to the mysterious Hyde. The more the lawyer investigates, the more reclusive Dr Jekyll becomes, isolating himself in his laboratory. Finally Jekyll's butler comes to him, fearing that Jekyll has been killed by an intruder. Together they enter the laboratory and find the body of Hyde, who has obviously committed suicide. Dr Jekyll is nowhere to be seen. But a letter left to Utterson reveals all.

Jekyll tells that he had long been fascinated and disturbed by the duality of the human soul – i.e. that we have both good and evil within us. In his laboratory he developed a drug which he hoped would isolate the evil part into a separate being, thereby leaving Jekyll himself morally improved. The plan went horribly wrong ...

{{End of textbox}}

{{Glossary}}

\_reclusive:\_ avsondret/avsondra

\_intruder:\_ inntrenger/inntrengar

\_tincture:\_ preparat

{{End of glossary}}

I had long since prepared my tincture; I purchased at once, from a firm of wholesale chemists, a large quantity of a particular salt which I knew, from my experiments, to be the last ingredient required; and late one

--- 214 to 432

accursed night, I compounded the elements, watched them boil and smoke together in the glass, and when the ebullition had subsided, with a strong glow of courage, drank off the potion.

  The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of birth or death. Then these agonies began swiftly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of disordered sensual images running like a millrace in my fancy, a solution of the bonds of obligation, an unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave to my original evil; and the thought, in that moment, braced and delighted me like wine. I stretched out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations; and in the act, I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.

  There was no mirror, at that date, in my room; that which stands beside me as I write, was brought there later on and for the very purpose of these transformations. The night however, was far gone into the morning – the morning, black as it was, was nearly ripe for the conception of the day – the inmates of my house were locked in the most rigorous hours of slumber; and I determined, flushed as I was with hope and triumph, to venture in my new shape as far as to my bedroom. I crossed the yard, wherein the constellations looked down upon me, I could have thought, with wonder, the first creature of that sort that their unsleeping vigilance had yet disclosed to them; I stole through the corridors, a stranger in my own house; and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

{{Glossary}}

\_to compound:\_ å blande

\_ebullition:\_ oppkok

\_to subside:\_ å gi seg

\_potion:\_ drikk

\_current:\_ strøm/straum

\_millrace:\_ møllefoss

\_to exult:\_ å juble

\_stature:\_ kroppsstørrelse/kroppsstorleik

\_constellations:\_ stjerner

\_vigilance:\_ påpasselighet/vaktsemd

\_to resort:\_ å ty til

\_to resolve:\_ å bestemme seg

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

Rather than becoming morally improved by the creation of Mr Hyde, Dr Jekyll finds himself resorting to the drug to enjoy pleasures that he would never have allowed himself otherwise. He rents a house in Soho where Hyde can stay after his nighttime activities and tells his servants that Mr Hyde is to be allowed to come and go as he wishes. But Jekyll soon realises that Hyde is out of control. One morning he awakens to find himself in his own bed, but in the body of Mr Hyde.

Realising that Hyde's strength is growing, Jekyll resolves to stop the project before it is too late. But after two months of abstinence, he gives in to temptation and takes the drug once more. This time Hyde is more savage than ever. Roaming the streets he is accosted by an old, white-haired gentleman (the Member of Parliament) who politely inquires the way:

{{End of textbox}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What has Dr Jekyll made?

b) How does he react at first to drinking it?

c) How does he feel when he comes to himself?

{{End of textbox}}

--- 215 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring. I was conscious, even when I took the draught, of a more unbridled, a more furious propensity to ill. It must have been this, I suppose, that stirred in my soul that tempest of impatience with which I listened to the civilities of my unhappy victim; I declare, at least, before God, no man morally sane could have been guilty of that crime upon so pitiful a provocation; and that I struck in no more reasonable spirit than that in which a sick child may break a plaything. But I had voluntarily stripped myself of all those balancing instincts by which even the worst of us continues to walk with some degree of steadiness among temptations; and in my case, to be tempted, however slightly, was to fall.

{{Glossary}}

\_draught:\_ drikk

\_unbridled:\_ uhemmet/uhemma

\_propensity:\_ tilbøyelighet/tilbøyelegheit

\_civility:\_ høflighetsfrase/høfleg frase

\_to maul:\_ å maltraktere

{{End of glossary}}

Instantly the spirit of hell awoke in me and raged. With a transport of glee, I mauled the unresisting body, tasting delight from every blow; and it was not till weariness had begun to succeed, that I was suddenly, in the top fit of my delirium, struck through the heart by a cold thrill of

--- 216 to 432

terror. A mist dispersed; I saw my life to be forfeit; and fled from the scene of these excesses, at once glorying and trembling, my lust of evil gratified and stimulated, my love of life screwed to the topmost peg. I ran to the house in Soho, and (to make assurance doubly sure) destroyed my papers; thence I set out through the lamplit streets, in the same divided ecstasy of mind, gloating on my crime, light-headedly devising others in the future, and yet still hastening and still hearkening in my wake for the steps of the avenger. Hyde had a song upon his lips as he compounded the draught, and as he drank it, pledged the dead man. The pangs of transformation had not done tearing him, before Henry Jekyll, with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God. The veil of self-indulgence was rent from head to foot. I saw my life as a whole: I followed it up from the days of childhood, when I had walked with my father's hand, and through the self-denying toils of my professional life, to arrive again and again, with the same sense of unreality, at the damned horrors of the evening. I could have screamed aloud; I sought with tears and prayers to smother down the crowd of hideous images and sounds with which my memory swarmed against me; and still, between the petitions, the ugly face of my iniquity stared into my soul. As the acuteness of this remorse began to die away, it was succeeded by a sense of joy. The problem of my conduct was solved. Hyde was thenceforth impossible; whether I would or not, I was now confined to the better part of my existence; and O, how I rejoiced to think of it! with what willing humility I embraced anew the restrictions of natural life! with what sincere renunciation I locked the door by which I had so often gone and come, and ground the key under my heel!

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_terror:\_ redsel

\_forfeit:\_ forspilt/bortkasta

\_to the topmost peg:\_ til sitt ytterste/til det ytste

\_to devise:\_ å klekke ut

\_to hearken:\_ å lytte

\_to compound:\_ å blande

\_veil:\_ slør

\_self-indulgence:\_ nytelsessyke/nytingssjuke

\_rent:\_ revet/rivna

\_petition:\_ begjæring/bønn

\_iniquity:\_ syndighet/syndig natur

\_renunciation:\_ forsakelse/forsaking

{{End of glossary}}

The next day, came the news that the murder had been overlooked,

--- 217 to 432

that the guilt of Hyde was patent to the world, and that the victim was a man high in public estimation. It was not only a crime, it had been a tragic folly. I think I was glad to know it; I think I was glad to have my better impulses thus buttressed and guarded by the terrors of the scaffold. Jekyll was now my city of refuge; let but Hyde peep out an instant, and the hands of all men would be raised to take and slay him.

{{Textbox}}

Realising that he is mortal danger if he continues his double life, Dr Jekyll tries to make up for Hyde's evil by doing good deeds. But it is too late. Hyde no longer needs the drug to make his appearance:

{{End of textbox}}

It was a fine, clear, January day, wet under foot where the frost had melted, but cloudless overhead; and the Regent's Park was full of winter chirrupings and sweet with spring odours. I sat in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not yet moved to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active good-will with the lazy cruelty of their neglect. And at the very moment of that vainglorious thought, a qualm came over me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly shuddering. These passed away, and left me faint; and then as in its turn faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a contempt of danger, a solution of the bonds of obligation. I looked down; my clothes hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that lay on my knee was corded and hairy. I was once more Edward Hyde. A moment before I had been safe of all men's respect, wealthy, beloved – the cloth laying for me in the diningroom at home; and now I was the common quarry of mankind, hunted, houseless, a known murderer, thrall to the gallows.

{{Glossary}}

\_patent:\_ tydelig/tydeleg

\_folly:\_ galskap

\_buttressed:\_ forsterket/forsterka

\_scaffold:\_ skafott

\_chirruping:\_ kvitring

\_odour:\_ lukt

\_drowsed:\_ sløvet/sløva

\_penitence:\_ sjelebot

\_vainglorious:\_ forfengelig/forfengeleg

\_obligation:\_ forpliktelse/plikt

\_corded:\_ senete

\_quarry:\_ bytte(dyr)

\_thrall:\_ slave

\_gallows:\_ galge

\_antidote:\_ motgift

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

Dr Jekyll now requires regular doses of an antidote to keep Hyde at bay. When he runs out of a key ingredient to this antidote, he realises that next time there will be no return: Mr Hyde will be here to stay. He writes his letter to Utterson and "dies" – that is, Mr Hyde takes control. When Utterson and the butler break their way in to the laboratory, Hyde kills himself with poison.

{{End of textbox}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What happens when Mr Hyde meets an old gentleman?

b) In his agony, what does Dr Jekyll resolve to do about Hyde?

c) Why does this plan fail?

{{End of textbox}}

--- 218 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 INTERPRETING THE STORY

>>> Task a To what extent can Dr Jekyll be held responsible for Mr Hyde's crimes?

>>> Task b Why do you think Mr Hyde commits suicide? Do you find this a satisfying ending to the story? Explain your views.

>>> Task c Some readers see the story as an allegory (see p. 170). For some it is about mental illness, more specifically a condition popularly called "a split personality", in which one and the same person can have two (or more) distinct identities that are sometimes not even aware of each other. Others have seen it as being a tale of drug addiction. (Stevenson is rumoured to have been an occasional user of cocaine, although this has never been proved.) Others again see the story as being a general critique of Victorian hypocrisy. Dr Jekyll would not have been the first Victorian gentleman to combine a respectable daytime existence with more dubious activities after dark.

Sit in groups of three or four and discuss which of these interpretations you find useful, and what you can find in the story to support them. You do not have to agree, but you should be prepared to present your findings to the rest of the class.

#### xxx4 2 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

>>> Task a Point out vocabulary and sentence structure in the first paragraph (p. 213) that you would be unlikely to find in a modern text. Then rewrite it in simpler, more modern English.

>>> Task b The second paragraph of the extract (p. 214) describes the physical sensation of Dr Jekyll's transformation to Mr Hyde. How is this sensation reflected in the language used? Look at both vocabulary and sentence structure.

>>> Task c The last paragraph of the extract (p. 217) describes another Jekyll-Hyde transformation. How does it differ from the first in terms of language?

#### xxx4 3 THE JEKYLL AND HYDE MOTIF

A \_motif is\_ a literary term for a pattern of thought that crops up in several different works. The Jekyll and Hyde motif – of two opposite identities living in the same body – has become quite a common one, particularly in popular culture. Sit in pairs or groups of three and brainstorm for examples from film, television or comics. Why do you think the motif continues to fascinate?

#### xxx4 4 GOING FURTHER – TWO SIDES OF VICTORIAN LIFE

It has been said that some of the inspiration for Stevenson's novella came from the real-life story of William Brodie (1741–88) from Stevenson's home town of Edinburgh. Brodie managed to combine a respectable position as deacon of the trades guild and city councillor with a lucrative career as a burglar.

  But there are many Victorian examples of "double lives". Sit in groups of 3–5 and choose one of the figures listed below each:

-- Dr Neill Cream – alias "the Lambeth Poisoner"

-- Mary Ann Cotton – poisoner

-- James Townsend Saward – alias "Jim the Penman"

-- Edward Agar – train robber

-- Henry Spencer Ashbee – pornographer

-- Amelia Dyer – serial killer

Go to access.cdu.no to find information, and prepare a short talk (no more than five minutes) to be presented to the rest of the group. Only use handwritten keywords to help you!

{{End of tasks}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 219 to 432

## xxx2 FACT BOX: SCIENCE VS. RELIGION

In the early 19th century the new disciplines of geology and palaeontology (the study of fossils) had revealed that the Biblical explanation of the Earth's creation – dated by orthodox theologists at 4004 BC – simply was not scientifically feasible. When Charles Darwin published his work \_On the Origin of Species\_ in 1859, science and religion again seemed to be on a collision course. His theory of evolution, now seen as one of the great scientific discoveries of the century, aroused strong opposition at the time (as it continues to do in fundamentalist religious circles).

Animals and plants, Darwin showed, have evolved over time through a process where mutations are inherited through natural selection. It is a "blind" process, governed only by the laws of physics, and requiring no Creator, no "design". Mankind is not a special case, but just another species whose development was governed by the laws of evolution – "the survival of the fittest".

So where was God? Where were the certainties of the Church and the scriptures? Darwin himself avoided asking these questions, let alone answering them. But for those prepared to join up the dots, it was clear that Darwin's findings were a challenge to religious faith. When this was added to the social changes already taking place through industrialisation, it is no surprise that some felt the world had become a new and frightening place.

{{Glossary}}

\_feasible:\_ troverdig/truverdig

\_theory of evolution:\_ utviklingslære

\_to join up the dots\_ her: å trekke konklusjoner/å trekke konklusjonar

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 220 to 432

## xxx2 Matthew Arnold (1822-88)

{{Textbox}}

was a poet and critic. Son of the headmaster at Rugby School, one of England's most prestigious public schools, he became an academic himself. After studying at Oxford he became an inspector of schools. He was influential as an essayist on contemporary culture, while his poetry is often meditative and rather melancholy. He is sometimes seen as representing a transition from Romanticism to Modernism.

{{End of textbox}}

Matthew Arnold was one of those Victorians who felt anxious about the new division between science and religion. His poem "Dover Beach" was published in 1867. Dover is a port on the coast of Kent where the English Channel is at its narrowest, and where there is a difference of several metres between high and low tide. The coastline here consists of high chalk cliffs with shingle beaches below.

### xxx3 Poem: Dover Beach

The sea is calm to-night.

The tide is full, the moon lies fair

Upon the straits; on the French coast the light

Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand;

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray

Where the sea meets the moon-blanched land,

Listen! you hear the grating roar

Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,

At their return, up the high strand,

Begin, and cease, and then again begin,

With tremulous cadence slow, and bring

The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago

Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought

Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow

Of human misery; we

Find also in the sound a thought,

Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.

But now I only hear

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,

Retreating, to the breath

Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear

And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! for the world, which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams,

So various, so beautiful, so new,

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;

And we are here as on a darkling plain

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by night.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_shingle:\_ rullestein

\_straits:\_ strede/strete

\_tranquil:\_ rolig/roleg

\_spray:\_ sjøsprøyt

\_tremulous:\_ skjelvende/skjelvande

\_cadence:\_ kadens (i musikk)

\_Sophocles: Greek playwright (495–406 BC)\_

\_Aegean:\_ Egeerhavet/Egearhavet

\_turbid:\_ gjørmete

\_girdle:\_ belte, gjord

\_furled:\_ rullet sammen/rulla saman

\_drear:\_ sørgelig/sørgeleg

\_certitude:\_ visshet/visse

\_plain:\_ slette

\_to clash:\_ å støte sammen/å støyte saman

{{End of glossary}}

--- 221 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 RHYME, METRE AND SOUND IMAGERY

>>> Task a The poem is divided into four stanzas of different lengths. Is there a regular rhyme pattern?

>>> Task b The lines are uneven in length. How does the number of feet in each line vary?

>>> Task c Are there any lines here that could be called iambic pentameter (see p. 57)?

>>> Task d What is the effect of the irregularity of rhyme and metre in the poem, do you think?

>>> Task e Are there any lines here where the \_sounds\_ of the words echo what is being described (onomatopoeia)?

#### xxx4 2 GETTING TO GRIPS WITH THE POEM

>>> Task a What is the situation in the first stanza? Where is the speaker?

>>> Task b Who is the speaker addressing, do you think?

>>> Task c What sound can he hear, and what effect does it have on him?

>>> Task d The Greek writer Sophocles wrote a play called \_Antigone\_ in which there is a reference to human suffering sounding like the waves on the sand. Why do you think Arnold refers to this here?

>>> Task e What is the analogy between the sea and religious faith in the third stanza?

>>> Task f What is the poet's attitude toward the times he lives in?

#### xxx4 3 THEMES AND IMAGERY

>>> Task a Find references in the poem to lightness and darkness. Is >>> Task there any symbolic significance here?

b What imagery is used to describe the decline in religious faith?

>>> Task c Is this a poem of despair? Is any hope expressed here?

#### xxx4 4 DISCUSS

>>> Task a Do you regard yourself a religious person or not? What do you mean by the word "religious"?

>>> Task b 150 years ago nearly everybody believed in God. Now atheism is quite widespread. Why do you think this change has taken place?

>>> Task c Do you think science and religion are compatible? Explain your views.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 222 to 432

## xxx2 Christina Rossetti (1830-94)

{{Textbox}}

was the youngest child in a family of artists. Although she was very religious, her poetry is full of sensuality. She spent her life in relative seclusion, caring for invalid relations and doing charity work. She never married. Considered one of the greatest poets of the age by her contemporaries, the beauty of her work is still admired today. Her poem "Sonnet" highlights Rossetti's romantic nature.

{{End of textbox}}

{{Tasks}}

Consider this before reading the poem: Have you ever met a person with whom you felt you had an instant mutual understanding and then lost contact? Why did you lose contact?

{{End of tasks}}

### xxx3 Poem: Sonnet

I wish I could remember that first day,

First hour, first moment of your meeting me,

If bright or dim the season, it might be

Summer or winter for aught I can say;

So unrecorded did it slip away,

So blind was I to see and to foresee,

So dull to mark the budding of my tree

That would not blossom yet for many a May.

If only I could recollect it, such

A day of days! I let it come and go

As traceless as a thaw of bygone snow;

It seemed to mean so little, meant so much;

If only now I could recall that touch,

First touch of hand in hand – Did one but know!

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_dim:\_ halvmørk

\_aught = anything\_

\_dull:\_ sløv, treg

\_to bud:\_ å stå i knopp

\_traceless:\_ sporløs/sporlaus

\_thaw:\_ tøvær, tining/tøvêr, linnvêr, tining

\_bygone\_ her: smeltet/smelta

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 223 to 432

#### xxx3 TASKS

##### xxx4 1 DISCUSSING THE POEM

>>> Task a Who is the speaker in this poem? How would you characterise him or her?

>>> Task b To whom is he or she speaking?

>>> Task c What situation is being described in the poem?

>>> Task d Why does the speaker want to remember that special day?

>>> Task e Many people have a romantic notion of "love at first sight". What about the speaker in this poem?

>>> Task f Could he or she have reacted differently? What do you think would have happened then?

>>> Task g "Did one but know" is the last sentence of the poem. Know what?

##### xxx4 2 POETIC DEVICES

>>> Task a How would you characterise the mood of this poem? (See "Enjoying Poetry", p. 143, for more about mood.)

>>> Task b It has been claimed that Christina Rossetti's poems "whisper". Do you agree? Explain why or why not.

>>> Task c Find out what characterises a sonnet (see p. 73). Then look at the poem again and decide whether you think the sonnet form fits the contents of this poem.

##### xxx4 3 WRITING

>>> Task a Christina Rossetti writes about "A day of days!" Write a story or poem about a special day in \_your\_ life. Call your text "My Day of Days".

>>> Task b Christina Rossetti was closely associated with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood (see p. 264). One of its founders was her brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, himself a poet and also a painter. In his paintings he often used his sister as a model. Choose one of his pictures (see access.cdu.no) and use it as inspiration for a text – a poem or prose. Give the text the same title as the painting.

--- 224 to 432

## xxx2 Oscar Wilde (1854-1900)

{{Textbox}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

was born in Ireland, the second son of an aristocratic family. He was a gifted scholar, first at Trinity College, Dublin, and later at Oxford. Cultivating a decadent lifestyle, he became a celebrity, famous for his wit and unorthodox views. His writings included essays, short stories and a novel, but it was his plays that established his reputation as one of the leading literary figures of his day. Although married with two children, Wilde had a series of male lovers, and it was one of these, Alfred Douglas, that proved his downfall. When Douglas's father accused him of practising sodomy, Wilde sued him for libel. But the court case went against Wilde and he was sentenced to two years hard labour. It was the end of his celebrity status and, indeed, of his life – he died in Paris, poor and isolated, just two years after his release from prison.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Listening: The Importance of Being Earnest

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

\_About the play:\_

As you can see from the biographical notes, Oscar Wilde's literary career was meteoric, from the heights of celebrity to the depths of ignominy and despair. When \_The Importance of Being Earnest was\_ first performed in 1895, Wilde was at the height of his popularity, and the play was an instant success. It is a comedy of manners. That means it is a play where we are invited to laugh at the absurdities of social class, prejudices and affectation. But this is not the biting satire of, for example, Jonathan Swift. The laughter is altogether more gentle and there is not the same intention to change society.

  The title of the play is a pun on the word \_earnest\_ (meaning honest, serious) and the name \_Ernest\_. Jack Worthing is in love with Gwendolen Fairfax, a young lady of an aristocratic family, and wishes to marry her. However, there are problems. For one thing, Jack is leading a double life. (Yes, another Victorian double life!) When in town he calls himself Ernest. When he is in the country, however, he uses his real name, and pretends that he has a good-for-nothing brother in town called Ernest! (The point of this is to enable Ernest to have a good time without it affecting Jack's reputation.) The trouble is that Gwendolen has given him to understand that one of the reasons – if not the \_only\_ reason – she loves him, is because his name is Ernest – which it isn't.

  But that is not all. Gwendolen's formidable mother, Lady Bracknell, is renowned and feared in London high society for her domineering manner. She wants to know more about Jack/Ernest's background before she consents to marriage. She calls him in for an interview. Listen to their conversation at access.cdu.no and then work with the tasks.

{{Textbox}}

\_ Glossary for the excerpt:\_

\_eligible\_ kvalifisert – \_idle\_ uvirksom/uverksam – \_poacher\_ krypskytter/krypskyttar – \_reside\_ bo/bu – \_"the purple of commerce"\_ "næringslivets adel" – \_charitable\_ nestekjærlig/nestekjærleg – \_disposition\_ lynne – \_immaterial\_ uvesentlig/uvesentleg – \_contempt\_ forakt – \_decencies\_ anstendigheter/anstendigheiter – \_excess\_ overmål – \_social indiscretion\_ taktløshet/taktløyse

{{End of textbox}}

--- 225 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 LOOKING AT THEMES

>>> Task a What sort of son-in-law is Lady Bracknell looking for, judging by her questions to jack?

>>> Task b What do her questions reveal about the purpose of marriage in Victorian society?

>>> Task c What is being made fun of in the scene?

>>> Task d Before deciding on the present title, Wilde toyed with calling his play "A Serious Comedy for Trivial People", and then changed it to "A Trivial Comedy for Serious People". Where is the theme of triviality and seriousness evident in the excerpt?

>>>Task e How is the theme of social class treated in the excerpt?

#### xxx4 2 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

Go to access.cdu.no to find a transcription of the extract.

>>> Task a The character Lady Bracknell is renowned for her turn of phrase. Choose some lines that you find particularly amusing or surprising and analyse how they achieve their effect.

>>> Task b Translate the long speech by Mrs Bracknell (starting "The line is immaterial ...") to Norwegian, trying to preserve the elegance and wit of the original.

#### xxx4 3 GOING FURTHER-WILDEAN EPIGRAMS

If you open any English book of famous quotations, you will find the name Oscar Wilde well represented. After Shakespeare he is perhaps the most quoted writer in the language, simply because he was a master of the short, witty and quotable utterance – sometimes called an epigram. "Wildean" epigrams are characterised by a fondness for paradox and inversion – in other words, putting things on their head. Here are two of his most famous ones:

-- I can resist everything except temptation.

-- Always forgive your enemies; nothing annoys them so much.

Find more quotations at access.cdu.no and prepare to present the best ones to the class. Then discuss in class, on the basis of the quotations and your findings in question 2a, what the essence of Oscar Wilde's wit is.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 226 to 432

## xxx2 Rudyard Kipling (1865-1935)

{{Textbox}}

was born in Bombay to English parents and spent his early childhood in India. As was common practice in Anglo-Indian families, he was separated from his parents and his beloved nanny at the age of six and sent to England. There he lived with a couple who treated him cruelly. After finishing school he returned to India where he worked as an editor at a small newspaper, and also wrote stories and poems that were published first in India and later in London. His reputation as a writer rests on a very varied production, including children's classics such as \_The Jungle Book\_ and the \_Just-So Stories\_, the spy novel \_Kim\_ and several collections of poetry. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1907.

{{End of textbox}}

The Anglo-Indians, as the British ruling class were referred to, were a small, powerful but strangely isolated community. It was this class Rudyard Kipling was born into, and he spent his first six years there with his parents and, significantly, his Hindi-speaking nanny. Kipling's reputation as a spokesman for imperialism is deserved – he believed, like most of his countrymen, that Britain had a right and a duty to rule in India. But there is more to Kipling than that. He knew India and Indians well, and was often critical of British arrogance in dealing with them. In his writing he often shows a sympathetic understanding both of women and of the ordinary British soldier.

### xxx2 Short story: Lispeth

She was the daughter of Sonoo, a Hill-man of the Himalayas, and Jadeh his wife. One year their maize failed, and two bears spent the night in their only opium poppy-field just above the Sutlej Valley on the Kotgarh side; so, next season, they turned Christian, and brought their baby to the Mission to be baptized. The Kotgarh Chaplain christened her Elizabeth, and "Lispeth" is the Hill or pahari pronunciation.

  Later, cholera came into the Kotgarh Valley and carried off Sonoo and Jadeh, and Lispeth became half servant, half companion, to the wife of the then Chaplain of Kotgarh. This was after the reign of the Moravian missionaries in that place, but before Kotgarh had quite forgotten her title of "Mistress of the Northern Hills".

  Whether Christianity improved Lispeth, or whether the gods of her own people would have done as much for her under any circumstances, I do not know; but she grew very lovely. When a Hill-girl grows lovely, she is worth travelling fifty miles over bad ground to look upon. Lispeth had a Greek face – one of those faces people paint so often, and see so seldom. She was of a pale, ivory colour, and, for her race, extremely tall. Also, she possessed eyes that were wonderful; and, had she not been dressed in the abominable printcloths affected by Missions, you would, meeting her on the hillside unexpectedly, have thought her the original Diana of the Romans going out to slay.

{{Glossary}}

\_reign:\_ regjeringstid

\_ivory:\_ elfenbein

\_abominable:\_ avskyelig/avskyeleg

\_printcloths:\_ trykt tøy

\_Diana: Roman goddess\_

{{End of glossary}}

Lispeth took to Christianity readily, and did not abandon it when she reached womanhood, as do some Hill-girls. Her own people hated her because she had, they said, become a white woman and washed herself daily; and the Chaplain's wife did not know what to do with her. One cannot ask a stately goddess, five feet ten in her shoes, to clean plates and dishes. She played with the Chaplain's children and took classes in the

--- 228 to 432

Sunday School, and read all the books in the house, and grew more and more beautiful, like the Princesses in fairy tales. The Chaplain's wife said that the girl ought to take service in Simla as a nurse or something "genteel". But Lispeth did not want to take service. She was very happy where she was.

  When travellers – there were not many in those years – came in to Kotgarh, Lispeth used to lock herself into her own room for fear they might take her away to Simla, or out into the unknown world.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) How did Lispeth get her name, and how did she end up in the Mission?

b) How is her physical appearance described?

c) How did other Indians look upon her?

{{End of textbox}}

One day, a few months after she was seventeen years old, Lispeth went out for a walk. She did not walk in the manner of English ladies – a mile and a half out, with a carriage-ride back again. She covered between twenty and thirty miles in her little constitutionals, all about and about, between Kotgarh and Narkanda. This time she came back at full dusk, stepping down the breakneck descent into Kotgarh with something heavy in her arms. The Chaplain's wife was dozing in the drawing-room when Lispeth came in breathing heavily and very exhausted with her burden. Lispeth put it down on the sofa, and said simply, "This is my husband. I found him on the Bagi Road. He has hurt himself. We will nurse him, and when he is well your husband shall marry him to me."

  This was the first mention Lispeth had ever made of her matrimonial views, and the Chaplain's wife shrieked with horror. However, the man on the sofa needed attention first. He was a young Englishman, and his head had been cut to the bone by something jagged. Lispeth said she had found him down the hillside, and had brought him in. He was breathing queerly and was unconscious.

  He was put to bed and tended by the Chaplain, who knew something of medicine; and Lispeth waited outside the door in case she could be useful. She explained to the Chaplain that this was the man she meant to marry; and the Chaplain and his wife lectured her severely on the impropriety of her conduct. Lispeth listened quietly, and repeated her first proposition. It takes a great deal of Christianity to wipe out uncivilised Eastern instincts, such as falling in love at first sight. Lispeth, having found the man she worshipped, did not see why she should keep silent as to her choice. She had no intention of being sent away, either. She was going to nurse that Englishman until he was well enough to marry her. This was her programme.

{{Glossary}}

\_genteel:\_ fornem

\_constitutional:\_ mosjonstur

\_matrimonial:\_ ekteskapelig/ekteskapeleg

\_impropriety\_ her: upassende handling/her: upassande handling

\_coherence\_ her: uttrykksevne

\_P. & O.: Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company\_

\_fleet:\_ flåte

{{End of glossary}}

After a fortnight of slight fever and inflammation, the Englishman recovered coherence and thanked the Chaplain and his wife, and Lispeth – especially Lispeth – for their kindness. He was a traveller in the East, he said – they never talked about "globe-trotters" in those days, when the P. & O. fleet was young and small – and had come from Dehra Dun to hunt for plants and butterflies among the Simla hills. No one at Simla, therefore, knew anything about him.

--- 229 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 230 to 432

He fancied that he must have fallen over the cliff while reaching out for a fern on a rotten tree-trunk, and that his coolies must have stolen his baggage and fled. He thought he would go back to Simla when he was a little stronger. He desired no more mountaineering.

  He made small haste to go away, and recovered his strength slowly. Lispeth objected to being advised either by the Chaplain or his wife; therefore the latter spoke to the Englishman, and told him how matters stood in Lispeth's heart. He laughed a good deal, and said it was very pretty and romantic, but, as he was engaged to a girl at Home, he fancied that nothing would happen. Certainly he would behave with discretion. He did that. Still he found it very pleasant to talk to Lispeth, and walk with Lispeth, and say nice things to her, and call her pet names while he was getting strong enough to go away. It meant nothing at all to him, and everything in the world to Lispeth. She was very happy while the fortnight lasted, because she had found a man to love.

  Being a savage by birth, she took no trouble to hide her feelings, and the Englishman was amused. When he went away, Lispeth walked with him up the Hill as far as Narkanda, very troubled and very miserable. The Chaplain's wife, being a good Christian and disliking anything in the shape of fuss or scandal – Lispeth was beyond her management entirely – had told the Englishman to tell Lispeth that he was coming back to marry her. "She is but a child, you know, and, I fear, at heart a heathen," said the Chaplain's wife. So all the twelve miles up the Hill the Englishman, with his arm round Lispeth's waist, was assuring the girl that he would come back and marry her; and Lispeth made him promise over and over again. She wept on the Narkanda Ridge till he had passed out of sight along the Muttiani path.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What did Lispeth find on one of her walks?

b) How did the Chaplain and his wife react to what she said about the man?

c) How did the Englishman treat Lispeth, and what did he tell her before he went away?

d) Why did he lie to her?

{{End of textbox}}

Then she dried her tears and went in to Kotgarh again, and said to the Chaplain's wife, "He will come back and marry me. He has gone to his own people to tell them so." And the Chaplain's wife soothed Lispeth and said, "He will come back." At the end of two months Lispeth grew impatient, and was told that the Englishman had gone over the seas to England. She knew where England was, because she had read little geography primers; but, of course, she had no conception of the nature of the sea, being a Hill-girl. There was an old puzzle-map of the World in the house. Lispeth had played with it when she was a child. She unearthed it again, and put it together of evenings, and cried to herself, and tried to imagine where her Englishman was. As she had no ideas of distance or steamboats her notions were somewhat wild. It would not have made the least difference had she been perfectly correct; for the Englishman had no intention of coming back to marry a Hill-girl. He forgot all about her by the time he was butterfly-hunting in Assam. He wrote a book on the East afterwards. Lispeth's name did not appear there.

{{Glossary}}

\_fern:\_ bregne

\_coolie:\_ kroppsarbeider/kroppsarbeidar

\_heathen:\_ hedning/heidning

\_to soothe:\_ å trøste/å trøyste

{{End of glossary}}

--- 231 to 432

{{Picture}}

Group of Anglo-Indians with their Indian servant holding golf clubs

{{End}}

At the end of three months Lispeth made daily pilgrimages to Narkanda to see if her Englishman was coming along the road. It gave her comfort, and the Chaplain's wife finding her happier thought that she was getting over her "barbarous and most indelicate folly". A little later the walks ceased to help Lispeth, and her temper grew very bad. The Chaplain's wife thought this a profitable time to let her know the real state of affairs – that the Englishman had only promised his love to keep her quiet – that he had never meant anything, and that it was wrong and improper of Lispeth to think of marriage with an Englishman, who was of a superior clay, besides being promised in marriage to a girl of his own people. Lispeth said that all this was clearly impossible because he had said he loved her, and the Chaplain's wife had, with her own lips, asserted that the Englishman was coming back.

  "How can what he and you said be untrue?" asked Lispeth.

  "We said it as an excuse to keep you quiet, child," said the Chaplain's wife.

{{Glossary}}

\_indelicate:\_ pinlig/pinleg

\_folly:\_ tåpelighet/dårskap

\_clay:\_ leire, her: stoff

\_to assert:\_ å hevde

{{End of glossary}}

--- 232 to 432

"Then you have lied to me," said Lispeth, "you and he?"

  The Chaplain's wife bowed her head, and said nothing. Lispeth was silent too for a little time; then she went out down the valley, and returned in the dress of a Hill-girl – infamously dirty, but without the nosestud and ear-rings. She had her hair braided into the long pigtail, helped out with black thread, that Hill-women wear.

  "I am going back to my own people," said she. "You have killed Lispeth. There is only left old Jadeh's daughter – the daughter of a pabari and the servant of Tarka Devi. You are all liars, you English."

  By the time that the Chaplain's wife had recovered from the shock of the announcement that Lispeth had reverted to her mother's gods the girl had gone; and she never came back.

  She took to her own unclean people savagely, as if to make up the arrears of the life she had stepped out of; and, in a little time, she married a woodcutter who beat her after the manner of paharis, and her beauty faded soon.

  "There is no law whereby you can account for the vagaries of the heathen," said the Chaplain's wife, "and I believe that Lispeth was always at heart an infidel." Seeing she had been taken into the Church of England at the mature age of five weeks, this statement does not do credit to the Chaplain's wife.

  Lispeth was a very old woman when she died. She had always a perfect command of English, and when she was sufficiently drunk could sometimes be induced to tell the story of her first love-affair.

  It was hard then to realise that the bleared, wrinkled creature, exactly like a wisp of charred rag, could ever have been "Lispeth of the Kotgarh Mission."

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) How did Lispeth behave during the first months after the Englishman's departure?

b) What was her reaction when the Chaplain's wife revealed the truth about the Englishman?

c) How did Lispeth spend the rest of her life?

{{End of textbox}}

{{Glossary}}

\_pigtail:\_ flette

\_to revert:\_ å gå tilbake

\_to make up the arrears:\_ å ta igjen

\_vagary:\_ uforutsigbarhet/lune, innfall

\_infidel:\_ vantro/vantru

\_bleared:\_ med røde øyne/med raude auge

\_wisp\_ her: strimmel

\_charred rag:\_ brent klut/brend klut

{{End of glossary}}

--- 233 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 UNDERSTANDING THE STORY

>>> Task a To what extent could it be said that Lispeth falls between two cultures?

>>> Task b Where do you find racist attitudes expressed by characters in the story? To what extent does the narrator express racist views?

>>> Task c Lispeth is the only character in the story that has a name. What effect does this have?

>>> Task d How are the Chaplain and his wife portrayed in the story? What blame can be attached to them?

>>> Task e What blame can be attached to the young Englishman?

>>> Task f How and why does Lispeth change after the departure of the young Englishman?

>>> Task g "It takes a great deal of Christianity to wipe out uncivilised Eastern instincts, such as falling in love at first sight" (p. 228). Is this ironical, do you think, or an expression of the author's views? Explain your opinion.

##### xxx3 2 DISCUSSION

Discuss the following statements:

-- No one is to blame in the story. Everyone does what they think is best.

-- "Lispeth" is a tragic story about the dangers of mixing cultures.

-- "Lispeth" is about the hypocrisy of British attitudes to Indians.

#### xxx4 3 CLOSE READING

>>> Task a What point of view is used in the short story?

>>> Task b What effect does the point of view have on our perception of the main character?

>>> Task c The importance of setting varies from story to story. How important is it in this story, and why?

>>> Task d What is the climax of the story, in your view?

>>> Task e The story has its title from the main character. If you were to give the story a new title that reflected what you see as the main theme of the story, what would it be?

#### xxx4 4 WRITING

>>> Task a In the story we hear Lispeth's point of view only in occasional sentences. Write a text of approximately 300 words in which you let Lispeth put all her bitterness into words. Form the text as an accusation towards those she blames for her experiences. You will of course need to refer to events in the story, but make sure that you don't simply retell it.

>>> Task b Compare and contrast the story "Lispeth" with Nadine Gordimer's "The Moment Before the Gun Went Off", looking especially at point of view and theme.

#### xxx4 5 ROLE PLAY – CONFRONTATION

Sit in groups of three or four. One person in the group plays the role of Lispeth, while the others play the roles of the Chaplain, the Chaplain's wife and the young Englishman. The confrontation starts with "Lispeth" reading aloud the accusation she wrote for the task above (4a). When she has finished, the other roles try to defend their actions as best they can.

#### xxx4 6 GOING FURTHER

Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem called "The White Man's Burden", which has since become famous – or infamous – as a defence of British colonialism. Find the poem at access.cdu.no, read it carefully and answer the following questions:

>>> Task a What is the aim of the coloniser, according to Kipling?

>>> Task b How are the colonised portrayed in the poem?

>>> Task c What expectations of reward should the coloniser have for his efforts?

>>> Task d Who are these "peers" mentioned in the last line?

>>> Task e What is your own response to the attitudes expressed in the poem?

>>> Task f To what extent are these attitudes reflected in the story "Lispeth"?

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## xxx2 William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

{{Textbox}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

was born in Dublin. Even though he was a Protestant in Catholic Ireland, Yeats was a staunch nationalist. Irish nationalism was usually linked to Roman Catholicism in 19th century Ireland, so this is significant. At a young age, Yeats became familiar with the oral literature of the Irish peasantry. Many of his early poems derive from Irish folklore and ancient Celtic myths. Throughout his writing career, Yeats continued to evolve in his writing style and subject matter. It has been said of Yeats that he began as one of the last Romantics and evolved into a leading writer of modernist, experimental poetry. In 1923 Yeats was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature.

{{End of textbox}}

"The Song of Wandering Aengus" is from the collection of poems entitled \_The Wind Among the Reeds\_, published in 1899 in Yeats's "mystic" period.

### xxx2 Poem: The Song of Wandering Aengus

I went out to the hazel wood,

Because a fire was in my head,

And cut and peeled a hazel wand,

And hooked a berry to a thread;

And when white moths were on the wing,

And moth-like stars were flickering out,

I dropped the berry in a stream

And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor

I went to blow the fire aflame,

But something rustled on the floor,

And some one called me by my name;

It had become a glimmering girl

With apple blossom in her hair

Who called me by my name and ran

And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering

Through hollow lands and hilly lands,

I will find out where she has gone,

And kiss her lips and take her hands;

And walk among long dappled grass,

And pluck till time and times are done

The silver apples of the moon,

The golden apples of the sun.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_to peel:\_ å skrelle

\_wand:\_ kjepp

\_berry:\_ bær

\_floor\_ her: skogbunn/skogbotn

\_to fade:\_ å forsvinne

\_dappled:\_ flekkete, spraglete

{{End of glossary}}

--- 235 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 236 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 A FIRST LOOK AT THE POEM

This is a poem which tells a story. The following questions concentrate on this story and its characters. Form groups and write short answers to them.

  \_First stanza:\_

>>> Task a What happens in this first stanza?

>>> Task b Why does the speaker go out?

>>> Task c What does he use as bait? Is this usual?

\_Second stanza:\_

>>> Task d What does he do with the trout he has caught?

>>> Task e What happens while he is tending the fire?

>>> Task f How is the girl described?

\_Third stanza:\_

>>> Task g What is the consequence of his vision of the girl?

>>> Task h How does the poem end?

#### xxx4 2 INTERPRETATION

Once you have understood the story of the poem, look beneath the surface of the story to the poem's symbols and deeper meaning.

>>> Task a Something magical happens in this poem. Are we meant to take the appearance of the girl and her subsequent disappearance literally, do you think? What do you think the girl might symbolise? Discuss alternative interpretations.

>>> Task b Do you think Wandering Aengus might also symbolise someone or something else? If so, who or what? How do you interpret the "fire" in his head?

>>> Task c What do you think "The silver apples of the moon", and "The golden apples of the sun" represent?

>>> Task d How do you interpret the title of the poem?

#### xxx4 3 MOOD

How would you describe the mood of this poem? Find at least five adjectives that in your opinion adequately convey the mood of the poem. (See "Enjoying Poetry", p. 138, for help with this and the following questions.)

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

#### xxx4 4 RHYTHM AND RHYME

>>> Task a Does this poem have a regular metre? How regular is it? What effect does the metre have?

>>> Task b Is there rhyme in the poem? Give examples. Did you notice this as you read it? Does this make the poem more appealing, in your opinion?

>>> Task c Do you think this poem would be easy to sing? Why or why not?

#### xxx4 5 ALLITERATION

Alliteration is the repetition of the same consonant sound at the beginning of words, e.g. Peter picked a peck of pickled peppers. Find examples of alliteration in the poem. What effect is created by the use of alliteration in the poem?

#### xxx4 6 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a At this point of his writing career, Yeats was often considered a Romantic poet. What are the Romantic features of "The Song of Wandering Aengus"? (See p. 134 if you need help.)

>>> Task b Why do you think Irish folklore and traditions played an important part in the growth of Irish nationalism?

>>> Task c Can you find examples of similar developments in other countries at this time or at other times?

{{End of tasks}}

--- 237 to 432

{{Tasks}}

\_The Frontier\_ has iconic status in the American psyche. Write a short text (approx. 100 words) in which you describe what you imagine as typical scene from the Frontier. Then sit in pairs or groups of three and compare your texts.

{{End of tasks}}

## xxx2 Go West! America in the 19th Century

The 19th century saw Britain at the height of its influence. But across the Atlantic another English-speaking country was emerging that was soon to overtake its onetime "mother country". For while Britain was busy colonising the world, America was quietly filling a continent. This was the time of "Manifest Destiny"; that is, the belief that it was clear (or "manifest") that America would expand across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean – whatever the Native Americans or Mexicans might think.

{{Glossary}}

\_Manifest Destiny\_ åpenbar skjebne/openberr lagnad, openberr skjebne

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

The Europeans who flocked to America in the middle of the century

--- 238 to 432

came mainly from northern Europe and they helped push the Frontier – the boundary between settled land and the wilderness – ever westwards. The Homestead Act in 1862 offered 162 acres (about 655 Norwegian \_mål)\_ to any family prepared to farm it. This was the age of the cowboy, the frontier town, the saloon bar – forever remembered in American westerns. By the end of the century America had realised its destiny. The west was won, the fences were up – and the Indians were safely in their reservations.

#### xxx3 The Civil War

By the middle of the century, the industrial revolution had begun to make an impression also in America. The Northern states developed an economy based on small farms and growing industry. In the South, however, the economy was based on large agricultural plantations and slave labour. The "peculiar" institution of slavery, as it was called, was a thorn in the side of the ideals for which the United States supposedly stood. The conflict came to a head when Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860. He was the leader of the newly created Republican Party, which believed in "free soil" – that new territories and states in the West be kept free of slavery. In 1861 eleven states in the South withdrew from the Union to form the Confederate States of America and the Civil War began.

  Industrialisation made the war far more brutal and destructive than anyone could have possibly imagined. Millions of men were mobilised. Hundreds of thousands died, often at long range thanks to new weapons like the Gatling machine gun and improved cannon. In the end, the South was broken because of the greater population and industrial resources of the North. It would be a century before the South – and therefore the United States – fully recovered from the destruction of those four years. The innocence and optimism of the pre-war period were lost forever.

{{Glossary}}

\_at long range:\_ på langt hold/på langt hald

{{End of glossary}}

## xxx2 FACT BOX: THE JEWEL IN THE CROWN

British trading interest in India started as early as the 1600s under the auspices of the East India Company. Trade soon developed into military and political dominance and in 1857 this huge subcontinent was put under direct British rule – the \_Raj\_, as it was called.

India was a special colony for Britain. Regarded as "the jewel in the Crown" because of the immense natural riches it had to offer, India was quite a different proposition from earlier colonies. It had been an advanced civilisation for centuries and had an enormous population, so there was no question of mass British settlement. Colonisation took the form of an administrative takeover. The important positions in society were held by Britons, while a native Indian middleclass, taught to admire and imitate the British way of life, held the lower administrative positions.

{{Glossary}}

\_auspices:\_ beskyttelse/vern

\_proposition\_ her: tilfelle

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 227 to 432

### xxx3 "Reconstruction"

After the Civil War the victors proclaimed a policy of "Reconstruction" in the defeated South. It was not just the destroyed infrastructure which was to be reconstructed, but the very fabric of society. One of the aims was to bring the black population out of the poverty and suppression of slavery by providing them with security and civil rights, as well as new skills. However, it is difficult to change hearts and minds through government policies, and although the institution of slavery was gone forever, the attitudes and habits that put it in place remained deeply

--- 239 to 432

engrained in Southern society. Once Southern states regained selfgovernment, they found ingenious ways of excluding blacks from the political process, for example by imposing literacy tests and so-called grandfather clauses (i.e. that you or your forbears had had the vote before the Civil War) as voting requirements. At the same time the races were kept strictly segregated in all aspects of life, and white supremacist organisations like the Ku Klux Klan made sure that blacks got the message that it was safest to "know one's place". It was to be another century before southern blacks were to regain their civil rights and before the policy of segregation was abolished.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What is meant by "Manifest Destiny"?

b) How did the northern and southern parts of the USA develop differently?

c) How did the Civil War change the country?

{{End of textbox}}

{{Glossary}}

\_engrained:\_ inngrodd

\_ingenious:\_ oppfinnsom/oppfinnsam

\_contribution:\_ bidrag

{{End of glossary}}

### xxx3 Industrialisation and immigration

The latter half of the century saw America rapidly changing from a predominantly rural, agricultural society to an urban, industrial one. The growing need for an industrial workforce brought new immigrants from Europe, this time from Eastern and Southern Europe. This was no slow trickle – they arrived in their thousands and transformed the cities they moved to forever. For some of the original "WASP" (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant) settler population these newcomers were a threat – for they were neither English-speaking nor Protestant and they rapidly formed networks and communities of their own in the inner cities. But their contribution to American culture, particularly urban culture, was enormous.

--- 240 to 432

Many of the key cultural figures of 20th century America – Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, Samuel Goldwyn, Rudolf Valentino to name just a handful – came to America as part of this "wave" of immigration in the last decades of the century.

{{Picture}}

Painting: Slave auction in the American South, early 19th century

{{End}}

### xxx3 19th century American literature

The upbeat attitude of America in the first half of the century is most clearly seen in the poetry of the New England "Transcendentalists". Rooted in the English Romantic movement, and sharing its belief in a close connection to nature, the Transcendentalists had an optimism and a self-reliance that was purely American. The human spirit "transcends" the material world and makes humanity capable of not only improving itself, but also perfecting itself. "Hitch your wagon to a star", wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson, the foremost spokesman of the movement. Another key figure was Henry David Thoreau, who anticipated important 20th-century trends with his interest in ecology and non-violent protest.

{{Glossary}}

\_Transcendentalism:\_ filos. det som ligger utenfor den sansbare virkeligheten, som går over i erfaringen/det som ligg utanfor den røyndommen som kan sansast, som går over i erfaringa

{{End of glossary}}

The tragedy of the Civil War brought a change of taste. The high-flown, romantic optimism of the Transcendentalists was no match for the awful

--- 241 to 432

reality of the slaughter. The public's desire for accurate, truthful accounts of events during the war encouraged realistic forms of writing. As in Britain, the preferred reading of the growing middle class was the novel, and novelists who could reflect the great social changes of 19th century America were particularly popular. No writer achieved this better than Mark Twain. His most famous novels are set in the pre-Civil War period, when slavery was still in place, and describe frontier America with warmth and humour. Particularly his use of the rhythms and patterns of American speech have earned him a unique position as the father of American literature.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

For women authors 19th century America was still very much a man's world. There were some success stories. Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811–96) depicted the evils of slavery in \_Uncle Tom's Cabin\_, a book that was credited by Abraham Lincoln with having started the American Civil War. But for two important women writers, recognition only came after they were dead. Poet Emily Dickinson (1830–86) produced around 1,700 poems, of which only a handful were published during her lifetime (against her will). She is now recognised as being one of the most original voices of the century and her short, mysterious poems have a fresh, modern feel to them even today. Kate Chopin (1850–1904) was largely ignored in her lifetime, but her novel \_The Awakening\_ was "rediscovered" in the 1960s and is today regarded as a key work of feminist literature.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Who came to the USA in the latter half of the 19th century, and why?

b) Who were the WASPs?

c) What characterised American literature before and after the Civil War?

{{End of textbox}}

{{Picture}}

Immigrant family on Ellis Island looking longingly at the New York City skyline

{{End}}

--- 242 to 432

## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 1 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a American popular culture is still preoccupied with the Frontier and the Wild West. Why do you think they still have such a hold on Americans' view of themselves?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

>>> Task b In what ways do you think the legacy of slavery and the Civil War can still be seen in America?

>>> Task c The USA can be called a nation of immigrants. Discuss how you think this affects the way Americans see themselves and their attitude to the rest of the world.

### xxx3 2 VOCABULARY

Make groups of three or four and take it in turns to define/describe words or terms from the list below. Don't tell the others what word you have chosen, and make sure you don't mention it in your definition/description. Try to guess what the word/term is. (You may awards points if you wish!) Continue until all the words/terms are used up.

  \_Manifest Destiny, wilderness, civil war, homestead, supremacist, segregation, Gatling gun, reconstruction, WASP, settler, feminist, civil rights, infrastructure, Ku Klux Klan, plantation\_

### xxx3 3 GOING FURTHER – \_WALDEN\_

Henry David Thoreau (1817–62) is one of the most eccentric figures in American literature. At access.cdu.no you can read about the author and study an excerpt from his famous work \_Walden\_. Afterwards, try to answer the following in pairs or small groups:

>>> Task a Why did Thoreau go to the woods?

>>> Task b Why did he leave?

>>> Task c "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer," wrote Thoreau. "Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." Is this good advice in your opinion? How easy or how difficult is it to "step to the music" one hears rather than follow everyone else? Is conformity good?

### xxx3 4 QUICK RESEARCH

Below is a list of American figures from the 19th century. Choose one of them and find information about him or her at access.cdu.no. Then write down at least five good arguments for why the person should be included in a list of "Great Americans".

  Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Edison, Susan B Anthony (early feminist), Frederick Douglass (ex-slave and abolitionist), Harriet Beecher Stowe (writer and abolitionist), Geronimo (Native American leader), Sitting Bull (Native American chief)

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 243 to 432

## xxx2 Walt Whitman: 1819-92)

{{Textbox}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

was born in Long Island, New York, into a poor family. At eleven he left school and soon got work in printing shops, starting his life of letters. He was self-educated and a very keen reader. From 1834 to 1836 he worked in Brooklyn and Manhattan before returning for good to Long Island, where he taught for several years and edited numerous papers. He also published poems and short stories. Between 1850 and 1855 he wrote and printed the first edition (of five!) of his collection of poems. \_Leaves of Grass.\_ During the Civil War he nursed soldiers and after the war he worked in various government positions.

{{End of textbox}}

Walt Whitman wished to be the first completely \_American\_ poet – a poet who celebrated the unique qualities he saw in the New World – freedom, energy, democracy, opportunity and boundless optimism. To this end he developed a new form of poetry called "free verse" with long, flowing, expansive lines to capture this great new society in print. He was a Transcendentalist (see p. 240), and he believed that every individual was part of a greater spiritual whole, a great cycle of nature within which all living things moved.

### xxx3 Poem: Youth, Day, Old Age and Night

Youth, large, lusty, loving – youth full of grace, force, fascination,

Do you know that Old Age may come after you with equal grace,

force, fascination?

Day full-blown and splendid – day of the immense sun, action,

ambition, laughter,

The Night follows close with millions of suns, and sleep and

restoring darkness.

{{End of poem}}

### xxx3 Poem: When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,

When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,

When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and

measure them,

When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much

applause in the lecture-room,

How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,

Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,

In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,

Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_lusty:\_ kraftig

\_grace:\_ ynde

\_to restore:\_ å gjenopprette/å rette opp att

\_column:\_ kolonne

\_unaccountable:\_ uforklarlig/uforklarleg

\_moist:\_ fuktig

{{End of glossary}}

--- 244 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 YOUTH, DAY, OLD AGE AND NIGHT

##### xxx5 1 CLOSE READING

>>> Task a What qualities are associated with "Youth" in this poem? What other qualities might have been included?

>>> Task b What question does the first stanza ask? Is this a surprising question? What qualities do you usually associate with "Old Age"?

>>> Task c The second stanza of this poem makes no reference to the first at all and seems to stand quite alone. How does the poet use symbolism and association to bind the two together?

>>> Task d What is the poet trying to say about the relationship between youth and old age? Is this the usual relationship one thinks of between the two?

>>> Task e Do you see the message of the poem as being primarily encouraging or warning? Explain!

##### xxx5 2 READING THE POEM ALOUD

The poem has no fixed metre or rhyme scheme. However, it is full of rhythm and music! Practise reading the poem aloud. Focus on both the meaning of the lines and their musicality. Perform the poem for a classmate and compare each other's performance.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

#### xxx4 WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER

##### xxx5 1 CLOSE READING

>>> Task a How is repetition used in the poem?

>>> Task b Where is alliteration used, and to what effect?

>>> Task c How is the astronomer portrayed?

>>> Task d What do you think Whitman is trying to say about astronomy or science here?

##### xxx5 2 DISCUSSION

Read the following quotations from famous mathematicians and physicists:

-- \_Pure mathematics is, in its way, the poetry of logical ideas.\_ (Albert Einstein, physicist, 1879–1955)

-- \_God uses beautiful mathematics in creating the world.\_ (Paul Dirac, physicist, 1902–84)

-- \_Mathematics is the most beautiful and most powerful creation of the human spirit.\_ (Stefan Banach, mathematician, 1892–1945)

-- \_Science is not only compatible with spirituality; it is a profound source of spirituality.\_ (Carl Sagan, astronomer, 1934–96)

>>> Task a What relevance do these quotations have to Whitman's poem?

>>> Task b How do you think the scientists quoted would react to the theme of the poem?

>>> Task c Do you think there is any contradiction between science and poetry? Explain!

##### xxx5 3 WRITING POETRY

Looking up at the stars must be one of the most common sources of inspiration for poetry down the centuries. Write your own poem called "Looking up at the Stars".

--- 245 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 246 to 432

## xxx2 Emily Dickinson (1830-86)

{{Textbox}}

is viewed as a rather mysterious figure. Although lively and funloving in her early twenties, by her mid-twenties she began to withdraw from the world around her and ended up living at home in Amherst, Massachusetts, in almost complete seclusion except for her immediate family. Yet, while her outer life may have seemed humdrum, her inner life was intense, as expressed in the 1,775 poems she wrote (and never titled). Although her friends encouraged her to publish these during her lifetime, she declined, saying she preferred "barefoot rank" to professional fame. Consequently, very few of her poems were published while she lived. Today, however, she is one of the most widely read poets in the English language and viewed by critics as a forerunner of modern poetry because of her breathtaking metaphors, freedom from grammatical conventions and sceptical viewpoint.

{{End of textbox}}

Each of Emily Dickinson's poems stands separately with only a neutral number to identify it. However, each has its own distinct content and mood. Sometimes they are obvious in their directness. Sometimes they are maddeningly elusive and difficult to pin down. The following three give you a brief taste of a wealth of reflections.

### xxx3 Poem: 249

Wild Nights – Wild Nights!

Were I with thee

Wild Nights should be

Our luxury!

Futile – the Winds –

To a Heart in port –

Done with the Compass –

Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden –

Ah, the Sea!

Might I but moor – Tonight –

In Thee!

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_futile:\_ til ingen nytte

\_in port:\_ i havn/i hamn

\_chart:\_ sjøkart

\_to moor:\_ å fortøye

{{End of glossary}}

### xxx3 Poem: 314

"Hope" is the thing with feathers –

That perches in the soul –

And sings the tune without the words –

And never stops – at all –

And sweetest – in the Gale – is heard –

And sore must be the storm –

That could abash the little Bird That kept so many warm –

I've heard it in the chillest land –

And on the strangest Sea –

Yet – never – in Extremity,

It asked a crumb – of me.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_to perch:\_ å slå seg ned, å vagle seg

\_Gale:\_ storm

\_to abash:\_ å bringe ut av fatning, å skremme

\_Extremity:\_ ytterste nød/ytste nød

\_Crumb:\_ liten smule (overført), litt

{{End of glossary}}

### xxx3 Poem: 1263

There is no Frigate like a Book,

To take us Lands away,

Nor any Coursers like a Page

Of prancing Poetry.

This Traverse may the poorest take

Without oppress of Toll;

How frugal is the Chariot

That bears the Human soul!

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_frigate:\_ orlogsfartøy

\_courser:\_ rask hest

\_prancing:\_ steilende/steglande

\_to traverse\_ her: å reise

\_toll:\_ avgift

\_frugal:\_ nøysom/nøysam

\_chariot:\_ vogn

{{End of glossary}}

--- 247 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 248 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 A CLOSER LOOK AT THE POEMS

\_249\_

>>> Task a "Wild Nights!" is a striking image. What does it call to mind? Discuss your immediate associations with a fellow pupil. Do they fit the idea that such nights might be a "luxury"?

>>> Task b In stanza two the poet introduces a metaphor that seems quite separate from the first stanza – that of a Heart (or ship) in port safe from a storm. What storm? What port? Why are compasses and charts no longer necessary? What is the connection between the two stanzas?

>>> Task c The third stanza introduces yet another metaphor – of a boat being rowed in the sea of Eden and being moored for the night. What does this symbolise, do you think?

>>> Task d Dickinson's poems are often cryptic and open to many possible interpretations. Could this poem be thought of as:

-- a love poem?

-- a religious poem?

-- a poem about "Nature"?

-- a poem about death?

Perhaps you think it is some combination of these. What, in your view, \_is\_ the theme of this poem?

\_314\_

>>> Task a How is hope personified in the poem?

>>> Task b Why does she choose this image, do you think?

>>> Task c How does the little bird "keep so many warm"?

>>> Task d What point about hope is made in the last stanza?

>>> Task e This poem is one of Emily Dickinson's most popular. Why do you think that is?

\_1263\_

>>> Task a Dickinson travelled little. And yet poem 1263 shows this statement to be false. How, according to the poem, is it possible to travel? Do you agree?

>>> Task b In lines 3 and 4, Dickinson uses alliteration \_(bokstavrim)\_ to create an image. What is the image that she creates? Is this effective?

>>> Task c What are the advantages of travelling in this manner according to stanza two?

>>> Task d The poet is consistent in her choice of travel imagery. Pick out all the words that have something to do with travel.

#### xxx4 2 POETRY TECHNIQUES

Most of Dickinson's poems are very conventional in their standard four-line stanzas, a form she adopted from hymns sung at church. Yet they are, at the same time, very unconventional in many ways.

  \_Spelling and punctuation:\_

>>> Task a Dickinson often breaks the usual rules of capitalisation (as in "Gale" and "Extremity"). Why, do you think? How many times does she break the rules in these poems? Pick out two examples and discuss what effect these have on the poem.

>>> Task b Dickinson breaks up many lines with a dash. A dash normally signals a slight pause. Try reading the poems aloud with and without pauses in the places where Dickinson uses a dash. How does this change the poems?

\_Rhythm and rhyme:\_

>>> Task c The four-line hymns upon which Dickinson based her poems all have regular rhythm and rhyme schemes. Yet Dickinson often deviates from these patterns in her poems. See if you can identify examples of irregular rhythm and rhymes in these poems. Why do you suppose she did this?

#### xxx4 3 GOING FURTHER – FIND A POEM

Find another poem by Emily Dickinson at access.cdu.no or in your school library. The poems that we have selected here are among Dickinson's most well known – perhaps because of their brevity. In your search for a poem you might want to look for a longer poem. When you have made your choice, discuss the poem's theme and style with a partner, or in a small group.

--- 249 to 432

## xxx2 Mark Twain (1835-1910)

{{Textbox}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

is the pen name of Samuel L. Clemens. It is taken from the riverboats of the great Mississippi River that he loved. The depth of the river was constantly changing and had to be measured by a man with a rope on the bow of the riverboat. He would shout out which mark on the rope showed above the surface. "Mark One!" was shallow water. "Mark Twain!" (or "Two") was safe water and smooth sailing. Twain grew up along the Mississippi while it was still the wild frontier of America. Not surprisingly, his greatest books are set there, including \_Life on the Mississippi, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer\_ and its sequel. \_The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.\_

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Listening: The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

\_The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn\_ was published in 1884, but is set three decades earlier in the slave-ridden South before the Civil War. It tells the tale of Huck and Jim – a young boy and a slave sharing a raft floating down the Mississippi River. Huck is running away from "sivilization" with all its rules and limitations. Jim is escaping from slavery to freedom. The heart of the book is their relationship. There is a struggle going on inside Huck's conscience. Should he do what he has been taught is right and turn Jim in to the authorities? Or should he be true to his friend Jim and break the law?

  In the excerpt you can listen to at access.cdu.no the raft is approaching the river town of Cairo, Illinois – a free state. Jim is happier and happier. Huck is more and more miserable. Things are coming to a head.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Textbox}}

You will find a comprehensive glossary for the text at access.cdu.no.

{{End of textbox}}

--- 250 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 UNDERSTANDING THE EXCERPT

Listen to the excerpt once through and then answer these questions:

>>> Task a What are Jim's plans for the future?

>>> Task b How does Huck react to these plans?

>>> Task c Huck goes off to turn Jim in. What changes his mind, do you think?

>>> Task d How does Huck make the men believe that there is smallpox on the raft?

>>> Task e What conclusions does Huck draw about his own morality after the episode?

#### xxx4 2 CLOSE LISTENING

Read the questions below and then listen to the extract a second time before answering them:

>>> Task a How are the characters Huck and Jim portrayed in the excerpt?

>>> Task b How are the men on the raft portrayed?

>>> Task c What is the point of view in the excerpt? (In other words, whose thoughts do we follow?)

>>> Task d Where is the humor in the text?

>>> Task e How does the point of view contribute to the humor and irony?

#### xxx4 3 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a \_The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn\_ has been criticised by some for racial stereotyping and even racism. At the same time, it is regarded by others as an American classic and a satire on the society that condoned slavery. On the basis of this short extract, what is your view? Are the two views incompatible?

>>> Task b "Give a nigger an inch an he'll take an ell." For modern readers, Mark Twain's use of racist language like this can be a problem. It has been removed from some school reading lists and libraries for this reason. In a recent edition the word was replaced with "slave". Do you understand these reactions? What do you think is the right way of dealing with such a problem?

#### xxx4 4 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

>>> Task a The language in this novel reflects the everyday speech of the narrator and the characters he meets. How do you "standardise" the following sentences from the excerpt?

-- Let up on me – it ain't too late, yet – I'll paddle ashore at the first light.

-- Pooty soon I'll be a-shout'n for joy, en I'll say, it's all on accounts o' Huck.

-- I didn't answer up prompt.

-- Answer up square now, and it'll be the better for you.

-- We are right down sorry for you, but we – well, hang it, we don't want the smallpox, you see.

-- I see it warn't no use for me to try to learn to do right: a body that don't get started right when he's little, ain't got no show.

>>> Task b What is the effect of Twain's use of dialect? What would be lost if the story had been written in standard English?

#### xxx4 5 WRITING

Choose one task:

>>> Task a Write a report from the bounty hunters to the sheriff they work for telling about their day's work, including the meeting with the boy and his family with the smallpox. You can use your imagination for other events, if you wish. You can also try to write in dialect, if you like.

>>> Task b Tell the story from Jim's perspective. Use standard English.

#### xxx4 6 QUICK RESEARCH

>>> Task a What was the Underground Railway in the United States?

>>> Task b The Compromise of 1850 was between free states and slave states. What did it say about escaped slaves like Jim? Where would a slave like Jim be safe?

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## xxx2 Kate Chopin (1850-1904)

{{Textbox}}

was born in St. Louis, Missouri. Her father died when she was five and she received an education at a school run by nuns at a time when it was rare for girls to go to school. She married, moved to New Orleans and had six children. When her husband died, Chopin moved back to St. Louis and it was then that her writing career started. Her novel \_The Awakening\_, published in 1899 at a time when women's rights were just beginning to surface, scandalised the American reading public. In it, Chopin presents the drama of a Louisiana woman who gradually breaks away from her traditional roles as wife and mother as she discovers her own will and desires – including her sexual desires. Chopin's short stories reveal the same feminist tendencies. Kate Chopin can be called a true feminist visionary.

{{End of textbox}}

The setting of most of Kate Chopin's stories is Louisiana, where even today a strong French influence remains. In 1893, when "Desiree's Baby" was written, Louisiana was mainly populated by Creoles, Acadians and blacks. A Creole was a white person who was born in the new world and who descended from French or Spanish aristocrats. Acadians were descendants of French settlers who had originally settled in Acadia in Canada but who were expelled from Canada by the British in 1755. Many Acadians made their way to Louisiana. Despite sharing a common French language background, there seems to have been a class difference between Creoles and Acadians, with Creoles belonging to a higher social class.

{{Tasks}}

When you are told that a work of literature is "feminist" in outlook, what expectations do you have of its themes, characters and plot?

{{End of tasks}}

### xxx3 Short story: Desiree's Baby

As the day was pleasant, Madame Valmonde drove over to L'Abri to see Desiree and the baby.

  It made her laugh to think of Desiree with a baby. Why, it seemed but yesterday that Desiree was little more than a baby herself; when Monsieur in riding through the gateway of Valmonde had found her lying asleep in the shadow of the big stone pillar.

  The little one awoke in his arms and began to cry for "Dada." That was as much as she could do or say. Some people thought she might have strayed there of her own accord, for she was of the toddling age. The prevailing belief was that she had been purposely left by a party of Texans, whose canvas-covered wagon, late in the day, had crossed the ferry that Coton Mais kept, just below the plantation. In time Madame Valmonde abandoned every speculation but the one that Desiree had been sent to her by a beneficent Providence to be the child of her affection, seeing that she was without child of the flesh. For the girl grew to be beautiful and gentle, affectionate and sincere – the idol of Valmonde.

{{Glossary}}

\_prevailing:\_ rådende/rådande

\_beneficent\_ providence: godt forsyn

\_avalanche:\_ skred

{{End of glossary}}

It was no wonder, when she stood one day against the stone pillar in whose shadow she had lain asleep, eighteen years before, that Armand Aubigny riding by and seeing her there, had fallen in love with her. That was the way all the Aubignys fell in love, as if struck by a pistol shot. The wonder was that he had not loved her before; for he had known her since his father brought him home from Paris, a boy of eight, after his mother died there. The passion that awoke in him that day, when he saw her at the gate, swept along like an avalanche, or like a prairie fire, or like anything

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that drives headlong over all obstacles.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

Monsieur Valmonde grew practical and wanted things well considered: that is, the girl's obscure origin. Armand looked into her eyes and did not care. He was reminded that she was nameless. What did it matter about a name when he could give her one of the oldest and proudest in Louisiana? He ordered the corbeille from Paris, and contained himself with what patience he could until it arrived; then they were married.

  Madame Valmonde had not seen Desiree and the baby for four weeks. When she reached L'Abri she shuddered at the first sight of it, as she always did. It was a sad looking place, which for many years had not known the gentle presence of a mistress, old Monsieur Aubigny having married and buried his wife in France, and she having loved her own land too well ever to leave it. The roof came down steep and black like a cowl, reaching out beyond the wide galleries that encircled the yellow stuccoed house. Big, solemn oaks grew close to it, and their thick-leaved, far-reaching branches shadowed it like a pall. Young Aubigny's rule was a strict one, too, and under it his negroes had forgotten how to be gay, as they had been during the old master's easy-going and indulgent lifetime.

{{Glossary}}

\_obscure:\_ ukjent/ukjend

\_corbeille:\_ brudeutstyr

\_cowl:\_ munkehette

\_pall:\_ likklede

{{End of glossary}}

The young mother was recovering slowly, and lay full length, in her

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soft white muslins and laces, upon a couch. The baby was beside her, upon her arm, where he had fallen asleep, at her breast. The yellow nurse woman sat beside a window fanning herself.

  Madame Valmonde bent her portly figure over Desiree and kissed her, holding her an instant tenderly in her arms. Then she turned to the child.

  "This is not the baby!" she exclaimed, in startled tones. French was the language spoken at Valmonde in those days.

  "I knew you would be astonished," laughed Desiree, "at the way he has grown. The little cochon de lait! Look at his legs, mamma, and his hands and fingernails,- real finger-nails. Zandrine had to cut them this morning. Isn't it true, Zandrine?"

  The woman bowed her turbaned head majestically, "Mais si, Madame."

  "And the way he cries," went on Desiree, "is deafening. Armand heard him the other day as far away as La Blanche's cabin."

  Madame Valmonde had never removed her eyes from the child. She lifted it and walked with it over to the window that was lightest. She scanned the baby narrowly, then looked as searchingly at Zandrine, whose face was turned to gaze across the fields.

  "Yes, the child has grown, has changed," said Madame Valmonde, slowly, as she replaced it beside its mother. "What does Armand say?"

  Desiree's face became suffused with a glow that was happiness itself.

  "Oh, Armand is the proudest father in the parish, I believe, chiefly because it is a boy, to bear his name; though he says not, – that he would have loved a girl as well. But I know it isn't true. I know he says that to please me. And mamma," she added, drawing Madame Valmonde's head down to her, and speaking in a whisper, "he hasn't punished one of them – not one of them – since baby is born. Even Negrillon, who pretended to have burnt his leg that he might rest from work – he only laughed, and said Negrillon was a great scamp. Oh, mamma, I'm so happy; it frightens me."

  What Desiree said was true. Marriage, and later the birth of his son had softened Armand Aubigny's imperious and exacting nature greatly. This was what made the gentle Desiree so happy, for she loved him desperately. When he frowned, she trembled, but loved him. When he smiled, she asked no greater blessing of God. But Armand's dark, handsome face had not often been disfigured by frowns since the day he fell in love with her.

{{Glossary}}

\_muslins:\_ klær laget av musselin/klede laga av musselin

\_lace:\_ knipling

\_cochon de lait:\_ grisunge som dier/grisunge som diar

\_La Blanche:\_ Den Hvite/Den Kvite

\_suffused\_ her: lyste opp

\_scamp:\_ rampete barn

\_imperious:\_ bydende/bydande

\_to frown:\_ å rynke pannen/å rynke panna

\_menacing:\_ truende/truande

\_disquieting:\_ foruroligende/urovekkjande

{{End of glossary}}

When the baby was about three months old, Desiree awoke one day to the conviction that there was something in the air menacing her peace. It was at first too subtle to grasp. It had only been a disquieting suggestion; an air of mystery among the blacks; unexpected visits from far-off neighbors who could hardly account for their coming. Then a strange,

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an awful change in her husband's manner, which she dared not ask him to explain. When he spoke to her, it was with averted eyes, from which the old love-light seemed to have gone out. He absented himself from home; and when there, avoided her presence and that of her child, without excuse. And the very spirit of Satan seemed suddenly to take hold of him in his dealings with the slaves. Desiree was miserable enough to die.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

She sat in her room, one hot afternoon, in her peignoir, listlessly drawing through her fingers the strands of her long, silky brown hair that hung about her shoulders. The baby, half naked, lay asleep upon her own great mahogany bed, that was like a sumptuous throne, with its satin-lined half-canopy. One of La Blanche's little quadroon boys – half naked too – stood fanning the child slowly with a fan of peacock feathers. Desiree's eyes had been fixed absently and sadly upon the baby, while she was striving to penetrate the threatening mist that she felt closing about her. She looked from her child to the boy who stood beside him, and back again; over and over. "Ah!" It was a cry that she could not help; which she was not conscious of having uttered. The blood turned like ice in her veins, and a clammy moisture gathered upon her face.

{{Glossary}}

\_peignoir:\_ neglisjé (morgenkjole)/neglisjé (morgonkjole)

\_canopy:\_ baldakin, kalesje

\_quadroon:\_ person som er kvart svart

\_fan:\_ vifte

{{End of glossary}}

She tried to speak to the little quadroon boy; but no sound would

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come, at first. When he heard his name uttered, he looked up, and his mistress was pointing to the door. He laid aside the great, soft fan, and obediently stole away, over the polished floor, on his bare tiptoes.

  She stayed motionless, with gaze riveted upon her child, and her face the picture of fright.

  Presently her husband entered the room, and without noticing her, went to a table and began to search among some papers which covered it.

  "Armand," she called to him, in a voice which must have stabbed him, if he was human. But he did not notice. "Armand," she said again. Then she rose and tottered towards him. "Armand," she panted once more, clutching his arm, "look at our child. What does it mean? tell me."

  He coldly but gently loosened her fingers from about his arm and thrust the hand away from him. "Tell me what it means!" she cried despairingly.

  "It means," he answered lightly, "that the child is not white; it means that you are not white."

  A quick conception of all that this accusation meant for her nerved her with unwonted courage to deny it. "It is a lie; it is not true, I am white! Look at my hair, it is brown; and my eyes are gray, Armand, you know they are gray. And my skin is fair," seizing his wrist. "Look at my hand; whiter than yours, Armand," she laughed hysterically.

  "As white as La Blanche's," he returned cruelly; and went away leaving her alone with their child.

  When she could hold a pen in her hand, she sent a despairing letter to Madame Valmonde.

  "My mother, they tell me I am not white. Armand has told me I am not white. For God's sake tell them it is not true. You must know it is not true. I shall die. I must die. I cannot be so unhappy, and live."

  The answer that came was brief:

  "My own Desiree: Come home to Valmonde; back to your mother who loves you. Come with your child."

  When the letter reached Desiree she went with it to her husband's study, and laid it open upon the desk before which he sat. She was like a stone image: silent, white, motionless after she placed it there.

  In silence he ran his cold eyes over the written words.

  He said nothing. "Shall I go, Armand?" she asked in tones sharp with agonized suspense.

  "Yes, go."

  "Do you want me to go?"

  "Yes, I want you to go."

{{Glossary}}

\_gaze:\_ blikk

\_riveted:\_ naglet/nagla

\_to totter:\_ å vakle

\_unwonted:\_ uvant/uvan

\_agonized suspense:\_ pinefull uvisshet/pinefull uvisse

{{End of glossary}}

He thought Almighty God had dealt cruelly and unjustly with him; and felt, somehow, that he was paying Him back in kind when he stabbed

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thus into his wife's soul. Moreover he no longer loved her, because of the unconscious injury she had brought upon his home and his name.

  She turned away like one stunned by a blow, and walked slowly towards the door, hoping he would call her back.

  "Good-by, Armand," she moaned.

  He did not answer her. That was his last blow at fate.

  Desiree went in search of her child. Zandrine was pacing the sombre gallery with it. She took the little one from the nurse's arms with no word of explanation, and descending the steps, walked away, under the live-oak branches.

  It was an October afternoon; the sun was just sinking. Out in the still fields the negroes were picking cotton.

  Desiree had not changed the thin white garment nor the slippers which she wore. Her hair was uncovered and the sun's rays brought a golden gleam from its brown meshes. She did not take the broad, beaten road which led to the far-off plantation of Valmonde. She walked across a deserted field, where the stubble bruised her tender feet, so delicately shod, and tore her thin gown to shreds.

  She disappeared among the reeds and willows that grew thick along the banks of the deep, sluggish bayou; and she did not come back again.

  Some weeks later there was a curious scene enacted at L'Abri. In the centre of the smoothly swept back yard was a great bonfire. Armand Aubigny sat in the wide hallway that commanded a view of the spectacle; and it was he who dealt out to a half dozen negroes the material which kept this fire ablaze.

  A graceful cradle of willow, with all its dainty furbishings, was laid upon the pyre, which had already been fed with the richness of a priceless layette. Then there were silk gowns, and velvet and satin ones added to these; laces, too, and embroideries; bonnets and gloves; for the corbeille had been of rare quality.

  The last thing to go was a tiny bundle of letters; innocent little scrib-blings that Desiree had sent to him during the days of their espousal. There was the remnant of one back in the drawer from which he took them. But it was not Desiree's; it was part of an old letter from his mother to his father. He read it. She was thanking God for the blessing of her husband's love: –

  "But above all," she wrote, "night and day, I thank the good God for having so arranged our lives that our dear Armand will never know that his mother, who adores him, belongs to the race that is cursed with the brand of slavery."

{{Glossary}}

\_stunned:\_ svimeslått

\_sombre:\_ mørk og dyster

\_garment:\_ (kles)plagg

\_mesh:\_ hårlokk

\_shred:\_ fille

\_reed:\_ siv

\_willow:\_ piletre

\_sluggish:\_ treg

\_bayou:\_ myrete elvemunning

\_furbishing:\_ utsmykking

\_layette:\_ spedbarnsklaer/spedbarnsklede

\_gown:\_ kjole

\_bonnet:\_ kyse

\_espousal:\_ gml. forlovelse/forloving

\_remnant:\_ rest

{{End of glossary}}

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### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 ANALYSING THE STORY

Form groups of three or four and answer the following questions orally.

>>> Task a What is the \_setting\_ of the story? Keep in mind that setting refers to both time and place. How important is the setting in this particular story?

>>> Task b Who are the \_main characters\_?

-- How are they described?

-- What do we know about their family backgrounds?

-- What do they reveal about themselves by the way they act? For example, how does Armand first fall in love with Desiree and how does he treat his slaves? What type of man is he? Does he change one or more times in the course of the story? Explain.

>>> Task c What is the \_plot\_ of the story? Remember that plot refers to the series of events or episodes that make up the action in a work of fiction.

-- How does the story begin?

-- What changes does the birth of the baby bring with it to L'Abri?

-- In what way does the initial happiness change? Why?

-- How does the story end?

#### xxx4 2 GOING DEEPER INTO THE STORY

>>> Task a What crucial information is given in the first three paragraphs of the story?

>>> Task b How is L'Abri, Armand's home, described? Why is it in this condition?

>>> Task c What is Madame Valmonde's reaction when she sees the child? What does she do?

>>> Task d In retrospect, why do you think Madame Valmonde was startled?

>>> Task e Madame Valmonde asks about Armand's attitude towards the child. How does Desiree answer? Are they talking about the same thing?

>>> Task f As the baby grows older, Desiree suspects that something is wrong. What does she suddenly realise when she compares her baby to La Blanche's quadroon boy?

>>> Task g What does Armand answer when Desiree asks for an explanation about her baby's appearance? Why does Armand treat his wife so cruelly in your opinion?

>>> Task h What do you think happens to Desiree and her baby?

>>> Task i Look at the closing paragraphs of the story. Were you prepared for this? Explain your answer.

#### xxx4 3 WORKING WITH THEMES

>>> Task a Now that you have discussed the details of the story, what do you think the theme(s) of the story might be? Keep in mind that theme in a piece of fiction is the idea, general truth, or commentary on life or people brought out through a story.

>>> Task b How important is the concept of class in "Desiree's Baby"? To which class do the Valmonde and the Aubigny families belong? Which other classes are presented in the story?

#### xxx4 4 LITERARY DEVICES

>>> Task a \_Foreshadowing\_ is the dropping of hints by the author to prepare the reader for what is to come and to help him to anticipate the outcome.

What examples of foreshadowing can you find in "Desiree's Baby"?

>>> Task b What point of view does the author choose? How does this affect the way the story develops?

>>> Task c What examples of irony can you find in the story?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

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## xxx2 WRITING TASKS: CHAPTERS 4 AND 5

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

>>> Task 1 Freedom – personal freedom and political freedom – was an important theme in the Romantic period. Choose at least two texts that deal with this theme and compare them.

>>> Task 2 How is the theme of social outcasts treated in texts from the Romantic period?

>>> Task 3 "Frankenstein's creation is not only a monster – in some ways he is more human than his creator." Discuss.

>>> Task 4 How is \_nature\_ portrayed in poetry from the Romantic period?

>>> Task 5 How is the theme of love dealt with differently in the texts you have read from this period?

>>> Task 6 \_Frankenstein\_ deals with the moral dilemmas of interfering with nature. Discuss how this theme continues to have relevance today.

>>> Task 7 Are the ideals of the Romantic Age still relevant today? If so, in what way? If not, why not?

>>> Task 8 Write an analysis of "Dover Beach".

>>> Task 9 "On a deeper level \_Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde\_ portrays the hypocrisy of Victorian society." Discuss.

>>> Task 10 The Industrial Revolution brought progress and improvement for many, but poverty and misery for others. How is this reflected in texts from the Victorian period?

>>> Task 11 In the extracts from \_Oliver Twist\_, Dickens portrays abject poverty and cruel injustice. Even so, the episodes are entertaining. How does he achieve this?

>>> Task 12 Compare "Sonnet" by Christina Rossetti and \_Poem 249\_ ("Wild Nights") by Emily Dickinson as love poems.

>>> Task 13 Compare and contrast the poetic styles of Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson.

>>> Task 14 Kate Chopin is seen a precursor to 20th century feminist writers. Is this evident in "Desiree's Baby"? Explain.

>>> Task 15 What similarities do you see between the stories "Desiree's Baby" and "Lispeth"?

>>> Task 16 Show how the theme of social class is dealt with in some of the texts in the chapter.

{{Textbox}}

\_Self-evaluation:\_

Go to the section called "Self-evaluation" at access.cdu.no to rate your performance in English according to the goals in the subject curriculum.

{{End of textbox}}

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## xxx2 ESSAY WRITING COURSE 5: USING SOURCES

When you write an essay it is important to remember that, unless the reader is told otherwise, he or she will assume that the language used and the ideas expressed are your own. However, a good literary essay often needs to borrow language and ideas from other sources, so it is important that you know how to make it clear to the reader when you are doing so.

### xxx3 Primary and secondary sources

The most common source of borrowing in your essays will be from the literary texts you are writing about. We call these \_primary sources\_. In our introduction to the literary essay (p. 41) we used the analogy of the courtroom to describe what the writer of a literary essay is doing. In this connection we could say that primary sources will be important "evidence" in convincing the jury of your interpretation of "events". Another source of borrowing is \_secondary sources\_. When you are working on an essay – especially the in-depth extended essay that you have to write this year – you will find it useful to read what other people have written about your topic. Encyclopaedias, books from the library, essays and articles on the internet – all these are examples of secondary sources that you may find useful. The more you read about your topic, the better informed your response will be.

   \_Note\_: The sheer wealth of information available to us today makes it increasingly important to be able to differentiate and evaluate what we find in order to be able to select what we need. Go to access.cdu.no to find a writing course called "Evaluating Sources". This course provides training in finding reliable and suitable sources for the texts that you write.

### xxx3 Quotation

One of the ways we can use both primary and secondary sources is by quoting from them. The first rule here is that it should be made quite clear where a quotation starts and where it finishes. This is done using inverted commas (also called quotation marks). If the quotation starts with a complete sentence, the previous sentence should end in a colon:

  \_Lispeth is described as an unusually beautiful woman: "Lispeth had a Greek face – one of those faces people paint so often, and see so seldom."\_

  If the quotation starts in mid-sentence, no colon is required:

  Lisbeth is described as having "a Greek face – one of those faces people paint so often, and see so seldom".

  When you are writing about literature, quotations are a way of tying your comments directly to the text. However, it is your own comments that are important here. There is no point in a quotation for its own sake. This would be like the attorney simply showing the murder weapon and other items of evidence and then pronouncing "I rest my case!" A quotation is worthless unless you explain exactly what you think it shows.

  Quoting from primary sources is fairly straightforward. Provided you use the correct punctuation, it is usually clear where the borrowed language is taken from. When you borrow from secondary sources, however, it is important that you acknowledge where you have borrowed from. You do this by using quotation marks and stating whom you are quoting:

   \_Most of the characters we meet in\_ Oliver Twist \_are one-dimensional, and yet they seem to be full of life. As novelist E. M\_.

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\_Forster wrote of Dickens's characters in general: "Nearly everyone can be summed up in a sentence, and yet there is this wonderful feeling of human depth ... It is a conjuring trick."\_

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

### xxx3 Plagiarism

If you do not acknowledge borrowing, it is no longer borrowing – it is stealing! \_Plagiarism\_ is the term used for language and ideas that are stolen and passed off as one's own, and it is an increasing problem in schools and universities. Sometimes plagiarism involves people handing in whole essays, theses and research papers that have been written by someone else, but it is important to remember that poor use of sources can also lead to plagiarism. Imagine, for example, that we removed the acknowledgement from the previous extract:

   \_Most of the characters we meet in\_ Oliver Twist \_are one-dimensional. In fact, nearly everyone can he summed up in a sentence. And yet, by some conjuring trick, there is this wonderful feeling of human depth\_.

  This is plagiarism. It is not enough that the writer has made a few minor changes to the sentences. The language here is E. M. Forster's, not the essay writer's.

  Students sometimes imagine that stealing language in this way is a short cut to improving their writing style. Actually it makes for a rather uneven text, since the stolen language usually "sticks out like a sore thumb" compared to the rest. Acknowledging secondary sources in the correct way, on the other hand, can give your essay a very professional feel and is more likely to impress your reader (your teacher!). It shows that you have read around your topic and that you know the way to use what you have read.

  Do \_ideas\_ have to be acknowledged in an essay? This depends on the sort of idea we are talking about. If the idea is common knowledge or widely held, we do not need to. So the statement "Mark Twain is the father of American literature" does not require acknowledgement – we probably would not be able to find the originator of the phrase anyway. However, if the ideas we find have a particular source, they need to be acknowledged.

  In longer pieces of writing, such as extended essays or written projects, it is usual to list the sources you have used, both primary and secondary sources. This means giving the title, author, publisher and publishing date of books and articles you have read. Also internet sources must be given in detail, i.e. the title of the site, the electronic address, the name of the institution or organisation connected with it, the name of the person who created or maintains it (where this is known) and the date on which it was accessed.

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### xxx3 Paraphrasing and summarising

Quotation is not the only way of using the "evidence" of primary and secondary sources in an essay. Paraphrasing means expressing someone else's ideas in one's own words, and it is a useful tool for avoiding long quotations. A paraphrase should carefully avoid the language of the original, and therefore quotation marks should not be used. However, paraphrasing should not be seen as a way of sidestepping plagiarism. Acknowledgement of the source is still necessary, unless it is a primary source that is obvious to the reader.

  When we summarise a text we are essentially also paraphrasing it, only the aim is also to shorten it by focusing on the main points.

  The following examples demonstrate the difference between a paraphrase, a summary and a plagiarism:

  The original text:

  \_Apart from the queen, Florence Nightingale remains arguably the most famous woman of the Victorian age. She was born in the first year of the reign of George IV, 1820, and died at the enormous age of ninety in 1910 in that of Edward VII. Both in her ideas and in her life she was before her time, pioneering and challenging the accepted scheme of things as laid down for a Victorian woman, demanding that she be accepted on her own terms as an equal in a mans world. Although she began with the advantages of being born into a wealthy family which had extensive connections within the establishment classes, that cannot erode the achievement of a life which defies the rules of the age. To challenge what a woman of her class could and could not do demanded great \_personal sacrifice, including denying herself the happiness of marriage and children. (The Story of Britain: A People's History\_ by Roy Strong, London 1998)

  A paraphrase:

  \_Historian Roy Strong argues that Florence Nightingale was second only to Queen Victoria herself as a famous woman of the age and that in her long life, which lasted 90 years from the beginning of George IV's reign until well into the reign of Edward VII, she broke the mould for what was expected of women, insisting on being treated as an equal in a male-dominated society. While acknowledging that Florence Nightingale had the advantage of a wealthy and well-connected background, Strong makes the point that this in no way diminishes her importance as a pioneer for women nor the personal price she paid for her achievements.\_

  A summary:

  \_Roy Strong believes that Florence Nightingale, who during her long lifetime challenged Victorian limitations for the role of women, can be seen as the most renowned female Victorian after the queen herself.\_

  A plagiarism:

  \_Historian Roy Strong argues that Florence Nightingale remains arguably the most famous woman of the Victorian age. During her long life both in her ideas and in her life she was before her time, pioneering and challenging the accepted scheme of things as laid down for a Victorian woman, demanding that she be accepted on her own terms as an equal in a man's world. While acknowledging that Florence Nightingale had the advantage of a wealthy and well-connected background,

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Roy Strong argues that this cannot erode the achievement of a life which defies the rules of the age. To challenge what a woman of her class could and could not do demanded great personal sacrifice.\_

## xxx2 TASKS

>>> Task 1 Look at the examples above and point out the differences in how the last three versions approach the original text.

>>> Task 2 Correct the punctuation in the following extracts so that the quotations are incorporated correctly into the text:

>>> Task a Lady Bracknell sees anything unconventional as a threat, not only to her but to what she calls good society. When she learns that Jack was found by his foster parents in a handbag, she professes that it displays a contempt for the ordinary decencies of family life that reminds one of the worst excesses of the French Revolution.

>>> Task b The Sea of Faith that Matthew Arnold refers to was once something taken for granted. Now, however, he hears its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar and feels godless and alone on the naked shingles of the world. (Find the text on p. 220.)

>>> Task c Dr Jekyll, horrified by the appearance of his hand, corded and hairy, realises how vulnerable his situation has become. Mr Hyde can apparently make his appearance without the aid of drugs, transforming the respectable and beloved doctor into the common quarry of mankind, hunted, houseless, a known murderer, thrall to the gallows. (Find the text on p. 213.)

>>> Task 3 Paraphrase the following paragraphs:

>>> Task a Scottish essayist, poet, playwright, novelist, and short-story writer, Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson is noted for his travel books and adventure novels, which were best-sellers in their day. Stevenson was born on 13 November 1850 in Edinburgh, Scotland. His father was Thomas Stevenson, joint-engineer to the Board of Northern Lighthouses, and his grandfather Robert Stevenson, a gifted engineer remembered in his native Scotland as the designer of twenty-three lighthouses and the inventor of intermittent or flashing lights for such navigational aids. From childhood R. L. Stevenson's health was extremely delicate owing to a chronic bronchial condition (possibly tuberculosis).

(Source: Philip V. Allingham: The Victorian Web, http://www.victorianweb.org/authors/stevenson/bio.html, accessed 27.09 2014)

>>> Task b The Victorian music halls frequently gave rise to fears concerning public morality. London audiences, however, defended their moral values when the law was used in a repressive manner, turning up in large numbers at the halls, at law courts and licensing sessions, and writing letters and petitions. Sometimes, the problems involved prostitution in or around the halls; at other times, it might be the lewd content of a song or dance. The most difficult thing for moral guardians to control was the physicality of certain performers, the most notorious being Marie Lloyd, who used gestures, winks, and knowing smiles to lend suggestiveness to the most "innocent" of songs.

(Source: Derek B. Scott: The Victorian Web, http://www.victorianweb.org/mt/musichall/scot tl.html, accessed 20.09 2014)

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{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

>>> Task 4 Summarise the following paragraph: The Victorians loved to be beside the seaside. In a sense, they created it, as a great escape from the factories and cities which they had helped to build and in which many of them toiled for fifty-one weeks of the year. They took their new train-lines as close to the sea as they could, and made the trips down to and along the bays by horse-buses. They set up their bathing machines on the shore to preserve their modesty, built piers out to sea to get a bit closer to it and have more space for their entertainments, and developed a whole new industry – the seaside tourist industry, on the back of which hitherto little-known fishing villages, ports and lighthouse promontories flourished and burgeoned to become towns and even cities.

  (Source: Jacqueline Banerjee: The Victorian Web, http://www.victorianweb.org/vn/seaside.html, accessed 01.09 2014)

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## xxx2 ACROSS THE ARTS 4: THE ART AND THE HEART

As we have seen, nothing was more typical of the Victorian Age than \_industry\_ – in the broadest sense of the word. It was a time when Britain resounded to the clang of hammers and other tools. This applied to the arts also – and not always just metaphorically speaking. In the following you will read how the ethos of hard work, personified by industrialists such as Brunei, found expression in diverse art forms from painting to upholstery.

### xxx3 The Pre-Raphaelites

The Pre-Raphaelites were a group of artists, writers and critics who had considerable influence in the mid-19th century. They can be seen as part of the broader Romantic movement in that they shared the view that an artist must be free from classical conventions and relate directly to the natural world. But the Pre-Raphaelites had very definite ideas about precisely what was wrong with classical art: it lacked heart. Renaissance artists such as Raphael had poisoned the art of later generations by establishing technique and convention as the benchmark by which art should be judged, rather than how deeply felt it was, it was argued. They declared themselves \_Pre-\_Raphaelites – in other words, they would take their inspiration from the time before Raphael.

  They turned to the Middle Ages for inspiration, a time when, they argued, high craftsmanship had been combined with directness of expression and spiritual integrity. Although there were great differences between the artists that joined "the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood", as they called it, it was these principles that united them. Their paintings were therefore both technically superb and strikingly direct, naive even, in their expression. The use of brilliant colours became a Pre-Raphaelite trademark, while subject matter could vary from biblical and mythological scenes to portraits, often of solitary women.

  John Everett Millais was one of the founding members of the movement, and his painting "Ophelia" (1852, p. 45) is an excellent example of the Pre-Raphaelite style. For one thing, it depicts a scene charged with melancholy and drama – the suicide by drowning of Hamlet's tragic sweetheart on hearing that her father has been killed by Hamlet's hand (see p. 65). The scene, which corresponds closely to the description given by Queen Gertrude, is rendered in extraordinary detail, from the embroidery of the dress (which Millais bought specially for the painting), to the "weeping willows" on the bank, to the various flowers poor Ophelia has plucked in her grief and distraction. There are white poppies, symbolising death, violets and forget-me-nots for faithfulness. The lively greens of the weeds and rushes contrast with the deathly, almost translucent pallor of Ophelia's face.

  To achieve the realism of the scene, Millais reportedly worked eleven hours a day over a five-month period on the banks of a river, bitten by flies and threatened by swans. The commitment of his model – his future wife and fellow artist Elizabeth Siddal – was no less; she spent untold hours submerged in a bath full of warm, but eventually not so warm water. Legend has it that she barely survived! But this was part of the Pre-Raphaelite programme of going directly to nature, whatever the cost.

  Not all Pre-Raphaelites found their inspiration in literary subject matter. Another element in the Pre-Raphaelite movement was its social engagement and its insistence on the

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dignity of work. This is the theme of a painting by Ford Madox Brown entitled simply "Work" (p. 198). Although Brown never actually joined "the Brotherhood", he was closely associated with and embraced many of their "doctrines". But he was also an admirer of Hogarth (see p. 128) and wanted his paintings to make a statement about contemporary society.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

The subject of the painting was undramatic in itself – it depicts workmen engaged in digging up a road to lay a sewer. A common enough occurrence – many of London's sewers were laid down in this period. One of the workmen is shovelling lime through a sieve. Lime was used to make mortar, a sort of cement used between bricks. Brown wanted to show that English workmen, not just exotic Mediterranean shepherds, were suitable subjects for art.

  But there is a symbolic element to the picture, too. The work going on is not just changing the surface of the road, it is changing society itself. Around the workmen can be seen representatives of different social classes, from high to low. They are all relating to the work going on in different ways. Two of the figures on the right of the picture are well-known persons from Victorian society: writer Thomas Carlyle and the Reverend F.D. Maurice, who founded the Working Man's College where Brown himself taught art.

### xxx3 The Arts and Crafts Movement

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

The Pre-Raphaelites' belief in the dignity of work was part of a deep opposition to aspects of the new industrial age. According to them, when the creative act of design became separated from the actual process of manufacture, man became no more than a tool – as he had indeed become in the countless mills, foundries and factories that had sprung up in Victorian Britain. Factory-made goods were soulless, the Pre-Raphaelites argued, and had a destructive effect on those that made them. To keep their integrity, artists had to return to the

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traditions of craftsmanship in which they not only designed, but made the finished work.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

The key figure here was William Morris, a true Victorian polymath. He was a poet, a novelist, a publisher, a painter, a textile designer, a translator (he was one of the first to translate Icelandic eddas and sagas to English) and a radical socialist. Morris set up a workshop (not a factory!) where a small group of craftsmen could follow through production of artefacts from start to finish. Quality was of the essence. Morris himself designed wallpaper, furniture, stained glass, carpets, tapestries and upholstery, and his designs were very distinctive – inspired by medieval art, but also thoroughly modern in terms of technique.

  These intricate, colourful designs achieved great popularity and indeed are still popular today.

  Ironically, the popularity of his designs posed a problem. In order to meet demand Morris was forced to compromise on his opposition to mechanised manufacture. But his idea of the integrity of the craftsman was the basis for an arts and crafts movement that spread to Europe and North America and that lives on today. With his underlying anti-industrialism and his emphasis on social responsibility and sustainable production methods, William Morris can be seen as a forerunner of the environmental movement.

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### xxx3 Gothic Revival architecture

The fascination for the Middle Ages that inspired the Pre-Raphaelites and that sent William Morris off on pilgrimages to Iceland seeking the atmosphere of the old sagas also left its mark on the architecture of the Victorian period. When we think of Victorian architecture we usually think of such triumphs of engineering as the Crystal Palace, built for the Great Exhibition of 1832, or the strict, functional style of Victorian factory buildings and railway stations. But modern visitors to London are often surprised to learn that the most famous building in the city – the Palace of Westminster, or the Houses of Parliament as it is more commonly known – was also built in the Victorian Age. With its lofty spires, pointed arches and ornate decoration, it looks much older, bearing an obvious resemblance to the Gothic churches and cathedrals of the 12th-14th centuries.

  As we saw in chapter 4 (see p. 134) the term "Gothic" is a complex one in art and literature. In literature, "Gothic" is associated with the mysterious, the fantastic, the irrational and the grotesque. As such it can be seen as part of the general reaction of the Romantics to the rationality and orderliness of the 18th century Enlightenment and classicism. In architecture the term "Gothic" refers to a specific late-medieval style which is strongly associated with Christianity and the monarchy. So when the Houses of Parliament was to be rebuilt in 1834, Gothic Revival was the obvious choice.

  The work of architects Charles Barry and Augustus Pugin, the Palace of Westminster was an attempt to bring together the old and the new, so that the nearby medieval buildings that survived the fire (Westminster Hall, the

  Cloisters and Chapter House) would be integrated into the whole. The intricate gridlike effect of the stone façade, which is typical of Gothic cathedrals and churches, is achieved by combining continuous horizontal panels with vertical lines ending in turrets on the roof.

  There is still disagreement over which of the two architects deserves most credit for the building. Neither of them, however, lived to see it finished. The building was well received by the general public and soon became a model for other public buildings around the country.

  It is interesting to note that while the Gothic style of architecture is associated with the monarchy, the neo-classical style, reminiscent of the Roman Republic, has clear republican associations, especially in North America. That is why the United States Capitol Hill in Washington is all pillars and domes, while the monarchist Canadians went for Gothic spires in their Parliament Hill in Ottowa.

## xxx2 TASKS

>>> Task 1 How many of the details in Queen Gertrude's description of Ophelia's drowning can you find in Millais's painting (p. 45)?

{{Poem}}

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;

There with fantastic garlands did she come

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long

purples

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,

But our cold maids do dead men's fingers

call them:

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet

weeds

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Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;

When down her weedy trophies and herself

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread

wide;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:

Which time she chanted snatches of old

tunes;

As one incapable of her own distress,

Or like a creature native and indued

Unto that element: but long it could not be

Till that her garments, heavy with their

drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious

lay

To muddy death.

{{End of poem \_(Hamlet\_, Act IV, Scene 7)}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

>>> Task 2 Ford Madox Brown was keen that his painting "Work" (p. 198) should be understood, so when it was shown at a special exhibition in 1865, he wrote his own commentary to explain the figures in it. You can find excerpts from this at access.cdu.no, but before you read them, take a closer look at the picture and answer these questions:

>>> Task a How many people are actually engaged in digging the sewer? (Look carefully!)

>>> Task b Which figures in the picture do you think belong at the very bottom of the Victorian society, and why?

>>> Task c Which figures do you think belong to the middle classes, and how are they relating to the work that is going on?

>>> Task d Can you see anybody in the picture who might belong to the upper class? What are they doing?

>>> Task e Look at the animals in the picture. Is social class expressed here, too?

>>> Task f Would you call this picture realistic? Why/why not?

>>> Task g Compare "Work" with Hogarth's "Gin Lane" (p. 95) and "Beer Street" (see access.cdu.no). Which of these is it closest to?

>>> Task 3 The ideas of the Arts and Crafts Movement are still very much alive in contemporary culture. What do you see as being the value, if any, of keeping traditional craftsmanship alive in a society where machines can make pretty well anything? If you buy a handmade item (e.g. clothing, pottery or glassware), what are your expectations in terms of quality and price, as compared to machine-manufactured goods?

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# xxx1 CHAPTER 6: Modernism

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

\_Competence aims in focus:\_

The aims of the studies are to enable students to:

-- interpret a representative selection of texts from literary-historical periods in English literature, from the Renaissance up to the present time

-- elaborate on and discuss the relationship between form, content and stylistic register in sentences and texts

-- have a command of the terminology needed for analysing works of fiction, films and other aesthetic forms of expression

-- interpret literary texts and other cultural expressions from a cultural-historical and social perspective

-- analyse and assess ... a selection of other artistic forms of expression within English-language culture

(Translation: udir.no)

{{End of list}}

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Arrah, it's herself that's fine, too, don't be talking! Shirksends? You storyan Harry chap longa me Harry chap storyan grass woman plelthy good trout. Shakeshands. Dibble a hayfork's wrong with her only her lex's salig. Boald Tib does be yawning and smirking cat's hours on the Pollockses' woolly round tabouretcushion watching her sewing a dream together, the tailor's daughter, stitch to her last.

{{Tasks}}

The text above is an excerpt from \_Finnegans Wake\_ by James Joyce. How did you react to it?

{{End of tasks}}

\_Finnegans Wake\_ is a famous, if perhaps somewhat extreme, example of Modernism. Read on to learn how this movement changed the arts in general, and literature in particular, forever.

## xxx2 "Make It New": The Modernist Revolution

"On or about December 1910 human nature changed," declared the British novelist, Virginia Woolf, in referring to the explosion of artistic creativity at the beginning of the twentieth century. Although literary periods do not neatly start or end on specific dates (unfortunately for students of literature!), Woolf's statement accurately describes the energy of the period and the modern writer's desire to break with the past and create new literary traditions that were more suited to an era in transition – an age of technological breakthroughs and global violence.

  Modernism was an influential international movement in literature, drama, art, music and architecture which began in the latter years of the 19th century and flourished in the first half of the 20th century. It is not an easy movement to define, because at its root lay a thirst for experimentation that led to wildly different results. Like all cultural movements, however, Modernism was a reaction to what had gone before. 19th century culture had been dominated by, first, the Romantics and, later, particularly in literature, by realism. Common to both these movements was the wish to present life \_whole\_. Reality was seen as being a given, and the artist's job was to make sense of it and communicate this understanding to his or her audience. In the case of prose literature, for example, this meant a taste for novels that presented an individual's life chronologically and comprehensively.

{{Glossary}}

comprehensive: helt/heilt

{{End of glossary}}

Modernists, in contrast, saw experience as being essentially fragmentary.

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Existence is at best unknowable (and at worst meaningless) and the artist's task is to communicate a subjective \_experience\_ of it rather than an understanding of it. Above all, beauty is no longer the goal of art, at least not in the sense of what is pleasant to the eye or ear. The happy ending, the harmonious chord, the peaceful landscape – these are viewed with deep suspicion by Modernists. They find their inspiration in the mundane detail of modern life, particularly city life, and in the fitful impulses of the human mind.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

At a time when the automobile and airplane were speeding up the pace of human life, when Albert Einstein's ideas were changing mankind's perception of the universe and Sigmund Freud had unlocked the door to the subconscious, artists flocked to London and Paris and other European cities to be a part of the Modernist revolution. Every field of artistic endeavour was affected. This was a time of daring new ideas and new movements – a time of "-isms" such as Cubism, Constructivism, Futurism, Imagism and more. Major artists redefined and reinvented new modes of expression within their fields of art: Picasso and Matisse in painting, Isadora Duncan in dancing, Igor Stravinsky in music, Frank Lloyd Wright in architecture and James Joyce and Gertrude Stein in literature, to name a few. This was an age of endless possibilities and excitement. This excitement came to a brutal climax, however, with the outbreak of the First World War in 1914. By the end of the war in 1918, European domination in world affairs had come to an end and the "American Century" had begun.

{{Glossary}}

\_chord:\_ akkord

\_mundane:\_ jordbunden

\_endeavour:\_ iherdig forsøk

\_desolation:\_ forlatthet/tomheit

\_devastation:\_ ødeleggelser/øydeleggingar

{{End of glossary}}

Much Modernist art is deeply pessimistic. The "truths" of the previous century – the existence of God, the belief in progress and the superiority of Western culture – could no longer be relied on, and there was nothing to take their place. The horror and destruction of the First World War only contributed to a growing sense of desolation.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What was Modernism a reaction to?

b) Why is Modernism deeply pessimistic in essence?

c) Give some examples of technological advances in the first decades of the 20th century.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Winning the war and losing the peace

Great Britain, the United States and France won the First World War, but at the treaty of Versailles the seeds for even worse devastation were sown.

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{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

The treaty they forced the Germans to sign in 1919 was unjust and shortsighted. It punished the German nation for causing the war, but did not destroy its potential power. It humiliated Germany's new democratic government publicly, opening the way for the Nazis as German dissatisfaction at the terms of Versailles was something extremist groups, such as the Nazis, could exploit. One French general remarked, "This is not a peace. This is a pause." The Americans, who had come to Versailles hoping for a just peace, turned away in disgust. President Woodrow Wilson, leader of the American delegation to Versailles, even lost support among his own people for the League of Nations – his attempt to create an institution to avoid future wars.

{{Glossary}}

\_profound:\_ dyptgående/djuptgåande

{{End of glossary}}

The United States returned to a policy of "isolationism", swearing never again to be drawn into a European war. A profound bitterness and disillusionment spread throughout the Anglo-American population. In the USA an economic boom during the 1920s allowed people to seek happiness and escape in immediate, material pleasures. American money kept the post-war economies of Europe afloat. But when the stock market crashed in the United States in 1929, the bottom fell out of the economy

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on both sides of the Atlantic. The Great Depression added economic hopelessness to disillusionment and alienation.

### xxx3 The dark decade

The 1930s was a dark decade. The Anglo-American world watched with horror and increasing fear the rise of aggressive fascist regimes in Italy, Germany and – after a bloody civil war – Spain. Great Britain and the United States watched, but did not get involved. They had their own troubles. Great Britain had lost much in the First World War. Its economy worked poorly in the 1920s and the 1930s. Trade unions fought to keep workers' wages from being reduced. Meanwhile, the Empire was suffering from internal revolt. Mahatma Gandhi led a campaign for Indian independence. Other colonies were also becoming dissatisfied. Great Britain's power had declined, but its responsibilities had not.

  In the United States, the Great Depression had turned the prosperity of the 1920s into the despair of the 1930s. Everywhere people asked what had happened to all the money and the jobs. The capitalist free market model seemed to have failed. The new president in 1932, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, concentrated all the energies of his "New Deal" on saving the domestic situation. Foreign affairs, particularly in Europe, took second or third place in the attention of his administration.

### xxx3 Isolation and appeasement

The populations of both the USA and Great Britain were strongly against fighting another war. Looking back from the 1930s, the First World War seemed futile and useless. Pacifism became a popular belief. Others believed they had been tricked into fighting by arms manufacturers and big business eager for profits. In America, laws were passed forbidding the sale of arms to nations at war or the use of American ships to carry war materials. In Great Britain a similar policy of non-involvement was followed during the bitter Spanish Civil War, even though the Fascists were being helped by Hitler and Mussolini. The government of the United Kingdom, under the Conservative Neville Chamberlain, followed the popular policy of "appeasement." The demands of Germany for Austria and parts of Czechoslovakia were viewed as partly justified. Supporters of appeasement believed that the desire of the Nazis to unite all Germans in one nation could be understood as an expression of the right to "self-determination" that Woodrow Wilson had praised in his day. Once these demands had been "appeased" it was hoped that the Nazis would settle down into peaceful coexistence, if not cooperation.

{{Glossary}}

\_alienation:\_ fremmedgjøring/framandgjering

\_revolt:\_ opprør

\_prosperity:\_ velstand

\_futile:\_ forgjeves

\_appeasement:\_ forsoning

{{End of glossary}}

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{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

Some statesmen disagreed. Among these was Winston Churchill – Member of Parliament and former government minister. Churchill was an unpopular man in the 1930s. He said unpopular things – that the Nazis could not be trusted and that appeasement would make Europe more dangerous, not less dangerous. He warned that Great Britain must prepare for war if it wished to keep the peace. His words about the imminent threat of war were, unfortunately, prophetic.

### xxx3 Modernism and the Bloomsbury group

The First World War shattered the moral and intellectual foundations of society, leaving individuals disconnected and disillusioned. Artists rejected the values of the Victorian age with its moralism, self-righteousness and self-conscious elegance. "Make it new," advocated the American poet Ezra Pound, and this became the battle cry of a whole new generation of artists. One group was known as the Bloomsbury group, because of the London neighbourhood in which they gathered. They experimented with new techniques in writing – breaking up the narrative, changing the order of events, weaving symbolic meaning into descriptions, introducing the reader into the characters' "stream of consciousness" and much more. The aim was to find new ways to convey a new reality. They were attempting to use their art to change the consciousness of mankind – a kind of revolutionary art.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What were some of the consequences of the First World War?

b) Why were the 1930s a "dark decade"?

c) Why was Winston Churchill not a popular politician in the 1930s?

{{End of textbox}}

Perhaps one of the most daring of the new Modernist novelists was James Joyce, an Irish writer who pioneered Modernist techniques in his novels \_Ulysses\_ and \_Finnegans Wake.\_ Sometimes these could be quite extreme, as in the excerpt on page 270.

### xxx3 American poets

In poetry, the Modernist urge to break with the past was just as compelling. Modernist poets preferred free verse and thumbed their noses at conventional rules of grammar, spelling and punctuation. Any means at all, no matter how shocking, was acceptable if it could get through to readers and make them see the world anew.

{{Glossary}}

\_disconnected: her: fremmedgjort/framandgjorde

\_to convey:\_ å formidle

\_compelling:\_ tvingende/tvingande

{{End of glossary}}

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Ezra Pound, the American "father" of Modernist poetry, championed a new movement in poetry known as Imagism, which aimed at clarity of expression through the use of precise visual images. The following poem by Pound (which you may remember from your introduction to poetry) is an eloquent example of Imagism.

{{Poem}}

  \_In a Station of the Metro\_

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;

Petals on a wet, black bough.

{{End of poem}}

As the literary ringleader of a new aesthetic, Pound used his considerable influence to encourage and promote the work of other Modernist poets, both British and American, and initiated and maintained a strong artistic exchange among such literary giants of the day as W.B. Yeats, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams and, not least, T.S. Eliot.

{{Glossary}}

\_eloquent:\_ veltalende/veltalande

\_aesthetic:\_ estetikk

\_to initiate:\_ å innlede/å innleie

\_recognition:\_ anerkjennelse/heider

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

T.S. Eliot was another American poet who left the United States for Europe. With the publication of his first book of poetry in 1917, Eliot achieved immediate recognition as a leading poet of the new age but it was with the publication of "The Waste Land" that his reputation as a literary genius became firmly established. In this lengthy poem (which

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is perhaps the most famous poem of the twentieth century) Eliot used revolutionary literary techniques such as the collage, which he borrowed from painting.

### xxx3 The Lost Generation

But it was not only American \_poets\_ who left their mark on the European literary scene at the beginning of the twentieth century. In the wake of the First World War, a whole generation of Modernist American writers, including Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald, travelled to Europe and made Paris their second home. Sometimes referred to as "the Lost Generation", these writers shared a deep disillusionment with the modern world, reflected both in their writing and their lifestyles, and a certain disorientation (hence "lost") about the way forward.

### xxx3 Modernism vs popular culture

An important feature of the culture of Modernism was its tendency towards elitism. There had always been some culture that was considered more "elevated" than others, but during the first half of the 20th century many writers, artists and composers, in their enthusiasm for innovation, turned their backs on mainstream tastes. At the same time there was a huge increase in the reach of the media, not least with the advent of radio, which led to the growth of a vibrant popular culture. These two processes together led to a heightened opposition between "high culture" and "low culture". Nowhere was this more apparent than in music. On the one hand, Modernist composers turned to a tonal language (not least the so-called 12-tone scale pioneered by Arnold Schoenberg) that most people found difficult, if not incomprehensible. On the other, jazz and other popular music forms were increasingly grabbing popular attention (see p. 307). In the same way, in literature, works such as \_Finnegans Wake\_, quoted above, generated many shelves of academic studies, but never reached the wider reading public.

{{Glossary}}

\_innovation:\_ nyvinning

\_incomprehensible:\_ uforståelig/uforståeleg

\_decline:\_ forfall

{{End of glossary}}

It could be said that this division between "elevated" culture, on the one hand, and popular culture, on the other, was one of the aspects of the Modernist movement that caused its decline. As the century wore on those that had followed the demand to "make it new" themselves became part of the literary establishment, often perceived as elitist and exclusive. Human nature, which Woolf suggested had changed in 1910, was still changing, influenced by constant developments in mass communication and technology. The Modernist Revolution was not over, but it had become the cause of the many rather than the few.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) How did the First World War affect literature?

b) Which new literary techniques were invented, and what was the aim of using them?

c) Why was Modernist art often seen as part of "high culture", and what was the consequence of this elitism?

{{End of textbox}}

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## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 1 (MIS)UNDERSTANDING THE TEXT

The following statements are based on misunderstandings of the text. Explain what is wrong in each statement:

>>> Task a Modernism started exactly in 1910.

>>> Task b Modernism affected no other art form than literature.

>>> Task c 19th century writers presented human existence as fragmentary.

>>> Task d Modernist writers were obsessed with the concept of beauty.

>>> Task e The First World War caused many Modernist writers to become deeply religious.

>>> Task f The 1930s was a decade of affluence and optimism.

>>> Task g "Appeasement" was a policy which meant that Britain stood firm against Hitler's demands for land throughout the 1930s.

>>> Task h The Bloomsbury group and the "Lost Generation" were two popular jazz bands in the 1920s and 30s.

>>> Task i Modernist art was very popular among the general public but failed to impress critics and scholars.

### xxx3 2 SUMMING UP

In pairs, sum up the features of Modernism that made it radically different from the literary modes of the previous century.

### xxx3 3 VOCABULARY

Explain the phrases in italics in the context they are used in the text:

>>> Task a With the publication of his first book of poetry in 1917, Eliot \_achieved immediate recognition\_ as a leading poet of the new age ...

>>> Task b The First World War \_shattered the moral and intellectual foundations of society\_, leaving individuals disconnected and disillusioned.

>>> Task c Meanwhile, the Empire was \_suffering from internal revolt\_.

>>> Task d As the \_literary ringleader of a new aesthetic\_, Pound used his considerable influence to encourage and promote the work of other Modernist poets ...

>>> Task e In the case of prose literature, for example, this meant a taste for novels that \_presented an individual's life chronologically and comprehensively\_.

>>> Task f They find their inspiration in the mundane detail of modern life, particularly city life, and in \_the fitful impulses of the human mind\_.

### xxx3 4 LANGUAGE AND STYLE-PASSIVE VOICE

The passive voice is most often made by a form of \_to he +\_ the past participle of a main verb. Examples:

-- Every now and then a coin \_is thrown\_ into the guitar case.

-- His interest in football \_was passed on\_ to him by his grandfather.

-- The car \_is washed\_ every Sunday.

>>> Task a The passive voice is often used in history texts. Why do you think this is the case?

>>> Task b Here are a few examples of passive sentences from the text. Try to rewrite them in the active voice. What problems do you encounter?

-- Every field of artistic endeavour was affected.

-- Great Britain, the United States and France won the First World War but at the treaty of Versailles the seeds for even worse devastation were sown.

-- The demands of Germany for Austria and parts of Czechoslovakia were viewed as partly justified.

{{Picture}}

A man offers his flashy roadster for $100 after having lost everything in the stock market crash of 1929

{{End}}

--- 278 to 432

## xxx2 James Joyce (1882-1941)

{{Textbox}}

has been called the most influential writer in English in the 20th century. Although he spent most of his adult life abroad, his native Dublin provides the setting for most of his writing. His most famous works, \_Ulysses\_ (1922) and \_Finnegans Wake\_ (1939), show a daring approach to language. He breaks the rules of both grammar and punctuation, and writes long passages using the technique of "stream of consciousness", i.e. following the thought processes of his characters. This, along with the many direct and indirect references to classical authors, Gaelic mythology and many other sources, makes these novels very demanding reading.

{{End of textbox}}

\_Dubliners\_ (1914), from which the story "Eveline" is taken, was Joyce's first important work, and also his most accessible. It consists of 15 stories portraying the ordinary lives of Dubliners. As in all his fiction, the focus is on everyday events. (Extraordinary events, Joyce believed, were of interest to the journalist, not the writer.).

  Central to Joyce's writing during this period is the idea of "epiphany". It is originally a religious term for Twelfth Night, the last night of the Christmas period which celebrates the visitation of the three wise men – the revelation of Christ's divinity to the world. Joyce uses the term to mean a more secular sort of revelation: a moment of true insight that can arise out of ordinary, apparently trivial experiences. In a story, an epiphany might be experienced by a character, or by us, the readers. It is seldom expressed directly. As Joyce explains it may be no more than "little errors and gestures – mere straws in the wind – by which people betrayed the very things they were most careful to conceal".

### xxx3 Short story: Eveline

She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains, and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne. She was tired.

  Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it – not like their little brown houses, but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field – the Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep nix and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.

{{Glossary}}

\_revelation:\_ åpenbaring/openberring

\_secular:\_ verdslig/verdsleg

\_to conceal:\_ å skjule

\_odour:\_ lukt

\_cretonne:\_ bomullsstoff med trykt mønster

\_to keep nix:\_ å holde utkikk/å halde utkikk

{{End of glossary}}

Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where

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on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium beside the coloured print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:

{{Textbox}}

\_Margaret Mary Alacoque\_ (1647–1690) was a French famous nun whose tomb drew pilgrims from all over the world. As a child she subjected herself to physical punishments that left her crippled. She vowed to devote herself to Christ and, according to the Catholic Church, was rewarded for her devotion by holy visions.

{{End of textbox}}

"He is in Melbourne now."

  She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard, both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the Stores when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

  "Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?"

  "Look lively, Miss Hill, please."

  She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

{{Glossary}}

\_harmonium:\_ husorgel

\_to consent:\_ å samtykke

\_palpitations:\_ hjertebank/hjartebank

\_squabble:\_ krangel

\_provision:\_ proviant

{{End of glossary}}

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married – she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her, Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages – seven shillings – and Harry always sent up what he could, but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad on Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the

--- 280 to 432

house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work – a hard life – but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

  She was about to explore another life with Frank. Frank was very kind, manly, open-hearted. She was to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and to live with him in Buenos Aires, where he had a home waiting for her. How well she remembered the first time she had seen him; he was lodging in a house on the main road where she used to visit. It seemed a few weeks ago. He was standing at the gate, his peaked cap pushed back on his head and his hair tumbled forward over a face of bronze. Then they had come to know each other. He used to meet her outside the Stores every evening and see her home. He took her to see The Bohemian Girl and she felt elated as she sat in an unaccustomed part of the theatre with him. He was awfully fond of music and sang a little. People knew that they were courting, and, when he sang about the lass that loves a sailor, she always felt pleasantly confused. He used to call her Poppens out of fun. First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like him. He had tales of distant countries. He had started as a deck boy at a pound a month on a ship of the Allan Line going out to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He had sailed through the Straits of Magellan and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians. He had fallen on his feet in Buenos Aires, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him.

  "I know these sailor chaps," he said.

  One day he had quarrelled with Frank, and after that she had to meet her lover secretly.

  The evening deepened in the avenue. The white of two letters in her lap grew indistinct. One was to Harry; the other was to her father. Ernest had been her favourite, but she liked Harry too. Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed; he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long before, when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth. She remembered her father putting on her mother's bonnet to make the children laugh.

{{Glossary}}

\_elated:\_ opprømt

\_lass:\_ ung jente

\_fallen on his feet\_ her: hatt hellet med seg

\_bonnet:\_ kyse

{{End of glossary}}

Her time was running out, but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odour of dusty cretonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the air. Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could.

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{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 282 to 432

She remembered the last night of her mother's illness; she was again in the close, dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy air of Italy. The organ-player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered her father strutting back into the sick-room saying:

  "Damned Italians! coming over here!"

  As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being – that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence:

  "Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!"

-

  She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her.

  She stood among the swaying crowd in the station at the North Wall. He held her hand and she knew that he was speaking to her, saying something about the passage over and over again. The station was full of soldiers with brown baggages. Through the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glimpse of the black mass of the boat, lying in beside the quay wall, with illumined portholes. She answered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and cold and, out of a maze of distress, she prayed to God to direct her, to show her what was her duty. The boat blew a long mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, tomorrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Aires. Their passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her distress awoke a nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer.

  A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him seize her hand:

  "Come!"

  All the seas of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into them: he would drown her. She gripped with both hands at the iron railing.

  "Come!"

  No! No! No! It was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish.

  "Eveline! Evvy!"

  He rushed beyond the barrier and called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on but he still called to her. She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition.

{{Glossary}}

\_to strut:\_ å spankulere

\_to muse:\_ å fundere

\_sacrifice:\_ offer

\_insistence:\_ påståelighet/påståelegheit

\_porthole:\_ kuøye/kuauge

\_maze\_ her: forvirring

\_nausea:\_ kvalme

\_fervent:\_ inderlig/inderleg

\_frenzy:\_ opphisselse/opphissing

\_anguish:\_ kval

\_recognition:\_ gjenkjennelse/attkjenning

{{Glossary}}

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### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 LOOKING ATTHE INTERIOR MONOLOGUE

>>> Task a In English we use the expression "to be in two minds about something", meaning to be unable to decide. It is certainly a good description of Eveline's situation. In this story we hear two voices in her head that are battling with each other. Describe each of these voices; what values do they stand for and what advice do they give?

>>> Task b Now go through the story passage by passage and decide which voice has the upper hand.

>>> Task c This is not a short story where much "happens" in terms of action. At what point in the story do actual events intrude? What happens?

>>> Task d There is very little dialogue in this short story. The little direct speech there is consists mainly of unconnected sentences that Eveline remembers. If you were going to make a dramatisation of the story – for television, radio or the stage – how would you go about it? How would you portray the conflict she goes through? (Some of you may like to try and put these ideas in practice and present a dramatised version to the class.)

#### xxx4 2 LOOKING FOR SYMBOLS IN THE TEXT

>>> Task a In the third paragraph of the story Eveline looks at "those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided". Which objects are these, and what significance can you see in them?

>>> Task b Eveline wonders "where on earth all the dust came from". What significance does dust have in this story?

>>> Task c The symbols in a literary text are usually closely linked to the theme(s). What would you say is the main theme here?

#### xxx4 3 EPIPHANY

As we mentioned in the introduction (p. 278), \_epiphany\_ is Joyce's term for a moment of insight that arises from a situation, a memory, something that is said or a visual impression. Is there an epiphany in this story, and if so, where is it, and what does it tell us about the main character?

#### xxx4 4 DRAWING

Draw a picture or chart summing up the human relationships in the story. Place Eveline in the middle and the other characters around her. How close you draw them will depend on how close you think they are in the story. (You don't have to draw the characters "realistically", but you can if you want.) Under each character write a sentence or two expressing his or her attitude to Eveline.

#### xxx4 5 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a What do you think of Eveline's choice at the end? Is it motivated by a sense of responsibility, or by cowardice? In her situation, what would you have chosen?

>>> Task b The story depicts the emotional conflicts of a young woman a century ago. Could it be about a young woman living today? Can young men also find themselves in Eveline's position?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

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## xxx2 Virginia Woolf (1881-1941)

{{Textbox}}

Since her death, the impact of Virginia Woolf (1882–1941) on modern literature has only grown. A key member of the influential Bloomsbury group during the 1920s and 30s, she wrote numerous novels (including \_Mrs. Dalloway, To the Lighthouse\_ and \_The Waves)\_ that are seen as classics of Modernist literature. Her long essay "A Room of One's Own" has become a key work in feminist thinking with its focus on the challenges facing women writing in a patriarchal tradition. Woolf suffered all her adult life from severe bouts of depression and drowned herself in 1941.

{{End of textbox}}

\_Mrs. Dalloway\_ was published in 1925 and gives an account of one day in a woman's life. Virginia Woolf, like Joyce, pioneered the use of interior monologue to render the leaps and bounds of a character's thought processes. Our excerpt is from the very beginning of the book and recounts part of Clarissa Dalloway's walk to the flower shop to buy flowers for a party she is hosting that evening.

### xxx3 Novel Excerpt: Mrs. Dalloway

Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself.

  For Lucy had her work cut out for her. The doors would be taken off their hinges; Rumpelmayer's men were coming. And then, thought Clarissa Dalloway, what a morning – fresh as if issued to children on a beach.

  What a lark! What a plunge! For so it had always seemed to her, when, with a little squeak of the hinges, which she could hear now, she had burst open the French windows and plunged at Bourton into the open air. How fresh, how calm, stiller than this of course, the air was in the early morning; like the flap of a wave; the kiss of a wave; chill and sharp and yet (for a girl of eighteen as she then was) solemn, feeling as she did, standing there at the open window, that something awful was about to happen; looking at the flowers, at the trees with the smoke winding off them and the rooks rising, falling; standing and looking until Peter Walsh said, "Musing among the vegetables?" – was that it? – "I prefer men to cauliflowers" – was that it? He must have said it at breakfast one morning when she had gone out on to the terrace – Peter Walsh. He would be back from India one of these days, June or July, she forgot which, for his letters were awfully dull; it was his sayings one remembered; his eyes, his pocket-knife, his smile, his grumpiness and, when millions of things had utterly vanished – how strange it was! – a few sayings like this about cabbages.

  She stiffened a little on the kerb, waiting for Durtnall's van to pass. A charming woman, Scrope Purvis thought her (knowing her as one does know people who live next door to one in Westminster); a touch of the bird about her, of the jay, blue-green, light, vivacious, though she was over fifty, and grown very white since her illness. There she perched, never seeing him, waiting to cross, very upright.

{{Glossary}}

\_impact:\_ innflytelse, innvirkning/innverknad

\_patriarchal:\_ patriarkalsk, mannsdominert

\_bout:\_ anfall

\_leap and bound\_ her: tankesprang

\_what a lark\_ så gøy, så moro

\_plunge:\_ stup

\_solemn:\_ høytidelig/høgtideleg

\_rook:\_ kornkråke

\_to muse:\_ å gruble

\_cauliflower:\_ blomkål

\_to vanish:\_ å forsvinne

\_kerb:\_ fortauskant

\_jay:\_ nøtteskrike

\_vivacious:\_ livfull, levende/livfull, levande

\_to perch:\_ å balansere

\_hush:\_ stillhet/stille

{{End of glossary}}

For having lived in Westminster – how many years now? over twenty, – one feels even in the midst of the traffic, or waking at night, Clarissa was positive, a particular hush, or solemnity; an indescribable pause; a suspense (but that might be her heart, affected, they said, by influenza) before Big Ben strikes. There! Out it boomed. First a warning, musical; then the hour, irrevocable.

--- 285 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 286 to 432

The leaden circles dissolved in the air. Such fools we are, she thought, crossing Victoria Street. For Heaven only knows why one loves it so, how one sees it so, making it up, building it round one, tumbling it, creating it every moment afresh; but the veriest frumps, the most dejected of miseries sitting on doorsteps (drink their downfall) do the same; can't be dealt with, she felt positive, by Acts of Parliament for that very reason: they love life. In people's eyes, in the swing, tramp, and trudge; in the bellow and the uproar; the carriages, motor cars, omnibuses, vans, sandwich men shuffling and swinging; brass bands; barrel organs; in the triumph and the jingle and the strange high singing of some aeroplane overhead was what she loved; life; London; this moment of June.

  For it was the middle of June. The War was over, except for some one like Mrs. Foxcroft at the Embassy last night eating her heart out because that nice boy was killed and now the old Manor House must go to a cousin; or Lady Bexborough who opened a bazaar, they said, with the telegram in her hand, John, her favourite, killed; but it was over; thank Heaven – over. It was June. The King and Queen were at the Palace. And everywhere, though it was still so early, there was a beating, a stirring of galloping ponies, tapping of cricket bats; Lords, Ascot, Ranelagh and all the rest of it; wrapped in the soft mesh of the grey-blue morning air, which, as the day wore on, would unwind them, and set down on their lawns and pitches the bouncing ponies, whose forefeet just struck the ground and up they sprung, the whirling young men, and laughing girls in their transparent muslins who, even now, after dancing all night, were taking their absurd woolly dogs for a run; and even now, at this hour, discreet old dowagers were shooting out in their motor cars on errands of mystery; and the shopkeepers were fidgeting in their windows with their paste and diamonds, their lovely old sea-green brooches in eighteenth-century settings to tempt Americans (but one must economise, not buy things rashly for Elizabeth), and she, too, loving it as she did with an absurd and faithful passion, being part of it, since her people were courtiers once in the time of the Georges, she, too, was going that very night to kindle and illuminate; to give her party. But how strange, on entering the Park, the silence; the mist; the hum; the slow-swimming happy ducks; the pouched birds waddling; and who should be coming along with his back against the Government buildings, most appropriately, carrying a despatch box stamped with the Royal Arms, who but Hugh Whitbread; her old friend Hugh – the admirable Hugh!

  "Good-morning to you, Clarissa!" said Hugh, rather extravagantly, for they had known each other as children. "Where are you off to?"

  "I love walking in London," said Mrs. Dalloway. "Really it's better than walking in the country."

{{Glossary}}

\_irrevocable:\_ ugjenkallelig/ugjenkalleleg

\_veriest:\_ verst, størst

\_frump:\_ snerpe, (gammel) tante/snerpe, (gammal) tante

\_trudge:\_ trasking

\_omnibus:\_ buss

\_Lord's: the most famous cricket ground in Britain\_

\_Ascot: the most famous horserace court in Britain\_

\_Ranelagh: a famous polo club in London\_

\_mesh:\_ nett

\_muslin:\_ musselin, kjolestoff

\_dowager:\_ rik, fornem enke

\_to fidget:\_ å fingre med, å være rastløs/å fingre med, å vere rastlaus

\_paste:\_ strass, juggel/strass, jugl

\_brooch:\_ brosje

\_rash:\_ forhastet, uoverveid/forhasta, ugjennomtenkt

\_courtiers:\_ hoffolk, ved hoffet

\_to kindle:\_ å tenne lys

\_pouched:\_ med hudfold/pose/med hudfald/pose

\_to waddle:\_ å vagge

\_despatch box:\_ forsendelse, dokumentskrin/sending, dokumentskrin

{{End of glossary}}

--- 287 to 432

They had just come up – unfortunately – to see doctors. Other people came to see pictures; go to the opera; take their daughters out; the Whit-breads came "to see doctors." Times without number Clarissa had visited Evelyn Whitbread in a nursing home. Was Evelyn ill again? Evelyn was a good deal out of sorts, said Hugh, intimating by a kind of pout or swell of his very well-covered, manly, extremely handsome, perfectly upholstered body (he was almost too well dressed always, but presumably had to be, with his little job at Court) that his wife had some internal ailment, nothing serious, which, as an old friend, Clarissa Dalloway would quite understand without requiring him to specify. Ah yes, she did of course; what a nuisance; and felt very sisterly and oddly conscious at the same time of her hat. Not the right hat for the early morning, was that it? For Hugh always made her feel, as he bustled on, raising his hat rather extravagantly and assuring her that she might be a girl of eighteen, and of course he was coming to her party to-night, Evelyn absolutely insisted, only a little late he might be after the party at the Palace to which he had to take one of Jim's boys, – she always felt a little skimpy beside Hugh; schoolgirlish; but attached to him, partly from having known him always, but she did think him a good sort in his own way, though Richard was nearly driven mad by him, and as for Peter Walsh, he had never to this day forgiven her for liking him.

  She could remember scene after scene at Bourton – Peter furious; Hugh not, of course, his match in any way, but still not a positive imbecile as Peter made out; not a mere barber's block. When his old mother wanted him to give up shooting or to take her to Bath he did it, without a word; he was really unselfish, and as for saying, as Peter did, that he had no heart, no brain, nothing but the manners and breeding of an English gentleman, that was only her dear Peter at his worst; and he could be intolerable; he could be impossible; but adorable to walk with on a morning like this.

  (June had drawn out every leaf on the trees. The mothers of Pimlico gave suck to their young. Messages were passing from the Fleet to the Admiralty. Arlington Street and Piccadilly seemed to chafe the very air in the Park and lift its leaves hotly, brilliantly, on waves of that divine vitality which Clarissa loved. To dance, to ride, she had adored all that.)

{{Glossary}}

\_out of sorts:\_ utilpass

\_to intimate:\_ å antyde

\_pout:\_ trutmunn

\_upholstered:\_ fyldig, polstret/fyldig, polstra

\_ailment:\_ lidelse/liding

\_skimpy:\_ liten, snerpete

\_imbecile:\_ idiot

\_barber's block\_ her: papp-skalle

\_breeding:\_ oppdragelse/oppseding

\_to give suck:\_ å amme

\_to chafe:\_ å gni seg (mot)

\_dry sticks\_ her: tørre

{{End of glossary}}

For they might be parted for hundreds of years, she and Peter; she never wrote a letter and his were dry sticks; but suddenly it would come over her, If he were with me now what would he say? – some days, some sights bringing him back to her calmly, without the old bitterness; which perhaps was the reward of having cared for people; they came back in the middle of St. James's Park on a fine morning – indeed they did. But Peter – however beautiful the day might be, and the trees and the grass, and the little girl in pink – Peter never saw a thing of all that. He would

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put on his spectacles, if she told him to; he would look. It was the state of the world that interested him; Wagner, Pope's poetry, people's characters eternally, and the defects of her own soul. How he scolded her! How they argued! She would marry a Prime Minister and stand at the top of a staircase; the perfect hostess he called her (she had cried over it in her bedroom), she had the makings of the perfect hostess, he said.

  So she would still find herself arguing in St. James's Park, still making out that she had been right – and she had too – not to marry him. For in marriage a little licence, a little independence there must be between people living together day in day out in the same house; which Richard gave her, and she him. (Where was he this morning for instance? Some committee, she never asked what.) But with Peter everything had to be shared; everything gone into. And it was intolerable, and when it came to that scene in the little garden by the fountain, she had to break with him or they would have been destroyed, both of them ruined, she was convinced; though she had borne about with her for years like an arrow sticking in her heart the grief, the anguish; and then the horror of the moment when some one told her at a concert that he had married a woman met on the boat going to India! Never should she forget all that! Cold, heartless, a prude, he called her. Never could she understand how he cared. But those Indian women did presumably – silly, pretty, flimsy nincompoops. And she wasted her pity. For he was quite happy, he assured her – perfectly happy, though he had never done a thing that they talked of; his whole life had been a failure. It made her angry still.

  She had reached the Park gates. She stood for a moment, looking at the omnibuses in Piccadilly.

{{Glossary}}

\_spectacles:\_ briller

\_defect:\_ mangel

\_to scold:\_ å skjenne på

\_licence:\_ frihet/fridom

\_borne:\_ båret/bore

\_anguish:\_ smerte

\_prude:\_ snerpe

\_flimsy:\_ spinkel

\_nincompoop:\_ fjols

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

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### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 CLOSE READING

>>> Task a In the first sentence of the excerpt (and the novel) we find Clarissa very much in the here and now. At which point do her thoughts revert to the past?

>>> Task b In paragraph four ("She stiffened a little ...") the perspective moves very briefly to Scrope Purvis in Durtnall's van. What function does this have?

>>> Task c In paragraph five ("For having lived in Westminster ...") how does Woolf convey Clarissa's love of London?

>>> Task d How is the legacy of the war depicted in the excerpt?

>>> Task e How does Woolf convey Clarissa's ambivalence to Hugh in the paragraph after she meets him on the street?

>>> Task f Describe Clarissa's relationship to Peter Walsh.

#### xxx4 2 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

>>> Task a In the excerpt (and the novel as a whole) Woolf often uses long sentences broken up by dashes and containing smaller sentences. Find examples of this. What does she achieve by writing like this?

>>> Task b How do you respond to Virginia Woolf's written style in the excerpt? Do you find it interesting, inspiring, difficult, irritating ...? Explain your response.

#### xxx4 3 VOCABULARY

>>> Task a The excerpt contains many verbs of movement, most of them in the form of a gerund (\_ing-\_form). Write a sentence for each of the gerunds below that demonstrates its meaning, in the following manner:

-- \_perching\_ – Perching is what a bird does when it sits on a branch or a wire.

Do the same for the following gerunds:

\_waddling, fidgeting, shuffling, galloping, whirling, bustling, bouncing, tumbling, springing\_

>>> Task b The excerpt also features many verbs and nouns denoting sounds. Repeat the procedure above for the following words:

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

\_tap, jingle, bellow, boom, beat, stir, hum, squeak, hush\_

#### xxx4 4 WRITING

>>> Task a Write a character sketch of Clarissa on the basis of the excerpt.

>>> Task b Use Virginia Woolf's method of interior monologue to write your own text in which the main character carries out some mundane task (e.g. walking through a park, going to the shop, taking out the rubbish, catching a train). Like Woolf, try to switch between the present and the remembered past, using an association to trigger the switch. Use words of movement and sound (see the vocabulary activities above) to make the setting come alive.

#### xxx4 5 GOING FURTHER

In the last two decades, two major films with connections to the novel \_Mrs. Dalloway\_ have been made. The first (made by Dutch director Marleen Gorris in 1997) was a film adaptation of the original novel, while the film \_The Hours\_ was based on a book on the same name by Michael Cunningham and focused on three generations of women affected by Woolf's novel. Both films are highly recommended!

--- 290 to 432

## xxx2 Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)

{{Textbox}}

started his poetic career before the War writing poems heavily influenced by the Romantics. From the collision of these Romantic sensibilities with the awful reality of trench warfare there emerged a poetic voice that, while formally quite traditional, was shocking, provocative and unforgettable. Owen himself did not survive the war. He was killed in 1918, exactly one week before the end of the conflict. The poem "Dulce et Decorum Est" describes a gas attack in the trenches. The title is a reference to the Latin motto \_Dulce et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori\_ ("It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country") and was originally given an ironic dedication to Jessie Pope, an English lady well known for her patriotic poems expressing the sentiments of the title.

{{End of textbox}}

Modernist poets were rebels. Concerned with breaking away from established norms of writing, they sought a new way of writing that mirrored the upheavals in society that they were witness to. At the same time, Modernist poets were often well versed in literary tradition and more than willing to spice up their writing with literary references.

  In this selection (pp. 290–296) we start with a poem by Wilfred Owen, the most famous of the poets of the First World War. It is difficult to underestimate the impact of the Great War, as it was called at the time, in shaping the new sensibilities of Modernism. In July 1914 young men had enthusiastically joined up with expectations of a short and glorious war for king and country. When peace was declared four years later, all illusions had been crushed. Patriotism and idealism had drowned in the mud and unimaginable slaughter of the Western Front. As it wore on, the war itself seemed increasingly pointless.

{{Glossary}}

\_trench:\_ skyttergrav/skyttargrav

\_knock-kneed:\_ haltende/haltande

\_hag:\_ heks

\_sludge:\_ gjørme

\_flare:\_ flamme

\_to trudge:\_ å slepe seg fram, å traske

\_hoot:\_ bråk, brøl

\_gas-shell:\_ granat

\_to flounder:\_ å famle omkring

\_pane:\_ glass/glas

\_to plunge:\_ å kaste seg

{{End of glossary}}

### xxx3 Poem: Dulce et Decorum Est

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,

Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,

Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,

And towards our distant rest began to trudge.

Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,

But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;

Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots

Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling

Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,

But someone still was yelling out and stumbling

And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime. –

Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,

As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,

He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

--- 291 to 432

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace

Behind the wagon that we flung him in,

And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,

His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;

If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood

Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,

Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud

Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, –

My friend, you would not tell with such high zest

To children ardent for some desperate glory,

The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est

Pro patria mori.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_smothering:\_ kvelende/kvelande

\_to writhe:\_ å vrenge seg

\_froth:\_ fråde/frode

\_cud:\_ oppkast

\_vile:\_ ekkel

\_incurable:\_ uhelbredelig/ulækjeleg

\_zest:\_ entusiasme

\_ardent:\_ ivrig

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

### xxx3 TASKS

\_DISCUSSION\_

>>> Task a Look for sound imagery in the poem – i.e. instances where the sound of words contributes to the effect of the poem. Sound imagery may take the form of alliteration (see p. 147), assonance (see p. 147) or onomatopoeia (i.e. where the sound of the word reflects the sound of the thing being referred to).

>>> Task b What imagery in the poem do you find most striking? What makes it striking?

>>> Task c The poem expresses horror, but also moral indignation. Find language that expresses the latter.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 292 to 432

## xxx2 H.D. (1885-1961)

{{Textbox}}

\_H.D.\_ is the pen name of American poet Hilda Doolittle (1886–1961). She was a close friend of Ezra Pound and became a leading light of the Imagist movement. (Indeed, her original pen name, H.D. Imagiste, was suggested by Pound). In her unorthodox lifestyle and fearless approach to her own bisexuality, she epitomises the eccentric Modernist rebel and has since been a major inspiration for both feminist and gay literature.

{{End of textbox}}

The poem "Oread" (1915) is often seen as a classic example of the Imagist principle of paring down language to the minimum. The title is the Greek name of a nymph that lived in the mountains and valleys.

### xxx3 Poem: Oread

Whirl up, sea –

Whirl your pointed pines.

Splash your great pines

On our rocks.

Hurl your green over us –

Cover us with your pools of fir.

{{End of poem}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

### xxx3 TASKS

\_DISCUSSION\_

Ezra Pound wrote that in 1912 he, H.D. and Richard Aldington (whom H.D. later married) agreed on three principles for Imagist poetry:

  "1) Direct treatment of the 'thing' whether subjective or objective. 2) To use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation. 3) As regarding rhythm: to compose in the sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome."

  Discuss whether the poem "Oread" follows these principles.

{{Glossary}}

\_to epitomise:\_ å være et eksempel på, å representere/å vere eit eksempel på, å representere

\_to pare down:\_ å skjære ned/å skjere ned

\_to whirl:\_ å virvle, å rase/å kvervle, å rase

\_pine:\_ furu

\_to hurl:\_ å kaste

\_fir:\_ gran

{{End of glossary}}

--- 293 to 432

## xxx2 e.e. cummings (1894-1962)

{{Textbox}}

(aka Edward Estlin Cummings, 1894–1962) was perhaps the most visually daring of the Modernist poets. He intentionally bent and broke the rules of grammar, treating capitalisation and punctuation more as visual markers than as grammatical necessities. Throughout his life, cummings nurtured a love of painting equal to his talent for writing, and his interest in Modernist painting in particular may, in part, explain his attention to the visual aspect of many of his poems.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Poem: i carry your heart

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in

my heart) i am never without it (anywhere

i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done

by only me is your doing, my darling)

i fear

no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) i want

no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true)

and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant

and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows

(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud

and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows

higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)

and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

{{End of poem}}

### xxx3 TASKS

\_DISCUSSION\_

>>> Task a The poem ignores the rules of punctuation and normal sentence structure. How does this contribute to the poem's effect?

>>> Task b This poem has become a favourite at weddings. Why do you think that is, and would you like it at your wedding? Explain!

--- 294 to 432

## xxx2 William Carlos Williams (1883-1963)

{{Textbox }}

was a doctor, and few of his patients knew that he also wrote poetry, novels, essays and plays. As a young man he became acquainted with Ezra Pound who encouraged his passion for poetry. Although influenced by Pound and the Imagist movement, Williams later distanced himself from their use of foreign languages and classical allusions and preferred to use simple, clear language or, as the poet Marianne Moore expressed it, "plain American which cats and dogs can read". Williams himself expressed his poetic method in the phrase "No ideas but in things".

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Poem: This Is Just To Say

I have eaten

the plums

that were in

the icebox

and which

you were probably

saving

for breakfast

Forgive me

they were delicious

so sweet

and so cold

{{End of poem}}

## xxx2 Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)

{{Textbox}}

brought to poetry a wit and an acerbic humour that was both very modern and very American. Most productive during the 1920s and 1930s, she specialised in short poems that make fun of the romantic view of love. Later in life she wrote screenplays for Hollywood until she was blacklisted in the 1950s for "un-American activities" due to her involvement in left-wing politics.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Poem: Indian Summer

In youth, it was a way I had

To do my best to please

And change, with every passing lad

To suit his theories

But now I know the things I know

And do the things I do

And if you do not like me so

To hell, my love, with you!

{{End of poem}}

## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 THIS IS JUST TO SAY

\_DISCUSSION\_

It has been said that William Carlos Williams's poetry captures the wonder that is to be found in everyday objects. In what way does the poem above support this statement? Do you agree or disagree that the topic is suitable for poetry?

### xxx3 INDIAN SUMMER

\_DISCUSSION\_

>>> Task a This poem is the very opposite of "free verse", with its strict metre and rhyme scheme. How does this contribute to the effect of the poem?

>>> Task b How would you describe the tone of the poem?

{{Glossary}}

\_lad:\_ gutt, ung mann/gut, ung mann

\_to suit:\_ å passe

\_theory\_ her: oppfatning

{{End of glossary}}

--- 295 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 296 to 432

## xxx2 W.H. (Wystan Hugh) Auden (1907-73)

{{Textbox}}

is considered by many to be one of the most influential poets of the 20th century. Born in York, England, he reversed the practice of American expatriate poets who settled in Europe as he left England permanently in 1939 for the United States. When the following poem (written in 1936) appeared in the film \_Four Weddings and a Funeral\_, a whole new generation was inspired to seek out his poetry.

{{End of textbox}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

### xxx3 Poem: Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,

Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,

Silence the pianos and with muffled drum

Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead

Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,

Put crêpe bows round the white necks of the public doves,

Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,

My working week and my Sunday rest,

My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;

I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;

Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;

Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.

For nothing now can ever come to any good.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_coffin:\_ (lik)kiste

\_mourner:\_ en som sørger/ein som sørger

\_crêpe bow\_ her: sørgebånd/sørgeband

\_to dismantle:\_ å demontere

{{End of glossary}}

--- 297 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a It has been said that Auden's early poems from the late 1920s and 1930s alternated between "obscure modern styles" and "accessible traditional ones". How would you characterise this poem? Explain your answer.

>>> Task b \_Hyperbole\_ is a figure of speech in which obvious exaggeration is used. What is the effect of the hyperboles used in this poem?

#### xxx4 2 TASKS FOR ALL THE POEMS (pp. 290–296)

>>> Task a Love is a common theme in poetry. Where do you see the theme dealt with in these poems? How is the theme dealt with differently?

>>> Task b Choose ten images from at least four poems in the selection that strike you as being \_modern\_, in the sense that you would not expect to encounter them in poems from earlier periods. Explain \_why\_ you find the images modern.

>>> Task c Which poem did you like best? Why?

>>> Task d Choose two of the poems and prepare to read them aloud. This means reading through to make sure you understand all the words and know how to pronounce them. Then decide how you are going to pace your reading, taking into account rhyme and metre (where this is applicable) as well as the way the poem is divided into lines. Try to capture the music, stress and rhythm of the poem in your reading. Practise on your own before reading the poems aloud to a classmate – or the whole class.

#### xxx4 3 DISCUSSION – FREE VERSE

The American poet Robert Frost was not fond of free verse. "Writing free verse is like playing tennis with the net down", he wrote. How do you understand this simile? Do you agree with him? Explain!

{{End of tasks}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 298 to 432

## xxx2 Reading Paintings and Poems

The meeting between art and literature can often produce extraordinary results.

  In 1903, one of the most famous Modernist painters, Pablo Picasso (1881–1973), painted "The Old Guitarist". Not surprisingly, this period in his artistic career is known as his Blue Period. In his paintings from this period, Picasso most often depicted the downtrodden and those on the fringes of society.

  Wallace Stevens (1879–1955) was yet another of the leading Modernist poets in America. In many of his poems, Stevens praised the beauty which we can find in the drab experiences of life if we use our imagination.

## xxx2 TASKS

\_DISCUSSION\_

Study the painting carefully. You must be willing to give the painting more than a casual glance if you are to be able to "read" it.

  Describe what you see in the painting.

-- Which colours are dominant?

-- Comment on the use of light and shadow. Is this significant, do you think?

-- What is the background?

-- What is the attitude of the man playing the guitar?

-- How much of the picture does the man fill?

-- What is the mood of the painting?

-- Modernist art rejected the idea that art should strive for realism. Do you find this painting realistic or not?

-- What do you think the artist is trying to communicate through this painting?

-- What story does the painting tell you? Of course, there is no "correct" story. Each of you will find your own story in the painting. Tell it to each other.

{{End of list}}

{{Textbox}}

Picasso believed that art is the lie that helps us see the truth. Wallace Stevens believed in the power of art to transform the ordinary into beauty. Now read the poem on p. 300. Like a painting, a poem may seem puzzling the first time you encounter it. Here, too, you should take your time to uncover the "story" in the poem. Stroll, don't run through the poem!

{{End of textbox}}

--- 299 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 300 to 432

## xxx2 Poem: The Man with the Blue Guitar

\_ By Wallace Stevens\_

\_One\_

The man bent over his guitar,

A shearsman of sorts. The day was green.

They said, "You have a blue guitar,

You do not play things as they are."

The man replied, "Things as they are

Are changed upon the blue guitar."

And they said to him, "But play, you must,

A tune beyond us, yet ourselves,

A tune upon the blue guitar,

Of things exactly as they are."

\_Two\_

I cannot bring a world quite round,

Although I patch it as I can.

I sing a hero's head, large eye

And bearded bronze, but not a man,

Although I patch him as I can

And reach through him almost to man.

If a serenade almost to man

Is to miss, by that, things as they are,

Say that it is the serenade

Of a man that plays a blue guitar.

{{End of poem }}

\_(Excerpt\_: Only the first two parts of the poem's four parts are printed here.)

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

### xxx3 TASKS

\_DISCUSSION\_

>>> Task a Who do you think "they" are?

>>> Task b Who is the "guitar player" who changes things? Could this be the modern artist, poet or musician?

>>> Task c What do "they" think of the man's music? What type of music do they ask him to play?

>>> Task d What does he answer?

>>> Task e What request would "you" make of an artist? Would you ask him to represent the world exactly as it is, or would you prefer to see it as the artist sees it? Explain your answer.

>>> Task f Consider this statement: "Although it is not certain that Stevens had Picasso's painting in mind when he wrote his poem, it is, nevertheless, the perfect companion to the painting." Do you agree that the painting and the poem are a good match? Why or why not?

{{Glossary}}

\_shearsman\_ her: håndverker/handverkar

\_to patch:\_ å lappe

\_bearded:\_ skjeggete

\_bronze:\_ bronse

{{End of glossary}}

--- 301 to 432

## xxx2 Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961)

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Textbox}}

is perhaps the best-known author of the Modernist group of expatriate writers known as the "Lost Generation". His reputation is well earned as his deceptively simple writing style has influenced scores of new writers. He began his writing career at the age of seventeen as a newspaper journalist and his writing clearly bears the mark of his early journalistic apprenticeship. Later he drew heavily on his experiences as a fisherman, hunter and bullfight enthusiast. In 1954 he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature. He committed suicide in 1961.

{{End of textbox}}

{{Tasks}}

Discuss in pairs or small groups: Ernest Hemingway believed that a writer could treat a subject honestly only if he or she had participated in or observed the subject closely. Do you agree? Give reasons for your opinion.

{{End of tasks}}

### xxx3 Short story: The Sea Change

"All right," said the man. "What about it?"

  "No," said the girl, "I can't."

  "You mean you won't."

  "I can't," said the girl. "That's all I mean."

  "You mean that you won't."

  "All right," said the girl. "You have it your own way."

  "I don't have it my own way. I wish to God I did."

  "You did for a long time," the girl said.

  It was early, and there was no one in the café except the barman and these two who sat together at a table in the corner. It was the end of the summer and they were both tanned, so that they looked out of place in Paris. The girl wore a tweed suit, her skin was a smooth golden brown, her blonde hair was cut short and grew beautifully away from her forehead. The man looked at her.

  "I'll kill her," he said.

  "Please don't," the girl said. She had very fine hands and the man looked at them. They were slim and brown and very beautiful.

  "I will. I swear to God I will."

  "It won't make you happy."

  "Couldn't you have gotten into something else? Couldn't you have gotten into some other jam?"

  "It seems not," the girl said. "What are you going to do about it?"

  "I told you."

  "No; I mean really."

  "I don't know," he said. She looked at him and put out her hand. "Poor old Phil," she said. He looked at her hands but he did not touch her hand with his.

  "No, thanks," he said.

  "It doesn't do any good to say I'm sorry?"

  "No."

  "Nor to tell you how it is?"

  "I'd rather not hear."

  "I love you very much."

{{Glossary}}

\_expatriate:\_ person som bor fast utenfor sitt eget land/person som bur fast utanfor sitt eige land

\_deceptively:\_ bedragersk

\_apprenticeship:\_ læretid

\_tanned:\_ solbrun

{{End of glossary}}

--- 302 to 432

"Yes, this proves it."

  "I'm sorry," she said, "if you don't understand."

  "I understand. That's the trouble. I understand."

  "You do," she said. "That makes it worse, of course."

  "Sure," he said, looking at her. "I'll understand all the time. All day and all night. Especially at night. I'll understand. You don't have to worry about that."

  "I'm sorry," she said.

  "If it was a man –"

  "Don't say that. It wouldn't be a man. You know that. Don't you trust me?"

  "That's funny," he said. "Trust you. That's really funny."

  "I'm sorry," she said. "That's all I seem to say. But when we do understand each other there's no use to pretend we don't."

  "No," he said. "I suppose not."

  "I'll come back if you want me."

  "No. I don't want you."

  Then they did not say anything for a while.

  "You don't believe I love you, do you?" the girl asked.

  "Let's not talk rot," the man said.

  "Don't you really believe I love you?"

  "Why don't you prove it?"

  "You didn't use to be that way. You never asked me to prove anything. That isn't polite."

  "You're a funny girl."

  "You're not. You're a fine man and it breaks my heart to go off and leave you –"

  "You have to, of course."

  "Yes," she said. "I have to and you know it."

  He did not say anything and she looked at him and put her hand out again. The barman was at the far end of the bar. His face was white and so was his jacket. He knew these two and thought them a handsome young couple. He had seen many handsome young couples break up and new couples form that were never so handsome long. He was not thinking about this, but about a horse. In half an hour he could send across the street to find if the horse had won.

  "Couldn't you just be good to me and let me go?" the girl asked.

  "What do you think I'm going to do?"

  Two people came in the door and went up to the bar.

  "Yes, sir," the barman took the orders.

  "You can't forgive me? When you know about it?" the girl asked.

  "No."

  "You don't think things we've had and done should make any difference in understanding?"

--- 303 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

"Vice is a monster of such fearful mien," the young man said bitterly, "that to be something or other needs but to be seen. Then we something, something, then embrace." He could not remember the words. "I can't quote," he said.

  "Let's not say vice," she said. "That's not very polite."

  "Perversion," he said.

  "James," one of the clients addressed the barman, "you're looking very well."

  "You're looking very well yourself," the barman said.

  "Old James," the other client said. "You're fatter, James."

  "It's terrible," the barman said, "the way I put it on."

  "Don't neglect to insert the brandy, James," the first client said.

  "No, sir," said the barman. "Trust me."

  The two at the bar looked over at the two at the table, then looked back at the barman again. Towards the barman was the comfortable direction.

  "I'd like it better if you didn't use words like that," the girl said. "There's no necessity to use a word like that."

  "What do you want me to call it?"

  "You don't have to call it. You don't have to put any name to it."

  "That's the name for it."

{{Glossary}}

\_vice:\_ last

\_mien:\_ ytre

\_to quote:\_ å sitere

{{End of glossary}}

"No," she said. "We're made up of all sorts of things. You've

--- 304 to 432

known that. You've used it well enough."

  "You don't have to say that again."

  "Because that explains it to you."

  "All right," he said. "All right."

  "You mean all wrong. I know. It's all wrong. But I'll come back. I told you I'd come back. I'll come back right away."

  "No, you won't."

  "I'll come back."

  "No, you won't. Not to me."

  "You'll see."

  "Yes," he said. "That's the hell of it. You probably will."

  "Of course I will."

  "Go on, then."

  "Really?" She could not believe him, but her voice was happy.

  "Go on," his voice sounded strange to him. He was looking at her, at the way her mouth went and the curve of her cheek bones, at her eyes and at the way her hair grew on her forehead and at the edge of her ear and at her neck.

  "Not really. Oh, you're too sweet," she said. "You're too good to me."

  "And when you come back tell me all about it." His voice sounded very strange. He did not recognize it. She looked at him quickly. He was settled into something.

  "You want me to go?" she asked seriously.

  "Yes," he said seriously. "Right away." His voice was not the same, and his mouth was very dry. "Now," he said.

  She stood up and went out quickly. She did not look back at him. He watched her go. He was not the same-looking man as he had been before he had told her to go. He got up from the table, picked up the two checks and went over to the bar with them.

  "I'm a different man, James," he said to the barman. "You see in me quite a different man."

  "Yes, sir?" said James.

  "Vice," said the brown young man, "is a very strange thing, James." He looked out the door. He saw her going down the street. As he looked in the glass, he saw he was really quite a different-looking man. The other two at the bar moved down to make room for him.

  "You're right there, sir," James said.

  The other two moved down a little more, so that he would be quite comfortable. The young man saw himself in the mirror behind the bar. "I said I was a different man, James," he said. Looking into the mirror he saw that this was quite true.

  "You look very well, sir," James said. "You must have had a very good summer."

--- 305 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 A CLOSER LOOK AT STYLE: IN MEDIAS RES

\_In medias res\_ is Latin and means "into the middle of things". It is used to describe a narrative that begins not at the beginning, where most stories begin with an introduction of sorts, but in the middle of the story – usually at some crucial part in the story. Reread the first eight lines of the story before answering the following questions.

>>> Task a Who are the characters in the story? What is their relationship?

>>> Task b What are they discussing?

>>> Task c How would you characterise the tone of their discussion?

>>> Task d Do you get the impression that this is a crucial point in their relationship? Why?

>>> Task e Why do you think Hemingway has chosen to begin his short story in this way?

#### xxx4 2 DIGGING BENEATH THE SURFACE

Hemingway once described his method of writing in the following manner.

  "If it is any use to know it, I always try to write on the principle of the iceberg. There is seven-eighths of it underwater for every part that shows."

  Since the story is mostly told through dialogue, quite a lot of the background lies beneath the surface. How much of the "iceberg" can you figure out?

>>> Task a What is the conflict between the two characters?

>>> Task b At what point in the story do you understand what they are quarrelling about?

>>> Task c What makes this "break-up" even more difficult for the man to accept? Why is he so bitter?

>>> Task d What does the barman think about the man and woman?

>>> Task e Why do you think the woman wants the man's acceptance before she leaves? She says she loves him. Do you think she is sincere? Explain your answer.

>>> Task f Does the man change in any way once he gives in to the woman's demands? How? Comment on the last line of the story.

>>> Task g Based on your knowledge of Modernism, what makes this a Modernist story?

#### xxx4 3 LITERARY ALLUSIONS

A literary allusion is a reference to previous literary texts. The title of Hemingway's short story immediately invites associations to \_The Tempest\_ by William Shakespeare. In the play, Ariel, a spirit of the air, tells about the change that comes over people who drown in the sea. They undergo a "sea-change into something rich and strange."

{{Poem}}

Full fathom five thy father lies.

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes;

Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

{{End of poem (Ariel's song from Shakespeare's \_The Tempest\_, 1610)}}

>>> Task a Why do you think Hemingway has called his short story "The Sea Change"?

>>> Task b The fact that both the girl and Phil are tanned is referred to several times. What is the significance of their tanned bodies, do you think?

>>> Task c The lines that Phil tries to quote but remembers incorrectly are from Alexander Pope's "An Essay on Man". The correct quote reads as follows:

{{Poem}}

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien

As, to be hated, needs to be seen;

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

{{End of poem}}

What is the poet saying about vice? Why do you think Phil uses this quote in this situation?

#### xxx4 4 ACT IT OUT

Because of the great amount of dialogue in the story, it would be fairly easy to act this it out. Why not produce a stage production of the story? You could either perform it in front of the class or make a video of the performance and show it on the screen. Here are some tips to get you started:

-- What is the setting? Which props do you need to recreate it on stage?

--- 306 to 432

-- Do you want music or sound effects (for example background music in the bar, doors opening and closing, the sound of people moving around, etc.)? How can this be achieved?

-- Look closely at the dialogue and decide how each line should be delivered. Don't forget body language. Will you allow actors to read their lines, or should they memorise them?

-- Will you keep or delete minor characters?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

#### xxx4 5 WRITING

Choose one of the following tasks:

>>> Task a Imagine that three months have passed since the scene in the bar. The girl and Phil accidentally meet on the street and quickly decide to have a cup of coffee together as it is impossible to speak in the middle of a crowd. Write their dialogue.

>>> Task b Imagine that the girl decides to make the break permanent after six months with her new lover. She decides to write one final letter to Phil explaining her decision. Write the letter.

{{End of tasks}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 307 to 432

## xxx2 FACT BOX: THE JAZZ AGE, SEGREGATION AND "STRANGE FRUIT"

For African Americans the first half of the 20th century was time of great upheaval, bringing both hope and frustration. Slavery was history, but still within living memory, and the social structures that had created and defended it had still not disappeared. At the same time, however, industrialisation had brought many African Americans northwards to the major cities to find work and start new lives. In cities such as New York and Chicago, black culture, with its roots in the rural South, found new, vibrant forms of expression in music, art and literature.

Of these, jazz was the most impressive success story, swiftly becoming a national phenomenon. By the twenties jazz fever had spread all over the US, with white orchestra leaders bringing jazz-inspired dance music to fun-hungry white audiences. People talked of "the Jazz Age", and the wild rhythms and soaring solos of the music were the perfect accompaniment to the decadent sophistication of the decade.

In the South, however, the institution of segregation, the legacy of slavery, was still firmly in place. The Ku Klux Klan was ready to punish any threat to white supremacy. Lynchings and burnings were not uncommon as a way of deterring blacks from voicing protest. This is the theme of "Strange Fruit" (p. 308), a song made famous in the 1930s and 40s by the jazz singer Billie Holiday.

Usually jazz lyrics are not particularly profound. Like pop lyrics they tend to focus on the joys and sorrows of love. This made the impact of "Strange Fruit" all the greater. Both the lyrics and melody are by Abel Meeropol, a Jewish writer from New York, and the inspiration came from a shocking photograph of a lynching that he had seen. Billie Holiday later remembered her first performance of the song: "The first time I sang it, I thought it was a mistake. There wasn't even a patter of applause when I finished. Then a lone person began to clap nervously. Then suddenly everyone was clapping and cheering." After this it became the regular last number of her stage performance. The lights would be dimmed, waiters would stop serving and Billie Holiday would sing "Strange Fruit" with her eyes closed, as if in prayer.

{{Glossary}}

\_soaring:\_ svevende/svevande

\_to deter:\_ å hindre

\_profound:\_ dypsindig/djupsindig

\_patter:\_ (lett) klapping

{{End of glossary}}

--- 308 to 432

## xxx2 Poem: Strange Fruit

\_By Abel Meeropol\_

{{Picture}}

--

{{End}}

{{Poem}}

Southern trees bear strange fruit,

Blood on the leaves and blood at the root,

Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze,

Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees.

Pastoral scene of the gallant south,

The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth,

Scent of magnolias, sweet and fresh,

Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

Here is fruit for the crows to pluck,

For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck,

For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop,

Here is a strange and bitter crop.

{{End of poem}}

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 UNDERSTANDING THE POEM

>>> Task a This poem is based on a metaphor (see p. 145) – hanging bodies are fruit. Why is this so effective in expressing disgust? What does it bring to mind – that is, what are its connotations?

>>> Task b The second stanza is a set of contrasts. What is being contrasted? What is the poet trying to point out with this contrast, do you think?

>>> Task c Read the final stanza aloud. Why do you suppose the poet keeps repeating the phrase "For the ..."? What is the effect of this repetition?

#### xxx4 2 DISCUSSING THE POEM

Discuss in small groups:

>>> Task a This poem was written by a white man in the Bronx. What audience do you think he was trying to reach with it? What impact did he hope to make on his audience?

>>> Task b How do you explain the response the song received when Billie Holiday first performed it?

>>> Task c Some argue that literature should stay away from politics. Others believe that there is no literature that is not in some way political. Use this poem as a point of departure to discuss these views. For example, is "Strange Fruit" a good poem worth printing as art alone, or is it only the content of it that makes it worthwhile?

>>> Task d People who oppress others need to think of their victims as less than human. Do you know of other examples of this than the one shown in this poem? Are such attitudes to be found today? What can be done to combat them?

{{Glossary}}

\_pastoral:\_ landsens

\_scent:\_ duft

\_magnolia:\_ magnolia (plante)

\_crop:\_ avling

{{End of glossary}}

--- 309 to 432

{{Picture}}

Caption: Billie Holiday's early life sounds like a history of jazz itself. Born in Philadelphia to a poor single mother, she was raised by different relatives and found employment at a brothel running errands. At fourteen she moved to Harlem, New York, to be with her mother who was working as a prostitute. Billie soon followed suit and spent time both in prison and the workhouse. Music became her way out of poverty and degradation. Her unique voice and improvisational talents quickly made her a favourite vocalist for jobbing jazz musicians, bringing her to the notice of record producers. At 18 she made her recording debut and progressed to working with jazz greats such as Count Basie and Artie Shaw. But stardom came with a price. During the 1940s drugs and alcohol, as well as a tendency to attach herself to abusive men, led to a gradual collapse in her private life which also led to a decline in her career. She died at 44, an exhausted alcoholic.

Explanation: Black and white portrait of Billie Holiday.

{{End}}

--- 310 to 432

## xxx2 William Faulkner (1897-1962)

{{Textbox}}

is a major figure in 20th century American literature and was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1949. Many of his novels and short stories are set in the fictional Yoknapatawpha county, which is seen as a microcosm of the Southern environment (Lafayette County in Mississippi) where he grew up. They focus on the stresses and strains on Southern society during the period of Reconstruction after the Civil War and feature a wide variety of characters, white and black, rich and poor. His writing is seen as Modernist, but of a different school to, for example, Hemingway. Instead of paring down sentences to the minimum, he favoured long, evocative sentences, which he believed reflected the story-telling traditions of the South. "A Rose for Emily" was published in 1930.

{{End of textbox}}

{{Tasks}}

Discuss in small groups: What do you associate with the American "Deep South"? Consider aspects such as history, climate, dialects, conflicts, etc. You may have some ideas if you have seen movies such as \_Beasts of the Southern Wild, The Help\_ or \_Mississippi Burning\_, or TV series such as \_True Detective.\_

{{End of tasks}}

### xxx3 Short story: A Rose for Emily - I

When Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old man-servant – a combined gardener and cook – had seen in at least ten years.

  It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps – an eyesore among eyesores. And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names where they lay in the cedar-bemused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson.

  Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor – he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron – remitted her taxes, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity. Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business, preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris' generation and thought could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.

  When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen, this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice. February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal letter, asking her to call at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowing calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all.

{{Glossary}}

\_microcosm:\_ miniatyrversjon

\_evocative:\_ stemningsskapende/stemningsskapande

\_save:\_ bortsett fra/bortsett frå

\_cupola:\_ kuppel

\_select:\_ fornem, eksklusiv

\_cotton gin:\_ bomullsrensemaskin/bomullsreinsemaskin

\_to encroach:\_ å gradvis trenge seg inn

\_to obliterate:\_ å fjerne, å utslette

\_august:\_ ærverdig

\_hereditary obligation:\_ arvelig/nedarvet forpliktelse/arveleg/nedarva plikt

\_edict:\_ påbud/påbod

\_to remit:\_ å ettergi

\_into perpetuity:\_ for alltid

\_alderman:\_ kommunestyremedlem

\_tax notice:\_ skattemelding

{{End of glossary}}

--- 311 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 312 to 432

The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment. They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation waited upon her, knocked at the door through which no visitor had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse – a close, dank smell. The Negro led them into the parlor. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds of one window, they could see that the leather was cracked; and when they sat down, a faint dust rose sluggishly about their thighs, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On a tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father.

  They rose when she entered – a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness in another was obesity in her. She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water, and of that pallid hue. Her eyes, lost in the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a lump of dough as they moved from one face to another while the visitors stated their errand.

  She did not ask them to sit. She just stood in the door and listened quietly until the spokesman came to a stumbling halt. Then they could hear the invisible watch ticking at the end of the gold chain.

  Her voice was dry and cold. "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Colonel Sartoris explained it to me. Perhaps one of you can gain access to the city records and satisfy yourselves."

  "But we have. We are the city authorities, Miss Emily. Didn't you get a notice from the sheriff, signed by him?"

  "I received a paper, yes," Miss Emily said. "Perhaps he considers himself the sheriff ... I have no taxes in Jefferson."

  "But there is nothing on the books to show that, you see. We must go by the –"

  "See Colonel Sartoris. I have no taxes in Jefferson." "But, Miss Emily"

  "See Colonel Sartoris." (Colonel Sartoris had been dead almost ten years.) "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Tobe!" The Negro appeared. "Show these gentlemen out."

{{Glossary}}

\_to wait upon:\_ å avlegge visit/å vitje

\_to cease:\_ å slutte

\_dank:\_ rå, fuktig

\_sluggish:\_ langsom/langsam

\_mote:\_ støvfnugg

\_tarnished:\_ matt, anløpen (om metall)/matt, anløpt (om metall)

\_gilt:\_ forgylt

\_easel:\_ staffeli

\_cane:\_ stokk

\_plumpness:\_ fyldighet, lubbenhet/fyldigheit, lubbenheit

\_obesity:\_ fedme

\_bloated:\_ oppblåst, oppsvulmet/oppblåst, oppsvulma

\_to submerge:\_ å senke

\_pallid:\_ blek, gusten/bleik, gusten

\_hue:\_ lød, hudfarge/(ham)let, hudfarge

\_dough:\_ deig

{{End of glossary}}

--- 313 to 432

### xxx3 Short story: A Rose for Emily - II

So she vanquished them, horse and foot, just as she had vanquished their fathers thirty years before about the smell.

  That was two years after her father's death and a short time after her sweetheart – the one we believed would marry her – had deserted her. After her father's death she went out very little; after her sweetheart went away, people hardly saw her at all. A few of the ladies had the temerity to call, but were not received, and the only sign of life about the place was the Negro man – a young man then – going in and out with a market basket.

  "Just as if a man – any man – could keep a kitchen properly," the ladies said; so they were not surprised when the smell developed. It was another link between the gross, teeming world and the high and mighty Griersons.

  A neighbor, a woman, complained to the mayor, Judge Stevens, eighty years old.

  "But what will you have me do about it, madam?" he said.

  "Why, send her word to stop it," the woman said. "Isn't there a law?"

  "I'm sure that won't be necessary," Judge Stevens said. "It's probably just a snake or a rat that nigger of hers killed in the yard. I'll speak to him about it."

  The next day he received two more complaints, one from a man who came in diffident deprecation. "We really must do something about it, Judge. I'd be the last one in the world to bother Miss Emily, but we've got to do something." That night the Board of Aldermen met – three graybeards and one younger man, a member of the rising generation.

  "It's simple enough," he said. "Send her word to have her place cleaned up. Give her a certain time to do it in, and if she don't ..."

  "Dammit, sir," Judge Stevens said, "will you accuse a lady to her face of smelling bad?"

  So the next night, after midnight, four men crossed Miss Emily's lawn and slunk about the house like burglars, sniffing along the base of the brickwork and at the cellar openings while one of them performed a regular sowing motion with his hand out of a sack slung from his shoulder. They broke open the cellar door and sprinkled lime there, and in all the outbuildings. As they recrossed the lawn, a window that had been dark was lighted and Miss Emily sat in it, the light behind her, and her upright torso motionless as that of an idol. They crept quietly across the lawn and into the shadow of the locusts that lined the street. After a week or two the smell went away.

{{Glossary}}

\_to vanquish:\_ å beseire/å vinne over

\_to desert:\_ å svikte, å svike

\_temerity:\_ dumdristighet/dumdristigheit

\_teeming:\_ myldrende/myldr ande

\_diffident:\_ nølende/nølande

\_deprecation:\_ misnøye, misbilligelse/misnøye, mishag

\_to sow:\_ å så

\_lime:\_ kalk

\_torso:\_ overkropp uten armer og hode/overkropp utan armar og hovud

\_idol:\_ gudebilde

\_locust:\_ johannesbrødtre

{{End of glossary}}

That was when people had begun to feel really sorry for her. People in our town, remembering how old lady Wyatt, her great-aunt, had gone completely crazy at last, believed that the Griersons held themselves a

--- 314 to 432

little too high for what they really were. None of the young men were quite good enough for Miss Emily and such. We had long thought of them as a tableau, Miss Emily a slender figure in white in the background, her father a spraddled silhouette in the foreground, his back to her and clutching a horsewhip, the two of them framed by the back-flung front door. So when she got to be thirty and was still single, we were not pleased exactly, but vindicated; even with insanity in the family she wouldn't have turned down all of her chances if they had really materialized.

  When her father died, it got about that the house was all that was left to her; and in a way, people were glad. At last they could pity Miss Emily. Being left alone, and a pauper, she had become humanized. Now she too would know the old thrill and the old despair of a penny more or less.

  The day after his death all the ladies prepared to call at the house and offer condolence and aid, as is our custom. Miss Emily met them at the door, dressed as usual and with no trace of grief on her face. She told them that her father was not dead. She did that for three days, with the ministers calling on her, and the doctors, trying to persuade her to let them dispose of the body. Just as they were about to resort to law and force, she broke down, and they buried her father quickly.

  We did not say she was crazy then. We believed she had to do that. We remembered all the young men her father had driven away, and we knew that with nothing left, she would have to cling to that which had robbed her, as people will.

### xxx3 Short Story: A Rose for Emily - III

She was sick for a long time. When we saw her again, her hair was cut short, making her look like a girl, with a vague resemblance to those angels in colored church windows – sort of tragic and serene.

  The town had just let the contracts for paving the sidewalks, and in the summer after her father's death they began the work. The construction company came with riggers and mules and machinery, and a foreman named Homer Barron, a Yankee – a big, dark, ready man, with a big voice and eyes lighter than his face. The little boys would follow in groups to hear him cuss the riggers, and the riggers singing in time to the rise and fall of picks. Pretty soon he knew everybody in town. Whenever you heard a lot of laughing anywhere about the square, Homer Barron would be in the center of the group. Presently we began to see him and Miss Emily on Sunday afternoons driving in the yellow-wheeled buggy and the matched team of bays from the livery stable.

{{Glossary}}

\_tableau:\_ bilde, scene

\_slender:\_ smal, slank

\_spraddled:\_ bredbent/breibeint

\_to be vindicated:\_ å få oppreisning

\_pauper:\_ fattig person

\_grief:\_ sorg

\_to dispose:\_ å avhende

\_serene:\_ fredfull

\_to pave:\_ å brolegge/å brulegge

\_to cuss:\_ å banne, å sverte

\_pick:\_ hakke

\_bay:\_ brun hest

\_livery stable:\_ leiestall/leigestall

{{End of glossary}}

At first we were glad that Miss Emily would have an interest, because the ladies all said, "Of course a Grierson would not think seriously of a Northerner, a day laborer." But there were still others, older people, who

--- 315 to 432

said that even grief could not cause a real lady to forget noblesse oblige – without calling it noblesse oblige. They just said, "Poor Emily. Her kinsfolk should come to her." She had some kin in Alabama; but years ago her father had fallen out with them over the estate of old lady Wyatt, the crazy woman, and there was no communication between the two families. They had not even been represented at the funeral.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_noblesse oblige:\_ adelskap forplikter/adelskap forpliktar

\_kinsfolk:\_ slektninger/slektningar

{{Glossary}}

And as soon as the old people said, "Poor Emily," the whispering began. "Do you suppose it's really so?" they said to one another. "Of course it is. What else could ..." This behind their hands; rustling of

--- 316 to 432

craned silk and satin behind jalousies closed upon the sun of Sunday afternoon as the thin, swift clop-clop-clop of the matched team passed: "Poor Emily."

  She carried her head high enough – even when we believed that she was fallen. It was as if she demanded more than ever the recognition of her dignity as the last Grierson; as if it had wanted that touch of earthiness to reaffirm her imperviousness. Like when she bought the rat poison, the arsenic. That was over a year after they had begun to say "Poor Emily," and while the two female cousins were visiting her.

  "I want some poison," she said to the druggist. She was over thirty then, still a slight woman, though thinner than usual, with cold, haughty black eyes in a face the flesh of which was strained across the temples and about the eyesockets as you imagine a lighthouse-keeper's face ought to look. "I want some poison," she said.

  "Yes, Miss Emily. What kind? For rats and such? I'd recom-" "I want the best you have. I don't care what kind."

  The druggist named several. "They'll kill anything up to an elephant. But what you want is-"

  "Arsenic," Miss Emily said. "Is that a good one?" "Is ... arsenic? Yes, ma'am. But what you want—" "I want arsenic."

  The druggist looked down at her. She looked back at him, erect, her face like a strained flag. "Why, of course," the druggist said. "If that's what you want. But the law requires you to tell what you are going to use it for."

  Miss Emily just stared at him, her head tilted back in order to look him eye for eye, until he looked away and went and got the arsenic and wrapped it up. The Negro delivery boy brought her the package; the druggist didn't come back. When she opened the package at home there was written on the box, under the skull and bones: "For rats."

### xxx3 Short Story: A Rose for Emily: IV

So the next day we all said, "She will kill herself; and we said it would be the best thing. When she had first begun to be seen with Homer Barron, we had said, "She will marry him." Then we said, "She will persuade him yet," because Homer himself had remarked – he liked men, and it was known that he drank with the younger men in the Elks' Club – that he was not a marrying man. Later we said, "Poor Emily" behind the jalousies as they passed on Sunday afternoon in the glittering buggy, Miss Emily with her head high and Homer Barron with his hat cocked and a cigar in his teeth, reins and whip in a yellow glove.

{{Glossary}}

\_to crane:\_ å strekke hals

\_craned:\_ høyhalset/høghalsa

\_jalousie:\_ persienne

\_imperviousness:\_ uimottakelighet, ufølsomhet/avvising, kjensleløyse

\_druggist:\_ apoteker/apotekar

\_haughty:\_ hovmodig, arrogant

\_to tilt:\_ å bikke, å tippe

\_to cock:\_ å bøye tilbake, å sette på skrå

{{End of glossary}}

Then some of the ladies began to say that it was a disgrace to the town and a bad example to the young people. The men did not want to interfere,

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but at last the ladies forced the Baptist minister – Miss Emily's people were Episcopal – to call upon her. He would never divulge what happened during that interview, but he refused to go back again. The next Sunday they again drove about the streets, and the following day the minister's wife wrote to Miss Emily's relations in Alabama.

  So she had blood-kin under her roof again and we sat back to watch developments. At first nothing happened. Then we were sure that they were to be married. We learned that Miss Emily had been to the jeweler's and ordered a man's toilet set in silver, with the letters H. B. on each piece. Two days later we learned that she had bought a complete outfit of men's clothing, including a nightshirt, and we said, "They are married." We were really glad. We were glad because the two female cousins were even more Grierson than Miss Emily had ever been.

  So we were not surprised when Homer Barron – the streets had been finished some time since – was gone. We were a little disappointed that there was not a public blowing-off, but we believed that he had gone on to prepare for Miss Emily's coming, or to give her a chance to get rid of the cousins. (By that time it was a cabal, and we were all Miss Emily's allies to help circumvent the cousins.) Sure enough, after another week they departed. And, as we had expected all along, within three days Homer Barron was back in town. A neighbor saw the Negro man admit him at the kitchen door at dusk one evening.

  And that was the last we saw of Homer Barron. And of Miss Emily for some time. The Negro man went in and out with the market basket, but the front door remained closed. Now and then we would see her at a window for a moment, as the men did that night when they sprinkled the lime, but for almost six months she did not appear on the streets. Then we knew that this was to be expected too; as if that quality of her father which had thwarted her woman's life so many times had been too virulent and too furious to die.

  When we next saw Miss Emily, she had grown fat and her hair was turning gray. During the next few years it grew grayer and grayer until it attained an even pepper-and-salt iron-gray, when it ceased turning. Up to the day of her death at seventy-four it was still that vigorous iron-gray, like the hair of an active man.

  From that time on her front door remained closed, save for a period of six or seven years, when she was about forty, during which she gave lessons in china-painting. She fitted up a studio in one of the downstairs rooms, where the daughters and granddaughters of Colonel Sartoris' contemporaries were sent to her with the same regularity and in the same spirit that they were sent to church on Sundays with a twenty-five-cent piece for the collection plate. Meanwhile her taxes had been remitted.

{{Glossary}}

\_to divulge:\_ å røpe

\_cabal:\_ intrige, renkespill/intrige, renkespel

\_to circumvent:\_ å narre, å overliste

\_to thwart:\_ å hindre, å gå imot

\_virulent:\_ giftig, kraftig

\_to attain:\_ å nå, å oppnå

{{End of glossary}}

Then the newer generation became the backbone and the spirit of the

--- 318 to 432

town, and the painting pupils grew up and fell away and did not send their children to her with boxes of color and tedious brushes and pictures cut from the ladies' magazines. The front door closed upon the last one and remained closed for good. When the town got free postal delivery, Miss Emily alone refused to let them fasten the metal numbers above her door and attach a mailbox to it. She would not listen to them.

  Daily, monthly, yearly we watched the Negro grow grayer and more stooped, going in and out with the market basket. Each December we sent her a tax notice, which would be returned by the post office a week later, unclaimed. Now and then we would see her in one of the downstairs windows – she had evidently shut up the top floor of the house – like the carven torso of an idol in a niche, looking or not looking at us, we could never tell which. Thus she passed from generation to generation – dear, inescapable, impervious, tranquil, and perverse.

  And so she died. Fell ill in the house filled with dust and shadows, with only a doddering Negro man to wait on her. We did not even know she was sick; we had long since given up trying to get any information from the Negro.

  He talked to no one, probably not even to her, for his voice had grown harsh and rusty, as if from disuse.

  She died in one of the downstairs rooms, in a heavy walnut bed with a curtain, her gray head propped on a pillow yellow and moldy with age and lack of sunlight.

### xxx3 Short Story: A rose for Emily: V

The Negro met the first of the ladies at the front door and let them in, with their hushed, sibilant voices and their quick, curious glances, and then he disappeared. He walked right through the house and out the back and was not seen again.

  The two female cousins came at once. They held the funeral on the second day, with the town coming to look at Miss Emily beneath a mass of bought flowers, with the crayon face of her father musing profoundly above the bier and the ladies sibilant and macabre; and the very old men – some in their brushed Confederate uniforms – on the porch and the lawn, talking of Miss Emily as if she had been a contemporary of theirs, believing that they had danced with her and courted her perhaps, confusing time with its mathematical progression, as the old do, to whom all the past is not a diminishing road but, instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from them now by the narrow bottle-neck of the most recent decade of years.

{{Glossary}}

\_stooped:\_ lut, krokrygget/lut, krokrygga

\_unclaimed:\_ uavhentet/uhenta

\_tranquil:\_ stille, fredelig/stille, fredeleg

\_perverse:\_ avvikende/awikande

\_to dodder:\_ å stavre, å gå ustøtt

\_moldy:\_ morken, muggen

\_hushed:\_ dempet/dempa

\_sibilant:\_ vislende/vislande

\_profound:\_ inderlig, intens/inderleg, intens

\_bier:\_ likbåre

{{End of glossary}}

Already we knew that there was one room in that region above stairs which no one had seen in forty years, and which would have to be forced.

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They waited until Miss Emily was decently in the ground before they opened it.

  The violence of breaking down the door seemed to fill this room with pervading dust. A thin, acrid pall as of the tomb seemed to lie everywhere upon this room decked and furnished as for a bridal: upon the valance curtains of faded rose color, upon the rose-shaded lights, upon the dressing table, upon the delicate array of crystal and the man's toilet things backed with tarnished silver, silver so tarnished that the monogram was obscured. Among them lay a collar and tie, as if they had just been removed, which, lifted, left upon the surface a pale crescent in the dust. Upon a chair hung the suit, carefully folded; beneath it the two mute shoes and the discarded socks.

  The man himself lay in the bed.

  For a long while we just stood there, looking down at the profound and fleshless grin. The body had apparently once lain in the attitude of an embrace, but now the long sleep that outlasts love, that conquers even the grimace of love, had cuckolded him. What was left of him, rotted beneath what was left of the nightshirt, had become inextricable from the bed in which he lay; and upon him and upon the pillow beside him lay that even coating of the patient and biding dust.

  Then we noticed that in the second pillow was the indentation of a head. One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair.

{{Picture }}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_to pervade:\_ å fylle, å trenge gjennom

\_acrid:\_ bitter, besk/bitter, beisk

\_pall:\_ skygge, mørkt dekke/skugge, mørkt dekke

\_tomb:\_ grav(kammer)

\_valance:\_ forheng

\_crescent:\_ halvmåne(formet gate)/halvmåne(forma gate)

\_to discard:\_ å kassere, å legge bort

\_to cuckold:\_ å bedra

\_inextricable:\_ umulig å skille fra hverandre/umogleg å skilje frå kvarandre

\_coating:\_ dekke, lag

\_indentation:\_ merke, avtrykk, fordypning/merke, avtrykk, fordjuping

\_nostril:\_ nesebor/nasebore

{{End of glossary}}

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### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 CLOSE READING

\_Setting\_

>>> Task a The story takes place in the (fictional) town of Jefferson. What do we learn about the town and its history?

>>> Task b The story starts and finishes around the time of Emily's death. What other periods are featured in the story?

>>> Task c In the story we meet both the Old South and the New South. What values are associated with the former, and how do they differ from the values of the latter?

>>> Task d How does Emily relate to these two worlds?

\_Plot\_

>>> Task e Where does the suspense in the short story lie?

>>> Task f Is there a climax, and, if so, where?

\_Character\_

>>> Task g What sort of a man is Homer Barron?

>>> Task h What is the role of Toby, Emily's black servant? How do you interpret his disappearance at the end?

>>> Task i What characterises Emily's relationship to men?

>>> Task j Find examples of how Emily deals with modernity.

>>> Task k To what extent do you think Emily should be seen as a victim of the circumstances of her upbringing?

\_Point of view\_

>>> Task l The narrator in the story has no name and generally uses the pronoun "we". Who is the narrator, do you think?

>>> Task m At the point where the townspeople break down the door to the upstairs bedroom, the pronoun "they" is briefly used. How do you interpret this?

#### xxx4 2 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

>>> Task a A feature of Modernist (and Postmodernist) writing is that the narrative does not progress in a linear way, but shifts between times that may be decades apart (cf. the excerpt from "Mrs Dalloway", p. 284). Which times do we find in "A Rose for Emily", and what effect does the shift between them have?

>>> Task b Faulkner's style contrasts with the style of Hemingway in its use of longer, more complicated sentences. Look, for example, at the first paragraph of part IV with its sentences within sentences. What effect does Faulkner achieve by this?

#### xxx4 3 SYMBOLISM

>>> Task a Emily's house acquires symbolic significance in the story. What does it symbolise?

>>> Task b Dust is a recurring motif in the story. Where does it feature and what does it represent?

>>> Task c The story ends with a reference to "a long strand of iron-gray hair". What significance does it have?

#### xxx4 4 THEME AND GENRE

>>> Task a "A Rose for Emily" has been read as a psychological portrait, a mystery tale and a critique of Southern society. Which of these interpretations seems most appropriate for you, and why?

>>> Task b Some Southern writers in the first part of the 20th century were influenced by the Gothic literature of the previous century (see p. 134). Can you see any Gothic influence in "A Rose for Emily"? Explain.

#### xxx4 5 WRITING

>>> Task a Write a news article for the \_Jefferson Gazette\_ on the story of Emily Grierson's death. (Read about news articles at access.cdu.no.)

>>> Task b Write "Tobe's Story" – the black servant's account of his life with Emily.

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## xxx2 George Orwell (1903-1950)

{{Textbox}}

The English novelist, journalist and essayist George Orwell was born in India in 1903 to a well-to-do family. He grew up in England and returned to the East in 1922 to train as an officer in the Imperial Police in Burma. Here his socialist views developed and he returned to England to become a writer, focusing on social injustice, and even living the life of a down-and-out in London and Paris. However, experiences in the Spanish Civil War (1936–39), where he fought on the republican side, made him disillusioned with authoritarian socialism, which he later parodied in the novels \_Animal Farm\_ and \_1984\_.

{{End of textbox}}

The essay has been an important genre in English literature since the Enlightenment, and George Orwell is a master of the genre. He brings to it his skill as a writer of narrative and his preference for direct, colourful language. The essay "Shooting an Elephant" was published in 1936 and deals with his time in Burma, now called Myanmar, when his work (as a colonial policeman)and political ideals were increasingly at odds.

{{Tasks}}

To have "a colonial mindset" is today usually seen as being a bad thing. However, colonialism and imperialism were not always words with negative connotations. For example, "Empire Day" was celebrated in schools right up until 1958, when it was re-christened "Commonwealth Day". What attitudes do you associate with "a colonial mindset"? Make a list.

{{End of tasks}}

### xxx3 Short story: Shooting an Elephant

In Moulmein, in lower Burma, I was hated by large numbers of people – the only time in my life that I have been important enough for this to happen to me. I was sub-divisional police officer of the town, and in an aimless, petty kind of way anti-European feeling was very bitter. No one had the guts to raise a riot, but if a European woman went through the bazaars alone somebody would probably spit betel juice over her dress. As a police officer I was an obvious target and was baited whenever it seemed safe to do so. When a nimble Burman tripped me up on the football field and the referee (another Burman) looked the other way, the crowd yelled with hideous laughter. This happened more than once. In the end the sneering yellow faces of young men that met me everywhere, the insults hooted after me when I was at a safe distance, got badly on my nerves. The young Buddhist priests were the worst of all. There were several thousands of them in the town and none of them seemed to have anything to do except stand on street corners and jeer at Europeans.

{{Glossary}}

\_well-to-do:\_ velstående/velståande

\_down-and-out:\_ fattig person

\_at odds:\_ i uoverensstemmelse/i motstrid

\_mindset:\_ tenkemåte

\_connotation:\_ bibetydning/sidetyding

\_petty:\_ ubetydelig, liten/ubetydeleg, liten

\_betel juice:\_ betelnøtt-juice

\_to bait:\_ å erte, å plage

\_to hoot:\_ å brøle, å rope

\_oppressor:\_ undertrykker/undertrykkar

\_at close quarters:\_ på nært hold/på nært hald

\_to huddle:\_ å stue (seg sammen)/å stue (seg saman)

\_cowed:\_ kuet/kua

\_buttock:\_ rumpeballe

{{End of glossary}}

All this was perplexing and upsetting. For at that time I had already made up my mind that imperialism was an evil thing and the sooner I chucked up my job and got out of it the better. Theoretically – and secretly, of course – I was all for the Burmese and all against their oppressors, the British. As for the job I was doing, I hated it more bitterly than I can perhaps make clear. In a job like that you see the dirty work of Empire at close quarters. The wretched prisoners huddling in the stinking cages of the lock-ups, the grey, cowed faces of the long-term convicts, the scarred buttocks of the men who had been flogged with bamboos – all these oppressed

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me with an intolerable sense of guilt. But I could get nothing into perspective. I was young and ill-educated and I had had to think out my problems in the utter silence that is imposed on every Englishman in the East. I did not even know that the British Empire is dying, still less did I know that it is a great deal better than the younger empires that are going to supplant it. All I knew was that I was stuck between my hatred of the empire I served and my rage against the evil-spirited little beasts who tried to make my job impossible. With one part of my mind I thought of the British Raj as an unbreakable tyranny, as something clamped down, in saecula saeculorum, upon the will of prostrate peoples; with another part I thought that the greatest joy in the world would be to drive a bayonet into a Buddhist priest's guts. Feelings like these are the normal by-products of imperialism; ask any Anglo-Indian official, if you can catch him off duty.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

One day something happened which in a roundabout way was enlightening. It was a tiny incident in itself, but it gave me a better glimpse than I had had before of the real nature of imperialism – the real motives for which despotic governments act. Early one morning the sub-inspector at a police station the other end of the town rang me up on the phone and said that an elephant was ravaging the bazaar. Would I please come and do something about it? I did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what was happening and I got on to a pony and started out. I took my rifle, an old .44 Winchester and much too small to kill an elephant, but I thought the noise might be useful in terrorem. Various Burmans stopped me on the way and told me about the elephant's doings. It was not, of course, a wild elephant, but a tame one which had gone "must." It had been chained up, as tame elephants always are when their attack of "must" is due, but on the previous night it had broken its chain and escaped. Its mahout, the only person who could manage it when it was in that state, had set out in pursuit, but had taken the wrong direction and was now twelve hours' journey away, and in the morning the elephant had suddenly reappeared in the town. The Burmese population had no weapons and were quite helpless against it. It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed a cow and raided some fruit-stalls and devoured the stock; also it had met the municipal rubbish van and, when the driver jumped out and took to his heels, had turned the van over and inflicted violences upon it.

{{Glossary}}

\_to supplant:\_ å erstatte, å avløse/å erstatte, å avløyse

\_British Raj: A term for British supremacy in India 1858–1947\_

\_in saecula saeculorum:\_ (latin) for evig og alltid

\_prostrate\_ her: beseiret, knust/overvunne, knuste

\_despotic:\_ tyrannisk

\_to ravage:\_ å herje, å ødelegge/å herje, å øydelegge

\_in terrorem\_ (latin) her: å skremme, å skape frykt

\_mahout:\_ (indisk) elefant-fører/elefantførar

\_pursuit:\_ jakt, forfølgelse/jakt, forfølging

\_municipal:\_ kommunal

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Why was the narrator hated in Burma?

b) In what way were his feelings about Burma ambiguous?

c) Why was the narrator called out, and why did he take a gun?

d) Why couldn't the Burmese deal with the situation themselves?

{{End of textbox}}

The Burmese sub-inspector and some Indian constables were waiting for me in the quarter where the elephant had been seen. It was a very poor quarter, a labyrinth of squalid bamboo huts, thatched with palmleaf, winding all over a steep hillside. I remember that it was a cloudy, stuffy

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morning at the beginning of the rains. We began questioning the people as to where the elephant had gone and, as usual, failed to get any definite information. That is invariably the case in the East; a story always sounds clear enough at a distance, but the nearer you get to the scene of events the vaguer it becomes. Some of the people said that the elephant had gone in one direction, some said that he had gone in another, some professed not even to have heard of any elephant. I had almost made up my mind that the whole story was a pack of lies, when we heard yells a little distance away. There was a loud, scandalized cry of "Go away, child! Go away this instant!" and an old woman with a switch in her hand came round the corner of a hut, violently shooing away a crowd of naked children. Some more women followed, clicking their tongues and exclaiming; evidently there was something that the children ought not to have seen. I rounded the hut and saw a man's dead body sprawling in the mud. He was an Indian, a black Dravidian coolie, almost naked, and he could not have been dead many minutes. The people said that the elephant had come suddenly upon him round the corner of the hut, caught him with its trunk, put its foot on his back and ground him into the earth. This was the rainy season and the ground was soft, and his face had scored a trench a foot deep and a couple of yards long. He was lying on his belly with arms crucified and head sharply twisted to one side. His face was coated with mud, the eyes wide open, the teeth bared and grinning with an expression of unendurable agony. (Never tell me, by the way, that the dead look peaceful. Most of the corpses I have seen looked devilish.) The friction of the great beast's foot had stripped the skin from his back as neatly as one skins a rabbit. As soon as I saw the dead man I sent an orderly to a friend's house nearby to borrow an elephant rifle. I had already sent back the pony, not wanting it to go mad with fright and throw me if it smelt the elephant.

  The orderly came back in a few minutes with a rifle and five cartridges, and meanwhile some Burmans had arrived and told us that the elephant was in the paddy fields below, only a few hundred yards away. As I started forward practically the whole population of the quarter flocked out of the houses and followed me. They had seen the rifle and were all shouting excitedly that I was going to shoot the elephant. They had not shown much interest in the elephant when he was merely ravaging their homes, but it was different now that he was going to be shot. It was a bit of fun to them, as it would be to an English crowd; besides they wanted the meat. It made me vaguely uneasy. I had no intention of shooting the elephant – I had merely sent for the rifle to defend myself if necessary – and it is always unnerving to have a crowd following you. I marched down the hill, looking and feeling a fool, with the rifle over my shoulder and an ever-growing army of people jostling at my heels.

{{Glossary}}

\_invariably:\_ uten unntak, alltid/utan unntak, alltid

\_sprawling:\_ (liggende) henslengt/(liggande) slengd

\_coolie:\_ kuli (fattig asiatisk dagarbeider)/kuli (fattig asiatisk dagarbeidar)

\_crucified\_ her: utstrakt/utstrekt

\_unendurable:\_ uutholdelig/uuthaldeleg

\_agony:\_ dødsangst, pine

\_cartridge:\_ patron

\_paddy field:\_ rismark

\_unnerving:\_ skremmende/skremmande

{{End of glossary}}

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{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

At the bottom, when you got away from the huts, there was a metalled road and beyond that a miry waste of paddy fields a thousand yards across, not yet ploughed but soggy from the first rains and dotted with coarse grass. The elephant was standing eight yards from the road, his left side towards us. He took not the slightest notice of the crowd's approach. He was tearing up bunches of grass, beating them against his knees to clean them and stuffing them into his mouth.

{{Glossary}}

\_miry:\_ gjørmete, sølete

\_to halt:\_ å stanse

{{End of glossary}}

I had halted on the road. As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. It is a serious matter to shoot a working elephant – it is comparable to destroying a huge and

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costly piece of machinery – and obviously one ought not to do it if it can possibly be avoided. And at that distance, peacefully eating, the elephant looked no more dangerous than a cow. I thought then and I think now that his attack of "must" was already passing off; in which case he would merely wander harmlessly about until the mahout came back and caught him. Moreover, I did not in the least want to shoot him. I decided that I would watch him for a little while to make sure that he did not turn savage again, and then go home.

  But at that moment I glanced round at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. It blocked the road for a long distance on either side. I looked at the sea of yellow faces above the garish clothes – faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all certain that the elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a conjurer about to perform a trick. They did not like me, but with the magical rifle in my hands I was momentarily worth watching. And suddenly I realized that I should have to shoot the elephant after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it; I could feel their two thousand wills pressing me forward, irresistibly. And it was at this moment, as I stood there with the rifle in my hands, that I first grasped the hollowness, the futility of the white man's dominion in the East. Here was I, the white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd – seemingly the leading actor of the piece; but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those yellow faces behind. I perceived in this moment that when the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys. He becomes a sort of hollow, posing dummy, the conventionalized figure of a sahib. For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the "natives," and so in every crisis he has got to do what the "natives" expect of him. He wears a mask, and his face grows to fit it. I had got to shoot the elephant. I had committed myself to doing it when I sent for the rifle. A sahib has got to act like a sahib; he has got to appear resolute, to know his own mind and do definite things. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing – no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me. And my whole life, every white man's life in the East, was one long struggle not to be laughed at.

{{Glossary}}

\_conjurer:\_ tryllekunstner/tryllekunstnar

\_to grasp:\_ å forstå, å fatte

\_futility:\_ meningsløshet/meiningsløyse

\_puppet:\_ nikkedukke, marionett/nikkedokke, marionett

\_sahib:\_ (indisk) herre

\_feeble:\_ svak, halvhjertet/svak, halvhjarta

\_preoccupied:\_ konsentrert

\_squeamish:\_ pysete, prippen

{{End of glossary}}

But I did not want to shoot the elephant. I watched him beating his bunch of grass against his knees, with that preoccupied grandmotherly air that elephants have. It seemed to me that it would be murder to shoot him. At that age I was not squeamish about killing animals, but I had never shot an elephant and never wanted to. (Somehow it always seems worse to kill a large animal.) Besides, there was the beast's owner to be

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considered. Alive, the elephant was worth at least a hundred pounds; dead, he would only be worth the value of his tusks, five pounds, possibly. But I had got to act quickly. I turned to some experienced-looking Burmans who had been there when we arrived, and asked them how the elephant had been behaving. They all said the same thing: he took no notice of you if you left him alone, but he might charge if you went too close to him.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) Why did the old woman shoo away the child?

b) Why had the crowd gathered?

c) Why was the narrator reluctant to shoot the elephant?

d) Why did he feel he had to do it?

{{End of textbox}}

It was perfectly clear to me what I ought to do. I ought to walk up to within, say, twenty-five yards of the elephant and test his behaviour. If he charged, I could shoot; if he took no notice of me, it would be safe to leave him until the mahout came back. But also I knew that I was going to do no such thing. I was a poor shot with a rifle and the ground was soft mud into which one would sink at every step. If the elephant charged and I missed him, I should have about as much chance as a toad under a steam-roller. But even then I was not thinking particularly of my own skin, only of the watchful yellow faces behind. For at that moment, with the crowd watching me, I was not afraid in the ordinary sense, as I would have been if I had been alone. A white man mustn't be frightened in front of "natives"; and so, in general, he isn't frightened. The sole thought in my mind was that if anything went wrong those two thousand Burmans would see me pursued, caught, trampled on and reduced to a grinning corpse like that Indian up the hill. And if that happened it was quite probable that some of them would laugh. That would never do.

  There was only one alternative. I shoved the cartridges into the magazine and lay down on the road to get a better aim. The crowd grew very still, and a deep, low, happy sigh, as of people who see the theatre curtain go up at last, breathed from innumerable throats. They were going to have their bit of fun after all. The rifle was a beautiful German thing with cross-hair sights. I did not then know that in shooting an elephant one would shoot to cut an imaginary bar running from ear-hole to ear-hole. I ought, therefore, as the elephant was sideways on, to have aimed straight at his ear-hole, actually I aimed several inches in front of this, thinking the brain would be further forward.

{{Glossary}}

\_tusk:\_ støttann/støyttann

\_to charge:\_ å angripe

\_sole:\_ eneste/einaste

\_sigh:\_ sukk

\_roar of glee:\_ gledesbrøl

{{End of glossary}}

When I pulled the trigger I did not hear the bang or feel the kick – one never does when a shot goes home – but I heard the devilish roar of glee that went up from the crowd. In that instant, in too short a time, one would have thought, even for the bullet to get there, a mysterious, terrible change had come over the elephant. He neither stirred nor fell, but every line of his body had altered. He looked suddenly stricken, shrunken, immensely old, as though the frightful impact of the bullet had paralysed him without knocking him down. At last, after what seemed a long time – it might have been five seconds, I dare say – he sagged flabbily to his knees. His mouth slobbered. An enormous senility

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seemed to have settled upon him. One could have imagined him thousands of years old. I fired again into the same spot. At the second shot he did not collapse but climbed with desperate slowness to his feet and stood weakly upright, with legs sagging and head drooping. I fired a third time. That was the shot that did for him. You could see the agony of it jolt his whole body and knock the last remnant of strength from his legs. But in falling he seemed for a moment to rise, for as his hind legs collapsed beneath him he seemed to tower upward like a huge rock toppling, his trunk reaching skyward like a tree. He trumpeted, for the first and only time. And then down he came, his belly towards me, with a crash that seemed to shake the ground even where I lay.

  I got up. The Burmans were already racing past me across the mud. It was obvious that the elephant would never rise again, but he was not dead. He was breathing very rhythmically with long rattling gasps, his great mound of a side painfully rising and falling. His mouth was wide open – I could see far down into caverns of pale pink throat. I waited a long time for him to die, but his breathing did not weaken. Finally I fired my two remaining shots into the spot where I thought his heart must be. The thick blood welled out of him like red velvet, but still he did not die. His body did not even jerk when the shots hit him, the tortured breathing continued without a pause. He was dying, very slowly and in great agony, but in some world remote from me where not even a bullet could damage him further. I felt that I had got to put an end to that dreadful noise. It seemed dreadful to see the great beast lying there, powerless to move and yet powerless to die, and not even to be able to finish him. I sent back for my small rifle and poured shot after shot into his heart and down his throat. They seemed to make no impression. The tortured gasps continued as steadily as the ticking of a clock.

  In the end I could not stand it any longer and went away. I heard later that it took him half an hour to die. Burmans were bringing dahs and baskets even before I left, and I was told they had stripped his body almost to the bones by the afternoon.

{{Glossary}}

\_to sag:\_ å synke/å søkke

\_to jolt:\_ å skake, å riste

\_hind leg:\_ bakbein

\_mound:\_ haug, her: bulende form/haug, her: bulande form

\_velvet:\_ fløyel

\_to jerk:\_ å rykke (til)

\_dah:\_ (burmesisk) kniv, sverd

\_pretext:\_ påskudd, unnskyldning/påskott, unnskyldning

{{End of glossary}}

Afterwards, of course, there were endless discussions about the shooting of the elephant. The owner was furious, but he was only an Indian and could do nothing. Besides, legally I had done the right thing, for a mad elephant has to be killed, like a mad dog, if its owner fails to control it. Among the Europeans opinion was divided. The older men said I was right, the younger men said it was a damn shame to shoot an elephant for killing a coolie, because an elephant was worth more than any damn Coringhee coolie. And afterwards I was very glad that the coolie had been killed; it put me legally in the right and it gave me a sufficient pretext for shooting the elephant. I often wondered whether any of the others grasped that I had done it solely to avoid looking a fool.

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) How effective was the narrator's shooting?

b) What happened to the dead elephant?

c) What views were there on the shooting afterwards?

{{End of textbox}}

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### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a Look at your list of attitudes reflecting a colonial mindset from the pre-reading exercise. How many do you find in the story? Are there any you can add to the list?

{{Picture}}

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{{End }}

>>> Task b The narrator refers to his growing opposition to imperialism, saying "I had had to think out my problems in the utter silence that is imposed on every Englishman in the East." What silence is this, and why is it imposed?

>>> Task c How does he depict the Burmese (or Burmans, as he calls them)?

>>> Task d There are references to "yellow faces" four times in the text. How do you respond to this?

>>> Task e Although the narrator is critical of the British Empire, he says "it is a great deal better than the younger empires that are going to supplant it". What do you think he was thinking of? Do you think he has a point? (Remember: the essay was written in 1936.)

>>> Task f Orwell says of the white man in the East that "he wears a mask, and his face grows to fit it". What point is he making here?

>>> Task g Look again at the last half of the last paragraph (from "The older men ..."). What does it reveal about British attitudes? How do you interpret the narrator's own response?

>>> Task h Ambiguity and contradiction are often seen as being features of Orwell's life and writing. Discuss to what extent you find this reflected in the text.

#### xxx4 2 VOCABULARY

>>> Task a Look at the second paragraph of the essay and find words and expressions there that are synonyms for the following:

replace, unbearable, confusing, lying face down, resign, understand clearly, close up

>>> Task b The pronunciation of the following words in the text can be difficult to guess from the spelling. Use a dictionary to find the correct pronunciation, as well as their meaning. Then put the words in meaningful sentences (as many as possible in each one) and read them aloud to your neighbour:

hideous, ravage, bazaar, devour, vaguer, garish, sahib, Raj

#### xxx4 3 WRITING

>>> Task a You are a journalist for the \_Moulmein Gazette\_, a Burmese newspaper renowned for its radical anti-colonial stance. Write a newspaper report (see access.cdu.no) about the events described in "Shooting an Elephant" in which the newspaper's point of view shines though.

>>> Task b You are a journalist for BARC, the Burmese Animal Rights Chronicle, and have been researching events in Moulmein. Write a feature article (see access.cdu.no) focussing on the animal rights aspect of the story.

#### xxx4 4 ANALYSIS

An essay is classified as non-fiction and a short story as fiction. However, as we can see here, they are not necessarily poles apart. What elements of the short story do we find in "Shooting an Elephant"? What features does it have that nevertheless make it qualify as an essay?

#### xxx4 5 QUICK RESEARCH

Find out more about either \_Animal Farm\_ or \_1984\_, Orwell's two major novels. What was their subject matter and what impact have they had on popular culture?

{{End of tasks}}

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## xxx2 ESSAY WRITING COURSE 6: INTRODUCTIONS AND CONCLUSIONS

An American newspaper editor once gave young journalists the following advice on how to write a newspaper article: "First you tell 'em what you're going to tell 'em. Then you tell 'em. Then you tell 'em what you just told' em."

  It is not the most exciting advice in the world and, if taken literally, it could result in some fairly boring and repetitive articles. But there is an element of common sense here too. An article – or an essay – can be divided into three parts: a beginning, a middle and an end. The middle is where the main content will be and where the writer will succeed or fail in tackling the task he or she has been given. Why worry about an introduction and a conclusion, then?

  Well, for one thing, it is human nature. Whether we are giving a speech or just having a conversation, we have a need to build up to what we have to say and to round it off afterwards. Not doing so would make both the speech and the conversation seem rather abrupt and even confusing. So, while introductions and conclusions are not essential for the content of an essay, they can be an aid to communication and a way of focussing the reader's attention on what is being said.

  It is important to emphasise that there are as many ways to introduce and conclude essays as there are essays, and that many successful introductions and conclusions do not stick to the guidelines described below. But many of them do tend to follow particular patterns, and being aware of these can help you to increase your own repertoire.

### xxx3 Introductions – "zooming in"

An essay's introduction usually aims to do at least one of the following: 1) to gain the reader's attention for what is to come, 2) to whet the reader's appetite or 3) to provide the reader with the necessary information to understand the main part of the essay. A good introduction will often do all three of these things.

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One strategy for writing introductions is to \_go from the general to the specific\_. "The specific" in this case is what the task requires you to do, the central thesis or theme of the essay. "The general" means the broader perspective in which this task belongs. In other words, the introduction "zooms in" on the main focus. For example, if you are writing an essay on a particular poem, your introduction might take as its point of departure the poet who wrote it, or the theme it deals with, or the literary period to which it belongs. If, on the other hand, it is a literary period, e.g. Modernism, that is the main focus of your essay, you might open with a reference to the historical context in which Modernism arose.

  One tool that can be useful in this "zooming in" process is the anecdote or the quotation. The opening paragraph of this piece of writing is an example of that; the anecdote about the newspaper editor has obvious relevance to the topic of writing introductions and conclusions and places it in a wider context. Obviously, this tool will only be successful if the anecdote or quotation is apt (i.e. fits the topic well) and fairly short. Introductions should not be so long or

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complicated as to draw attention away from the main body of the essay.

  Another strategy for writing introductions is the \_thesis statement\_. This is a statement that sets out clearly what you aim to achieve in the essay. Rather like the courtroom attorney telling the jury how you are going to prove that your client is innocent of any crime, you are informing the reader of your intentions. This strategy should be used with care. For one thing, your essay is usually a response to a particular task that functions as a heading. If your introduction simply repeats this task, it is pointless and will seem very mechanical. Secondly, you must make very sure that you actually fulfil the promises you make in this sort of introduction.

  A third introductory strategy is to set out the basic facts or information which the main part of your essay will build on. In literary essays you are often faced with a dilemma here; how much of the literary text should you suppose is familiar to your "imagined reader"? For example, do you need to tell the plot of a short story? How much of the background of the main character do you need to explain?

  The answer to these questions will depend on the task in hand, but as a general rule we can say that a short presentation of a text is all that is required and that detailed plot summaries should certainly be avoided. You will need to mention the author of the text, but biographical details are not necessary, unless they have some bearing on the topic. The following is an example of a brief, informative introduction:

  In William Faulkner's short story "A Rose for Emily" we meet Emily Grierson, a reclusive and eccentric old lady living alone, except for her servant, and resisting all attempts to make her accommodate the new era in the American South. On her death, discoveries are made that reveal a personal tragedy beyond the imaginings of even her curious neighbours.

### xxx3 Conclusions – "zooming out"

The point of a conclusion is often: 1) to give your essay a rounded, finished form and 2) to refocus on the main thesis or intention of the essay. Thus a conclusion is very similar to an introduction, and this is mirrored in the strategies we can choose.

  While introductions often take us from the general to the specific, conclusions often take us in the opposite direction: \_from the specific to the general\_. In other words, we "zoom out" to the wider perspective – historical, thematic or literary. After the analysis of a specific poem, for example, we can conclude by relating it to the context of the poet's career or the historical context:

  Wilfred Owens shocking depiction of the gassed soldier in "Dolce et Decorum Est" expresses not only horror at the realities of warfare, but deep disillusionment at the nationalist ideology and simplistic patriotism that brought about the war in the first place. In this way Owen is an unmistakably Modernist voice foreshadowing the cultural pessimism of, for example, the Lost Generation.

  A conclusion of this sort functions as a signpost to the wider world and can use some of the same tools as a general-to-specific introduction, for example an anecdote or a quotation.

  Similarly, the strategy of the thesis statement that we mentioned for introductions has

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its corresponding strategy for conclusions. To return to our courtroom comparison, the attorney now has to bring together the various threads of his/her defence in a \_summing up\_. As was the case for thesis statements, caution should be taken to avoid mechanical repetition. Do not follow the newspaper editor's advice too closely and simply "tell 'em what you just told 'em"! You will need to rephrase your ideas and perhaps find a fresh angle. If you manage this, you will make your general argument all the clearer.

  What you must avoid in a conclusion is introducing a new point that should have been included before. Avoid also using bombastic or emotional language (e.g. "All in all I thought this poem was absolutely fantastic!") or high-minded reflections about how more young people should read Virginia Woolf. Even though you may be totally sincere, such over-enthusiasm often strikes a false note.

  Some final words of advice concerning both introductions and conclusions: Leave writing them until last. This is fairly obvious advice for conclusions, but the same goes for introductions. Alternatively, you should be prepared to go back and rewrite if necessary. The point is that essays often turn out rather differently than expected, since the process of writing often leads you in new directions and to new discoveries. This sometimes results in a lack of correspondence between the beginning and the end of an essay.

## xxx2 TASKS

>>> Task 1 Look at the introduction and conclusion of the introductory text to this chapter, "Make It New: The Modernist Revolution" (p. 270).

>>> Task a What is the main function of the introduction: to gain the reader's attention for what is come, to whet the reader's appetite or to provide the reader with the necessary information to understand the main part of the essay?

>>> Task b Which strategy is used in the introduction?

>>> Task c Is anecdote or quotation used? If so, to what effect?

>>> Task d What strategies are used in the conclusion?

>>> Task e How do the introduction and conclusion relate to each other?

>>> Task 2 Look at the opening and closing paragraphs of George Orwell's essay "Shooting an Elephant" (p. 321). To what extent does he use the strategies we have mentioned?

>>> Task 3 In "Part 2: The Writing Process" (p. 83) we set out an essay plan for an imagined essay on \_Hamlet\_. Find the plan on p. 84, read through it and then write an introduction and a conclusion to the essay. Remember: you will need to vary your language so that you do not simply repeat yourself!

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## xxx2 ACROSS THE ARTS 5: VOICE OF AMERICA

### xxx3 The rise of jazz

In February 1923 a young black woman entered a music studio in New York City to do a recording session. Her name was Bessie Smith and the song she sang was "Down-Hearted Blues". Within six months the record had sold over three-quarters of a million copies and she was offered a nine-year contract with Columbia Records.

  Listening to the first seconds of the recording today, it's not difficult to hear that it's a while since it was made. First and foremost it's a question of the sound quality: this was before the innovation of the electric microphone, when recordings were done by a purely mechanical process ("acoustical recording"), involving a diaphragm and a cutting needle. But when Bessie Smith starts singing, it's as if the years fall away. The opening line – "Gee, but it's hard to love someone when that someone don't love you" – in all its "ungrammatical" directness and simplicity could have been taken from a modern popular song. The voice, too, in spite of the background hiss, communicates directly to us and has features we recognise in popular singers of today: the raw, rasping growl, the "blue" notes, the sheer vocal power. Although it's nearly a century since the recording was made, this is a voice of the modern age, the age we still live in. It's also the voice of jazz.

  The story of jazz is a story of resilience and creativity, of community and cultural cross-fertilisation, but also of segregation and racism. The origins of jazz lie in the musical traditions of West Africa, from where slaves were transported to work on plantations in the New World. Thus jazz shares origins with many other vibrant musical traditions in the Caribbean and in South America, where

  African slaves were also transported. But while South American slaves were allowed to keep drumming traditions alive (resulting in musical genres like samba, choro and cumbia), drums and indeed other native instruments were banned among American slaves, for fear they might be used for communication. All they were left with were their voices, and it was vocal music that became the black community's first common musical language, in the form of work songs and "field hollers" – i.e. expressive, often wordless songs sung in cotton fields.

  After the American Civil War (1861–65) there were many cheap ex-army brass instruments available and black musicians began to learn European styles of music, though often injecting them with their own rhythmic traditions. Ragtime, one of the stepping stones on the way to jazz, was a result of this sort of mix – "white music played black" as it has been defined, in which polkas, marches and even classical pieces were given "ragged", syncopated rhythms. At the same time, the blues was flourishing in the Mississippi Delta. This was a song tradition that grew out of the field hollers and religious songs (so-called "spirituals"), though decidedly secular in content, in which the singer expressed sorrow at the trials and tribulations of life, especially love life. They featured repetitive chord progressions and "blue" notes, i.e. notes that were pitched slightly lower than the "right note", seen from a classical perspective.

  It was the city of New Orleans that brought these and many other influences together to lay the foundations of jazz – a rhythmic, syncopated music style involving improvisation and often great virtuosity. In the first decade of the 20th century it could primarily be heard in the

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district of Storyville, an area of the city centre renowned for its many brothels, one of the few establishments where black musicians could find work. Many of the pioneers of jazz – such as the legendary Louis Armstrong – started their careers in this environment and it was many decades before jazz music, in the minds of the "respectable" public, lost its low-life associations.

  Bessie Smith's own life story reflects the brutal reality that jazz grew out of. Born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, in the 1890s (there is some controversy about exactly when), she was orphaned by the age of 9 and earned a meagre living by singing and dancing on the streets with her brother. In her teens she performed in so-called \_minstrel shows\_. These were entertainments consisting of variety acts which were originally performed by white artists posing as stereotypical blacks, their faces blackened with burnt cork or boot polish. After emancipation (at the end of the Civil War), black artists also performed in minstrel shows – although they too were expected to "black up" for the occasion.

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Her discovery by pianist Clarence Williams, who accompanied her on "Down-Hearted Blues", came at a time when jazz was migrating, along with thousands of African Americans, from the South to the industrial centres of the north and east. Chicago and New York (with Harlem at its pulsating heart) became centres for jazz and for African American culture in general. At the same time, recording companies were realising that there was money to be made on what were called "race records", i.e. recordings made by black performers and aimed at black consumers. Innovations in recording technology led to an increase in both the quality and the quantity of jazz recordings. This brought jazz to the attention of young white audiences, too. White jazz bands also sprung up, but although they might share the same music, blacks and whites only rarely shared the same stage. Segregation applied to jazz bands, too.

  Bessie Smith's blues-influenced style of singing was about as far from the classical ideals of singing as you could come. Her repertoire, too, some of it self-penned, was with its deep melancholy and sexual innuendo a far cry from the parlour songs deemed suitable for genteel young ladies. But by black audiences Smith was acclaimed as "the Empress of the Blues" and she rapidly became a model for other singers. Her influence can be clearly heard in jazz and blues singers from Louis Armstrong to Billie Holiday, Mahalia Jackson and Tina Turner.

  However, Bessie Smith herself did not live to enjoy her musical legacy. She became one of many victims of what we now call "the rock'n'roll lifestyle", but which has also claimed many jazz musicians along the way. At a time when the music business was going through

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hard times due to the Depression, Bessie was having increasing problems with alcoholism. Although she continued performing, she released no more records after 1933. In 1937 she was killed in a road accident. Thousands attended her funeral, but her grave was left unmarked until 1970 when a memorial stone was erected by the white blues singer Janis Joplin, just months before Joplin herself joined the list of the music industry's many casualties, dying of a heroin overdose.

### xxx3 American Art Deco – visual jazz

It's ironic that a musical genre that grew out of deep poverty and social exclusion should come to be so closely associated with the opposite – with luxury, leisure, glamour and consumption. As jazz music was embraced by young white audiences in the Roaring Twenties, it came to be seen as synonymous with a particular sort of devil-may-care hedonism and liberation. So much so that the decade was also christened the Jazz Age.

  This was the age of the "flappers", young women who rejected the strict corset-clad roles of their Victorian mothers, and took to bobbing their hair, wearing loose, revealing dresses and dancing the night away to the latest jazz rhythms. This hedonism was of course only available to the rich, but even the moderately poor could benefit from some of the technical and cultural innovations of the time. As electricity lines snaked their way across America, bringing with them movie theatres, Hollywood stars became household names and the film industry increasingly became the new trendsetter in fashion and taste.

  In the world of art – including its more practically inclined offshoots, architecture and design – the Jazz Age was the age of Art Deco. It's not an easy phenomenon to define since it found inspiration from many different sources, including both historical antiquity and technical modernity. Art Deco was a response to the style called Art Nouveau ("new art"), which in turn had been inspired by William Morris's Arts and Crafts Movement (see p. 265). Like their Victorian predecessors, Art Deco artists put great store by excellence in design and finish, and, as the name implies, they had a liking for decoration. But while Morris had been preoccupied with the idea of the craftsman and the value of the craft in itself, Art Deco designers gave equal emphasis to utility and beauty. Indeed, they even coined a new word to express both: \_beautility\_. Nor did Art Deco designers share Morris's abhorrence for industrial production. On the contrary, they revelled in it. The machine, used during the First World War as an agent of destruction, was rehabilitated by Art Deco as a symbol of modernity and progress. Art Deco buildings and furniture took on the appearance of machines – stylish, modern and efficient.

  Art Deco originated in France (\_arts décoratifs)\_, but it was in America that it took flight and soared. Art Deco's love affair with new technology and urban life was perfectly suited to the American ethos. Even the Great Depression was not able to curb the optimism of Art Deco, and during the 1930s public buildings sprung up across America in the Art Deco style – movie theatres, restaurants and pleasure palaces. In New York, Art Deco skyscrapers came to define the identity of the city. A law passed in the 1920s stated that all new tall buildings had to taper at the top, to ensure that as much light as possible reached ground level. The architects obliged, and the resulting buildings are among the most iconic in the world – the Empire State Building (1930–32), the Chrysler Building (1928–30), the Rockefeller Building (1930–39).

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{{Picture}}

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Their monumental, almost abstract shapes, their utility and their sheer size made them potent symbols of the American Century and their images became recurrent motifs in art and films.

{{Picture}}

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Streamlining was an important feature of Art Deco design. In ships, cars and trains streamlining obviously had functional advantages, but it also became a decorative principle that could be applied to buildings, furniture and household products. Thus such different objects as the gramophone, the apartment block, the sewing machine and the ocean liner began to take on a similar appearance – not unlike the hood of the new Ford automobiles coming off the production lines in their thousands.

## xxx2 TASKS

>>> Task 1 Listen to Bessie Smith's performance of "Down-Hearted Blues" and answer the following questions:

>>> Task a What is your response to the song and Bessie Smith's performance? What do you like/dislike about it?

>>> Task b "Down-Hearted Blues" was an early hit. Given the right treatment (better recording, different arrangement, modern marketing), do you think it could be a hit today?

Why/why not?

>>> Task c Which modern artists can you imagine singing this song? How would they do it differently?

d It seems that musicians and artists are particularly vulnerable to problems of addiction and depression. Why do you think this is?

>>> Task 2 The following are some of the great names of 20th-century jazz after the heyday of Bessie Smith: Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Mary Lou Williams, Benny Goodman, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Mingus, Thelonius Monk. Pick a name (or another jazz name you know of) and find samples of their music. Then prepare to present it to your classmates, explaining what makes it identifiable as jazz and giving your own personal response to it.

>>> Task 3 Go to access.cdu.no and find examples of Art Deco design and architecture. Choose one example and prepare to present it to your classmates, explaining what Art Deco features it has and giving your own personal response to it.

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# xxx1 CHAPTER 7: Contemporary Literature

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\_Competence aims in focus:\_

The aims of the studies are to enable students to:

-- elaborate on and discuss the relationship between form, content and stylistic register in sentences and texts

-- have a command of the terminology needed for analysing works of fiction, films and other aesthetic forms of expression

-- elaborate on and discuss the cultural position of the United States and Great Britain in the world today, and the background for the same

-- analyse and assess a film and a selection of other artistic forms of expression within English-language culture

-- elaborate on and discuss distinctive linguistic features of texts from different genres, from different periods and regions

-- assess his or her own language learning in terms of established language learning goals

(Translation: udir.no)

{{End of list}}

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{{Tasks}}

>>> Task a In pairs, describe your cultural habits to each other: the music you listen to, the books you read, the films or TV programmes you like to watch, other art forms you appreciate, etc. How do you access the culture you "consume"?

>>> Task b Then discuss the habits of your parents' generation. Do these differ from your own? If so, in which ways?

{{End of tasks }}

## xxx2 Reality Redefined: Literature in the Postmodern Era

It would be handy if we could take a leaf out of Virginia Woolf's book and suggest a year or a date for when Modernism ended and Postmodernism began. But it is not possible. In fact, we should emphasise that it wasn't really possible for Woolf either. Her precise dating of Modernism (see p. 270) was meant as a sort of provocation. However, it is fair to say that the "shock of the new" was just that – a shock, and that the contrast between Modernism and what went before it was enormous. In contrast, the Postmodern period that we live in has grown so gradually and unevenly out of the period that preceded it that different observers are likely to have different ideas about when the transition occurred. Anything between the end of the Second World War and the 1980s has been suggested.

  However, whatever doubt there may be about the date, there is no doubt that something has changed. Perhaps the best way to pin down precisely what has changed is to take our starting point in someone with first-hand experience and an instinctive understanding of the Postmodern lifestyle. You.

  In all likelihood, you, the reader, are around 18 years of age. You have grown up in the 21st century. Most likely, you have owned a mobile phone for most of your life, and you have acquired digital skills without really having to try. You are conversant with different social media and are probably active on them. You may feel you are at the cutting edge of youth culture or you may feel that you are perhaps a bit of a straggler and even take pride in being purposely old-fashioned. However, unless you have lived your life in glorious isolation, you are a child (no condescension intended) of the Postmodern era.

{{Glossary}}

\_to precede:\_ å gå forut for, å ligge foran/å gå forut for, å ligge framom

\_transition:\_ overgang

\_to acquire:\_ å tilegne seg/å tileigne seg

\_conversant with:\_ fortrolig med/fortruleg med

\_cutting edge:\_ spydspiss, i front

\_straggler:\_ etternøler/etternølar

\_condescension:\_ nedlatenhet/nedlatande haldning

{{End of glossary}}

This makes you different in your cultural habits from previous generations in a number of ways. (How many previous generations and how different depends on both on how old and how cutting edge your parents and grandparents are ...) For example, in music, whatever your preferences, you probably relate to \_playlists\_ rather than to the concept of "albums".

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In other words, you don't play songs by a particular artist in a particular order. In the days of vinyl, skipping tracks was rather tricky and albums were seen as a musical whole with a beginning and an end, rather than just as a collection of songs. Today it is the owner of the digital player who decides the order of tracks and who can also choose to pick and mix tracks from different artists.

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{{End}}

In comedy, again your preferences may differ, but the chances are that you don't expect a comedy sketch to end with a punch line. Neither do you expect your favourite comedy act to finish their show with a song and dance routine in which they smilingly receive the applause of their audience. In fact, your preferences may be for the type of "mockumentary" comedy in which there is neither an audience nor laughter. Similarly, if you watch a lot of television (and statistically you probably watch less than your parents did when they were your age), then you probably prefer "reality" shows to classic soap operas, because you find the unscripted and unpredictable form of the former more "real" than the melodrama of the latter. At the same time, you probably make fun of the "reality" shows you watch and would be the first to admit that "reality" and reality aren't necessarily the same thing.

  There will of course be many other cultural differences between you and your parents/grandparents, many of which may seem more important to you (e.g. clothes, musical tastes, language). But the examples above are chosen because they relate directly to some of the features of contemporary culture that might be termed Postmodern.

{{Glossary}}

\_to skip:\_ å hoppe over (noe)/å hoppe over (noko)

\_unscripted:\_ direkte-, uten manuskript/direkte-, utan manuskript

\_the former:\_ det førstnevnte/det førstnemnde

\_the latter:\_ det sistnevnte/det sistnemnde

\_feature:\_ kjennetegn/kjenneteikn

\_contemporary:\_ samtids-

{{End of glossary}}

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{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

The \_pick'n'mix\_ nature of playlists, for example, reflects an important aspect of Postmodern society: rather than accepting ready-made "packages" – an album, an ideology, a religion, a cuisine – we feel at liberty to open the packages and pick out the bits we like. The result may be rather unsettling, seen through traditionalist eyes. Whereas once such factors as social class, religion, nationality and ethnicity largely defined who we were, our identities are now increasingly a matter of choice. For example, one and the same person may wear a crucifix, sport a Buddha tattoo and listen to reggae while doing her Tai Chi workout.

{{Glossary}}

\_cuisine:\_ kjøkken

\_unsettling:\_ forstyrrende, forvirrende/forstyrrande, forvirrande

\_incompatible:\_ uforenlig, som ikke passer sammen/usemjande, som ikkje passar saman

\_case in point:\_ godt eksempel

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) When did the age of Modernism come to an end?

b) What has changed in the way people in contemporary society consume culture?

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Postmodern literature

The Postmodern author allows himself the same sort of freedom, for example, mixing elements once seen as incompatible. Neil Gaiman, whose story "Bitter Grounds" you will shortly be reading (p. 364), is a case in point. He writes everything from novels to comic books and screenplays, and often borrows from one genre when writing in another. Similarly,

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the distinction between "high-brow" and "low-brow" which was important for the early Modernists (who were often quite snooty about popular culture) has become much less obvious.

  Just as the modern comedy sketch no longer bows to the tyranny of the punch line, the Postmodern novelist or short-story writer no longer feels bound by the "rules" of narrative structure, particularly as regards the idea of a climax and a "denouement". When Eveline fails to follow her Frank onto the boat in Joyce's story (p. 278), we have a definite sense of an ending. In Faulkner's "A Rose for Emily" (p. 310), we have to wait for the last line to understand, in a literary version of a punch line, what the story has been about.

  Postmodern stories, by contrast, often do not have a real ending at all, in the sense of a conclusion. Endings are very often inconclusive, leaving much to the reader. Sometimes there may be several endings that we are invited to choose between, as is the case with Margaret Atwood's story "Happy Endings" (p. 394). The impression given then is that life basically is open-ended, untidy and unfathomable and that neat endings have no place in it.

  Similarly, Postmodern fiction often complicates the idea of time. We saw in the previous chapter how the Modernists' innovative use of the interior monologue allowed them to break up the narrative chronology of the traditional novel or short story with flashbacks. However, even in \_Mrs. Dalloway\_, where we alternate constantly between different times and memories, we are never in doubt that the "default position" is the present – Clarissa on her way to the flower shop.

  In Postmodern fiction, by comparison, we often may meet several "layers" of time in a narrative without one of them having primacy over the others. Shifts between layers do not have to be "realistic", in the form of flashbacks – or in the form of a found diary or letter, as was required in Victorian literature. Postmodern authors quite simply love playing around with time, juxtaposing past, present and future, and shifting between them without warning. In Ted Chiang's story "What's Expected of Us" (p. 352), we eventually learn that the text we are listening to has been written two years after we listen to it ...

{{Glossary}}

\_snooty:\_ nedlatende/nedlatande

\_denouement:\_ oppklaring, løsning/oppklaring, løysing

\_inconclusive:\_ ufullstendig

\_unfathomable:\_ uutgrunnelig, ikke målbar/uutgrundeleg, ikkje målbar

\_default:\_ standardinnstilling

\_layer:\_ lag, sjikt

\_primacy:\_ forrang, prioritet

\_to juxtapose:\_ å sidestille

\_omniscient:\_ allvitende/allvitande

{{End of glossary}}

Unreliable narrators are by no means a Postmodern invention. We only have to remember the innocent Gulliver in Jonathan Swift's novel (p. 105) or the insane narrator of "The Tell-Tale Heart" (p. 184) to realise that. But in Postmodern literature, the objective and omniscient narrator is hard to find. Sometimes the point of view shifts during the narrative, or the narrator is present as a sort of ironic voice that the reader is unsure whether to take seriously or not, as in Lydia Davis's story "Letter to a Frozen Peas Manufacturer" (p. 392). Sometimes the narrator is so self-conscious that an account of an external event turns into a sort of deconstruction

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of the self, as in Dave Eggers's short piece "You Know How to Spell Elijah" (p. 388).

  One of the things that strikes us when we read literature from the Romantic Era, and indeed in the Victorian Age too, is the intensity and unambiguousness of emotion. We need only think of Jane Eyre's unfailing loyalty, Wordsworth's ecstatic joy on viewing Westminster Bridge and Dr Jekyll's abject terror at his fate. The literature of our own times, by comparison, insists on being ambivalent and ironic. Clear categories such as humour and seriousness, realism and fantasy, become blurred and the reader may find himself unsure of whether he should laugh or cry, believe or not believe – as we do when watching "mockumentaries" and "reality" shows.

  All these features of Postmodern literature stem from a change in the way we perceive reality itself. Precisely where this change originated is not easy to say. There are obviously many factors relating to new lifestyles as well as new knowledge about our brains and the world around us. However, one factor that has undoubtedly had a profound influence is the advent of digital communication technology, especially the internet. It has quite simply moved the goalposts as far as what we define as real. Even early on in the Postmodern world, fictional worlds became real worlds that we could visit (e.g. Disneyland), while film stars no longer just \_played\_ American presidents, they \_became\_ American presidents (Ronald Reagan). But in the brave new digital world of bitcoins, avatars and Second Life, the borderline between reality and fiction has become so unclear that we move between the two without even noticing. As we will see in Will Self's short story "iAnna" (p. 345), digital technology has not invaded just our lives, but possibly our brains as well.

  All this can make reading Postmodern literature rather a challenge. Styles are mixed, differences and distinctions disappear, humour and horror walk hand in hand. However, the fortunate thing is that you, raised in the 21st century, expect no less! Your lifelong experience of crossing between different realities (virtual or otherwise), of negotiating social media and the subtleties of image, language and signs that the digital world presents us with, makes you uniquely equipped to understand this literature.

  Shakespeare, on the other hand, would have been dumbfounded ...

{{Glossary}}

\_unambiguousness:\_ entydighet/eintydnad

\_abject:\_ ynkelig, elendig

\_terror:\_ skrekk, redsel

\_ambivalent:\_ ambivalent, preget av motstridende følelser/ambivalent, prega av motstridande kjensler

\_to stem from:\_ å skyldes/å skuldast

\_to perceive:\_ å oppfatte

\_profound:\_ dyp, grundig/djup, grundig

\_advent:\_ ankomst, komme/framkomst, komme

\_bitcoin:\_ digital valuta

\_to negotiate:\_ å forhandle

\_subtlety:\_ spissfindighet, subtilitet/spissfindigheit, subtilitet

\_dumbfounded:\_ forbløffet, forbauset/forbløffa, forundra

{{Glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) How does Postmodernist fiction often treat the concept of time?

b) What about point of view?

c) Why is the borderline between reality and fiction much more blurred now than it was in the 20th century?

{{End of textbox}}

--- 343 to 432

{{Picture}}

Caption: Reality redefined? A man uses a virtual treadmill in 2015 in Las Vegas. The curved surface and special shoes allow the user to walk in place and sensors transform that into forward motion in a virtual reality video game.

{{End}}

--- 344 to 432

## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 1 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a The text states that you are an expert on living in a Postmodern society. Do you agree? Why or why not?

>>> Task b Can you find other examples of how people today "pick and mix" the lifestyles they prefer?

>>> Task c Does your generation's sense of humour differ from that of your parents' generation? If so, how?

>>> Task d In our Postmodern age, the works of classic authors such as Jane Austen and Charles Dickens are enjoying a new lease of life as films and TV dramas, while TV series such as \_Downton Abbey\_ draw large audiences with their nostalgic view of the past. What, in your view, does this say about the age we live in?

### xxx3 2 VOCABULARY – PICK'N'MIX WORDS

English words are often made up of a main root with other syllables added on – either in front \_(prefixes)\_ or on the end \_(suffixes)\_. This means that we can often make a good guess at what a word means if we understand the main root. It also means that we have a larger vocabulary than we imagine!

  Look at the following words from the text and see how many other words you can make by adding or taking away syllables. (You may have to change the words slightly.) See access.cdu.no for a list of common prefixes and suffixes.

  Example:

   \_fortunate\_ – fortune, fortunately, unfortunate, unfortunately, misfortune

  \_objective – real – distinction – nature – mobile – active – culture – doubt – expect\_

### xxx3 3 DISCUSSING MUSIC

Read the statements below and decide how much you agree/disagree with each one: 5 = I strongly agree. 4 = I somewhat agree. 3 = I neither agree nor disagree. 2 = I somewhat disagree. 1 = I strongly disagree. Then sit in pairs or groups of three, compare your points and discuss why you gave the points you did.

a Music has become so ubiquitous (i.e. it is everywhere) that it has lost its importance.

b Easy access to recorded music is one of the great things about the digital age.

c Music is a vital part of my life.

d Music should be listened to, not used as background noise.

e Show me your playlist and I'll tell you who you are.

### xxx3 4 GOING FURTHER

Great Britain and the United States have played important roles in shaping contemporary culture around the globe. Go to access.cdu.no to work with articles describing and analysing the impact these two countries have had – and still have – on literature and other art forms in modern society.

  When you have read the texts and worked with the tasks at the website, consider the following in groups:

a How would you sum up the cultural position of each country today?

b What is the background for each country's current cultural impact?

c How do you see the cultural role of these two countries in the future?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 345 to 432

## xxx2 Will Self (b. 1961)

{{Textbox}}

is a writer, journalist and broadcaster from London. In a turbulent youth he suffered both heroin addiction and mental problems. After graduating from Oxford, he began writing fiction as well as working as a cartoonist, and he has since written ten novels and several collections of short stories. Both Zack Busner and Dr Mukti, the main characters in "iAnna", are recurring figures in his fiction. Self says that he writes "to astonish people".

{{End of textbox}}

{{Tasks}}

Imagine that you were without a mobile phone or internet access for a week. Discuss in class or in small groups how this would affect your daily life and personal wellbeing.

{{End of tasks}}

### xxx3 Short story: iAnna

Dr Shiva Mukti, a psychiatrist at St Mungo's, a rather small and down-at-heel general hospital situated – rather bizarrely – in the dusty pit left behind when the Middlesex Hospital was demolished in the spring of 2008, had, through various serpentine manipulations, got hold of his senior colleague Dr Zack Busner's mobile phone number, and this he proceeded to call: "Who is it?" Busner snapped. He was lying naked on his bed in the bedroom of the grotty first-floor flat he had recently rented on Fortess Road in Kentish Town above an insurance broker's. His phone had been balanced on the apex of his sweat-slicked tumulus of a belly, and when it rang it slid down, slaloming expertly through his cleavage, bounced off his clavicle and hit him fully in his froggy mouth. Mukti identified himself and explained why he was calling. Busner responded disjointedly: "Yes ... oh, yes ... Yes, I remember you – no, no I'm not. No – I'm not inter- For heaven's sake man, I'm \_retired\_, I don't want to examine your patient no matter how novel her symptoms may be ... What's that? Not the first, you say – something of an emerging pattern ...?"

  It was too late – the older psychiatrist had allowed himself to be hooked. Rocking then rolling off the bed he stood with the phone caught in the corner of his mouth. Then the call pulled him into his clothes, out the door, down the stairs (through the wall he heard things like: "Third party in Chesham, John?" and "Better try Aviva ..."), out the front door, down the road to the tube, down the escalator, through the grimy piping and up another escalator, until he found himself, landed and gasping below a flaking stucco portico beside a billboard picturing computer-generated luxury flats, 1,800 of them.

{{Glossary}}

\_recurring:\_ tilbakevendende/tilbakevendande

\_down-at-heel:\_ nedslitt, slitent/(ned)slite

\_serpentine:\_ listig

\_grotty:\_ shabby, luguber

\_tumulus:\_ gravhaug

\_clavicle:\_ kragebein

\_disjointed:\_ usammenhengende/usamanhengande

\_stucco:\_ stukkatur, gips

\_portico:\_ søylegang

\_tannish:\_ solbrun

\_goatish:\_ lidderlig, vellystig/lauslyndt, vellystig

\_to contort:\_ å (for)vrenge, å fordreie

\_twinset:\_ kardigansett

\_to tweak:\_ å vri, å trekke i ro

\_tweezer:\_ å dra ut med pinsett

{{End of glossary}}

Mukti was a tannish, goatishly good-looking man in his late thirties with thick blue-black hair that grew low on a brow contorted with furious concentration. He pointed to the small window set in the door of the treatment room and said: "She's in there." Busner peered through. A young schizophrenic woman wearing a middle-aged charity shop twinset sat erect on a plastic chair making fluidly elegant motions with her skinny arms. She poked the space in front of her, tweaking and tweezering it

--- 346 to 432

with her quick-bitten fingers as if it were a semi-resistant medium. Busner was reminded of the 1970s and Marcel Marceau. "She thinks the world is an iPad," Mukti explained.

  "An I-what?" Busner was nonplussed.

  "An iPad – a sort of computer you operate by touching the images on its screen. If you observe closely you'll see that she's pointing to objects in the room – the examination couch, a lamp, a sharps bin – then instead of focusing on them directly, she parts her fingers and this increases the size of the image for her."

  "Can we go in?" Busner asked.

  "Certainly," Mukti couldn't help sounding smug, "but I've discovered the best way of interacting with her is to go with the flow of her iPad world ... If we wait a moment she'll notice us on her screen, then point and enlarge us, after that she'll experience our presence as video clip.

  They slipped into the corner of the treatment room and presently the young woman did indeed enlarge the two shrinks. Ignoring them, she continued talking to an invisible interlocutor in a brittle self-conscious voice, saying things such as, "Well, they would, wouldn't they" and "No, I saw him last night but he was going to the Hope and Anchor ..." Busner whispered to Mukti: "I assume she thinks she's talking on a phone?"

  "Yes, yes, of course – using an invisible Bluetooth earpiece, you probably saw plenty of psychotic patients behaving just as flamboyantly during the last few years before you retired."

  Busner digested this remark for a while before responding. "And plenty of people not on sections, simply wandering around in the city streets –" He would've continued, but the young woman was pointing vigorously at Mukti, who, with deft choreography, brought his face to within a foot of hers. "I know – I \_know,"\_ she expostulated, "he's \_such\_ a dish." Then she tapped Mukti on the cheek and he withdrew a sheaf of papers from the breast pocket of his regulation psychiatric tweed jacket. While she slid the pad of her index finger over the same portion of nothingness again and again, as if drawing on water, he held first one sheet of paper then the next up in front of her. Busner said, "What's going on?"

  "Well," Mukti explained, "I've realised that when she taps like that on a physical object she's opening a sidebar – so I supply the text as she simulates scrolling down it. I've discovered that if I adjust my timing to hers she can actually take in what's written on the pages."

  "Which is?"

{{Glossary}}

\_to be nonplussed:\_ å bli svar skyldig, å bli paff

\_smug:\_ selvtilfreds, selvgod/sjølvnøgd, sjølvtilfreds, sjølvgod

\_shrink:\_ psykiater

\_interlocutor:\_ samtalepartner/samtalepartnar

\_brittle:\_ skjør, sprø

\_flamboyant:\_ overdrevet/overdriven

\_deft:\_ kvikk, dyktig

\_to expostulate: å protestere (vennlig, men bestemt)/å protestere (vennleg, men bestemt)

{{End of glossary}}

"Well, in this case – since it was me she tapped on – I'm showing her the pages of my CV, but I usually have a file of newspaper clippings to hand. If I hold up a photograph she'll tap that and I'll follow it with the relevant article. Sometimes, when she's read this she'll sort of \_highlight\_ a word or a phrase, and if I can catch what it is I'm able to cross-reference this with

--- 347 to 432

another article in the clippings file – the more I manage to do this, and the greater accuracy I achieve, the calmer she seems to become. She even ..." and here Mukti's voice dropped to a reverent hush, awed as he was by his own therapeutic skill, "... stops talking on her invisible mobile."

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

"Astonishing," Busner remarked dryly.

  "I tell you what I'm doing," the woman patient spoke over them, loudly and coyly, "I'm Googling my new shrink ... No, no – there isn't much on him here ... Pretty dull stuff, educated in Finchley ... blah, blah, medical school ... blah, blah, Shiva Mukti MD, MRCPsych ... blah, blah ... what? \_What\_? No? Like, for real –? I've got someone else calling, willya hold?" She doodled on a patch of the void local to her thigh while squealing, "Mary? You'll never be-\_lieve\_ who I'm talking to – yes, \_right now,"\_ and simultaneously rapping Mukti smartly on the forehead, which, as he explained sotto voce to Busner, was the command for him to withdraw.

{{Glossary}}

\_accuracy:\_ nøyaktighet, presisjon/nøyaktigheit, presisjon

\_reverent:\_ pietetsfull, ærbødig

\_coy:\_ tilgjort, kokett/tilgjord, kokett

\_to doodle:\_ å rable, å drodle, å tegne kruseduller/å rable, å drodle, å teikne krusedullar

\_void:\_ tomrom

\_to squeal:\_ å skrike ut

\_sotto voce:\_ med dempet stemme/med dempa røyst

\_vaporous:\_ vag, uklar

\_cynosure:\_ midtpunkt

\_scuzzy:\_ skitten

{{End of glossary}}

Regrouped in the corner of the treatment room the two mismatched soul doctors watched as the object of their enquiry juggled her two "phone calls" for a few more minutes, before turning her attention to a spot in the mid-distance that she pincered apart into a vaporous cynosure. Fixating on this she nodded her head, tapped her foot on the scuzzy

--- 348 to 432

lino and began to mumble along in an abstracted way. "Rejoice and love yourself today coz ba-by you were born this waay ..."

  "She's watching a video clip of a pop singer on YouTube," Mukti crowed, "and I believe I know which one!"

  "Oh," Busner remained underwhelmed, "and who's that then?"

  "Lady Gaga!"

  Later, seated in the basement canteen, Busner worked his way steadily through a plate piled high with rubbery eggs, greasy sausages, several scoops of mash, a raffia mat of bacon, a slurry of baked beans, a fungal growth of mushrooms, a disembowelling of stewed tomatoes – the entire mess suppurating sauce. Mukti looked on, appalled, and noticing his expression Busner confided: "Y'know, you can take the man out of the institution – but after half a century odd, you can't deprive him altogether of the institutional food."

  Mukti lifted the dead mouse of his herbal teabag from his mug by its paper tail and regarded it balefully, "Well," he said. "What do you make of my patient?"

  "I suppose she has a name," Busner said, "I mean, she is a person y'know – not just a pathology."

  "Her name's Anna Richards. She's from a perfectly ordinary middle-class background, loving parents ... siblings, friends – the whole bit. She was studying for an English degree at some provincial university when she had a flamboyant psychotic breakdown and started behaving like ... like ... well, like \_this\_. As I said, I've had a couple of others present in the last year with very similar symptoms, I've tentatively named it," he gave a vaguely self-satisfied little moue, "iPhrenia, so I tend to refer to her as –"

  "iAnna, I s'pose." With the nightmarish alacrity only witnessed in imperfectly constructed works of narrative fiction Busner had cleared his plate, and now he was mopping up the sloppy residuum with a triangle of bread as white as death. "Humph," he said through a mouthful, "I admire your creative drive, Mukti, after all, given the metastasised malaise that passes for diagnostics in our field, coining a new name for an existing condition is as close as any of us is likely to get to immortality. But surely you cannot be unaware that every successive wave of technology has nightmarishly infected the psychotic? That in the preindustrial world they were possessed by devils and that once magnetism had been discovered their minds turned to the lodestone? When electricity appeared it immediately zapped their thoughts – and the coming of the telegraph dot-dot-dashed away on the inside of their skulls? This, um, \_iPhrenia\_ is only the latest sad fancy to grip these distressed early-adopters, who have already been plagued by X-Rays and atomic bombs and Lord knows what else."

{{Glossary}}

\_lino = linoleum:\_ en type gulvbelegg/ein type golvbelegg

\_raffia:\_ bast (materiale av raffiapalme)

\_slurry:\_ veiling

\_to disembowel:\_ å ta ut innvoller/å ta ut innvolar

\_to suppurate:\_ å væske (medisin)

\_baleful:\_ ondskapsfull/vondskapsfull

\_pathology:\_ sykdomstilstand, patologi/sjukdomstilstand, patologi

\_tentative:\_ forsøksvis

\_alacrity:\_ iver, hurtighet/iver, hurtigheit

\_residuum:\_ rest

\_to metastasise:\_ å spre seg (om for eksempel kreftceller)/å spreie seg (om for eksempel kreftceller)

\_malaise:\_ ubehag

\_lodestone:\_ magnet(jernstein)

{{End of glossary}}

--- 349 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

During this little peroration the superannuated psychiatrist had risen, and he was already halfway across the canteen. "Goodbye, Mukti," he threw over his shoulder, "please don't call me again, my mobile phone is sadly all too real –" but then something suddenly occurred to him, and he stopped, turned, then returned to the Melamine table with a flinty glint in his eye.

  Up on the locked psychiatric ward of St Mungo's the distressed inmates rocked and rolled and eddied and howled in the zephyrs of their own fancy. It was a long, low-ceilinged chamber, poorly lit by a row of lancet windows. Surveying the gloomy scene Busner remarked testily: "First we send these poor souls out to flap around the streets, and now we have nowhere for them but this \_if\_ they're lucky enough to come home to roost." Mukti grunted noncommittally – nearby a bored charge nurse stood, compulsively clicking a retractable Biro. On the unmade bed in front of the doctors sat iAnna, in a ghastly Terylene nightdress, performing her odd arabesques.

{{Glossary}}

\_peroration:\_ taleflom/taleflaum

\_superannuated:\_ pensjonert

\_to eddy:\_ å virvle/å kvervle

\_zephyr:\_ mild vind, vestavind

\_fancy:\_ fantasi, innbilning/fantasi, innbilling

\_testy:\_ irritabel, utålmodig/irritabel, utolmodig

\_noncommittal:\_ uforpliktende/uforpliktande

\_compulsive:\_ tvangsmessig

\_Biro:\_ kulepenn

\_arabesques:\_ kunster (ballettbevegelser)/kunster (ballettrørsler)

\_hunch:\_ innskytelse/innfall

\_perceptual:\_ sansemessig

\_realm:\_ sfære, verden/sfære, verda

\_to mediate:\_ å formidle

{{End of glossary}}

"It's only a hunch," Busner said, turning his attention to her, "but if, as you suggest, Mukti, her entire perceptual realm is mediated by these,

--- 350 to 432

ah, \_motions\_, surely it may be possible to ..." With a surprising elegance Busner replicated on a larger scale a flurry of pointing, pinching and twisting that culminated with his outstretched fingers on the young woman's face. "... There!"

  "Wow!" Mukti was taken aback. "That's the first time I've seen her in repose since she arrived here – what did you do?"

  "It's quite simple, I've reversed the screen-world so that Anna is now the computer, and we are its operators. She's dormant just now, but if I'm right, if I do this," he tapped her on the forehead with a single finger, "she will –"

  Anna began chanting with the monotonous tone of a text-enabled electronic book: "My name is An-na Rich-ards I am twenty-one I am curr-ent-ly in a men-tal hos-pi-tal I feel fright-ten-ed and alone ..." Speaking over her Busner said, "Whereas if I do this," with a second tap he silenced the patient, then lightly struck her shoulder. Again the monotonous voice, "I was giv-en my Bee-Cee-Gee vacc-ci-na-tion when I was thir-teen I was scared of the nee-dle and a-no-ther girl teased and bull-ied me –" Busner tapped her into silence and straightening up said, "Now, that is something genuinely novel, Mukti – a severely psychotic patient who can nonetheless furnish accurate and factual accounts of their own inner mental states. If you can manipulate iAnna effectively – rather than allowing her to play upon you – you may well end up with a research paper worthy of the British Journal of Ephemera."

  "W-won't you consider collaborating?" Mukti gasped.

  "No ... no, as I think I said to you on the phone, I'm retired now – I intend to cultivate my own neuroses the way other pensioners cultivate their allotments ... but one other thing, Mukti."

  "What?"

  For a few moments Busner stood staring down through the narrow, arched window into the mosh-pit of lunchtime central London, where a packed crowd of office prisoners had been let out for an hour's courtyard exercise. They bustled along talking to their invisible friends, or stood abstracted on the kerb the fingers of one hand fiddling away in the palm of the other, or, like iAnna footled fanatically with a filmy square-foot. Tearing himself away from the St Vitus' dance of modernity, Busner said, "I have a suspicion that when you flip Anna around the other way again, if you actually provide her with an iPad of her own she'll be ... well, if not exactly \_cured\_ certainly capable of receiving care in the ..." his moist amphibian lips dripped with distaste of the word "... community. No doubt your paper will do wonders in repairing the holes those palliative iPads will make in your savagely reduced budget."

  And with that, he was gone.

{{Glossary}}

\_to replicate:\_ å gjenta, å kopiere

\_a flurry of:\_ en storm av/ein storm av

\_repose:\_ hvile, søvn/kvile, søvn

\_dormant:\_ hvilende, sovende/kvilande, sovande

\_novel:\_ uvanlig/uvanleg

\_to collaborate:\_ å samarbeide

\_allotment:\_ hageparsell

\_St Vitus' dance:\_ sanktveitsdans (ufrivillige bevegelser)/sanktveitsdans (ufrivillige rørsler)

\_amphibian:\_ amfibieaktig

\_palliative:\_ lindrende/lindrande

{{End of glossary}}

--- 351 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 UNDERSTANDING THE TEXT

>>> Task a Why does Mukti contact Busner?

>>> Task b What symptoms does Anna have?

>>> Task c What point is Busner making with his references to lodestones, the telegraph, etc.?

>>> Task d How does Busner manage to make Anna "dormant"?

>>> Task e What suggestion does Busner make for helping Anna to function relatively normally?

#### xxx4 2 CLOSE READING

Why do you think the author has included the following details in the story?

>>> Task a Mukti's telephone sliding down his belly and hitting him in the mouth.

>>> Task b In the first paragraph we hear only Busner's half of the telephone conversation with Mukti, while in the second paragraph we hear half a dialogue on the other side of the wall.

>>> Task c The billboard of computer-generated luxury flats.

>>> Task d Anna singing the lyrics of the Lady Gaga hit, "Born This Way".

>>> Task e Busner's eating habits.

>>> Task f The bored charge nurse clicking the Biro.

>>> Task g The behaviour of the office employees taking their break.

#### xxx4 3 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

>>> Task a Will Self likes to create striking images by using unexpected combinations of words. An example is the phrase "a disembowelling of stewed tomatoes", where a grotesque and violent image from warfare is used to describe the appearance of food. Comment on the phrases below, pointing out what the effect of the word combinations is:

-- office prisoners

-- mismatched soul doctors

-- a slurry of baked beans

-- the dead mouse of his herbal teabag

-- metastasised malaise

-- nightmarish alacrity

-- St Vitus' dance of modernity

{{End of list}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

>>> Task b Will Self's prose sometimes makes demanding reading. Look again at the first sentence of the story. Why do you think Self has chosen to begin his story like this? What information does it contain? Now translate it into Norwegian.

#### xxx4 4 VOCABULARY

Translate the following sentences to English using keywords from the list beneath it to help you. (Note: there are words there that you won't need.)

>>> Task a Han betrodde seg til sin beste venn./Han trudde seg til den beste vennen sin.

>>> Task b En ærbødig stillhet senket seg./Ei ærbødig stille senka seg.

>>> Task c Jeg ble forskrekket over oppførselen din./Eg vart forskrekka over framferda di.

>>> Task d Det var ikke meningen å virke selvgod./Det var ikkje meininga å verke sjølvgod.

>>> Task e Han speidet inn i den mørke kjelleren./Han speida inn i den mørke kjellaren.

--- 352 to 432

>>> Task f Jeg har avsmak for slike uttrykk./Eg har avsmak for slike uttrykk.

{{End of list}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

\_peer, confide, digest, distaste, smug, balefully, reverent, appalled, erect, deprive\_

#### xxx4 5 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a Will Self's story is written as a satire on our times. Do you see it as an exaggeration, or is it close to the truth?

>>> Task b Looking back at your discussions in the pre-reading exercise, do you think a person's mental health can be at risk from modern technology? Explain your views.

#### xxx4 6 LISTENING COMPREHENSION: "WHAT'S EXPECTED OF US"

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

The American author Ted Chiang (b. 1967) writes in a genre called "speculative fiction". The genre embraces such sub-genres as science fiction, fantasy and horror. In the text "What's Expected of Us" he describes a technical innovation called a Predictor that, like the iPad, may change our thought patterns and attitudes to our lives. With fatal results for some ...

  You may find the following hints useful:

-- \_Bartleby the Scrivener\_ is the main character in a story of the same name by Herman Melville. Bartleby is an office employee who, due to the soul-destroying nature of his work, loses the will to live.

-- \_Akinetic mutism\_ is a medical term describing patients who lose the ability to move or speak.

Listen to the text and answer these questions:

>>> Task a What exactly does the Predictor do?

>>> Task b Why is this warning being issued about its use?

>>> Task c What are the implications of the Predictor and what effects can it have on people?

>>> Task d What is the message of the warning, and when was it issued?

>>> Task e What is your response to "What's Expected of Us"? Did you find it funny, unsettling, ridiculous, depressing ...?

--- 353 to 432

## xxx2 Jhumpa Lahiri (b. 1967)

{{Textbox}}

was born in London of Bengali parents, but brought up in Rhode Island, USA. Her first published work. \_Interpreter of Maladies\_, a collection of short stories from which "A Real Durwan" is taken, earned her a Pulitzer Prize in 1999. Both here and in her later novel. \_The Namesake\_ (2003), the focus is on the immigrant experience.

{{End of textbox}}

This story is set in Kolkata, formerly called Calcutta, the capital city of West Bengal in India. In 1947 India, which until then had been under British rule, experienced the trauma of Partition in which the country was divided on religious grounds. In the east and west the new Muslim state of Pakistan was created. (East Pakistan later became the independent state of Bangladesh.) In connection with Partition, many thousands of Muslims fled across the border to East Pakistan, while thousands of Hindus, like Boori Ma in this story, fled the other way to Indian West Bengal, and Kolkata in particular.

  The name Boori Ma means "old mother" in Bengali. The word "durwan" is originally from Persian and means, literally, "keeper of the door".

### xxx3 Short story: A Real Durwan

Boori Ma, sweeper of the stairwell, had not slept in two nights. So the morning before the third night she shook the mites out of her bedding. She shook the quilts once underneath the letter boxes where she lived, then once again at the mouth of the alley, causing the crows who were feeding on vegetable peels to scatter in several directions.

  As she started up the four flights to the roof, Boori Ma kept one hand placed over the knee that swelled at the start of every rainy season. That meant that her bucket, quilts, and the bundle of reeds which served as her broom all had to be braced under one arm.

  Lately Boori Ma had been thinking that the stairs were getting steeper; climbing them felt more like climbing a ladder than a staircase. She was sixty-four years old, with hair in a knot no larger than a walnut, and she looked almost as narrow from the front as she did from the side.

  In fact, the only thing that appeared three-dimensional about Boori Ma was her voice: brittle with sorrows, as tart as curds, and shrill enough to grate meat from a coconut. It was with this voice that she enumerated, twice a day as she swept the stairwell, the details of her plight and losses suffered since her deportation to Calcutta after Partition. At that time, she maintained, the turmoil had separated her from a husband, four daughters, a two-story brick house, a rosewood \_almari\_, and a number of coffer boxes whose skeleton keys she still wore, along with her life savings, tied to the free end of her sari.

{{Glossary}}

\_stairwell:\_ trappehus

\_mite:\_ midd

\_quilt:\_ (senge)teppe

\_reed:\_ takrør (plante)/takrøyr (plante)

\_brittle:\_ skjør, irritabel

\_tart:\_ besk, skarp/beisk, skarp

\_curds:\_ ostemasse

\_to grate:\_ å rive, å raspe

\_to enumerate:\_ å regne opp, å nevne/å rekne opp, å nemne

plight: vanskelig situasjon/vanskeleg situasjon

\_turmoil:\_ opprør, uro

\_coffer:\_ kiste, skrin

\_skeleton key:\_ universalnøkkel, hovednøkkel/universalnøkkel, hovudnøkkel

{{End of glossary}}

Aside from her hardships, the other thing Boori Ma liked to chronicle was easier times. And so, by the time she reached the second-floor landing, she had already drawn to the whole building's attention the menu of her third daughter's wedding night. "We married her to a school principal.

--- 354 to 432

The rice was cooked in rosewater. The mayor was invited. Everybody washed their fingers in pewter bowls." Here she paused, evened out her breath, and readjusted the supplies under her arm. She took the opportunity also to chase a cockroach out of the banister poles, then continued: "Mustard prawns were steamed in banana leaves. Not a delicacy was spared. Not that this was an extravagance for us. At our house, we ate goat twice a week. We had a pond on our property, full of fish."

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

By now Boori Ma could see some light from the roof spilling into the stairwell. And though it was only eight o'clock, the sun was already strong enough to warm the last of the cement steps under her feet. It was a very old building, the kind with bathwater that still had to be stored in drums, windows without glass, and privy scaffolds made of bricks.

  "A man came to pick our dates and guavas. Another clipped hibiscus. Yes, there I tasted life. Here I eat my dinner from a rice pot." At this point in the recital Boori Ma's ears started to burn; a pain chewed through her swollen knee. "Have I mentioned that I crossed the border with just two bracelets on my wrist? Yet there was a day when my feet touched nothing but marble. Believe me, don't believe me, such comforts you cannot even dream them."

{{Glossary}}

\_pewter:\_ tinn

\_privy:\_ toalett, utedo

\_hibiscus:\_ hibiskus (plante)

\_litany: bønn, påkallelse/bønn, påkalling

{{End of glossary}}

Whether there was any truth to Boori Ma's litanies no one could be

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sure. For one thing, every day, the perimeters of her former estate seemed to double, as did the contents of her \_almari\_ and coffer boxes. No one doubted she was a refugee; the accent in her Bengali made that clear. Still, the residents of this particular flat-building could not reconcile Boori Ma's claims to prior wealth alongside the more likely account of how she had crossed the East Bengal border, with the thousands of others, on the back of a truck, between sacks of hemp. And yet there were days when Boori Ma insisted that she had come to Calcutta on a bullock cart.

  "Which was it, by truck or by cart?" the children sometimes asked her on their way to play cops and robbers in the alley. To which Boori Ma would reply, shaking the free end of her sari so that the skeleton keys rattled, "Why demand specifics? Why scrape lime from a betel leaf? Believe me, don't believe me. My life is composed of such griefs you cannot even dream them."

  So she garbled facts. She contradicted herself. She embellished almost everything. But her rants were so persuasive, her fretting so vivid, that it was not so easy to dismiss her. What kind of landowner ended up sweeping stairs? That was what Mr. Dalal of the third floor always wondered as he passed Boori Ma on his way to and from the office, where he filed receipts for a wholesale distributor of rubber tubes, pipes, and valve fittings in the plumbing district of College Street.

  Bechareh, she probably constructs tales as a way of mourning the loss of her family, was the collective surmise of most of the wives.

  And "Boori Ma's mouth is full of ashes, but she is the victim of changing times" was the refrain of old Mr. Chatterjee. He had neither strayed from his balcony nor opened a newspaper since Independence, but in spite of this fact, or maybe because of it, his opinions were always highly esteemed.

  The theory eventually circulated that Boori Ma had once worked as hired help for a prosperous \_zamindar\_ back east, and was therefore capable of exaggerating her past at such elaborate lengths and heights. Her throaty impostures hurt no one. All agreed that she was a superb entertainer. In exchange for her lodging below the letter boxes, Boori Ma kept their crooked stairwell spotlessly clean. Most of all, the residents liked that Boori Ma, who slept each night behind the collapsible gate, stood guard between them and the outside world.

  No one in this particular flat-building owned much worth stealing. The second-floor widow, Mrs. Misra, was the only one with a telephone. Still, the residents were thankful that Boori Ma patrolled activities in the alley, screened the itinerant peddlers who came to sell combs and shawls from door to door, was able to summon a rickshaw at a moment's calling, and could, with a few slaps of her broom, rout any suspicious character who strayed into the area in order to spit, urinate, or cause some other trouble.

{{Glossary}}

\_perimeter:\_ omkrets

\_bullock cart:\_ oksekjerre

\_to garble:\_ å forvrenge

\_to embellish:\_ å forskjønne, å pynte på/å gjere vakrare, å pynte på

\_rant:\_ tomt snakk, fraser/tomt snakk, frasar

\_to fret:\_ å pryde

\_surmise:\_ gjetning, antakelse/gjetting

\_highly esteemed:\_ høyt aktet, verdsatt/høgt akta, verdsett

\_throaty:\_ dyp, hes/djup, hås

\_imposture:\_ bedrageri, svindel

\_itinerant:\_ omreisende selger, kremmer/omreisande seljar, kremmar

\_to rout:\_ å jage, å kaste ut

{{End of glossary}}

In short, over the years, Boori Ma's services came to resemble those of a real \_durwan\_. Though under normal circumstances this was no job

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for a woman, she honored the responsibility, and maintained a vigil no less punctilious than if she were the gatekeeper of a house on Lower Circular Road, or Jodhpur Park, or any other fancy neighborhood. On the rooftop Boori Ma hung her quilts over the clothesline. The wire, strung diagonally from one corner of the parapet to the other, stretched across her view of television antennas, billboards, and the distant arches of Howrah Bridge. Boori Ma consulted the horizon on all four sides. Then she ran the tap at the base of the cistern. She washed her face, rinsed her feet, and rubbed two fingers over her teeth. After this she started to beat the quilts on each side with her broom. Every now and then she stopped and squinted at the cement, hoping to identify the culprit of her sleepless nights. She was so absorbed in this process that it was some moments before she noticed Mrs. Dalal of the third floor, who had come to set a tray of salted lemon peels out to dry in the sun.

  "Whatever is inside this quilt is keeping me awake at night," Boori Ma said. "Tell me, where do you see them?"

  Mrs. Dalal had a soft spot for Boori Ma; occasionally she gave the old woman some ginger paste with which to flavor her stews. "I don't see anything," Mrs. Dalal said after a while. She had diaphanous eyelids and very slender toes with rings on them.

  "Then they must have wings," Boori Ma concluded. She put down her broom and observed one cloud passing behind another. "They fly away before I can squash them. But just see my back. I must be purple from their bites."

  Mrs. Dalal lifted the drape of Boori Ma's sari, a cheap white weave with a border the color of a dirty pond. She examined the skin above and below her blouse, cut in a style no longer sold in shops. Then she said, "Boori Ma, you are imagining things."

  "I tell you, these mites are eating me alive."

  "It could be a case of prickly heat," Mrs. Dalal suggested.

  At this Boori Ma shook the free end of her sari and made her skeleton keys rattle. She said, "I know prickly heat. This is not prickly heat. I haven't slept in three, perhaps four days. Who can count? I used to keep a clean bed. Our linens were muslin. Believe me, don't believe me, our mosquito nets were as soft as silk. Such comforts you cannot even dream them."

  "I cannot dream them," Mrs. Dalal echoed. She lowered her diaphanous eyelids and sighed. "I cannot dream them, Boori Ma. I live in two broken rooms, married to a man who sells toilet parts." Mrs. Dalal turned away and looked at one of the quilts. She ran a finger over part of the stitching. Then she asked:

  "Boori Ma, how long have you slept on this bedding?"

  Boori Ma put a finger to her lips before replying that she could not remember.

{{Glossary}}

\_vigil:\_ nattevakt, nattevåking/nattevakt, nattevaking

\_punctilious:\_ pertentlig, pedantisk, ytterst korrekt/pertentleg, pedantisk, svært korrekt

\_culprit:\_ forbryter, synder/forbrytar, syndar

\_diaphanous:\_ gjennomsiktig

\_slender:\_ smal, slank

\_prickly heat:\_ heteutslett

\_muslin:\_ tykt bomullstøy

{{End of glossary}}

--- 357 to 432

"Then why no mention of it until today? Do you think it's beyond us to provide you with clean quilts? An oilcloth, for that matter?" She looked insulted.

  "There is no need," Boori Ma said. "They are clean now. I beat them with my broom."

  "I am hearing no arguments," Mrs. Dalal said. "You need a new bed. Quilts, a pillow. A blanket when winter comes." As she spoke Mrs. Dalal kept track of the necessary items by touching her thumb to the pads of her fingers.

  "On festival days the poor came to our house to be fed," Boori Ma said. She was filling her bucket from the coal heap on the other side of the roof.

  "I will have a word with Mr. Dalal when he returns from the office," Mrs. Dalal called back as she headed down the stairs. "Come in the afternoon. I will give you some pickles and some powder for your back."

  "It's not prickly heat," Boori Ma said.

  It was true that prickly heat was common during the rainy season. But Boori Ma preferred to think that what irritated her bed, what stole her sleep, what burned like peppers across her thinning scalp and skin, was of a less mundane origin. She was ruminating on these things as she swept the stairwell – she always worked from top to bottom – when it started to rain. It came slapping across the roof like a boy in slippers too big for him and washed Mrs. Dalal's lemon peels into the gutter. Before pedestrians could open their umbrellas, it rushed down collars, pockets, and shoes. In that particular flat-building and all the neighboring buildings, creaky shutters were closed and tied with petticoat strings to the window bars.

  At the time, Boori Ma was working all the way down on the second-floor landing. She looked up the ladderlike stairs, and as the sound of falling water tightened around her she knew her quilts were turning into yogurt.

  But then she recalled her conversation with Mrs. Dalal. And so she continued, at the same pace, to sweep the dust, cigarette ends, and lozenge wrappers from the rest of the steps, until she reached the letter boxes at the bottom. To keep out the wind, she rummaged through her baskets for some newspapers and crammed them into the diamond-shaped openings of the collapsible gate. Then on her bucket of coals she set her lunch to boil, and monitored the flame with a plaited palm fan.

  That afternoon, as was her habit, Boori Ma reknotted her hair, untied the loose end of her sari, and counted out her life savings. She had just woken from a nap of twenty minutes, which she had taken on a temporary bed made from newspapers. The rain had stopped and now the sour smell that rises from wet mango leaves was hanging low over the alley.

{{Glossary}}

\_mundane:\_ triviell

\_to ruminate:\_ å gruble

\_pedestrian:\_ fotgjenger/fotgjengar

\_lozenge:\_ drops

\_collapsible:\_ som kan foldes sammen/som kan foldast saman

\_to monitor:\_ å kontrollere

\_plaited:\_ flettet/fletta

{{End of glossary}}

On certain afternoons Boori Ma visited her fellow residents. She enjoyed drifting in and out of the various households. The residents, for their part, assured Boori Ma that she was always welcome; they never

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drew the latch bars across their doors except at night. They went about their business, scolding children or adding up expenses or picking stones out of the evening rice. From time to time she was handed a glass of tea, the cracker tin was passed in her direction, and she helped children shoot chips across the carom board. Knowing not to sit on the furniture, she crouched, instead, in doorways and hallways, and observed gestures and manners in the same way a person tends to watch traffic in a foreign city.

  On this particular afternoon Boori Ma decided to accept Mrs. Dalal's invitation. Her back still itched, even after napping on the newspapers, and she was beginning to want some prickly-heat powder after all. She picked up her broom – she never felt quite herself without it – and was about to climb upstairs, when a rickshaw pulled up to the collapsible gate.

  It was Mr. Dalal. The years he had spent filing receipts had left him with purple crescents under his eyes. But today his gaze was bright. The tip of his tongue played between his teeth, and in the clamp of his thighs he held two small ceramic basins.

  "Boori Ma, I have a job for you. Help me carry these basins upstairs." He pressed a folded handkerchief to his forehead and throat and gave the rickshaw driver a coin. Then he and Boori Ma carried the basins all the way up to the third floor. It wasn't until they were inside the flat that he finally announced, to Mrs. Dalal, to Boori Ma, and to a few other residents who had followed them out of curiosity, the following things: That his hours filing receipts for a distributor of rubber tubes, pipes, and valve fittings had ended. That the distributor himself, who craved fresher air, and whose profits had doubled, was opening a second branch in Burdwan. And that, following an assessment of his sedulous performance over the years, the distributor was promoting Mr. Dalal to manage the College Street branch. In his excitement on his way home through the plumbing district, Mr. Dalal had bought two basins.

  "What are we supposed to do with two basins in a two-room flat?" Mrs. Dalal demanded. She had already been sulking over her lemon peels. "Who ever heard of it? I still cook on kerosene. You refuse to apply for a phone. And I have yet to see the fridge you promised when we married. You expect two basins to make up for all that?" The argument that followed was loud enough to be heard all the way down to the letter boxes. It was loud enough, and long enough, to rise above a second spell of rain that fell after dark. It was loud enough even to distract Boori Ma as she swept the stairwell from top to bottom for the second time that day, and for this reason she spoke neither of her hardships, nor of easier times. She spent the night on a bed of newspapers.

{{Glossary}}

\_latch bar:\_ dørslå, tverrslå

\_to scold:\_ å skjenne på

\_carom board:\_ karambolebord

\_crescent:\_ halvmåne

\_basin:\_ håndvask/handvask

\_rickshaw:\_ sykkeldrosje

\_to crave:\_ å lengte etter

\_sedulous:\_ arbeidsom, flittig/arbeidsam, flittig

\_to sulk:\_ å surmule

\_kerosene:\_ paraffin

{{End of glossary}}

The argument between Mr. and Mrs. Dalal was still more or less in effect early the next morning, when a barefoot team of workmen came to install the basins. After a night of tossing and pacing, Mr. Dalal had

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decided to install one basin in the sitting room of their flat, and the other one in the stairwell of the building, on the first-floor landing. "This way everyone can use it," he explained from door to door. The residents were delighted; for years they had all brushed their teeth with stored water poured from mugs.

  Mr. Dalal, meanwhile, was thinking: A sink in the stairwell is sure to impress visitors. Now that he was a company manager, who could say who might visit the building?

  The workmen toiled for several hours. They ran up and down the stairs and ate their lunches squatting against the banister poles. They hammered, shouted, spat, and cursed. They wiped their sweat with the ends of their turbans. In general, they made it impossible for Boori Ma to sweep the stairwell that day.

  To occupy the time, Boori Ma retired to the rooftop. She shuffled along the parapets, but her hips were sore from sleeping on newspapers. After consulting the horizon on all four sides, she tore what was left of her quilts into several strips and resolved to polish the banister poles at a later time.

  By early evening the residents gathered to admire the day's labors. Even Boori Ma was urged to rinse her hands under the clear running water. She sniffed. "Our bathwater was scented with petals and attars. Believe me, don't believe me, it was a luxury you cannot dream."

  Mr. Dalal proceeded to demonstrate the basin's various features. He turned each faucet completely on and completely off. Then he turned on both faucets at the same time, to illustrate the difference in water pressure. Lifting a small lever between the faucets allowed water to collect in the basin, if desired.

  "The last word in elegance," Mr. Dalal concluded.

  "A sure sign of changing times," Mr. Chatterjee reputedly admitted from his balcony.

  Among the wives, however, resentment quickly brewed. Standing in line to brush their teeth in the mornings, each grew frustrated with having to wait her turn, for having to wipe the faucets after every use, and for not being able to leave her own soap and toothpaste tube on the basin's narrow periphery. The Dalals had their own sink; why did the rest of them have to share?

  "Is it beyond us to buy sinks of our own?" one of them finally burst out one morning.

  "Are the Dalals the only ones who can improve the conditions of this building?" asked another.

{{Glossary}}

\_to toil:\_ å slite, å streve

\_parapet:\_ brystning, balustrade

\_petal:\_ blomsterblad

\_attar:\_ duftessens, blomsterolje (spesielt fra roser)/duftessens, blomsterolje (spesielt frå roser)

\_faucet:\_ kran

\_reputedly:\_ etter sigende, etter hva folk sier/etter det folk seier

\_resentment:\_ ergrelse, sinne/forarging, sinne

\_periphery:\_ utkant

\_to console:\_ å trøste/å trøyste

{{End of glossary}}

Rumors began spreading: that, following their argument, Mr. Dalal had consoled his wife by buying her two kilos of mustard oil, a Kashmiri shawl, a dozen cakes of sandalwood soap; that Mr. Dalal had filed an

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application for a telephone line; that Mrs. Dalal did nothing but wash her hands in her basin all day. As if this weren't enough, the next morning, a taxi bound for Howrah Station crammed its wheels into the alley; the Dalals were going to Simla for ten days.

  "Boori Ma, I haven't forgotten. We will bring you back a sheep's-hair blanket made in the mountains," Mrs. Dalal said through the open window of the taxi. She was holding a leather purse in her lap which matched the turquoise border of her sari.

  "We will bring two!" cried Mr. Dalal, who was sitting beside his wife, checking his pockets to make sure his wallet was in place.

  Of all the people who lived in that particular flat-building, Boori Ma was the only one who stood by the collapsible gate and wished them a safe journey.

  As soon as the Dalals were gone, the other wives began planning renovations of their own. One decided to barter a stack of her wedding bracelets and commissioned a white-washer to freshen the walls of the stairwell. Another pawned her sewing machine and summoned an exterminator. A third went to the silversmith and sold back a set of pudding bowls; she intended to have the shutters painted yellow.

  Workers began to occupy this particular flat-building night and day. To avoid the traffic, Boori Ma took to sleeping on the rooftop. So many people passed in and out of the collapsible gate, so many others clogged the alley at all times, that there was no point in keeping track of them.

  After a few days Boori Ma moved her baskets and her cooking bucket to the rooftop as well. There was no need to use the basin downstairs, for she could just as easily wash, as she always had, from the cistern tap. She still planned to polish the banister poles with the strips she had torn from her quilts. She continued to sleep on her newspapers.

  More rains came. Below the dripping awning, a newspaper pressed over her head, Boori Ma squatted and watched the monsoon ants as they marched along the clothesline, carrying eggs in their mouths. Damper winds soothed her back. Her newspapers were running low.

  Her mornings were long, her afternoons longer. She could not remember her last glass of tea. Thinking neither of her hardships nor of earlier times, she wondered when the Dalals would return with her new bedding.

{{Glossary}}

\_renovation:\_ oppussing, modernisering

\_to barter:\_ å bytte/å byte

\_to commission:\_ å bestille

\_to pawn:\_ å pantsette

\_to summon:\_ å tilkalle

\_exterminator:\_ skadedyrutrydder/skadedyrutryddar

\_to clog:\_ å sperre, å tette igjen

\_awning:\_ markise

\_monsoon:\_ monsun, regntid

\_produce:\_ produkt

{{Glossary}}

She grew restless on the roof, and so for some exercise, Boori Ma started circling the neighborhood in the afternoons. Reed broom in hand, sari smeared with newsprint ink, she wandered through markets and began spending her life savings on small treats: today a packet of puffed rice, tomorrow some cashews, the day after that, a cup of sugarcane juice. One day she walked as far as the bookstalls on College Street. The next day she walked even farther, to the produce markets in Bow Bazaar. It was there, while she was standing in a shopping arcade surveying jackfruits and persimmons, that she felt something tugging on the free end of her sari.

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{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

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When she looked, the rest of her life savings and her skeleton keys were gone.

  The residents were waiting for Boori Ma when she returned that afternoon at the collapsible gate. Baleful cries rang up and down the stairwell, all echoing the same news: the basin on the stairwell had been stolen. There was a big hole in the recently whitewashed wall, and a tangle of rubber tubes and pipes was sticking out of it. Chunks of plaster littered the landing. Boori Ma gripped her reed broom and said nothing.

  In their haste the residents practically carried Boori Ma up the stairs to the roof, where they planted her on one side of the clothesline and started screaming at her from the other.

  "This is all her doing," one of them hollered, pointing at Boori Ma. "She informed the robbers. Where was she when she was supposed to guard the gate?"

  "For days she has been wandering the streets, speaking to strangers," another reported.

  "We shared our coal, gave her a place to sleep. How could she betray us this way?" a third wanted to know.

  Though none of them spoke directly to Boori Ma, she replied, "Believe me, believe me. I did not inform the robbers."

  "For years we have put up with your lies," they retorted. "You expect us, now, to believe you?"

  Their recriminations persisted. How would they explain it to the Dalals? Eventually they sought the advice of Mr. Chatterjee. They found him sitting on his balcony, watching a traffic jam.

  One of the second-floor residents said, "Boori Ma has endangered the security of this building. We have valuables. The widow Mrs. Misra lives alone with her phone. What should we do?"

  Mr. Chatterjee considered their arguments. As he thought things over, he adjusted the shawl that was wrapped around his shoulders and gazed at the bamboo scaffolding that now surrounded his balcony. The shutters behind him, colorless for as long as he could remember, had been painted yellow. Finally he said:

  "Boori Ma's mouth is full of ashes. But that is nothing new. What is new is the face of this building. What a building like this needs is a real \_durwan\_."

  So the residents tossed her bucket and rags, her baskets and reed broom, down the stairwell, past the letter boxes, through the collapsible gate, and into the alley. Then they tossed out Boori Ma. All were eager to begin their search for a real \_durwan\_.

  From the pile of belongings Boori Ma kept only her broom. "Believe me, believe me," she said once more as her figure began to recede. She shook the free end of her sari, but nothing rattled.

{{Glossary}}

\_to survey:\_ å granske

\_tangle:\_ floke

\_to holler:\_ å huie, å rope

\_recrimination:\_ beskyldning/skulding

\_scaffolding:\_ stillas

\_pile:\_ haug

\_to recede:\_ å forsvinne (i det fjerne)

{{End of glossary}}

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### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 CLOSE READING

\_Character and setting\_

>>> Task a Why do the residents view Boori Ma's claims of former grandeur with some scepticism? What explanation do they find for these claims?

>>> Task b Mr Chatterjee says of Boori Ma that "her mouth is full of ashes". How do you interpret this?

>>> Task c Describe the relationship between Boori Ma and the Dalals.

>>> Task d There are many residents in the "flat-building", but only the Dalals and Mr Chatterjee are named. Why do you think this is?

Plot

>>> Task e Much of the short story describes a situation of status quo in the flat-building. What is it that leads to a change in this situation?

>>> Task f What other events contribute to the expulsion of Boori Ma?

>>> Task g Does the story have a climax? If so, where?

Point of view

>>> Task h What sort of narrator do we have in this story? Whose thoughts are we given insight into?

Themes and symbols

>>> Task i Mr Chatterjee calls the basins "a sure sign of changing times". What sort of change do they represent?

>>> Task j What is the significance of the skeleton keys? (What are they the keys to?)

>>> Task k "What a building like this needs is a real \_durwan\_," says Mr Chatterjee at the end. What does he mean by this? Do you think the title of the novel refers to Boori Ma or not? Explain.

>>> Task l What do you see as the main theme of the story?

#### xxx4 2 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

Lahiri describes people and places by mentioning a few telling details. Here, for example, Mrs Dalal's rather refined elegance is expressed by reference to two physical features: "She [Mrs Dalal] had diaphanous eyelids and very slender toes with rings on them." Find three examples of good descriptive sentences and explain why they are so effective.

#### xxx4 3 VOCABULARY

Choose words from the list at the bottom (taken from the story) that are synonymous with the italicised words and phrases in the sentences, one word for each sentence. (Note: there are more words in the list than you will need and you may need to modify the word to fit the grammatical context.)

>>> Task a Her story had been \_given added details\_ by being told many times.

>>> Task b The residents could not \_make\_ her stories of former wealth \_fit\_ with her present appearance.

>>> Task c The \_person who committed the act\_ was never caught.

>>> Task d The door of the \_toilet\_ was never locked.

>>> Task e The version of the story she told was often so \_mixed up\_ that it was unrecognisable.

>>> Task f His expert advice was always highly \_valued\_.

>>> Task g The musicians gave a stirring \_performance\_ of Bach's Rondo.

>>> Task h The life of a \_travelling\_ musician has never been easy.

>>> Task i His \_guess\_ was that her story was at best an exaggeration.

recital, privy, diaphanous, reconcile, garble, embellish, mundane, surmise, esteem, rummage, itinerant, rout, culprit, squint, absorb, monitor, summon

#### xxx4 4 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a Indians sometimes complain that the literature Westerners read from or about their country usually focuses on poverty and misery and ignores the positive aspects of Indian society. Do you think this criticism could be levelled at "A Real Durwan"?

>>> Task b What impression of India and the rest of the Indian sub-continent have you gained through books, films and media sources?

#### xxx4 5 WRITING

>>> Task a Write a character sketch of Boori Ma.

>>> Task b Write a letter from Mrs Dalal to a close friend on her return to the flat-building in which she tells of her feelings when she finds out about the expulsion of Boori Ma.

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## xxx2 Neil Gaiman (b.1960)

{{Textbox}}

is an English writer who has turned his hand to many different genres – novels, short stories, comic books, graphic novels, poetry and song lyrics, as well as writing for film and radio. He writes for both adults and children and has achieved a huge readership, particularly for his science fiction and fantasy works. His writing often draws heavily on his own wide reading of literature and mythology. The short story "Bitter Grounds" is taken from \_Fragile Things: Short Fiction and Wonders\_, published in 2006.

{{End of textbox}}

In 1938 the African American writer and folklorist Zora Neale Hurston published the book \_Tell My Horse\_, in which she describes first-hand experiences of voodoo practices in Jamaica and Haiti. Among other things, she describes the widespread belief in zombies – i.e. the living dead. This book is referred to in the short story "Bitter Grounds".

{{Tasks}}

What is your attitude to such things as voodoo, witchcraft and zombies? Superstition, the power of fear – or could there be more to it?

{{End of tasks}}

### xxx3 Short story: Bitter Grounds

In every way that counted, I was dead. Inside somewhere maybe I was screaming and weeping and howling like an animal, but that was another person deep inside, another person who had no access to the face and lips and mouth and head, so on the surface I just shrugged and smiled and kept moving. If I could have physically passed away, just let it all go, like that, without doing anything, stepped out of life as easily as walking through a door, I would have done. But I was going to sleep at night and waking in the morning, disappointed to be there and resigned to existence.

  Sometimes I telephoned her. I let the phone ring once, maybe even twice, before I hung up.

  The me who was screaming was so far inside that nobody knew he was even there at all. Even I forgot that he was there, until one day I got into the car – I had to go to the store, I had decided, to bring back some apples – and I went past the store that sold apples and I kept driving, and driving. I was going south, and west, because if I went north or east I would run out of world too soon.

  A couple of hours down the highway my cell phone started to ring. I wound down the window and threw the cell phone out. I wondered who would find it, whether they would answer the phone and find themselves gifted with my life.

  When I stopped for gas I took all the cash I could on every card I had. I did the same for the next couple of days, ATM by ATM, until the cards stopped working.

  The first two nights I slept in the car.

  I was halfway through Tennessee when I realized I needed a bath badly enough to pay for it. I checked into a motel, stretched out in the bath and slept in it until the water got cold and woke me. I shaved with a motel courtesy kit plastic razor and a sachet of foam. Then I stumbled to the bed, and I slept.

{{Glossary}}

\_superstition:\_ overtro/overtru

\_to shrug:\_ å trekke på skuldrene

\_courtesy\_ her: noe som stilles til gratis disposisjon/noko som blir stilt til gratis disposisjon

\_kit:\_ utstyr, sett

\_sachet:\_ porsjonspakke

{{End of glossary}}

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Awoke at 4:00 AM, and knew it was time to get back on the road.

  I went down to the lobby.

  There was a man standing at the front desk when I got there: silver-gray hair although I guessed he was still in his thirties, if only just, thin lips, good suit rumpled, saying "I \_ordered\_ that cab an \_hour\_ ago." He tapped the desk with his wallet as he spoke, the beats emphasizing the words.

{{Glossary}}

\_rumpled:\_ krøllete, skrukkete

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

The night manager shrugged. "I'll call again," he said. "But if they

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don't have a car, they can't send it." He dialed a phone number, said "This is the Night's Out Inn front desk again .... Yeah, I told.... Yeah, I told him."

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

"Hey," I said. "I'm not a cab, but I'm in no hurry. You need a ride somewhere?"

  For a moment the man looked at me like I was crazy, and for a moment there was fear in his eyes. Then he looked at me like I'd been sent from Heaven. "You know, by God, I do," he said.

  "You tell me where to go," I said. "I'll take you there. Like I said, I'm in no hurry."

  "Give me that phone," said the silver-gray man to the night clerk. He took a handset and said, "You can \_cancel\_ your cab, because God just sent me a Good Samaritan. People come into your life for a reason. That's right. And I want you to think about that."

  He picked up his briefcase – like me he had no luggage – and together we went out to the parking lot.

{{Glossary}}

\_briefcase:\_ mappe, stresskoffert

{{End of glossary}}

--- 367 to 432

We drove through the dark. He'd check a hand-drawn map on his lap, with a flashlight attached to his key ring, then he'd say, \_left here\_, or \_this way\_.

  "It's good of you," he said.

  "No problem. I have time."

  "I appreciate it. You know, this has that pristine urban legend quality, driving country roads with a mysterious Samaritan. A Phantom Hitchhiker story. After I get to my destination, I'll describe you to a friend, and they'll tell me you died ten years ago, and still go round giving people rides."

  "Be a good way to meet people."

  He chuckled. "What do you do?"

  "Guess you could say I'm between jobs," I said. "You?"

  "I'm an anthropology professor." Pause. "I guess I should have introduced myself. Teach at a Christian college. People don't believe we teach anthropology at Christian colleges, but we do. Some of us."

  "I believe you."

  Another pause. "My car broke down. I got a ride to the motel from the highway patrol, as they said there was no tow truck going to be there until morning. Got two hours of sleep. Then the highway patrol called my hotel room. Tow truck's on the way. I got to be there when they arrive. Can you believe that? I'm not there, they won't touch it. Called a cab. Never came. Hope we get there before the tow truck."

  "I'll do my best."

  "I guess I should have taken a plane. It's not that I'm scared of flying. But I cashed in the ticket. I'm on my way to New Orleans. Hour's flight, four hundred and forty dollars. Day's drive, thirty dollars. That's four hundred and ten dollars' spending money, and I don't have to account for it to anybody. Spent fifty dollars on the motel room, but that's just the way these things go. Academic conference. My first. Faculty doesn't believe in them. But things change. I'm looking forward to it. Anthropologists from all over the world." He named several, names that meant nothing to me. "I'm presenting a paper on the Haitian coffee girls."

  "They grow it, or drink it?"

  "Neither. They sold it, door-to-door in Port-au-Prince, early in the morning, in the early years of the last century."

  It was starting to get light now.

  "People thought they were zombies," he said. "You know. The walking dead. I think it's a right turn here."

  "Were they? Zombies?"

{{Glossary}}

\_pristine:\_ opprinnelig, uberørt/opphavleg, urørt

\_to chuckle:\_ å klukkle, å småle

\_faculty:\_ fakultet, lærerstab/fakultet, lærarstab

\_cut-and-dried:\_ klappet og klar/klappa og klar

{{End of glossary}}

He seemed very pleased to have been asked. "Well, anthropologically, there are several schools of thought about zombies. It's not as cut-and-dried as popularist works like \_The Serpent and the Rainbow\_ would make

--- 368 to 432

it appear. First we have to define our terms: are we talking folk belief, or zombie dust, or the walking dead?"

  "I don't know," I said. I was pretty sure \_The Serpent and the Rainbow\_ was a horror movie.

  "They were children, little girls, five to ten years old, who went door-to-door through Port-au-Prince selling the chicory coffee mixture. Just about this time of day, before the sun was up. They belonged to one old woman. Hang a left just before we go into the next turn. When she died, the girls vanished. That's what the book tells you."

  "And what do you believe?" I asked.

  "That's my car," he said, with relief in his voice. It was a red Honda Accord, on the side of the road. There was a tow truck beside it, lights flashing, a man beside the tow truck smoking a cigarette. We pulled up behind the truck.

  The anthropologist had the door opened before I'd stopped; he grabbed his briefcase and was out of the car.

  "Was giving you another five minutes, then I was going to take off," said the tow truck driver. He dropped his cigarette into a puddle on the tarmac. "Okay, I'll need your triple-A card and a credit card."

  The man reached for his wallet. He looked puzzled. He put his hands in his pockets. He said, "My wallet." He came back to my car, opened the passenger-side door and leaned back inside. I turned on the light. He patted the empty seat. "My wallet," he said again. His voice was plaintive and hurt.

  "You had it back in the motel," I reminded him. "You were holding it. It was in your hand."

  He said, "God \_damn\_ it. God fucking \_damn\_ it to Hell."

  "Everything okay there?" called the tow truck driver.

  "Okay," said the anthropologist next to me, urgently. "This is what we'll do. You drive back to the motel. I must have left the wallet on the desk. Bring it back here. I'll keep him happy until then. Five minutes, it'll take you five minutes." He must have seen the expression on my face. He said, "Remember. People come into your life for a reason."

  I shrugged, irritated to have been sucked into someone else's story.

  Then he shut the car door and gave me a thumbs up.

  I wished I could have just driven away and abandoned him, but it was too late, I was driving to the hotel. The night clerk gave me the wallet, which he had noticed on the counter, he told me, moments after we left.

{{Glossary}}

\_chicory:\_ sikori (plante)

\_tarmac:\_ asfaltert vei/asfaltert veg

\_puzzled:\_ forvirret/forvirra

\_plaintive:\_ klagende/klagande

\_to abandon:\_ å forlate

{{End of glossary}}

I opened the wallet. The credit cards were all in the name of Jackson Anderton. It took me half an hour to find my way back, as the sky grayed into full dawn. The tow truck was gone. The rear window of the red Honda Accord was broken, and the driver's-side door hung open. I wondered if it was a different car, if I had driven the wrong way to the wrong

--- 369 to 432

place; but there were the tow truck driver's cigarette stubs crushed on the road, and in the ditch nearby I found a gaping briefcase, empty, and beside it, a manila folder containing a fifteen-page typescript, a prepaid hotel reservation at a Marriott in New Orleans in the name of Jackson Anderton, and a packet of three condoms, ribbed for extra pleasure.

  On the title page of the typescript was printed:

   \_"'This was the way Zombies are spoken of: They are bodies without souls. The living dead. Once they were dead, and after that they were called back to life again.'\_ Hurston. \_Tell My Horse."\_

  I took the manila folder but left the briefcase where it was. I drove south under a pearl-colored sky.

  People come into your life for a reason. Right.

  I could not find a radio station that would hold its signal. Eventually I pressed the scan button on the radio and just left it on, left it scanning from channel to channel in a relentless quest for signal, scurrying from gospel to oldies to Bible talk to sex talk to country, three seconds a station with plenty of white noise in between.

  ... Lazarus, who was dead, you make no mistake about that, he was dead, and Jesus brought him back to show us, I say to show us ...

  What I call a Chinese dragon, can I say this on the air? Just as you, y'know, get your rocks off, you whomp her round the backatha head, it all spurts outta her nose, I damn near laugh my ass off ...

  If you come home tonight I'll be waiting in the darkness for my woman with my bottle and my gun ...

  When Jesus says you will be there will you be there? No man knows the day or the hour so will you be there ...

  President unveiled an initiative today ...

  Fresh-brewed in the morning. For you, for me. For every day. Because every day is freshly ground ...

  Over and over. It washed over me, driving through the day, on the backroads. Just driving and driving.

  They become more personable as you head south, the people. You sit in a diner and, along with your coffee and your food, they bring you comments, questions, smiles, and nods.

  It was evening, and I was eating fried chicken and collard greens and hush puppies, and a waitress smiled at me. The food seemed tasteless, but I guessed that might have been my problem, not theirs.

  I nodded at her, politely, which she took as an invitation to come over and refill my coffee cup. The coffee was bitter, which I liked. At least it tasted of something.

  "Looking at you," she said. "I would guess that you are a professional man. May I inquire as to your profession?" That was what she said, word for word.

{{Glossary}}

\_manila folder:\_ dokumentmappe

\_quest:\_ søking

\_personable:\_ sjarmerende, attraktiv/sjarmerande, attraktiv

\_collard greens:\_ bladkål

\_hush puppy:\_ frityrstekt småkake av mais/frityrsteikt småkake av mais

{{End of glossary}}

--- 370 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

"Indeed you may," I said, feeling almost possessed by something, and affably pompous, like W.C. Fields or the Nutty Professor (the fat one, not the Jerry Lewis one, although I am actually within pounds of my optimum weight for my height), "I happen to be ... an anthropologist, on my way to a conference in New Orleans, where I shall confer, consult, and otherwise hobnob with my fellow anthropologists."

  "I knew it," she said. "Just looking at you. I had you figured for a professor. Or a dentist, maybe."

  She smiled at me one more time. I thought about stopping forever in that little town, eating in that diner every morning and every night. Drinking their bitter coffee and having her smile at me until I ran out of coffee and money and days.

  Then I left her a good tip, and went south and west.

{{Glossary}}

\_affable:\_ vennlig, elskverdig/vennleg, elskverdig

\_to confer:\_ å konferere, å rådføre seg

\_hobnob:\_ å menge seg med

{{End of glossary}}

--- 371 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 CLOSE READING

>>> Task a The story opens: "In every way that counted, I was dead." How do you interpret this?

>>> Task b "People come into your life for a reason." This is repeated three times in the story. What possible significance might this have?

>>> Task c The narrator has no name, no age and no past that we are aware of. How does this contribute to the story, do you think?

>>> Task d What do you think has happened to the anthropologist while the narrator has been away?

>>> Task e The narrator listens to the radio as it shifts from station to station. What is the effect of this in the narrative?

>>> Task f The ending of "Bitter Grounds" is, as with most of Gaiman's stories, rather open-ended. What do you think the narrator is going to do?

#### xxx4 2 MOTIFS AND THEMES

>>> Task a In mythology, apples are often associated with immortality (e.g. Idunn in Norse mythology). How could this be relevant to the reference to apples early on in the story?

>>> Task b The man he gives a lift (Jackson Anderton) refers to the urban legend of the Phantom Hitchhiker. What is this legend, and what significance could it have here?

>>> Task c Find references to zombies in the story. How do they relate to what you see as the theme of the story?

>>> Task d What is the significance of the title of the short story?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

#### xxx4 3 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

>>> Task a How would you describe the style of Gaiman's narrator?

>>> Task b Most of the direct speech here is Jackson Anderton's. How does Gaiman get across his character and frame of mind through his speech?

#### xxx4 4 DISCUSSING GENRE

>>> Task a Do you read this story as a tale of the supernatural or as psychological realism? Explain your reasons.

>>> Task b Discuss whether you think the label "Postmodern Gothic" is applicable to this story.

#### xxx4 5 WRITING

>>> Task a Write a character sketch of the narrator based on your understanding of the story. You may be speculative if you wish, proposing a background story for which there is no direct proof in the original text.

>>> Task b Write a character sketch of the narrator, from the perspective of one of the minor characters in the story, e.g. Jackson Anderton, the tow truck driver, the waitress or the woman (whom we never meet) that he was ringing at the beginning of the story.

--- 372 to 432

## xxx2 Alice Munro (b. 1931)

{{Textbox}}

the Canadian author who won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 2013, is particularly acclaimed for her short stories. They are often set in her native Ontario and focus on the trials of growing up in a small-town environment. In an interview with the magazine \_The New Yorker\_ in 2012 she said: "For years and years, I thought that stories were just practice, till I got time to write a novel. Then I found that they were all I could do, and so I faced that. I suppose that my trying to get so much into stories has been a compensation."

{{End of textbox}}

{{Tasks}}

The title of a novel or a short story usually has some connection with central themes in the text. Before reading the story, discuss what associations its title "Gravel" has. Where do you expect to find gravel? What is it used for? What kind of material is it?

{{End of tasks}}

### xxx3 Short story: Gravel

At that time we were living beside a gravel pit. Not a large one, hollowed out by monster machinery, just a minor pit that a farmer must have made some money from years before. In fact, the pit was shallow enough to lead you to think that there might have been some other intention for it – foundations for a house, maybe, that never made it any further.

  My mother was the one who insisted on calling attention to it. "We live by the old gravel pit out the service-station road," she'd tell people, and laugh, because she was so happy to have shed everything connected with the house, the street – the husband – with the life she'd had before.

  I barely remember that life. That is, I remember some parts of it clearly, but without the links you need to form a proper picture. All that I retain in my head of the house in town is the wallpaper with Teddy bears in my old room. In this new house, which was really a trailer, my sister, Caro, and I had narrow cots, stacked one above the other. When we first moved there, Caro talked to me a lot about our old house, trying to get me to remember this or that. It was when we were in bed that she talked like this, and generally the conversation ended with me failing to remember and her getting cross. Sometimes I thought I did remember, but out of contrariness or fear of getting things wrong I pretended not to.

  It was summer when we moved to the trailer. We had our dog with us. Blitzee. "Blitzee loves it here," my mother said, and it was true. What dog wouldn't love to exchange a town street, even one with spacious lawns and big houses, for the wide-open countryside? She took to barking at every car that went past, as if she owned the road, and now and then she brought home a squirrel or a groundhog she'd killed. At first Caro was quite upset by this, and Neal would have a talk with her, explaining about a dog's nature and the chain of life in which some things had to eat other things.

  "She gets her dog food," Caro argued, but Neal said, "Suppose she didn't? Suppose someday we all disappeared and she had to fend for herself?"

  "I'm not going to," Caro said. "I'm not going to disappear, and I'm always going to look after her."

{{Glossary}}

\_to acclaim:\_ å hylle

\_gravel pit:\_ grustak

\_shallow:\_ grunn

\_to shed:\_ å gi fra seg, å kvitte seg med/å gi frå seg, å kvitte seg med

\_cross:\_ ergerlig, sint/ergerleg, sint

\_contrariness:\_ vrangvilje, uoverensstemmelse/vrangvilje, motstrid

\_spacious:\_ romslig, vidstrakt/romsleg, vidstrekt

\_groundhog:\_ skogmurmeldyr

\_to fend for oneself:\_ å klare seg selv/å klare seg sjølv

{{End of glossary}}

--- 373 to 432

"You think so?" Neal said, and our mother stepped in to deflect him. Neal was always ready to get on the subject of the Americans and the atomic bomb, and our mother didn't think we were ready for that yet. She didn't know that when he brought it up I thought he was talking about an atomic bun. I knew that there was something wrong with this interpretation, but I wasn't about to ask questions and get laughed at.

  Neal was an actor. In town there was a professional summer theatre, a new thing at the time, which some people were enthusiastic about and others worried about, fearing that it would bring in riffraff. My mother and father had been among those in favor, my mother more actively so, because she had more time. My father was an insurance agent and travelled a lot. My mother had got busy with various fund-raising schemes for the theatre and donated her services as an usher. She was good-looking and young enough to be mistaken for an actress. She'd begun to dress like an actress, too, in shawls and long skirts and dangling necklaces. She'd left her hair wild and stopped wearing makeup. Of course, I had not understood or even particularly noticed these changes at the time. My mother was my mother. But no doubt Caro had. And my father. Though, from all that I know of his nature and his feelings for my mother, I think he may have been proud to see how good she looked in these liberating styles and how well she fit in with the theatre people. When he spoke about this time later on, he said that he had always approved of the arts. I can imagine now how embarrassed my mother would have been, cringing and laughing to cover up her cringing, if he'd made this declaration in front of her theatre friends.

{{Glossary}}

\_to deflect:\_ å avlede/å avleie

\_bun:\_ bolle (mat)

\_riffraff:\_ pøbel, pakk

\_fund-raising:\_ pengeinnsamling

\_scheme:\_ plan, prosjekt

\_usher:\_ kontrollør, plassanviser/kontrollør, plasstilvisar

\_cringing:\_ flau, forlegen

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 374 to 432

Well, then came a development that could have been foreseen and probably was, but not by my father. I don't know if it happened to any of the other volunteers. I do know, though I don't remember it, that my father wept and for a whole day followed my mother around the house, not letting her out of his sight and refusing to believe her. And, instead of telling him anything to make him feel better, she told him something that made him feel worse.

  She told him that the baby was Neal's.

  Was she sure?

  Absolutely. She had been keeping track.

  What happened then?

  My father gave up weeping. He had to get back to work. My mother packed up our things and took us to live with Neal in the trailer he had found, out in the country. She said afterward that she had wept, too. But she said also that she had felt alive. Maybe for the first time in her life, truly alive. She felt as if she had been given a chance; she had started her life all over again. She'd walked out on her silver and her china and her decorating scheme and her flower garden and even on the books in her bookcase. She would live now, not read. She'd left her clothes hanging in the closet and her high-heeled shoes in their shoe trees. Her diamond ring and her wedding ring on the dresser. Her silk nightdresses in their drawer. She meant to go around naked at least some of the time in the country, as long as the weather stayed warm.

  That didn't work out, because when she tried it Caro went and hid in her cot and even Neal said he wasn't crazy about the idea.

  What did he think of all this? Neal. His philosophy, as he put it later, was to welcome whatever happened. Everything is a gift. We give and we take.

  I am suspicious of people who talk like this, but I can't say that I have a right to be.

  He was not really an actor. He had got into acting, he said, as an experiment. To see what he could find out about himself. In college, before he dropped out, he had performed as part of the chorus in "Oedipus Rex." He had liked that – the giving yourself over, blending with others. Then one day, on the street in Toronto, he ran into a friend who was on his way to try out for a summer job with a new small-town theatre company. He went along, having nothing better to do, and ended up getting the job, while the other fellow didn't. He would play Banquo. Sometimes they make Banquo's ghost visible, sometimes not. This time they wanted a visible version and Neal was the right size. An excellent size. A solid ghost.

{{Glossary}}

\_to decorate:\_ å pynte, å innrede/å pynte, å innreie

{{End of glossary}}

He had been thinking of wintering in our town anyway, before my mother sprang her surprise. He had already spotted the trailer. He had enough carpentry experience to pick up work renovating the theatre, which

--- 375 to 432

would see him through till spring. That was as far ahead as he liked to think.

  Caro didn't even have to change schools. She was picked up by the school bus at the end of the short lane that ran alongside the gravel pit. She had to make friends with the country children, and perhaps explain some things to the town children who had been her friends the year before, but if she had any difficulty with that I never heard about it.

  Blitzee was always waiting by the road for her to come home.

  I didn't go to kindergarten, because my mother didn't have a car. But I didn't mind doing without other children. Caro, when she got home, was enough for me. And my mother was often in a playful mood. As soon as it snowed that winter she and I built a snowman and she asked, "Shall we call it Neal?" I said O.K., and we stuck various things on it to make it funny. Then we decided that I would run out of the house when his car came and say, "Here's Neal, here's Neal!" but be pointing up at the snowman. Which I did, but Neal got out of the car mad and yelled that he could have run me over.

  That was one of the few times that I saw him act like a father.

  Those short winter days must have seemed strange to me – in town, the lights came on at dusk. But children get used to changes. Sometimes I wondered about our other house. I didn't exactly miss it or want to live there again – I just wondered where it had gone.

  My mother's good times with Neal went on into the night. If I woke up and had to go to the bathroom, I'd call for her. She would come happily but not in any hurry, with some piece of cloth or a scarf wrapped around her – also a smell that I associated with candlelight and music. And love.

  Something did happen that was not so reassuring, but I didn't try to make much sense of it at the time. Blitzee, our dog, was not very big, but she didn't seem small enough to fit under Caro's coat. I don't know how Caro managed to do it. Not once but twice. She hid the dog under her coat on the school bus, and then, instead of going straight to school, she took Blitzee back to our old house in town, which was less than a block away. That was where my father found the dog, on the winter porch, which was not locked, when he came home for his solitary lunch. There was great surprise that she had got there, found her way home like a dog in a story. Caro made the biggest fuss, and claimed not to have seen the dog at all that morning. But then she made the mistake of trying it again, maybe a week later, and this time, though nobody on the bus or at school suspected her, our mother did.

  I can't remember if our father brought Blitzee back to us. I can't imagine him in the trailer or at the door of the trailer or even on the road to it. Maybe Neal went to the house in town and picked her up. Not that that's any easier to imagine.

{{Glossary}}

\_dusk:\_ skumring

\_reassuring:\_ betryggende/trygt

\_solitary:\_ ensom, alene/einsam, åleine

\_fuss:\_ bråk, oppstyr

{{End of glossary}}

--- 376 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 377 to 432

If I've made it sound as though Caro was unhappy or scheming all the time, that isn't the truth. As I've said, she did try to make me talk about things, at night in bed, but she wasn't constantly airing grievances. It wasn't her nature to be sulky. She was far too keen on making a good impression. She liked people to like her; she liked to stir up the air in a room with the promise of something you could even call merriment. She thought more about that than I did.

  She was the one who most took after our mother, I think now.

  There must have been some probing about what she'd done with the dog. I think I can remember some of it.

  "I did it for a trick."

  "Do you want to go and live with your father?"

  I believe that was asked, and I believe she said no.

  I didn't ask her anything. What she had done didn't seem strange to me. That's probably how it is with younger children – nothing that the strangely powerful older child does seems out of the ordinary.

  Our mail was deposited in a tin box on a post, down by the road. My mother and I would walk there every day, unless it was particularly stormy, to see what had been left for us. We did this after I got up from my nap. Sometimes it was the only time we went outside all day. In the morning, we watched children's television shows – or she read while I watched. (She had not given up reading for very long.) We heated up some canned soup for lunch, then I went down for my nap while she read some more. She was quite big with the baby now and it stirred around in her stomach, so that I could feel it. Its name was going to be Brandy – already was Brandy – whether it was a boy or a girl.

  One day when we were going down the lane for the mail, and were in fact not far from the box, my mother stopped and stood quite still.

  "Quiet," she said to me, though I hadn't said a word or even played the shuffling game with my boots in the snow.

  "I was being quiet," I said.

  "Shush. Turn around."

  "But we didn't get the mail."

  "Never mind. Just walk."

  Then I noticed that Blitzee, who was always with us, just behind or ahead of us, wasn't there anymore. Another dog was, on the opposite side of the road, a few feet from the mailbox.

{{Glossary}}

\_to scheme:\_ å pønske ut, å legge planer/å pønske ut, å legge planar

\_grievance:\_ klage

\_sulky:\_ sur, furten

\_to probe:\_ å undersøke grundig, å granske

\_to deposit:\_ å plassere

{{End of glossary}}

My mother phoned the theatre as soon as we got home and let in Blitzee, who was waiting for us. Nobody answered. She phoned the school and asked someone to tell the bus driver to drive Caro up to the door. It turned out that the driver couldn't do that, because it had snowed since Neal last plowed the lane, but he did watch until she got to the house.

--- 378 to 432

There was no wolf to be seen by that time.

  Neal was of the opinion that there never had been one. And if there had been, he said, it would have been no danger to us, weak as it was probably from hibernation.

  Caro said that wolves did not hibernate. "We learned about them in school."

  Our mother wanted Neal to get a gun.

  "You think I'm going to get a gun and go and shoot a goddam poor mother wolf who has probably got a bunch of babies back in the bush and is just trying to protect them, the way you're trying to protect yours?" he said quietly.

  Caro said, "Only two. They only have two at a time."

  "O.K. O.K. I'm talking to your mother."

  "You don't know that," my mother said. "You don't know if it's got hungry cubs or anything."

  I had never thought she'd talk to him like that.

  He said, "Easy. Easy. Let's just think a bit. Guns are a terrible thing. If I went and got a gun, then what would I be saying? That Vietnam was O.K.? That I might as well have gone to Vietnam?"

  "You're not an American."

  "You're not going to rile me."

  This is more or less what they said, and it ended up with Neal not having to get a gun. We never saw the wolf again, if it was a wolf. I think my mother stopped going to get the mail, but she may have become too big to be comfortable doing that anyway.

  The snow dwindled magically. The trees were still bare of leaves and my mother made Caro wear her coat in the mornings, but she came home after school dragging it behind her.

  My mother said that the baby had got to be twins, but the doctor said it wasn't.

  "Great. Great," Neal said, all in favor of the twins idea. "What do doctors know."

  The gravel pit had filled to its brim with melted snow and rain, so that Caro had to edge around it on her way to catch the school bus. It was a little lake, still and dazzling under the clear sky. Caro asked with not much hope if we could play in it.

  Our mother said not to be crazy. "It must be twenty feet deep," she said.

  Neal said, "Maybe ten."

  Caro said, "Right around the edge it wouldn't be."

  Our mother said yes it was. "It just drops off," she said. "It's not like going in at the beach, for fuck's sake. Just stay away from it."

  She had started saying "fuck" quite a lot, perhaps more than Neal did, and in a more exasperated tone of voice.

{{Glossary}}

\_hibernation:\_ vinterdvale

\_to rile:\_ å irritere

\_to dwindle:\_ å bli mindre, å skrumpe sammen/å bli mindre, å skrumpe saman

\_dazzling:\_ blendende, imponerende/blendande, imponerande

\_exasperated:\_ irritert, opphisset/irritert, opphissa

{{End of glossary}}

--- 379 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

"Should we keep the dog away from it, too?" she asked him.

  Neal said that that wasn't a problem. "Dogs can swim."

  A Saturday. Caro watched "The Friendly Giant" with me and made comments that spoiled it. Neal was lying on the couch, which unfolded into his and my mother's bed. He was smoking his kind of cigarettes, which could not be smoked at work so had to be made the most of on weekends. Caro sometimes bothered him, asking to try one. Once he had let her, but told her not to tell our mother.

  I was there, though, so I told.

  There was alarm, though not quite a row.

  "You know he'd have those kids out of here like a shot," our mother said. "Never again."

--- 380 to 432

"Never again," Neal said agreeably. "So what if he feeds them poison Rice Krispies crap?"

  In the beginning, we hadn't seen our father at all. Then, after Christmas, a plan had been worked out for Saturdays. Our mother always asked afterward if we had had a good time. I always said yes, and meant it, because I thought that if you went to a movie or to look at Lake Huron or ate in a restaurant, that meant that you had had a good time. Caro said yes, too, but in a tone of voice that suggested that it was none of our mother's business. Then my father went on a winter holiday to Cuba (my mother remarked on this with some surprise and maybe approval) and came back with a lingering sort of flu that caused the visits to lapse. They were supposed to resume in the spring, but so far they hadn't.

  After the television was turned off, Caro and I were sent outside to run around, as our mother said, and get some fresh air. We took the dog with us.

  When we got outside, the first thing we did was loosen and let trail the scarves our mother had wrapped around our necks. (The fact was, though we may not have put the two things together, the deeper she got into her pregnancy the more she slipped back into behaving like an ordinary mother, at least when it was a matter of scarves we didn't need or regular meals. There was not so much championing of wild ways as there had been in the fall.) Caro asked me what I wanted to do, and I said I didn't know. This was a formality on her part but the honest truth on mine. We let the dog lead us, anyway, and Blitzee's idea was to go and look at the gravel pit. The wind was whipping the water up into little waves, and very soon we got cold, so we wound our scarves back around our necks.

  I don't know how much time we spent just wandering around the water's edge, knowing that we couldn't be seen from the trailer. After a while, I realized that I was being given instructions.

  I was to go back to the trailer and tell Neal and our mother something.

  That the dog had fallen into the water.

  The dog had fallen into the water and Caro was afraid she'd be drowned.

  Blitzee. Drownded.

  Drowned.

  But Blitzee wasn't in the water.

  She could be. And Caro could jump in to save her.

  I believe I still put up some argument, along the lines of she hasn't, you haven't, it could happen but it hasn't. I also remembered that Neal had said dogs didn't drown.

  Caro instructed me to do as I was told.

  Why?

{{Glossary}}

\_approval:\_ anerkjennelse, bifall/anerkjenning, hyllest

\_lingering:\_ langvarig

\_to lapse:\_ å opphøre/å ta slutt

\_to resume:\_ å gjenoppta, å begynne igjen/å ta opp att, å begynne igjen

\_to champion:\_ å kjempe for, å forsvare

{{End of glossary}}

--- 381 to 432

I may have said that, or I may have just stood there not obeying and trying to work up another argument.

  In my mind I can see her picking up Blitzee and tossing her, though Blitzee was trying to hang on to her coat. Then backing up, Caro backing up to take a run at the water. Running, jumping, all of a sudden hurling herself at the water. But I can't recall the sound of the splashes as they, one after the other, hit the water. Not a little splash or a big one. Perhaps I had turned toward the trailer by then – I must have done so.

  When I dream of this, I am always running. And in my dreams I am running not toward the trailer but back toward the gravel pit. I can see Blitzee floundering around and Caro swimming toward her, swimming strongly, on the way to rescue her. I see her light-brown checked coat and her plaid scarf and her proud successful face and reddish hair darkened at the end of its curls by the water. All I have to do is watch and be happy – nothing required of me, after all.

  What I really did was make my way up the little incline toward the trailer. And when I got there I sat down. Just as if there had been a porch or a bench, though in fact the trailer had neither of these things. I sat down and waited for the next thing to happen.

  I know this because it's a fact. I don't know, however, what my plan was or what I was thinking. I was waiting, maybe, for the next act in Caro's drama. Or in the dog's.

  I don't know if I sat there for five minutes. More? Less? It wasn't too cold.

  I went to see a professional person about this once and she convinced me – for a time, she convinced me – that I must have tried the door of the trailer and found it locked. Locked because my mother and Neal were having sex and had locked it against interruptions. If I'd banged on the door they would have been angry. The counsellor was satisfied to bring me to this conclusion, and I was satisfied, too. For a while. But I no longer think that was true. I don't think they would have locked the door, because I know that once they didn't and Caro walked in and they laughed at the look on her face.

  Maybe I remembered that Neal had said that dogs did not drown, which meant that Caro's rescue of Blitzee would not be necessary. Therefore she herself wouldn't be able to carry out her game. So many games, with Caro.

  Did I think she could swim? At nine, many children can. And in fact it turned out that she'd had one lesson the summer before, but then we had moved to the trailer and she hadn't taken any more. She may have thought she could manage well enough. And I may indeed have thought that she could do anything she wanted to.

{{Glossary}}

\_to toss:\_ å kaste, å slenge (hit og dit)

\_to hurl:\_ å kaste, å slenge

\_to flounder:\_ å vasse

\_checked:\_ rutete

\_plaid:\_ skotskrutete stoff

\_incline:\_ skråning

\_counsellor:\_ terapeut

{{End of glossary}}

The counsellor did not suggest that I might have been sick of carrying

--- 382 to 432

out Caro's orders, but the thought did occur to me. It doesn't quite seem right, though. If I'd been older, maybe. At the time, I still expected her to fill my world.

  How long did I sit there? Likely not long. And it's possible that I did knock. After a while. After a minute or two. In any case, my mother did, at some point, open the door, for no reason. A presentiment.

  Next thing, I am inside. My mother is yelling at Neal and trying to make him understand something. He is getting to his feet and standing there speaking to her, touching her, with such mildness and gentleness and consolation. But that is not what my mother wants at all and she tears herself away from him and runs out the door. He shakes his head and looks down at his bare feet. His big helpless-looking toes.

  I think he says something to me with a singsong sadness in his voice. Strange.

  Beyond that I have no details.

  My mother didn't throw herself into the water. She didn't go into labor from the shock. My brother, Brent, was not born until a week or ten days after the funeral, and he was a full-term infant. Where she was while she waited for the birth to happen I do not know. Perhaps she was kept in the hospital and sedated as much as possible under the circumstances.

  I remember the day of the funeral quite well. A very pleasant and comfortable woman I didn't know – her name was Josie – took me on an expedition. We visited some swings and a sort of doll's house that was large enough for me to go inside, and we ate a lunch of my favorite treats, but not enough to make me sick. Josie was somebody I got to know very well later on. She was a friend my father had made in Cuba, and after the divorce she became my stepmother, his second wife.

  My mother recovered. She had to. There was Brent to look after and, most of the time, me. I believe I stayed with my father and Josie while she got settled in the house that she planned to live in for the rest of her life. I don't remember being there with Brent until he was big enough to sit up in his high chair.

  My mother went back to her old duties at the theatre. At first she may have worked as she had before, as a volunteer usher, but by the time I was in school she had a real job, with pay, and year-round responsibilities. She was the business manager. The theatre survived, through various ups and downs, and is still going now.

{{Glossary}}

\_presentiment:\_ forvarsel

\_consolation:\_ trøst/trøyst

\_infant:\_ spedbarn

\_to sedate:\_ å dope ned

{{End of glossary}}

Neal didn't believe in funerals, so he didn't attend Caro's. He never saw Brent. He wrote a letter – I found this out much later – saying that since he did not intend to act as a father it would be better for him to bow out at the start. I never mentioned him to Brent, because I thought it would upset my mother. Also because Brent showed so little sign of

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being like him – like Neal – and seemed, in fact, so much more like my father that I really wondered about what was going on around the time he was conceived. My father has never said anything about this and never would. He treats Brent just as he treats me, but he is the kind of man who would do that anyway.

  He and Josie have not had any children of their own, but I don't think that bothers them. Josie is the only person who ever talks about Caro, and even she doesn't do it often. She does say that my father doesn't hold my mother responsible. He has also said that he must have been sort of a stick-in-the-mud when my mother wanted more excitement in her life. He needed a shaking-up, and he got one. There's no use being sorry about it. Without the shaking-up, he would never have found Josie and the two of them would not have been so happy now.

  "Which two?" I might say, just to derail him, and he would staunchly say, "Josie. Josie, of course."

  My mother cannot be made to recall any of those times, and I don't bother her with them. I know that she has driven down the lane we lived on, and found it quite changed, with the sort of trendy houses you see now, put up on unproductive land. She mentioned this with the slight scorn that such houses evoke in her. I went down the lane myself but did not tell anyone. All the eviscerating that is done in families these days strikes me as a mistake.

  Even where the gravel pit was a house now stands, the ground beneath it levelled.

  I have a partner, Ruthann, who is younger than I am but, I think, somewhat wiser. Or at least more optimistic about what she calls routing out my demons. I would never have got in touch with Neal if it had not been for her urging. Of course, for a long time I had no way, just as I had no thought, of getting in touch. It was he who finally wrote to me. A brief note of congratulations, he said, after seeing my picture in the Alumni Gazette. What he was doing looking through the Alumni Gazette I have no idea. I had received one of those academic honors that mean something in a restricted circle and little anywhere else.

  He was living hardly fifty miles away from where I teach, which also happens to be where I went to college. I wondered if he had been there at that time. So close. Had he become a scholar?

  At first I had no intention of replying to the note, but I told Ruthann and she said that I should think about writing back. So the upshot was that I sent him an e-mail, and arrangements were made. I was to meet him in his town, in the unthreatening surroundings of a university cafeteria. I told myself that if he looked unbearable – I did not quite know what I meant by this – I could just walk on through.

{{Glossary}}

\_conceived:\_ unnfanget/avla

\_stick-in-the-mud:\_ tørpinne

\_to derail:\_ å spore av, å avspore

\_staunch:\_ trofast, solid/trufast, solid

\_scorn:\_ forakt, hån

\_to eviscerate:\_ å rense/å reinse

\_to rout out:\_ å kaste ut, å jage ut

\_upshot:\_ utfall, resultat

\_unbearable:\_ utålelig/utoleleg

{{End of glossary}}

--- 384 to 432

He was shorter than he used to be, as adults we remember from childhood usually are. His hair was thin, and trimmed close to his head. He got me a cup of tea. He was drinking tea himself.

  What did he do for a living?

  He said that he tutored students in preparation for exams. Also, he helped them write their essays. Sometimes, you might say, he wrote those essays. Of course, he charged.

  "It's no way to get to be a millionaire, I can tell you."

  He lived in a dump. Or a semi-respectable dump. He liked it. He looked for clothes at the Sally Ann. That was O.K., too.

  "Suits my principles."

  I did not congratulate him on any of this, but, to tell the truth, I doubt that he expected me to.

  "Anyway, I don't think my life style is so interesting. I think you might want to know how it happened."

  I could not figure out how to speak.

  "I was stoned," he said. "And, furthermore, I'm not a swimmer. Not many swimming pools around where I grew up. I'd have drowned, too. Is that what you wanted to know?"

  I said that he was not really the one that I was wondering about.

  Then he became the third person I'd asked, "What do you think Caro had in mind?"

  The counsellor had said that we couldn't know. "Likely she herself didn't know what she wanted. Attention? I don't think she meant to drown herself. Attention to how bad she was feeling?"

  Ruthann had said, "To make your mother do what she wanted? Make her smarten up and see that she had to go back to your father?"

  Neal said, "It doesn't matter. Maybe she thought she could paddle better than she could. Maybe she didn't know how heavy winter clothes can get. Or that there wasn't anybody in a position to help her."

  He said to me, "Don't waste your time. You're not thinking what if you had hurried up and told, are you? Not trying to get in on the guilt?"

  I said that I had considered what he was saying, but no.

  "The thing is to be happy," he said. "No matter what. Just try that. You can. It gets to be easier and easier. It's nothing to do with circumstances. You wouldn't believe how good it is. Accept everything and then tragedy disappears. Or tragedy lightens, anyway, and you're just there, going along easy in the world."

  Now, goodbye.

  I see what he meant. It really is the right thing to do. But, in my mind, Caro keeps running at the water and throwing herself, as if in triumph, and I'm still caught, waiting for her to explain to me, waiting for the splash.

{{Glossary}}

\_to charge:\_ å ta betalt

\_dump:\_ søppelhaug, fylling

{{End of glossary}}

--- 385 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 CLOSE READING

\_Point of view\_

>>> Task a The narrator is for most of the story an adult remembering herself as a child. What effect does this choice of point of view have on the narrative?

\_Plot\_

>>> Task b Conventionally, the plot of a short story is divided into an exposition, rising action, a climax, falling action and a denouement. How well does this story fit this conventional form?

>>> Task c What role does Blitzee, the dog, play in the story?

>>> Task d How do you interpret the incident with the wolf (if it was a wolf)?

>>> Task e How do you interpret the incident with the snowman?

\_Character\_

>>> Task f How would you characterise the narrator's relationship to her sister, Caro?

>>> Task g How would you characterise the mother? Does she change during the story? Explain.

>>> Task h It has been said that Alice Munro's female characters are more complex than her male characters. Do you think that is the case here?

>>> Task i Where do your sympathies lie in the story? Which characters do you identify with? Are there any you see as negative characters?

Themes, motifs and symbols

>>> Task j The theme of security vs insecurity (or, alternatively, responsibility vs freedom) is central to the story. How do the following characters relate to this theme: the mother, the father, Neal?

>>> Task k The story is called "Gravel" and a gravel pit is the site of the central event. Think back to the pre-reading exercise and look again at the references to the pit in the story. What do you think it might represent, and how does it relate to the central themes?

>>> Task l At the end of the story, is the narrator (or are we, the readers) any closer to understanding Caro's actions?

#### xxx4 2 VOCABULARY

>>> Task a The following words from the story can occur as verbs or nouns: \_cringe, spot, usher, shed, probe, pit, skirt, air\_. Write two meaningful sentences in which you use each of the forms. (Note: they may not necessarily be related in meaning.)

>>> Task b Find words in the text that fit the following description:

-- A verb meaning "to sleep through the winter".

-- An adjective referring to something that hangs around, like a smell, a cold, a doubt.

-- A noun referring to the small room just inside a front door.

-- A verb meaning "to do up, to make (something) new" referring to a building.

-- A verb beginning with re-, meaning "to carry on".

-- A verb literally referring to trains leaving the track, but used metaphorically to mean "to lose one's path".

#### xxx4 3 ROLE PLAY

Make groups of four or five. Each of you takes one of the following roles: Family therapist, Mother, Father, Neal and Narrator as an adult. (In a group of four you may drop the role of Neal.) The scene is a therapy session to try and establish what happened and why on the day of Caro's drowning. You should try to stay in character, focusing on your own involvement and perspective. The therapist's role is primarily to ask questions. The therapist opens the session.

#### xxx4 4 WRITING

Write one of the following texts based on the events and the characters in "Gravel":

>>> Task a A newspaper report of the death of Caro.

>>> Task b The police report after an investigation of Caro's death.

>>> Task c The family therapist's report after a therapy session with implicated parties. (You may base this on the role play above or on an imagined therapy session.)

{{End of tasks}}

--- 386 to 432

## xxx2 FACT BOX: FLASH FICTION

Legend has it that Ernest Hemingway once made a bet of ten dollars with some literary colleagues that he could write a short story in only six words. Once the money was on the table, he wrote the following on a napkin: "For sale: baby shoes, never worn."

Hemingway's story is a difficult act to follow. But the 21st century has seen the rising popularity of a subgenre of fiction – flash fiction. It's also known by the terms "sudden fiction" or simply "short short stories". While there is no official definition about just how short a story must be to qualify, in practice it would seem that most stories in anthologies are under 2000 words in length.

Flash fiction clearly requires great economy of language. Apart from that there is as much variation in writing strategies between authors of flash fiction as there is between novelists or traditional-length short story writers. You can see this for yourself in the following examples. Read them all at least twice before tackling the tasks afterwards.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 387 to 432

## xxx2 Katharine Weber (b. 1955)

{{Textbox}}

is from New York and had her first story published in 1993. She has since written five novels and several collections of short stories. As well as writing herself, she has taught creative writing at a number of universities.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Short story: Sleeping

She would not have to change a diaper, they said. In fact, she would not have to do anything at all. Mrs. Winter said that Charles would not wake while she and Mr. Winter were out at the movies. He was a very sound sleeper, she said. No need to have a bottle for him or anything. Before the Winters left they said absolutely please not to look in on the sleeping baby because the door squeaked too loudly.

  Harriet had never held a baby, except for one brief moment, when she was about six, when Mrs. Antler next door had surprisingly bestowed on her the tight little bundle that was their new baby, Andrea. Harriet had sat very still and her arms had begun to ache from the tension by the time Mrs. Antler took back her baby. Andy was now a plump seven-year-old, older than Harriet had been when she held her that day.

  After two hours of reading all of the boring mail piled neatly on a desk in the bedroom and looking through a depressing wedding album filled with photographs of dressed-up people in desperate need of orthodonture (Harriet had just ended two years in braces and was very conscious of malocclusion issues) while flipping channels on their television, Harriet turned the knob on the baby's door very tentatively, but it seemed locked. She didn't dare turn the knob with more pressure because what if she made a noise and woke him and he started to cry?

  She stood outside the door and tried to hear the sound of a baby breathing but she couldn't hear anything through the door but the sound of the occasional car that passed by on the street outside. She wondered what Charles looked like. She wasn't even sure how old he was. Why had she agreed to baby-sit when Mr. Winter approached her at the swim club? She had never seen him before, and it was flattering that he took her for being capable, as if just being a girl her age automatically qualified her as a baby-sitter.

  By the time the Winters came home, Harriet had eaten most of the M & M's in the glass bowl on their coffee table: first all the blue ones, then the red ones, then all the green ones, and so on, leaving, in the end, only the yellow.

  They gave her too much money and didn't ask her about anything. Mrs. Winter seemed to be waiting for her to leave before checking on the baby. Mr. Winter drove her home in silence. When they reached her house he said, My wife. He hesitated, then he said, You understand, don't you? and Harriet answered Yes without looking at him or being sure what they were talking about although she did really know what he was telling her and then she got out of his car and watched him drive away.

{{Glossary}}

\_diaper:\_ bleie

\_to squeak:\_ å knirke

\_to bestow:\_ å gi

\_orthodonture:\_ kjeveortopedi, tannregulering

\_braces:\_ regulering

\_malocclusion:\_ feil tannstilling

\_flattering:\_ smigrende/smigrande

{{End of glossary}}

--- 388 to 432

## xxx2 Dave Eggers (b. 1970)

{{Textbox}}

from Boston, Massachusetts, sprang to fame in 2000 with his partly fictional memoir \_A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius\_ for which he won a Pulitzer Prize. He has since written several novels, including \_What Is the What\_, the partly true story of a Sudanese refugee. As well as writing, Eggers also runs \_826 Valencia\_, a non-profit organisation devoted to promoting literacy.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Short story: You Know How to Spell Elijah

You are at the airport, airless, and sitting in a black faux-leather chair near your departure gate. There is a girl, about twelve, sitting in a similar chair, across the wide immaculate aisle, and she wants to know how to spell Elijah. She is working on a crossword in \_Teen\_ magazine, and is squinting at it, chewing her inner mouth. She is flanked by her parents, and soon appeals to them for help. Her father is burly and bearded, her mother tall and thin. Her mother, who reminds you of a praying mantis, answers her daughter's question this way: "It's easy, Dakota: E-L-I-S-H-A." And though you have your own things to do, your own \_Boating Week\_ to read and your bagel to eat, you can no longer concentrate on anything but this young girl's crossword puzzle, quickly being polluted by the advice of these people she calls her parents. (And the young girl is working not in pencil – fool! – but in pen.) You are burning to tell her the truth about the young actor's name-spelling, but fear you would embarrass or undermine her mother, which you don't want to do. Besides, you think, the girl's father will surely correct the mother; isn't that the beauty of the two-parent system? Indeed it is, for here he is now, leaning over, he is putting on his glasses even, and finally he tells her, "No, Dakota. I'm pretty sure it's A-L-I-G-A." Fucking Christ! You let out a quick desperate cough. These people, you think, cannot be serious. This poor girl, stuck forever in a dim, ill-spelling world, nowhere to turn. She'll never know the spelling of Elijah, or Enrique, or even Justin or J. C. Should you intervene? Isn't it your duty? Don't those who know the truth have a responsibility to stop the dissemination of untruths? Standing idly by is tantamount to complicity, a partnership in ignorance! You must step in. You can do so good-naturedly. You can do so without upsetting the family unit, the sanctity thereof. But you're eighteen feet away, making it impossible without implying that you were paying much too much attention to the girl's crossword than would seem casual or proper. They'll assume you have an unhealthy interest in \_Teen\_ magazine and its cover boys. And really now, what \_were\_ you doing, listening to her spelling request? Why \_had\_ you directed your attention her way? What's wrong with you, anyway? Isn't your own life complicated enough? Is your own existence so free of mistakes that you need to seek them out in strangers at airports, inserting yourself into the life of a twelve-year-old with a crush on a hobbit-playing actor? No wonder you're on your way to a spa in Palm Desert. You damn well need the rest.

{{Glossary}}

\_faux-leather:\_ skai

\_immaculate:\_ ren/rein

\_aisle:\_ midtgang, korridor

\_to squint:\_ å myse, å titte

\_burly:\_ røslig, kraftig bygd/røsleg, kraftig bygd

\_mantis:\_ kneler (insekt)/knelar (insekt)

\_to undermine:\_ å undergrave

\_dim:\_ mørk, sløv

\_to intervene:\_ å gripe inn

\_dissemination:\_ spredning, formidling/spreiing, formidling

\_to be tantamount to:\_ å være ensbetydende med/å vere einstydande med

\_complicity:\_ medvirkning, delaktighet/medverknad, deltaking

\_sanctity:\_ hellighet, renhet/heilagdom, reinleik

\_to imply:\_ å antyde

{{End of glossary}}

--- 389 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 390 to 432

## xxx2 John Edgar Wideman (b. 1941)

{{Textbox}}

is an African American writer, academic and former basketball star from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Since his literary debut in 1967 he has published ten novels and five collections of short stories.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Short story: Witness

Sitting here one night six floors up on my little balcony when I heard shots and saw them boys running. My eyes went straight to the lot beside Mason's bar and I saw something black not moving in the weeds and knew a body lying there and knew it was dead. A fifteen-year-old boy the papers said. Whole bunch of sirens and cops and spinning lights the night I'm talking about. I watched till after they rolled him away and then everything got quiet again as it ever gets round here so I'm sure the boy's people not out there that night. Didn't see them till next morning when I'm looking down at those weeds and a couple's coming slow on Frankstown with a girl by the hand, had to be the boy's baby sister. They pass terrible Mason's and stop right at the spot the boy died. Then they commence to swaying, bowing, hugging, waving their arms about. Forgive me, Jesus, but look like they grief dancing, like the sidewalk too cold or too hot they had to jump around not to burn up. How'd his people find the exact spot. Did they hear my old mind working to lead them, guide them along like I would if I could get up out this damn wheelchair and take them by the hand.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_lot:\_ område, plass

\_weeds:\_ buskas, ugress/buskas, ugras

\_to commence:\_ å begynne

\_to sway:\_ å svaie, å svinge

{{End of glossary}}

--- 391 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 392 to 432

## xxx3 Lydia Davis (b. 1947)

{{Textbox}}

from Massachusetts is a pioneer in the field of flash fiction, with a style and, not least, a brevity that is all her own. Some of her stories consist only of a few sentences and can sometimes be as close to poems as they are to fiction. Davis is also known as a translator of French literature, not least of the monumental novel \_À la recherche du temps perdu\_ by Marcel Proust, an author not renowned for his brevity ...

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Short story: Letter to a Frozen Peas Manufacturer

Dear Frozen Peas Manufacturer,

We are writing to you because we feel that the peas illustrated on your package of frozen peas are a most unattractive color. We are referring to the 16 oz. plastic package that shows three or four pods, one of them split open, with peas rolling out near them. The peas are a dull yellow green, more the color of pea soup than fresh peas and nothing like the actual color of your peas, which are a nice bright dark green. The depicted peas are, moreover, about three times the size of the actual peas inside the package, which, together with their dull color, makes them even less appealing – they appear to be past their maturity and mealy in texture. Additionally, the color of your illustrated peas contrasts poorly with the color of the lettering and other decoration on your package, which is an almost harsh neon green. We have compared your depiction of peas to that of other frozen peas packages and yours is by far the least appealing. Most food manufacturers depict food on their packaging that is more attractive than the food inside and therefore deceptive. You are doing the opposite: you are falsely representing your peas as less attractive than they actually are. We enjoy your peas and do not want your business to suffer. Please reconsider your art.

  Yours sincerely.

{{Glossary}}

\_brevity:\_ kortfattethet/kortfatta framstilling

\_manufacturer:\_ produsent, fabrikant

\_oz = ounce:\_ unse (28,35 gram)

\_pod:\_ belg

\_past majority:\_ overmoden

\_mealy:\_ melen, melaktig/mjølen, mjølaktig

\_texture:\_ konsistens

\_depiction:\_ fremstilling, beskrivelse/framstilling, skildring

\_deceptive:\_ villedende/villeiande

{{End of glossary}}

--- 393 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 394 to 432

## xxx2 Margaret Atwood (b. 1939)

{{Textbox}}

is Canadian, born in 1939 in Ottawa. In her long writing career she has covered many genres ranging from novels (including science fiction), short stories, poetry, children's literature and non-fiction. Her novel \_The Blind Assassin\_ (2000) won the coveted Booker Prize. Atwood has been an important contributor to the debate about Canadian identity, as well as being a feminist and an environmentalist.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Short story: Happy Endings

John and Mary meet.

What happens next?

If you want a happy ending, try A.

\_A.\_

John and Mary fall in love and get married. They both have worthwhile and remunerative jobs which they find stimulating and challenging. They buy a charming house. Real estate values go up. Eventually, when they can afford live-in help, they have two children, to whom they are devoted. The children turn out well. John and Mary have a stimulating and challenging sex life and worthwhile friends. They go on fun vacations together. They retire. They both have hobbies which they find stimulating and challenging. Eventually they die. This is the end of the story.  
 \_B.\_

Mary falls in love with John but John doesn't fall in love with Mary. He merely uses her body for selfish pleasure and ego gratification of a tepid kind. He comes to her apartment twice a week and she cooks him dinner, you'll notice that he doesn't even consider her worth the price of a dinner out, and after he's eaten dinner he fucks her and after that he falls asleep, while she does the dishes so he won't think she's untidy, having all those dirty dishes lying around, and puts on fresh lipstick so she'll look good when he wakes up, but when he wakes up he doesn't even notice, he puts on his socks and his shorts and his pants and his shirt and his tie and his shoes, the reverse order from the one in which he took them off. He doesn't take off Mary's clothes, she takes them off herself, she acts as if she's dying for it every time, not because she likes sex exactly, she doesn't, but she wants John to think she does because if they do it often enough surely he'll get used to her, he'll come to depend on her and they will get married, but John goes out the door with hardly so much as a good-night and three days later he turns up at six o'clock and they do the whole thing over again.

  Mary gets run-down. Crying is bad for your face, everyone knows that and so does Mary but she can't stop. People at work notice. Her friends tell her John is a rat, a pig, a dog, he isn't good enough for her, but she can't believe it. Inside John, she thinks, is another John, who is much nicer. This other John will emerge like a butterfly from a cocoon, a Jack from a box, a pit from a prune, if the first John is only squeezed enough.

{{Glossary}}

\_worthwile:\_ givende/givande

\_remunerative:\_ innbringende/lønnsam

\_real estate:\_ eiendom/eigedom

\_devoted:\_ nær knyttet til/nær knytt til

\_mere:\_ bare, kun/berre, einast

\_gratification:\_ tilfredsstillelse/tilfredsstilling

\_tepid:\_ lunken

\_run-down:\_ nedkjørt, utslitt/nedkøyrd, utsliten

\_to emerge:\_ å dukke fram fra/å dukke fram frå

\_cocoon:\_ kokong, puppehylster

\_Jack from a box:\_ troll i eske

\_pit:\_ stein

\_prune:\_ sviske

\_to squeeze:\_ å klemme

{{End of glossary}}

--- 395 to 432

One evening John complains about the food. He has never complained about her food before. Mary is hurt.

  Her friends tell her they've seen him in a restaurant with another woman, whose name is Madge. It's not even Madge that finally gets to Mary: it's the restaurant. John has never taken Mary to a restaurant. Mary collects all the sleeping pills and aspirins she can find, and takes them and a half a bottle of sherry. You can see what kind of a woman she is by the fact that it's not even whiskey. She leaves a note for John. She hopes he'll discover her and get her to the hospital in time and repent and then they can get married, but this fails to happen and she dies.

John marries Madge and everything continues as in A.

\_C.\_

John, who is an older man, falls in love with Mary, and Mary, who is only twenty-two, feels sorry for him because he's worried about his hair falling out. She sleeps with him even though she's not in love with him. She met him at work. She's in love with someone called James, who is twenty-two also and not yet ready to settle down.

  John on the contrary settled down long ago: this is what is bothering him. John has a steady, respectable job and is getting ahead in his field, but Mary isn't impressed by him, she's impressed by James, who has a motorcycle and a fabulous record collection. But James is often away on his motorcycle, being free. Freedom isn't the same for girls, so in the meantime Mary spends Thursday evenings with John. Thursdays are the only days John can get away.

  John is married to a woman called Madge and they have two children, a charming house which they bought just before the real estate values went up, and hobbies which they find stimulating and challenging, when they have the time. John tells Mary how important she is to him, but of course he can't leave his wife because a commitment is a commitment. He goes on about this more than is necessary and Mary finds it boring, but older men can keep it up longer so on the whole she has a fairly good time.

  One day James breezes in on his motorcycle with some top-grade California hybrid and James and Mary get higher than you'd believe possible and they climb into bed. Everything becomes very underwater, but along comes John, who has a key to Mary's apartment. He finds them stoned and entwined. He's hardly in any position to be jealous, considering Madge, but nevertheless he's overcome with despair. Finally he's middle-aged, in two years he'll be as bald as an egg and he can't stand it. He purchases a handgun, saying he needs it for target practice – this is the thin part of the plot, but it can be dealt with later – and shoots the two of them and himself.

{{Glossary}}

\_to repent:\_ å angre

\_commitment:\_ forpliktelse, avtale/plikt, skyldnad, avtale

\_to breeze in:\_ å komme farende inn/å komme farande inn

\_California hybrid:\_ marihuana

\_underwater\_ her: utflytende (som under påvirkning av narkotika)/utflytande (som under påverknad av narkotika)

\_stoned:\_ stein (om narkotika)

\_entwined:\_ omslynget/omfamnande

\_despair:\_ fortvilelse, håpløshet/fortviling, håpløyse

\_to purchase:\_ å kjøpe

{{End of glossary}}

--- 396 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 397 to 432

Madge, after a suitable period of mourning, marries an understanding man called Fred and everything continues as in A, but under different names.

\_D.\_

Fred and Madge have no problems. They get along exceptionally well and are good at working out any little difficulties that may arise. But their charming house is by the seashore and one day a giant tidal wave approaches. Real estate values go down. The rest of the story is about what caused the tidal wave and how they escape from it. They do, though thousands drown, but Fred and Madge are virtuous and grateful, and continue as in A.

\_E.\_

Yes, but Fred has a bad heart. The rest of the story is about how kind and understanding they both are until Fred dies. Then Madge devotes herself to charity work until the end of A. If you like, it can be "Madge," "cancer," "guilty and confused," and "bird watching."

\_F.\_

If you think this is all too bourgeois, make John a revolutionary and Mary a counterespionage agent and see how far that gets you. Remember, this is Canada. You'll still end up with A, though in between you may get a lustful brawling saga of passionate involvement, a chronicle of our times, sort of.

  You'll have to face it, the endings are the same however you slice it. Don't be deluded by any other endings, they're all fake, either deliberately fake, with malicious intent to deceive, or just motivated by excessive optimism if not by downright sentimentality.

  The only authentic ending is the one provided here:

  John and Mary die. John and Mary die. John and Mary die.

  So much for endings. Beginnings are always more fun. True connoisseurs, however, are known to favor the stretch in between, since it's the hardest to do anything with.

  That's about all that can be said for plots, which anyway are just one thing after another, a what and a what and a what.

  Now try How and Why.

{{Glossary}}

\_mourning:\_ sorg

\_tidal wave:\_ flodbølge

\_virtuous:\_ rettskaffen, anstendig

\_bourgeois:\_ borgerlig, middelklasse-/borgarleg, middelklasse-

\_counterespionage agent:\_ dobbeltagent

\_lustful:\_ vellystig

\_brawling:\_ kjeklende, kranglete/kjeklande, kranglete

\_deluded:\_ villedet, narret/villeidd, narra

\_deliberately:\_ tilsiktet, bevisst/tilsikta, bevisst

\_malicious intent:\_ i ond hensikt, med forsett/for å skade, med forsett

\_to deceive:\_ å føre bak lyset

\_connoisseur:\_ kjenner/kjennar

{{End of glossary}}

--- 398 to 432

## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 1 CLOSE READING

\_"Sleeping"\_

>>> Task a What realisation do the reader and Harriet come to at the end of the story?

>>> Task b What examples of foreshadowing can you find in the narrative?

>>> Task c The action of the story is focused on Harriet's evening of "baby-sitting". Where does the story refer to events outside this time sequence? How do these references contribute to our understanding?

>>> Task d In terms of plot structure, what other stones in this book does "Sleeping" remind you of?

\_"You Know How to Spell Elijah"\_

>>> Task a What tense is used and what point of view? What effect do these factors have on the narrative?

>>> Task b At the beginning of the story the focus is on the girl and her spelling problem. In what way does the focus shift?

>>> Task c Does this story have a theme, do you think? If so, what is it?

>>> Task d This is a humorous story. Where does the humour lie?

\_"Witness"\_

>>> Task a What is the perspective (literally and metaphorically) of the narrator? How does this perspective contribute to the narrative?

>>> Task b Characterise the language of the story.

>>> Task c What is the setting of the story and how is it established?

>>> Task d What is the significance of the detail about the wheelchair?

\_"Letter to a Frozen Peas Manufacturer"\_

>>> Task a The letter uses the pronoun \_we\_. Would it have made any difference if the pronoun had been \_I\_? If so, in what way?

>>> Task b Is this text convincing as a letter? Is there anything about it that strikes you as odd? Explain!

>>> Task c How would you characterise the language in this text?

>>> Task d Describe your own response to this text. Did you find it funny, unsettling, confusing, ...?

\_"Happy Endings"\_

>>> Task a The expression "stimulating and challenging" is used three times in text A, and returns again in text C. What effect does this have?

>>> Task b How are gender roles treated differently in the different versions?

>>> Task c Find examples of the narrator directly addressing the reader. What is the effect of this?

>>> Task d What do you see as being the theme or message of "Happy Endings"?

### xxx3 2 COMPARING AND CONTRASTING STORIES

>>> Task a Is the term "plot" relevant to all these stories (see p. 14)? Why or why not?

>>> Task b How do these stories differ in their use of tense? What effect does this difference have?

>>> Task c How do these stories differ in their choice of point of view? What effect does this difference have?

>>> Task d What is the significance of the title of each of these stories?

>>> Task e Which of these stories did you like best, and why?

### xxx3 3 WRITING

Write three titles for a short short story. Swap your suggestions with those of another student. Choose one of his or her suggestions and write a story to fit the title. Your story should be a maximum of 2000 words, and may of course be considerably shorter. (At access.cdu.no you will find links to sites offering advice from authors.)

--- 399 to 432

## xxx2 Gillian Flynn (b. 1971)

{{Textbox}}

worked for many years as a journalist and TV critic in New York City before releasing her debut novel. \_Sharp Objects\_, in 2006. Her first two novels met positive reviews and sold well, but it was her third psychological thriller – \_Gone Girl\_ – that became a literary phenomenon in 2012. In that year alone, it sold over two million copies.

{{End of textbox}}

In the following extract from the mystery novel \_Gone Girl\_ we meet Nick Dunne, whose wife Amy has gone missing from their new home in North Carthage, Missouri. They had recently moved there after losing their jobs because of the Great Recession sweeping across the country. Together with his sister Margot (nicknamed "Go") and Amy's parents, Nick is at a press conference called to publicise Amy's disappearance.

### xxx3 Novel excerpt: Gone Girl

Cameras flashed. I turned away and saw spots. It was surreal. That's what people always say to describe moments that are merely unusual. I thought: \_You have no fucking idea what surreal is.\_ My hangover was really warming up now, my left eye throbbing like a heart.

  The cameras were clicking, and the two families stood together, all of us with mouths in thin slits, Go the only one looking even close to a real person. The rest of us looked like placeholder humans, bodies that had been dollied in and propped up ... We'd all seen these news conferences before – when other women went missing. We were being forced to perform the scene that TV viewers expected: the worried but hopeful family. Caffeine-dazed eyes and ragdoll arms.

  My name was being said; the room gave a collective gulp of expectation. \_Showtime\_.

  When I saw the broadcast later, I didn't recognize my voice. I barely recognized my face. The booze floating, sludgelike, just beneath the surface of my skin made me look like a fleshy wastrel, just sensuous enough to be disreputable. I had worried about my voice wavering, so I overcorrected and the words came out clipped, like I was reading a stock report. "We just want Amy to get home safe ..." Utterly unconvincing, disconnected. I might as well have been reading numbers at random.

  Rand Elliott stepped up and tried to save me: "Our daughter, Amy, is a sweetheart of a girl, full of life. She's our only child, and she's smart and beautiful and kind. She really is Amazing Amy. And we want her back. Nick wants her back." He put a hand on my shoulder, wiped his eyes, and I involuntarily turned steel. My father again: \_Men\_ don't cry.

  Rand kept talking: "We all want her back where she belongs, with her family. We've set up a command center over at the Days Inn ..."

{{Glossary}}

\_recession:\_ tilbakegang, tilbakeslag (øk.)

\_surreal:\_ uvirkelig/uverkeleg

\_slit:\_ sprekk

\_dazed:\_ ør, fortumlet/ør, fortumla

\_booze:\_ brennevin

\_sludgelike:\_ gjørmeaktig

\_wastrel:\_ døgenikt, lømmel/dugløyse, lømmel

\_involuntarily:\_ ufrivillig

{{End of glossary}}

The news reports would show Nick Dunne, husband of the missing woman, standing metallically next to his father-in-law, arms crossed, eyes glazed, looking almost bored as Amy's parents wept. And then worse. My longtime response, the need to remind people I wasn't a dick, I was a

--- 400 to 432

nice guy despite the affectless stare, the haughty, douchebag face.

  So there it came, out of nowhere, as Rand begged for his daughter's return: a killer smile ...

  Flashbulbs exploded, and I dropped the smile, but not soon enough. I felt a wave of heat roll up my neck, and beads of sweat broke out on my nose. \_Stupid, Nick, stupid.\_ And then, just as I was pulling myself together, the press conference was over, and it was too late to make any other impression.

  I walked out with the Elliotts, my head ducked low as more flashbulbs popped. I was almost to the exit when [Detective] Gilpin trotted across the room toward me, flagging me down: "Canna grab a minute, Nick?"

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) How does Nick describe himself?

b) Who handles the press conference best?

c) What impression does Nick give at the press conference?

{{End of textbox}}

He updated me as we headed toward a back office: "We checked out that house in your neighborhood that was broken into, looks like people camped out there, so we've got lab there. And we found another house on the edge of your complex, had some squatters."

  "I mean, that's what worries me," I said. "Guys are camped out everywhere. This whole town is overrun with pissed-off, unemployed people."

  Carthage was, until a year ago, a company town and that company was the sprawling Riverway Mall, a tiny city unto itself that once employed four thousand locals – one fifth the population. It was built in 1985, a destination mall meant to attract shoppers from all over the Middle West. I still remember the opening day: me and Go, Mom and Dad, watching the festivities from the very back of the crowd in the vast tarred parking lot, because our father always wanted to be able to leave quickly, from anywhere. Even at baseball games, we parked by the exit and left at the eighth inning, me and Go a predictable set of mustard-smeared whines, petulant and sun-fevered: \_We never get to see the end.\_ But this time our faraway vantage was desirable, because we got to take in the full scope of the Event: the impatient crowd, leaning collectively from one foot to another; the mayor atop a red-white-and-blue dais; the booming words – \_pride, growth, prosperity, success\_ – rolling over us, soldiers on the battlefield of consumerism, armed with vinyl-covered checkbooks and quilted handbags. And the doors opening. And the rush into the air-conditioning, the Muzak, the smiling salespeople who were our neighbors. My father actually let us go inside that day, actually waited in line and bought us something that day: sweaty paper cups brimming with Orange Julius.

{{Glossary}}

\_haughty:\_ overlegen

\_douchebag:\_ drittsekk/dritsett

\_bead:\_ dråpe/drope

\_squatter:\_ husokkupant

\_to sprawl:\_ å bre seg utover/å breie seg utover

\_predictable:\_ forutsigbar/føreseieleg

\_whine:\_ syter/sytar

\_petulant:\_ gretten

\_vantage:\_ fordel

\_dais:\_ podium

\_consumerism:\_ forbrukskultur

\_Muzak:\_ heismusikk

\_given:\_ selvfølge, noe som blir tatt for gitt/sjølvfølge, noko som blir tatt for gitt

\_resurrection:\_ oppstandelse, gjenoppliving/oppstode, gjenoppliving

{{End of glossary}}

For a quarter century, the Riverway Mall was a given. Then the recession hit, washed away the Riverway store by store until the whole mall finally went bust. It is now two million square feet of echo. No company came to claim it, no businessman promised a resurrection, no one knew what to do with it or what would become of all the people who'd worked there, including my mother, who lost her job at Shoe-Be-Doo-Be – two decades of kneeling and kneading, of sorting boxes and collecting moist foot hosiery, gone without ceremony.

--- 401 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 402 to 432

The downfall of the mall basically bankrupted Carthage. People lost their jobs, they lost their houses. No one could see anything good coming anytime soon. \_We never get to see the end.\_ Except it looked like this time Go and I would. We all would.

  The bankruptcy matched my psyche perfectly. For several years, I had been bored. Not a whining, restless child's boredom (although I was not above that) but a dense, blanketing malaise. It seemed to me that there was nothing new to be discovered ever again. Our society was utterly, ruinously derivative (although the word \_derivative\_ as a criticism is itself derivative). We were the first human beings who would never see anything for the first time. We stare at the wonders of the world, dull-eyed, underwhelmed. Mona Lisa, the Pyramids, the Empire State Building. Jungle animals on attack, ancient icebergs collapsing, volcanoes erupting. I can't recall a single thing I have seen firsthand that I didn't immediately reference to a movie or TV show. A fucking commercial. You know the awful singsong of the blasé: \_Seeeen it.\_ I've literally seen it all, and the worst thing, the thing that makes me want to blow my brains out, is: The secondhand experience is always better. The image is crisper, the view is keener, the camera angle and the soundtrack manipulate my emotions in a way reality can't anymore. I don't know that we are actually human at this point, those of us who are like most of us, who grew up with TV and movies and now the Internet. If we are betrayed, we know the words to say; when a loved one dies, we know the words to say. If we want to play the stud or the smart-ass or the fool, we know the words to say. We are all working from the same dog-eared script.

  It's a very difficult era in which to be a person, just a real, actual person, instead of a collection of personality traits selected from an endless automat of characters.

  And if all of us are play-acting, there can be no such thing as a soul mate, because we don't have genuine souls.

  It had gotten to the point where it seemed like nothing matters, because I'm not a real person and neither is anyone else.

  I would have done anything to feel real again.

\_(Excerpt)\_

{{Glossary}}

\_to knead:\_ å elte, å kna

\_hosiery:\_ strømper

\_psyche:\_ psyke, sjeleliv

\_dense:\_ tett, tykk/tett, tjukk

\_to blanket:\_ å dekke til

\_malaise:\_ ubehag, misnøye

\_derivative:\_ uoriginal

\_blasé:\_ blasert

\_to betray:\_ å forråde

{{End of glossary}}

{{Textbox}}

\_Spot check:\_

a) What was Nick's father's habit whenever they went to an event like a baseball game?

b) Why was the mall important to Nick's family?

c) What has happened to the mall and to Carthage?

d) What observation does Nick make about life when he refers to his psyche?

e) What does Nick want to feel?

{{End of textbox}}

--- 403 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 LITERARY ANALYSIS

>>> Task Setting is a matter of both time and place. What role does setting play in this excerpt?

>>> Task b What point of view is used here, and how reliable does the narrator seem?

#### xxx4 2 LANGUAGE AND STYLE

>>> Task a The following quotations from the text are examples of metaphors/similes/personifications (see p. 144). Decide which category they belong to and explain what effect the imagery has. For example, the metaphor "soldiers on the battlefield of consumerism" (p. 400), describing shoppers, emphasises their huge numbers, their uniformity and the destructiveness of consumerism.

-- my left eye throbbing like a heart

-- like placeholder humans

-- the room gave a collective gulp of expectation

-- like I was reading a stock report

-- washed away the Riverway store by store

-- two million square feet of echo

-- blanketing malaise

-- involuntarily turned to steel

-- standing metallically

-- a tiny city unto itself

{{End of list}}

>>> Task b The novel \_Gone Girl\_ was termed "Postmodern" in theme and content by many reviewers. Where do you see this reflected in the extract? You may find it useful to refer to the introductory text of this chapter.

#### xxx4 3 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a "I can't recall a single thing I have seen firsthand that I didn't immediately reference to a movie or TV show ... I've literally seen it all, and the worst thing, the thing that makes me want to blow my brains out, is: The secondhand experience is always better." Do you agree? What might the long-term consequences be of this attitude to experience?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

>>> Task b "It's a very difficult era in which to be a person, just a real, actual person, instead of a collection of personality traits selected from an endless automat of characters." What is your response to this statement by Nick?

>>> Task c If Nick is right, what will the world be like in another few generations? Will everybody be like characters in a film? Or is it possible to live life for the most part unaffected by all the media around us?

>>> Task d Nick says: \_"We never get to see the end.\_ Except it looked like this time Go and I would. We all would." Discuss whether you think America has seen the end of an era.

>>> Task e Although \_Gone Girl\_ was received favourably by reviewers and topped the bestseller lists, it was generally ignored by the major literature awards. Some believe that this was due to the fact that it belongs the mystery genre. Why do you think this might count against it? Do you believe mystery and crime novels can also be great literature? Explain your views.

--- 404 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

#### xxx4 4 VOCABULARY

Below are some words from the text you have read and two dictionary definitions for each word. Find the word in the text and decide which definition is the best fit for the context. Explain your reasoning.

>>> Task a \_surreal\_:

-- characterised by fantastic imagery

-- having an oddly dreamlike quality

>>> Task b \_haughty\_:

-- noble or exalted

-- having or showing arrogance

>>> Task c \_flagging\_:

-- declining; weakening

-- signalling someone

>>> Task d \_squatter\_:

-- a person who occupies property without permission, lease, or payment of rent

-- a person or thing that squats

>>> Task e \_sprawling\_:

-- spreading out in a straggling or disordered fashion

-- sitting or lying with the body and limbs spread out awkwardly

>>> Task f \_petulant\_:

-- unreasonably irritable or ill-tempered; peevish

-- contemptuous in speech or behaviour

>>> Task g \_resurrection\_:

-- The act of bringing back to practice, notice, or use; revival

-- The act of rising from the dead or returning to life

>>> Task h \_crisp(er)\_:

-- firm but easily broken or crumbled; brittle

-- clear; sharp

>>> Task i \_malaise\_:

-- a vague feeling of bodily discomfort, as at the beginning of an illness

-- a general sense of depression or unease

#### xxx4 5 WRITING

Write the news report (complete with headline and sub-heading) of one of the journalists present at the news conference held by Nick and his family.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 405 to 432

## xxx2 Novel and Film Study: Gone Girl

{{Tasks}}

The novel \_Gone Girl\_ by Gillian Flynn is a mystery novel and a psychological thriller; that is, it is rooted in how people – particularly the main characters – think, as well as act. So let us begin there. Work with the following question: \_What makes a good mystery?\_

>>> Task a Think back over mystery novels or thrillers you have read or films you have seen during the last couple of years. Pick out two of your favourites and prepare to explain why you thought they were so interesting.

>>> Task b Make a group of three and exchange favourites. Do you have any in common? Have you all read or seen each other's? Do the novels and films you have talked about have anything in common in terms of themes, characters or plot?

>>> Task c Come up with a list of what you think are basic and necessary things a mystery novel or film must have to be exciting and then compare your list with another group's.

{{End of tasks}}

{{Textbox}}

See access.cdu.no for "Film Studies" – a short article that gives some general advice on writing about films.

{{End of textbox}}

Do you share Nick Dunne's frustration about \_never seeing the end\_ (p. 400)? If so, read on to find ways of working with the film and novel \_Gone Girl.\_

  The novel \_Gone Girl\_ by Gillian Flynn was published in 2012 and was followed by a film adaptation in 2014, directed by David Fincher. Flynn also wrote the screenplay for the film, and it was a huge success in cinemas all over the world. Critics were generally very positive towards the film, as the majority had been towards the best-selling novel two years earlier.

### xxx3 Working with the film

At access.cdu.no you will find a guide to analysing the film, including lots of discussion and writing tasks. On the next page is an example.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 406 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Textbox}}

>>> Task a Read the following statements about the film. Choose the one that you think best explains what the film is about and give reasons for your answer.

>>> Task b Choose two other statements that you think explain strong messages or sub-plots in the film and explain your choices.

-- The film is about how two people can destroy each other in a marriage.

-- The film is about how morally corrupt American society has become.

-- The film is about the mysterious disappearance of Amy Dunne.

-- The film is a husband's story about his psychopathic wife who is taking revenge on him for being adulterous.

-- The film is about how the media influence our daily lives.

-- The film is about how men treat women.

-- The film is about America in decline.

-- The film is about a bad marriage.

-- The film is a murder mystery with a twist.

-- The film is the story of a spoiled girl who likes things her way.

-- The film is about the modern obsessive desire to present a perfected version of ourselves to others.

-- The film is about deceit and how we are all fooling each other and perhaps ourselves.

{{End of textbox}}

--- 407 to 432

### xxx3 Working with the novel

At access.cdu.no we also invite you to look more closely at the novel, suggesting some ways you might approach it if you should choose it as your "lengthy literary work". The following aspects of the novel are covered in the article:

-- characters

-- plot

-- theme

-- setting

-- writing techniques

{{End of list}}

Tasks are included, including several essay topics. Here is an example:

{{Textbox}}

Write an essay about \_Gone Girl\_ in which you take your point of departure in one of the quotes from the novel below:

-- "There's a difference between really loving someone and loving the idea of her."

-- "It's a very difficult era in which to be a person, just a real, actual person, instead of a collection of personality traits selected from an endless automat of characters."

-- "Because isn't that the point of every relationship: to be known by someone else, to be understood? He gets me. She gets me. Isn't that the simple magic phrase?"

-- "We weren't ourselves when we fell in love, and when we became ourselves – surprise! – we were poison. We complete each other in the nastiest, ugliest possible way."

-- "Friends see most of each other's flaws. Spouses see every awful last bit."

{{End of textbox}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 408 to 432

{{Tasks}}

>>> Task a Choose three words in the word cloud that give you positive associations, and three words that give you negative associations.

>>> Task b Discuss your choices with a partner.

{{End of tasks}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_lout:\_ lømmel

\_split level:\_ rom bygd i halvetasjer/rom bygd i halvetasjar

\_high-riser:\_ høyhus/høghus

{{End of glossary}}

## xxx2 Philip Larkin (1922-85)

{{Textbox}}

was named by \_The Times\_ as Britain's greatest post-war writer in 2008. Although he also wrote a couple of novels, it is chiefly for his poetry that he is remembered. Technically brilliant, Larkin often used traditional poetic forms, like rhyme, stanzas and metre, to write about disturbing contemporary themes. Even though he only ever published one hundred pages of poetry, the shy and even somewhat anti-social writer continues to fascinate readers.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Poem: Going, Going

I thought it would last my time –

The sense that, beyond the town,

There would always be fields and farms,

Where the village louts could climb

Such trees as were not cut down;

I knew there'd be false alarms

In the papers about old streets

And split level shopping, but some

Have always been left so far;

And when the old part retreats

As the bleak high-risers come

We can always escape in the car.

--- 409 to 432

Things are tougher than we are, just

As earth will always respond

However we mess it about;

Chuck filth in the sea, if you must:

The tides will be clean beyond.

– But what do I feel now? Doubt?

Or age, simply? The crowd

Is young in the Ml cafe;

Their kids are screaming for more –

More houses, more parking allowed,

More caravan sites, more pay.

On the Business Page, a score

Of spectacled grins approve

Some takeover bid that entails

Five per cent profit (and ten

Per cent more in the estuaries): move

Your works to the unspoilt dales

(Grey area grants)! And when

You try to get near the sea

In summer ...

It seems, just now,

To be happening so very fast;

Despite all the land left free

For the first time I feel somehow

That it isn't going to last,

That before I snuff it, the whole

Boiling will be bricked in

Except for the tourist parts –

First slum of Europe: a role

It won't be hard to win,

With a cast of crooks and tarts.

And that will be England gone,

The shadows, the meadows, the lanes,

The guildhalls, the carved choirs.

There'll be books; it will linger on

In galleries; but all that remains

For us will be concrete and tyres.

Most things are never meant.

This won't be, most likely; but greeds

And garbage are too thick-strewn

To be swept up now, or invent

Excuses that make them all needs.

I just think it will happen, soon.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_spectacled:\_ bebrillet/med briller

\_to entail:\_ å medføre

\_estuary:\_ elvemunning

\_to snuff it:\_ å dø/å døy

\_crook:\_ svindler/svindlar

\_tart:\_ hore

\_guildhall:\_ rådhus, gildesal

\_carved choir:\_ utsmykket korparti i kirke/utsmykt korparti i kyrkje

\_to strew:\_ å overstrø, å dekke

{{End of glossary}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 410 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 411 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 AFTER READING

You chose three positive and three negative words in the pre-reading task. Now that you have read the poem, do all the words have the same positive or negative associations for you?

#### xxx4 2 CLOSE READING

>>> Task a What is the poet afraid of losing in the first stanza?

>>> Task b What does the poet mean by "old part"? What is replacing the "old part"?

>>> Task c Stanza three refers to the indifferent attitudes people have had to polluting the earth. What examples of this attitude does the poet give?

>>> Task d Does the poet see hope in the younger generation in stanza 4? Explain.

>>> Task e What is the attitude of the business world in stanza 5?

>>> Task f In stanzas 6 and 7, what does the poet think will happen to his access to the sea?

>>> Task g In stanza 8, what are all the specific things the poet will miss from the England he loves? Where can he turn to so he can still experience them? What is left to see in the real world?

>>> Task h In the last stanza, what makes it impossible to continue to be indifferent about the environment and impossible to make excuses?

#### xxx4 3 DISCUSSION

>>> Task a When analysing a poem, attention should be given to the title. What does the title of the poem allude to? What is the effect of having the reader "finish" the title in his or her mind?

>>> Task b In the final stanza, the poet suggests that we disguise our desires for things by claiming that our wants are needs. Can you agree on a list of consumer items that you \_want\_, but don't really \_need\_? Would you consider only buying what you need?

>>> Task c Are you concerned about changes to the environment or do you see this as just media-induced panic? Give reasons for your opinion.

>>> Task d This poem was written in the early 1970s. Would you agree that it is still relevant when discussing modern-day life? Give reasons.

#### xxx4 4 ANALYSIS

>>> Task a How would you characterise the mood of this poem? Find at least five words to characterise the general mood of the poem.

>>> Task b Alliteration is the repetition of consonant sounds. Find examples of alliteration and discuss the effect the poet creates with the alliteration.

>>> Task c The poet personifies the old part of England, saying that it "retreats" and will be replaced by "bleak" high-risers. What image does he create through this personification? According to the poet, what do "we" then do?

>>> Task d What is the effect of the repetition of the word "more" in stanza 4?

>>> Task e The poet pairs words in the poem. You have looked at some as examples of alliteration, while two others are "crooks and tarts" and "concrete and tyres". What is the effect of these two sets of paired words in the context of the poem?

>>> Task f The poem has a strict rhyme scheme. What is it? What is the effect of this rhyme scheme?

>>> Task g Philip Larkin was termed "anti-modernist" by some critics, not least because of his preference for traditional forms and for accessible language. What features, if any, does the poem "Going, Going" have that might be termed post-modernist?

#### xxx4 5 WRITING

Write an analytical essay in which you discuss the message of the poem. Use examples of some of the literary devices the poet uses in your essay.

--- 412 to 432

## xxx2 Ted Hughes (1930-98)

{{Textbox}}

was born in West Yorkshire and educated in Cambridge, where he met the American poet Sylvia Plath (see p. 415), whom he married in 1956. \_Birthday Letters\_ (1998) was a collection of poems which honestly describe his stormy relationship with her. He published many volumes of poetry and in 1984 he was appointed poet laureate. His poems often focus on the physical and subconscious part of human existence. The poem "Lovesong" was first published in \_Crow: From the Life and Songs of the Crow\_ in 1970.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Poem: Lovesong

He loved her and she loved him

His kisses sucked out her whole past and future or tried to

He had no other appetite

She bit him she gnawed him she sucked

She wanted him complete inside her

Safe and sure forever and ever

Their little cries fluttered into the curtains

Her eyes wanted nothing to get away

Her looks nailed down his hands his wrists his elbows

He gripped her hard so that life

Should not drag her from that moment

He wanted all future to cease

He wanted to topple with his arms round her

Off that moment's brink and into nothing

Or everlasting or whatever there was

Her embrace was an immense press

To print him into her bones

His smiles were spider bites

So he would lie still till she felt hungry

His words were occupying armies

Her laughs were an assassin's attempts

His looks were bullets daggers of revenge

Her glances were ghosts in the corner with horrible secrets

His whispers were whips and jackboots

Her kisses were lawyers steadily writing

His caresses were the last hooks of a castaway

Her love-tricks were the grinding of locks

And their deep cries crawled over the floors

Like an animal dragging a great trap

His promises were the surgeon's gag

Her promises took the top off his skull

{{Poem continues on p. 414}}

{{Glossary}}

\_to gnaw:\_ å gnage

\_to topple:\_ å velte, å falle over ende

\_brink:\_ kant

\_assassin:\_ morder/mordar

\_jackboot:\_ skaftestøvel

\_caress:\_ kjærtegn/kjærteikn

\_castaway:\_ skipbrudden/skipbroten

\_grinding:\_ skraping, piping

\_gag:\_ munnbind

{{End of glossary}}

--- 413 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 414 to 432

{{Poem continues}}

She would get a brooch made of it

His vows pulled out all her sinews

He showed her how to make a love-knot

Her vows put his eyes in formalin

At the back of her secret drawer

Their screams stuck in the wall

Their heads fell apart into sleep like the two halves

Of a lopped melon, but love is hard to stop

In their entwined sleep they exchanged arms and legs

In their dreams their brains took each other hostage

In the morning they wore each other's face

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_brooch:\_ brosje, brystnål

\_lopped\_ her: overskåren/overskoren

\_entwined:\_ sammenfiltret/samanfiltra

{{End of glossary}}

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 CLOSE READING

Work in small groups, and compare your findings.

>>> Task a Try in a few sentences to say what the poem is about.

>>> Task b What is most striking about the poet's style?

>>> Task c The poem is full of words that you would expect to find in a love poem, such as "kisses", "embrace", and "caresses". But in contrast to these words are rough words more appropriate to a world of hatred and violence. Make two columns and fill them with words from the poem, according to their positive and negative connotations, like this:

i) \_positive love words\_

ii) \_negative words\_

(See "Enjoying Poetry", p. 144, for more about connotation.)

>>> Task d What sort of a love affair is the poem describing? Are the personalities of the people involved being destroyed? Must love be like this?

>>> Task e In the poem the relationship perhaps seems balanced, in the sense that no one has the upper hand. \_How\_ balanced do you find it? Explain your opinion.

>>> Task f A poem does not, of course, have to be autobiographical. Do you, however, think that a poem like this reveals anything about the writer's personality and experience of, or attitude to, personal relationships?

#### xxx4 2 IMAGERY

>>> Task a "His smiles were spider bites." This is one example of the richness of the poem's imagery. Go through the poem and make a note of the images used in metaphors or similes, or as symbols (see also "Enjoying Poetry" p. 145).

>>> Task b When you have written down the images, discuss with a partner how effective these images are by asking yourselves what associations and connotations they bring with them. Choose five of the images and try to decide why Hughes used them.

#### xxx4 3 WRITING

Hughes's poem is not a traditional love poem. Is there a "standard" picture of love and romance we often meet? Try to think about \_where\_ we get our ideas about love and romance from. Think back over things you have experienced, seen, heard, read, etc. Write a text in which you discuss where we get our ideas about love and romance from: Call it "The idea of love".

--- 415 to 432

## xxx2 Sylvia Plath (1932-1963)

{{Textbox}}

was a poet and novelist. She was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and educated both in America and in England. She married the English poet Ted Hughes and, after living for a while in the USA, they settled in England in 1959. Her first book of poetry. \_The Colossus\_, appeared in 1960. She committed suicide in 1963, two years before her much-acclaimed book of poetry \_Ariel\_, edited by her husband, was published. The poem "Mirror" appeared in the posthumous collection \_Crossing the Water\_ (1971).

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Poem: Mirror

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.

Whatever I see I swallow immediately

Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.

I am not cruel, only truthful –

The eye of a little god, four-cornered.

Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.

It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long

I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.

Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,

Searching my reaches for what she really is.

Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.

I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.

She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.

I am important to her. She comes and goes.

Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.

In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman

Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

{{End of poem}}

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

{{Glossary}}

\_exact:\_ nøyaktig

\_preconception:\_ forutinntatt holdning/førehandsmeining

\_unmisted:\_ ikke tåkelagt/ikkje tåkelagd

\_speckle:\_ flekk

\_agitation:\_ urolig bevegelse/uroleg rørsle

{{End of glossary}}

--- 416 to 432

### xxx3 TASKS

#### xxx4 1 DISCUSSION

Discuss these questions in pairs or small groups:

>>> Task a Can you identify the voice of the speaker? Does it change from the first to the second stanza?

>>> Task b What sort of attitude to the world around it does the speaking "I" voice have in the first lines of the poem?

>>> Task c Can you identify a setting in the first stanza? Is any sort of social scene suggested in this stanza?

>>> Task d Why does the speaking voice call candles and the moon "liars"? Could the speaker be a liar?

>>> Task e Someone enters the poem in the second stanza. What do we learn about this person?

>>> Task f What do the two last lines of this poem tell you? Why is the word "drowned" used?

>>> Task g Why do you think Plath chooses the image of a "terrible fish" with which to end the poem?

>>> Task h The speaking voice says "I am silver and exact" at the beginning of the poem. Do you think you can say it is "exact" at the end? Explain your answer.

#### xxx4 2 WRITING

"I am not cruel, only truthful" says the mirror. Is telling the truth sometimes cruel? Can you think of any situations where it is? Write a story in the first-person point of view in which such a situation occurs. Give your story a title.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 417 to 432

## xxx2 Carol Ann Duffy (b. 1955)

{{Textbox}}

It is a rare achievement for a poet to achieve both general popularity and critical acclaim, but Carol Ann Duffy (b. 1955) has managed just that. Born to a working-class family in Glasgow to a Scottish father and an Irish mother, she grew up partly in England and started writing poetry at the age of ten. Her poetry combines accessibility with technical subtlety. As one critic said: "She makes it look easy." Duffy was appointed poet laureate in 2009.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Poem: Ship

In the end,

it was nothing more

than the toy boat of a boy

on the local park's lake,

where I walked with you.

But I knelt down

to watch it arrive,

its white sail shy

with amber light,

the late sun

bronzing the wave

that lifted it up,

my ship coming in

with its cargo of joy.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_subtlety:\_ finesse, raffinement

\_poet laureate:\_ hoffpoet

\_amber:\_ gyllen, ravfarget/gyllen, ravfarga

\_cargo:\_ last

{{End of glossary}}

--- 418 to 432

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 419 to 432

## xxx2 Derek Walcott (b. 1930)

{{Textbox}}

\_DEREK WALCOTT\_ was born in the West Indies in 1930 on the island of Saint Lucia, one of the Windward Islands in the Lesser Antilles. He is a poet and dramatist. Walcott is of mixed African, Dutch and English heritage and in much of his writing he explores the dilemma of divided loyalties between West Indian culture and the culture of European colonial settlers. Derek Walcott was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1992.

{{End of textbox}}

### xxx3 Poem: Love after Love

The time will come

when, with elation

you will greet yourself arriving

at your own door, in your own mirror

and each will smile at the other's welcome,

and say, sit here. Eat.

You will love again the stranger who was your self.

Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart

to itself, to the stranger who has loved you

all your life, whom you ignored

for another, who knows you by heart.

Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,

the photographs, the desperate notes,

peel your own image from the mirror.

Sit. Feast on your life.

{{End of poem}}

{{Glossary}}

\_elation:\_ (jublende) glede, oppstemthet, stolthet/(jublande) glede, høgstemning, stoltheit

\_to peel:\_ å skrelle, å løsne/å skrelle, å løyse

\_to feast:\_ å ta for seg av, å feste, å fråtse

{{End of glossary}}

--- 420 to 432

## xxx2 TASKS

### xxx3 \_SHIP\_: 1 DISCUSSION

Discuss these questions in pairs or small groups:

>>> Task a "In the end" is a strange way to begin a text. What effect does it have here?

>>> Task b "It was nothing more than ..." gives an impression of unfulfilled anticipation. What do you think was anticipated?

>>> Task c What is the effect of the word "shy" here?

>>> Task d The phrase "when my ship comes in" is an idiom in English that means "when I become rich or successful". What is the significance of the phrase here?

>>> Task e Carol Ann Duffy has a Catholic background and, although no longer a believer, she has suggested than poetry and prayer are related. Is there an element of prayer about "Ship"?

>>> Task f The poem consists of 14 lines. Is it a sonnet, would you say? (See p. 73.) Why or why not?

### xxx3 2 \_SHIP\_: 2 WRITING

  "Ship" depicts one particular event, vividly remembered, but without a context. Write a text – poem or prose – in which you depict a similar moment in your life.

### xxx3 \_LOVE AFTER LOVE\_: 1 DISCUSSION

Discuss these questions in pairs or small groups:

>>> Task a What is the effect of the opening line?

>>> Task b What is the tone of the language here?

>>> Task c Find examples of repetition. What is its effect?

>>> Task d What do you think is meant by "love letters from the bookshelf"?

>>> Task e What sort of love is the poem about?

>>> Task f What is the significance of the title?

>>> Task g The poem has many verbs in the imperative, implying a message. What is this message, do you think?

### xxx3 2 WRITING – COMPARING THE POEMS (pp. 412–419)

>>> Task a Compare the poems "Mirror" and "Love after Love" in the way they deal with the theme of identity.

>>> Task b Love is perhaps the most common theme of poetry. How is it dealt with differently in these poems?

>>> Task c In the Romantic Era poetry generally used more "elevated" language than everyday speech. How do the poems here relate to everyday speech? What effect does this have on the effect of the poems?

>>> Task d All four of these poets have written both free verse and metric, rhyming poetry. What do you think makes them choose one form or the other, and what effect has the choice had in these poems?

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

--- 421 to 432

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## xxx2 WRITING TASKS: CHAPTERS 6 AND 7

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\_Chapter 6:\_

>>> Task 1 How is the theme of disillusionment treated in the texts you have read?

>>> Task 2 Write an analysis of "A Rose for Emily" in which you discuss themes and symbolism.

>>> Task 3 Experimentation in language and style was essential in Modernist literature. Choose at least three texts from the chapter to illustrate this.

>>> Task 4 "In Modernist fiction it is not so much communication between people that is examined as the lack of it." How is this illustrated in the prose texts in this chapter?

>>> Task 5 Pick one or more of the poems from the selection of Modernist poetry and give your personal response.

>>> Task 6 Compare and contrast the main characters in "Eveline" and "A Rose for Emily".

>>> Task 7 Of all the texts in this chapter, which one did you enjoy most, and why?

\_Chapter 7:\_

>>> Task 8 Choose at least three texts from this chapter and discuss how the theme of identity is treated in them.

>>> Task 9 Write an analysis of one of these short stories: "iAnna", "A Real Durwan", "Bitter Grounds" or "Gravel".

>>> Task 10 Pick a poem in this chapter that you particularly liked. Write an essay in which you interpret the poem and say why it made an impression on you.

>>> Task 11 Compare and contrast the use of narrative point of view in at least three of the prose works in the chapter.

>>> Task 12 How are families and couples portrayed in these texts?

>>> Task 13 In the introduction to this chapter we mentioned that ambiguity and irony are typical features of Postmodern literature. How do you see this reflected in the texts?

{{Textbox}}

\_Self-evaluation\_

Go to the section called "Self-evaluation" at access.cdu.no to rate your performance in English according to the goals in the subject curriculum.

{{End of textbox}}

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## xxx2 ACROSS THE ARTS 6: SMOKE AND MIRRORS

### xxx3 Postmodernism in art

The closer to our own time we come, the more difficult it is to see trends and tendencies. It is both the classic problem of not being able to see the wood for the trees and the perception that social and cultural change is speeding up. As we have seen, there are widely differing ideas about when the Postmodern age began and exactly what constitutes it.

  In the following we are going to look at two Postmodernist artists and two of their works in particular. We have chosen them because they both represent a new direction in relation to the visual art that has gone before. Both are controversial. Are they typical of the Postmodern age? Only in the sense that many other artists with completely different styles could also be said to be typical. Such is the diversity of Postmodernism.

  Very generally speaking, Postmodernists are sceptical of anything that smacks of certainty, formalism and narrow rationalism. While Modernists after the First World War mourned the loss of order, Postmodernists tend to doubt whether such an order has ever existed. They tend to look at both art and society in a relativistic way – one theory or cultural expression is no better or more important than another. In their own work they are subjective and eclectic, borrowing from here and there without worrying whether it adds up to a unified whole – like their Modernist predecessors, they don't trust unified wholes. But the Postmodern artist goes a step further and sees art as having no value or meaning in itself. It can only achieve meaning in the mind of the beholder. In Postmodernism it is the viewer, the reader or the listener that is the most important participant in the creative process. Art takes place not on the artist's canvas or the concert podium, but in the brain of the recipient. So instead of aiming for impersonal universality, as many avant-garde Modernists did, the Postmodernist artist is happy to settle for the transient, the personal and the accessible. The division between "high" and "low" art disappears, and popular culture is often a source of inspiration.

### xxx3 Art photography

There is nothing Postmodern about photography in itself. On the contrary, it's been around for quite a while – about 175 years, to be precise. For the past century photographs have been so ubiquitous that it's difficult to imagine modern life without them. From the seductive advertisement to the harrowing war photo, not to mention the millions of Snapchat and Instagram images that fly between phones, the photograph is constantly demanding our attention. As camera technology becomes more advanced, it also becomes more user-friendly, turning us all into photographers.

  The commonplaceness of the photograph poses a challenge for the art photographer. In order to be more than just another image, the art photo has to do more than just document subjects or events. It has to suggest a unique subjective focus, recreating objective reality rather than just recording it.

  American photographer Cindy Sherman has been at the forefront of art photography for four decades. Trained in both painting and photography, she came to the attention of the art world in the late 1970s with a series of pictures called \_Untitled Film Stills.\_ These are black-and-white, slightly grainy photos, taken for the most part in Sherman's own apartment, that depict stereotypical scenes from

--- 423 to 432

non-existent movies from the 1950s or 60s. They all depict women and can be seen as comments on women's roles in Hollywood, but their "message" is far from unambiguous. Are they parodies, tributes or just comments? In line with Postmodernist thinking, they may well be all three.

  These "film photos", like most of her pictures, are self-portraits. And yet they are not. Although she uses herself as model, she is constantly disguised as somebody else – a film star, a corpse, a cowgirl, a housewife, a clown. Sherman's pictures always contain an element of dressing up and she doesn't hold back in her use of costumes, wigs and makeup. But the pictures are not about her, Sherman insists: "I'm trying to make other people recognise something of themselves rather than me." Most of her pictures are also untitled – an invitation to viewers to decide for themselves what they think the photo is about. Since the subjects are always women (i.e. herself) she seems to be asking questions about female stereotypes, and her work is often regarded as feminist. But her pictures also seem to question the medium of photography itself. Can we trust what we see? Once renowned for its objectivity and honesty ("the camera never lies"), photography here is about the opposite – image, appearance, deceit even.

  "Untitled No. 122" (see access.cdu.no) is from 1983 when Sherman had changed from black-and-white to colour photography. This was a period when her pictures were heavily influenced by centrefold portrayals of young women in fashion magazines and even by pornography. The closeness of the camera to the figure (Sherman herself, complete with platinum wig) makes her seem downright intimidating, while the shadow behind her emphasises the threatening atmosphere. Her hands are clenched – in anger? All that is revealed of her face is a bloodshot eye from which a tear has run. The picture is sometimes called "Angry Blonde" (though not by the artist herself), but the exact nature and direction of her anger can only be guessed at. The tear suggests vulnerability as well as anger. The picture seems to tell a story, but we don't know what the story is, how it will end – or, indeed, whether there is a story there at all.

### xxx3 Conceptualism

Conceptualism is the term given to a particular trend in Postmodernist art that tends to arouse strong feelings, either for or against. For the conceptual artist the work of art is first and foremost an idea, a concept. The actual execution of the work of art is of minor importance. With this approach, the traditional skills of the painter or the sculptor become irrelevant. The job of the artist is to communicate as directly as possible. But the artist was not the only one involved in this communication – the location of a work of art (e.g. in a gallery) and the viewers of the work were also participants in the process and part of the definition of the objects as works of art. Conceptual art therefore moves the boundaries of what can be called art and uses a broad range of expressive disciplines – installations (i.e. objects put together in a particular way), performances, videos.

  The British conceptual artist Tracey Emin's installation "My Bed" (see p. 424) created a furore when it was first exhibited at the Tate Modern gallery in 1999. Emin, trained at the Royal Academy, had already made a name for herself with her controversial installations, not least because of their open references to the intimacies

--- 424 to 432

of her private life. Her installation "Everyone I've Slept With 1963–1995", for example, consisting of a blue tent in which over the names of over 90 friends and ex-lovers were written, raised eyebrows. "My Bed", however, aroused even more controversy. The installation consisted, quite simply, of Tracey Emin's own bed, in a messed-up state with soiled sheets and surrounded by all sorts of personal debris – including condoms, soft toys, slippers and a pair of knickers with menstrual stains. Emin claims the bed is left as it was after several days spent in it during a bout of depression.

{{Picture}}

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{{End}}

The exhibit aroused strong responses, ranging from shock and disgust to ridicule. Especially in the popular press, it was generally seen as proof, if proof was needed, of the idiocy of modern art. Others, however, admired the work for its honesty, originality and, not least, its ability to provoke debate. "My Bed" gained even more media attention when two Chinese performance artists grabbed their fifteen minutes of fame by stripping off and having a pillow fight in the bed. (Incidentally, they called their work "Two Naked Men Jump into Tracey's Bed".)

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After the exhibition at Tate Modern, Tracey Emin's "My Bed" was bought by advertising mogul and art collector Charles Saatchi for £150,000. In 2014 it was sold at an auction to an anonymous buyer for £2,546,500.

## xxx2 TASKS

>>> Task 1 What are your personal responses to Cindy Sherman's photograph "Untitled No. 122"? Explain your responses to your classmates.

>>> Task 2 Go to access.cdu.no and find links to other photographs by Cindy Sherman. Choose one that you find particularly striking and present it to your classmates. You may find the following questions useful: What sort of character does the photo depict? What appears to be happening in the photo? What is the atmosphere, and how is it created? Is there a subtext to the photo, i.e. an underlying meaning? If so, what meaning?

>>> Task 3 Read the following responses to Tracey Emin's installation "My Bed" and grade each one according to how much you agree with it. (5 = I strongly agree. 4 = I somewhat agree. 3 = I neither agree nor disagree. 2 = I somewhat disagree. 1. I strongly disagree.) Then sit in pairs or groups of three, compare your points and discuss why you gave the points you did.

>>> Task a It's ridiculous to call it a work of art.

>>> Task b It's good fun!

>>> Task c It's saying something interesting and important.

>>> Task d As long as someone finds it interesting or important, it's OK by me.

>>> Task e It's in bad taste.

>>> Task 4 Write a review of Tracey Emin's installation for an art magazine.

--- 426 to 432

# xxx1 A GLOSSARY OF LITERARY TERMS

\_action:\_what takes place during the course of a short story.

-- \_falling action\_: the unravelling of the plot, following the climax, in which the writer explains how and why everything turned out as it did. Also known as \_denouement\_ or \_resolution\_.

--  \_rising action\_: the series of incidents that grow out of a problem to be solved and that build up to a climax.

\_allegory: \_ a narrative in which objects, persons or events are equated with meanings outside the narrative itself.

\_alliteration:\_ the same initial consonant used in two or more words that occur close together. For example: They had \_b\_ound a musket \_b\_eside her, with the \_b\_arrel \_b\_eneath her \_b\_reast.

\_allusion:\_ a reference to a person, place, or event with literary, historical or geographical significance.

\_antagonist:\_ the force (usually a person) that opposes the main character in his attempt to solve a problem and thus to resolve the conflict in which he is involved.

\_anticlimax:\_ an outcome of a situation or series of events that, by contrast to what is expected, is ridiculous or disappointing. The anticlimax can often create a humorous effect.

\_assonance:\_ a partial rhyme that results from the repetition of the same vowel sounds in words whose consonants differ. For example: \_fate\_ and \_sake\_.

\_atmosphere:\_ the general over-all feeling of a story conveyed in large part by the setting and the mood.

\_blank verse:\_ unrhymed iambic pentameter verse.

\_character:\_ a person in a work of fiction; sometimes an animal or object.

-- \_dynamic character\_: a character who changes or develops during the course of a work of fiction.

-- \_static character\_: a character who does \_not\_ change or develop during the course of a work of fiction.

\_characterisation:\_ the portrayal in a story of an imaginary person by what he says or does, by what others say about him or how they react to him, and by what the author reveals directly or through a narrator.

\_climax:\_ the point of highest interest or dramatic intensity. Usually it marks a turning point in the action, since the reader is no longer in doubt about the outcome.

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\_conflict:\_ the struggle between two opposing forces, ideas or beliefs which form the basis of the plot. The conflict is resolved when one force – usually the protagonist – succeeds or fails in overcoming the opposing force or gives up trying.

-- \_external conflict\_: a struggle between the protagonist and some outside force.

-- \_internal conflict\_: a struggle between conflicting forces within the heart and mind of the protagonist.

\_connotation:\_ the feelings or ideas that are suggested by or associated with a word or expression. For example: to most people the word \_circus\_ connotes a feeling of excitement, colour, movement and gaiety.

\_contrast:\_ the bringing together of ideas, images or characters to show how they differ.

\_couplet:\_ two successive lines of verse that rhyme and are usually equal in length.

\_didactic:\_ morally instructive or intended to be so.

\_epiphany:\_ a moment of enlightenment in which the underlying truth or meaning of something is suddenly made clear.

\_flashback:\_ a device by which a writer interrupts the main action of a story to recreate a situation or incident of an earlier time as though it were occurring in the present.

\_foot:\_ a specific number of syllables in a definite pattern that forms a unit or rhythm in a line of verse. For example: an \_iambic foot\_ consists of one unaccented syllable and one accented syllable.

\_foreshadowing:\_ the dropping of important hints by the author to prepare the reader for what is to come or to help him to anticipate the outcome.

\_free verse:\_ poetry that consists of unrhymed lines with irregular rhythmic patterns.

\_hyperbole:\_ a figure of speech employing obvious exaggeration. For example, "He died a thousand deaths."

\_in medias res:\_ Latin for "in the middle of things."

\_irony:\_ a mode of expression in which the author (or character) says one thing and means the opposite. The term also applies to a situation, or to the outcome of an event (or series of events), that is the opposite of what might be expected or considered appropriate.

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\_lyric:\_ a poem that has the form and musical quality of a song, in which the poet expresses an intense personal feeling.

\_metaphor:\_ a figure of speech in which two things are compared without the use of \_like\_ or \_as\_. For example, "The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor."

\_metre:\_ the rhythm of a line of poetry created by the regular repetition of stressed and unstressed syllables in poetry.

\_mood:\_ the frame of mind created by a piece of writing.

\_moral:\_ the lesson taught by a literary work.

\_narration:\_ an account or story of an event, or series of events, whether true or imaginary.

\_onomatopoeia:\_ a word or phrase that imitates the sound of the thing it describes. For example: \_buzz, sizzle, hiss\_.

\_pathos:\_ that quality in prose that provokes in the reader a feeling of pity and compassion.

\_personification:\_ a figure of speech in which human form or characteristics are given to animals, objects or ideas.

\_plot:\_ the series of events or episodes that make up the action in a work.

\_point of view:\_

the method used by the author to tell his story.

-- \_first-person point of view\_: the narration of a story by the main character or, possibly, by a minor character. As the narrator, he uses the pronoun \_I\_ in referring to himself.

-- \_omniscient point of view\_: the narration of the story through an all-knowing observer, who can be in several places at the same time and can see into the hearts and minds of all characters.

-- \_omniscient third-person point of view\_: the narration of a story by an all-knowing observer but limited primarily to what one of the characters (usually the main character) can see, know, hear, or experience.

\_protagonist:\_ Usually the main character, who faces a problem and, in his attempt to solve it, becomes involved in a conflict with an opposing force.

\_resolution:\_ the events following the climax in a work of fiction; sometimes called \_falling action\_.

\_satire:\_ a piece of writing that criticises manners, individuals or political and social institutions by holding them up to ridicule.

\_setting:\_ the time and place in which the events in a work of fiction occur.

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\_simile:\_ a figure of speech in which a comparison is made between two objects which are essentially unlike but which resemble each other in one or more respects. This comparison is always introduced by \_like\_ or \_as\_. For example, "My love is like a red, red rose."

\_soliloquy:\_ a speech in prose or poetry made by a character when he is alone. The purpose of a soliloquy is to reveal to the reader (or audience) the feelings and thoughts of the character.

\_sonnet:\_ a fourteen-line poem that deals with a single idea or emotion.

\_stanza:\_ a group of lines of verse, usually four or more, arranged according to a fixed pattern.

\_stereotype:\_ a character in a story who is presented according to certain widely accepted ideas of how such a person should look, think or act. For example, an "intelligent" student wears glasses.

\_stream of consciousness:\_ the recreation of a character's flow of thought.

\_style:\_ the distinctive manner in which the writer uses language; her choice and arrangement of words.

\_symbol:\_ an object that stands for, or represents, an idea, belief, superstition, social or political institution, etc. For example, a pair of scales is often used as a symbol for justice.

\_theme:\_ the idea, general truth or commentary on life or people brought out through a story.

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