Л.А. Шевченко

History of English Literature

from Romanticism to Modern Period

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HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (FROM ROMANTICISM TO MODERN PERIOD)

Учебное пособие

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Учебное пособие предлагает материал для подготовки и проведения практических занятий по дисциплине «История литературы страны изучаемого языка». В нем представлен теоретический материал, охватывающий основные периоды английской литературы с конца 18 века по 20 век и включающий сведения о направлениях в развитии литературных жанров, авторах и их произведениях. В пособие включены тексты произведений, которые сопровождаются комментариями, вопросами и практическими заданиями, направленными на формирование у студентов навыков интерпретации и анализа художественного текста. В пособии даются определения изучаемых литературоведческих, культурологических и философских понятий, а также дополнительные сведения о персоналиях и событиях изучаемых эпох, которые позволят студентам расширить их кругозор.
Материал данного учебного пособия может быть использован студентами при подготовке к экзамену по изучаемой дисциплине.
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Introduction

There are as many reasons to study literature as there are to study man. Alongside with other forms of art literature participates in the mighty task of rendering people's lives, minds and hearts. Human experience contained in the works of literature is a vast continuum of information from which we can benefit in various ways. We read books for educational purposes, intellectual training, escape and enjoyment. We also read books because they can help us better understand what we are.

For centuries people have accumulated and verified knowledge of man, the best works of literature being the quintessence of all intellectual and spiritual achievements of their time. Studying History of Literature we can observe culture in progress. Referring every single literary work to a particular epoch we can interpret its message in a broader context of human evolution. We can observe the development of literary forms against the historical, social, ideological, religious and all other kinds of changes.

This book was designed to highlight a complex approach to the study of history of English literature that would give students of each literary epoch and encourage their appreciation. It covers the 2nd half of the curriculum and offers an overview of the English literature from the end of the 18th century till the end of the 20th century.

The periods of English literature are presented chronologically. The general framework of each section follows a similar pattern. It includes an outline of historical and literary context, information on authors' life and work, texts for critical analysis, questions and tasks.

The material of the book is supplied with encyclopedic entries that provide interdisciplinary link to other fields of study. This information is introduced in the four main categories: literary terms, philosophy, religion and general knowledge, that embraces a wide range of subjects and is less specified. These categories are marked by symbolic pictures.

Texts are followed by activities designed with many approaches in mind: stylistic analysis, interpretation, creative thinking and writing. They allow students to examine the way writers shape their thoughts and give them an opportunity to experiment with some of the techniques. Some questions and assignments project to broader literary and cultural contexts and offer an extension activity in which students can share their responses to the issues and themes raised by the literary works. The focus of questions and tasks is also enhanced graphically.

This book aims to provide a general manual of English Literature with the emphasis on a cross-curricular link. It presents the information in multiple perspectives showing how History of Literature overlaps with many other fields of study. The knowledge of historical, philosophic, religious and other cultural facts enriches students' competence. This background knowledge provides them with a deeper understanding of literary epochs, and consequently gives them more satisfaction from reading, analyzing and discussing literature.

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Pre-Romanticism in English Literature

The upheaval in English literature at the turn of the 19th century should not be viewed as a sudden explosion, but rather as the culmination of a process which began during the Age of Sensibility in the middle of the 18th century. The novels of Samuel Richardson with their sentimentalism and a fashionable vogue for the Gothic were the early indication of a shift in taste. The expression of feelings and emotions was no longer inappropriate.

A significant number of poets started to reject the rational rules and artificial conventions of neo-classical verse. There was the so-called Graveyard School of Poetry that suggested a greater concern with individual feeling and emotions.

New sources of inspiration were found in the mysterious pagan traditions of Nordic and Celtic culture, and there was a great interest in the Middle Ages.

The success of *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect* by Robert Burns (1759–1796) was yet another indication of how literary taste was changing. Written mostly in simple Ayrshire dialect, these beautiful lyrics followed the oral tradition and represented a challenge to the established norm.

Graveyard School of Poetry

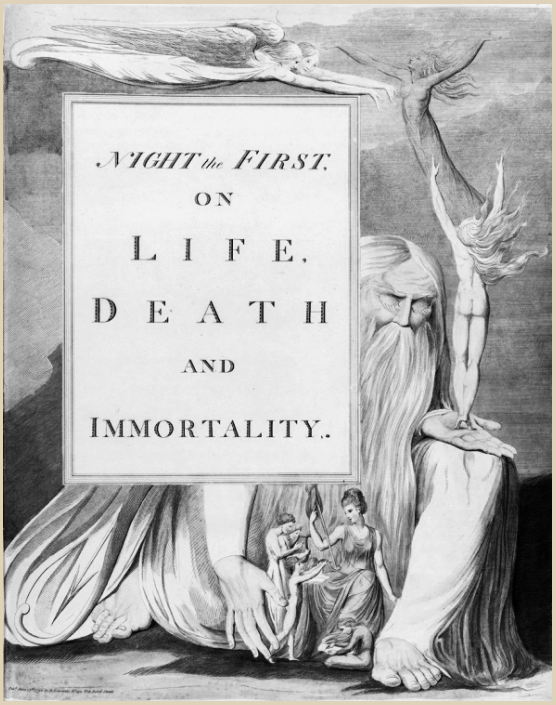
Thomas Parnell (1679–1718), Edward Young (1683–1765), James Thomson (1700–1748), Thomas Gray (1716–1771), the representatives of the so-called **Graveyard School of Poetry**, wrote a kind of meditative poetry describing moral reflections on human condition.

In the case of the Graveyard School of Poetry, the focus shifted from the neoclassical didacticism to the expression of the poet's own emotions. Also as a reaction against the Augustan principle of decorum and the rational approach to subjects, a number of poets started writing a type of sentimental, melancholic and personal poetry with the emphasis on brevity of life. The poets combined description with meditation on human existence and attempted to correlate in the literary texts emotionalism with philosophy.

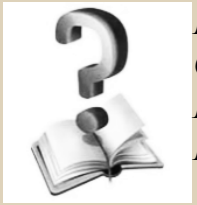
Edward Young is considered the most representative poet of the Graveyard School. His poem *Night Thoughts (1742–1745)* is an enormous work in blank verse, about 10 000 lines long. The full title of the poem is *The Complaint: or Night-Thoughts on Life, Death & Immortality*. It describes the poet's reflections on death over a series of nine "nights" in which he ponders the loss of his wife and friends, and human frailties in general. The best-known line in the poem is the axiom "procrastination is the thief of time", which is part of a passage in which the poet discusses how quickly life and opportunities can slip away. "Night Thoughts" had a very high reputation for many years after its publication, but is now best known for the fact that William Blake (1757–1827) made a series if illustrations for it.

Text

From **Night Thoughts**, Night I.



BE wise to-day; 't is madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 't is so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
Forever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves applaud:
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!



Read the extract from the poem and speak about its message.
Comment on lines 11-12.
Is this the first time you come upon the idea of evanescence of human life?
Remember other poems, stories, films, in which the same idea was expressed.

Another leading figure among the poets of pre-romanticism was Thomas Gray, whose most famous poem is *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard (1751)*. The poem presents a meditation on death and remembrance after death. The narrator finds comfort in contemplating the lives of the obscure country men buried in the churchyard.

Text

From **Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard**

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Перевод В.А. Жуковского

Уже бледнеет день, скрываясь за горою;
Шумящие стада толпятся над рекой;
Усталый селянин медлительной стопою
Идет, задумавшись, в шалаш спокойный свой,

В туманном сумраке окрестность исчезает...
Повсюду тишина; повсюду мертвый сон;
Лишь изредка, жужжа, вечерний жук мелькает,
Лишь слышится вдали рогов унылый звон.

Лишь дикая сова, таясь под древним сводом
Той башни, сетует, внимаема луной,
На возмутившего полуночным приходом
Ее безмолвного владычества покой.

Под кровом черных сосн и вязов наклоненных,
Которые окрест, развесившись, стоят,
Здесь праотцы села, в гробах уединенных
Навеки затворясь, сном непробудным спят.

Robert Burns

Robert Burns (1759–1796) is also known as Bobbie Burns, Rabbie Burns, Scotland's Favorite Son, the Ploughman Poet, the Heaven-Taught Ploughman, and the Bard of Ayrshire. In Scotland he has no possible rivals for the title of Scotland's national poet.

Burns Night, a second national day (after St. Andrew's Day) in Scotland, is celebrated on Burns's birthday, 25 January, with Burns suppers around the world.

He wrote in three languages: Scots, English and the Scots-English dialect for which he is best known today. Burns collected Folk songs from across Scotland, often revising or adapting them. His poem and song, *Auld Lang Syne* is often sung at Hogmanay.

Hogmanay [ˌhɔgməˈneː] is the Scots word for the last day of the year and is synonymous with the celebration of the New Year.

Other poems and songs that remain well-known today, include *A Red, Red Rose, A Man's A Man for A' That, To a Louse, To a Mouse, The Battle of Sherramuir,* and *Ae Fond Kiss.*

His themes included republicanism and Radicalism, Scottish patriotism, anticlericalism, class inequalities, gender roles, Scottish cultural identity, poverty, sexuality, and the beneficial aspects of popular socialising (carousing, Scotch whisky, folk songs).

Burns is generally regarded as a pre-Romantic poet, who influenced William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Percy Bysshe Shelley greatly. He also became a source of inspiration to the founders of democratic, liberal and socialist movements around the world.

Robert Burns was born in Alloway, South Ayrshire. The eldest of the seven children of William Burness (1721–1784) Robert Burns spelled his surname Burness until 1786. He grew up in poverty and hardship, and the severe manual labour on the farm left its traces in a premature stoop and a weakened constitution.

Burns's first collection of verse, ***Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect (1786),*** created a sensation and was recognized as a significant literary event. The success of the work was immediate, and soon Robert Burns was known across the country.

In Edinburgh he was received as an equal by the city's brilliant men of letters and was recieved at aristocratic gatherings. Here he encountered, and made a lasting impression on the 16-year-old Walter Scott (1771–1832): *"His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish, a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity which received part of its effect perhaps from knowledge of his extraordinary talents."*

In Edinburgh in early 1787 Burns met James Johnson, a historian and engraver with a love of

old Scots songs and a determination to preserve them. Burns shared this interest and became an enthusiastic contributor to ***The Scots Musical Museum,*** the collection of Scottish folksongs and music, which eventually ran to six volumes. The collection included the world-famous *Auld Lang Syne* (Old Times Past) and the poem *A Red, Red rose.*

Fame did not bring a reliable income to Burns. The farming continued to prove unsuccessful and Burns eventually gave it up to become a tax collector.

As his health began to weaken, Burns began to age prematurely and fell into fits of despondency. The habits of intemperance are said to have aggravated his long-standing possible rheumatic heart condition. In fact, his death was caused by an infection reaching his blood after a dental extraction in winter 1795. The funeral took place on 25 July 1796, the day his son Maxwell was born. A memorial edition of his poems was published to raise money for his wife and children, and within a short time of his death, money started pouring in from all over Scotland to support them.

Text

Ae Fond Kiss

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met--or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Расставание перевод С. Маршака

Поцелуй – и до могилы
Мы простимся, друг мой милый.
Ропот сердца отовсюду
Посылать к тебе я буду.

В ком надежды искра тлеет,
На судьбу роптать не смеет.
Но ни зги передо мною.
Окружен я тьмой ночною.

Не кляну своей я страсти.
Кто твоей не сдастся власти?
Кто видал тебя, тот любит,
Кто полюбит, не разлюбит.

Не любить бы нам так нежно,
Безрассудно, безнадежно,
Не сходиться, не прощаться,
Нам бы с горем не встречаться!

Будь же ты благословенна,
Друг мой первый, друг бесценный.
Да сияет над тобою
Солнце счастья и покоя.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Поцелуй – и до могилы
Мы простимся, друг мой милый.
Ропот сердца отовсюду
Посылать к тебе я буду.

Read the poem and find the features of the medieval ballad in it.

*Compare the mood of the poem **Ae Fond Kiss** with that of **The Parting Kiss.** How does the author describe the parting of lovers in the first and the second poem?*

The Parting Kiss

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss!

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infant's play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of future day!

Sorrowing joy, Adieu's last action,
(Lingering lips must now disjoin),
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine!

Поцелуй перевод С. Маршака

Влажная печать признаний,
Обещанье тайных нег –
Поцелуй, подснежник ранний,
Свежий, чистый, точно снег.

Молчаливая уступка,
Страсти детская игра,
Дружба голубя с голубкой,
Счастья первая пора.

Радость в грустном расставанье
И вопрос: когда ж опять?..
Где слова, чтобы названье
Этим чувствам отыскать?

Link

Poems by Burns inspired the titles of two classic novels: John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* and J .D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*.

Coming Thro'the Rye

O, Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry:
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin thro' the rye!

Пробираясь до калитки

перевод С. Маршака

Пробираясь до калитки
Полем вдоль межи,
Дженни вымокла до нитки
Вечером во ржи.

Comin thro' the rye, poor body,
Comin thro' the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin thro' the rye!

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the glen
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the warl' ken?

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the grain;
Gin a body kiss a body,
The thing's a body's ain.

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I
Yet all the lads they smile on me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

Очень холодно девчонке,
Бьет девчонку дрожь:
Замочила все юбчонки,
Идя через рожь.

Если кто-то звал кого-то
Сквозь густую рожь
И кого-то обнял кто-то,
Что с него возьмешь?

И какая, нам забота,
Если у межи
Целовался с кем-то кто-то
Вечером во ржи!...

To A Mouse
On Turning Her Up In Her Nest With The Plough

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I was be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
An' fellow-mortal!

Полевой мыши, гнездо которой разорено моим плугом
перевод С. Маршака

Зверек проворный, юркий, гладкий,
Куда бежишь ты без оглядки,
Зачем дрожишь, как в лихорадке,
За жизнь свою?
Не трусь – тебя своей лопаткой
Я не убью.

Я понимаю и не спорю,
Что человек с природой в ссоре,
И всем живым несет он горе,
Внушает страх,
Хоть все мы смертные и вскоре
Вернемся в прах.

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I cannot see,
I guess an' fear!

Пусть говорят: ты жнешь, не сея.
Но я винить тебя не смею.
Ведь надо жить!.. И ты скромнее,
Чем все, крадешь.
А я ничуть не обеднею –
Была бы рожь!

Тебя оставил я без крова
Порой ненастной и суровой,
Когда уж не из чего снова
Построить дом,
Чтобы от ветра ледяного
Укрыться в нем...

Все голо, все мертво вокруг.
Пустынно поле, скошен луг.
И ты убежище от вьюг
Найти мечтал,
Когда вломился тяжкий плуг
К тебе в подвал.

Травы, листвы увядшей ком -
Вот чем он стал, твой теплый дом,
Тобой построенный с трудом.
А дни идут...
Где ты в полях, покрытых льдом,
Найдешь приют?

Ах, милый, ты не одинок:
И нас обманывает рок,
И рушится сквозь потолок
На нас нужда.
Мы счастья ждем, а на порог
Валит беда...

Но ты, дружок, счастливей нас...
Ты видишь то, что есть сейчас.
А мы не сводим скорбных глаз
С былых невзгод
И в тайном страхе каждый раз
Глядим вперед.

Gothic Novels

The Gothic Novel emerged in the literary context of the middle 18th century. The word "Gothic" was used to describe novels dealing with macabre or mysterious events in a medieval setting. This type of fiction is characterized by horror, violence, supernatural effects, and medieval elements, representing the atmosphere of terror found in graveyards. Usually the story is set against the background of gothic architecture, especially gloomy, isolated and haunted castles, with mysterious underground passages and trapdoors. It may include insanity, often in the form of a mad relative kept locked in a room in the castle, as well as ghosts and spirits.

In 1764 **Horace Walpole (1717–1797)** published ***The Castle of Otranto.*** The book created a sensation and paved the way for many other writers – **Clara Reeve (1729–1807)** with *The Old English Baron, (1777),* **Mathew Gregory Lewis (1775–1818)** with *The Monk (1796),* **Ann Radcliffe (1764–1823)** with *The Mysteries of Udolpho (1794)* – who explored the mysterious and terrible, and discussed the topics of death, creation and destruction, darkness, horror, madness, terror, evil and sometimes weird sexuality.

Horace Walpole's novel was so full of fantastic elements (caves, animate statues, ghosts, appearances and disappearances) that the author was afraid of ridicule on publication and decided to publish it anonymously and pretend that the novel was a translation of a 16th-century Italian manuscript.

Content

Manfred is the lord of the castle of Otranto, whose sickly son Conrad is going to marry princess Isabella. As the ceremony is due to begin, Conrad is crushed to death by a gigantic helmet, which echoes the eerie prophecy that "the castle and lordship of Otranto should pass from the present family, whenever the real owner should be grown too large to inhabit it."

As Conrad was Manfred's only son, the family name is in danger. With no heir, Manfred desperately claims that he will divorce his wife, Hippolita, and marry Isabella himself. Terrified, Isabella flees from the castle to the neighbouring church through an underground passage, where she is aided by a peasant named Theodore.

When Manfred discovers Theodore's role in the escape, he imprisons the young man in the tower, where Manfred's daughter, Matilda, comes to rescue him. Isabella runs away from the church, Manfred and this army of knights race after her. Theodore also goes in search of Isabella, and finds her hidden in a cave, and when their safety becomes threatened by a knight, he seriously wounds him, only to discover that it is actually Isabella's father.

Distraught about her father's injury, Isabella returns to the castle with him and Theodore retreats to the church. Manfred has the idea of a double wedding: he and Isabella, and Isabella's father, Frederic, and Matilda. The two fathers consent to this idea, but Manfred is convinced that Isabella is secretly meeting Theodore. He goes to the church armed with a knife and stabs the woman he sees talking with Theodore, only to discover that it is his own

daughter, Matilda.

Manfred repents and Theodore's true lineage is revealed, making him the true Prince of Otranto. Matilda dies and pleads that Theodore and Isabella should be united, meanwhile Manfred leaves the castle in disgrace and Theodore takes over the title.

This novel already suggests a number of typical to the Gothic fiction components: bad weather, dark and cold forests, ancient, dark castles full of closed halls, secret passages, corridors and doors, frightening apparitions, virtuous and pure ladies, wicked tyrants desperate for fertile women.

The Castle of Otranto, as Walpole himself declared, was written to divert fiction from the domesticity of the realistic concern, to transport it from the sphere of close observation to that of free invention, from the interest in the present to that in the past, from the world of experience to that of the mysterious and the supernatural.

The Gothic fictional form drew many of its intense images from the graveyard poets, intermingling an eccentric setting and a forlorn melancholic character. The development of the Gothic Novel had a profound impact on the emergent Romantic literature. Modern critics have indeed come to consider Gothic fiction as one phase of the Romantic Movement in the English literature.

English Romanticism

Historical Context
Cultural Context

Historical Context

The second half of the 18th century witnessed the rise of political, economic and social forces that produced some of the most radical changes ever known in history. The age of revolution began in America and swept across Western Europe. The thirteen American colonies broke from the British Empire and formed the independent nation, the United States of America.

The American Revolution was a political upheaval that started in 1765 as the Americans rejected the authority of Parliament to tax them without elected representation. The protests culminated in the **Boston Tea Party of 1773,** when the entire supply of tea sent by the East India Company was destroyed by the demonstrators in Boston Harbor. In 1774 the Patriots suppressed the Loyalists and expelled all royal officials. Each colony now had a new government that took control. The British responded by sending combat troops to re-establish royal control. Through the Second Continental Congress (a convention of delegates from the 13 colonies that started meeting in the summer of 1775, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) the Thirteen Colonies fought the British in the American Revolutionary War, or the **American War of Independence,** 1775–83. As a result European powers recognized the independence of the United States.

The French Revolution started on July 14, 1789, with the storming of the Bastille.

The Bastille was a fortress in Paris, known formally as the *Bastille Saint-Antoine*. It was used as a state prison by the kings of France. It was stormed by a crowd on 14 July 1789 in the French Revolution, becoming an important symbol for the French Republican movement, and was later demolished and replaced by the *Place de la Bastille* (a square in Paris)

It was a mass uprising against the absolute power of the king and the privileges of the upper classes. The rebellion was carried out in the name of *liberty, equality and fraternity*. In reality it led to the loss of liberty, dictatorship and nationalism. To crush the resistance to the new order thousands of people were executed. France was governed under a dozen of different constitutions as a republic, a dictatorship, a constitutional monarchy, and two different empires. Subsequent events caused by the revolution included the Napoleonic wars and the restoration of the monarchy.

Britain waged the war against Napoleon. Napoleon's navy was defeated by England at the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805. In 1815 Napoleon's armies were beaten by British forces at Waterloo, Belgium.

Many changes in the English life were caused by the Industrial Revolution.

By 1800 Britain was the most industrialised country in the world. Various factors contributed to this success: cheap raw materials were brought from the colonies; the Bank of England started to operate around the country; the transport system was developed; coal provided a cheap source of energy. Factories sprang up all over the country. Different cities specialised in certain goods - Manchester produced cotton, Sheffield concentrated on steel cutlery and

Birmingham became the centre of light engineering.

The cities became overcrowded. Despite the economic improvements most people continued to live and work in dreadful conditions. The majority of workers, including women and children, slaved for long hours on miserable pay. They lived in overcrowded slums where sanitation was poor or non-existent. Diseases and epidemics became a common feature of everyday life.

The social and economic difficulties were neglected by the government. Those who were troubled by the exploitation of workers and the degradation of the cities sympathized with the ideals of the American and French Revolutions. They oftern supported the workers' protests.

From 1811 to 1817, textile artisans came together to destroy the machines which were threatening their livelihood in what were known as the *'Luddite'* riots.

An agricultural variant of Luddism, centering on the breaking of threshing machines, occurred during the widespread *Swing Riots* of 1830 in southern and eastern England.

Although the origin of the name **Luddite** (/ˈlʌd.aɪt/) is uncertain, a popular theory is that the movement was named after **Ned Ludd,** a youth who allegedly smashed two stocking frames in 1779, and whose name had become emblematic of machine destroyers. The name evolved into the imaginary General Ludd or King Ludd, a figure who, like Robin Hood, was reputed to live in Sherwood Forest.

A high point in the protest movement was a demonstration at St Peter's Field, Manchester, 1819, against the rise in the price of bread, caused by a ban on the import of foreign corn. Eleven people were killed by the army in what is now known as the Peterloo Massacre (or the Battle of Peterloo to rhyme with 'Waterloo').

The ruling classes of England were afraid that the revolution would spread across the Channel. Any attempts on the part of the poor to protest were suppressed by repressive measures. The army had sometimes to be called in to keep law and order. Usually the protests took the form of 'mob' violence and were never sufficiently well organized to present a real threat. The conservatives in England felt they had saved their country from chaos, and the supporters of the Revolution felt betrayed and disappointed.

Cultural Context

Revolutions represented a challenge to the 18th century political, social, religious, philosophical and artistic ideals that were no longer considered adequate. The balance and symmetry of the early 18th century society was in danger of collapsing under the weight of new ideas about man and nature, freedom and democracy, art and literature.

By the end of the century, many poets and artists had started reacting against the suppression of human nature. They refused to treat man as a "social animal" and believed in the importance of the individual and his creative potential. These artists were called Romantics.

The word "romantic" comes from the French word "roman", the name for medieval tales written in Romanic (Venacular French) dialect. The term was initially used in the middle of the 17th century in a derogatory way to mean "exaggerated, unconvincing". Later, it took on a positive meaning and described the expression of personal feelings and emotions.

Romanticism was a European cultural movement which involved writers, artists and philosophers in Germany, France, Italy and England.

In France, Rousseau called into question the influence of civilization upon man and placed man's emotional capacities over "reason".

Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778) was a Genevan philosopher, writer, composer, and one of the main architects of the Romantic movement in Europe. He argued that private property was the start of civilization, inequality, murders and wars. A central theme in his work is the belief that society ruins man and that happiness is to be found by living in a simple way without the trappings of civilization.

German philosophers gave a new importance to the imaginative power of the individual human mind. The mind, or "ego", was seen to be the actual creator of the world it perceived.

The theories of German philosopher **Immanuel Kant** (1724–1804) questioned the validity of scientific empiricism. In 1781 he published his *Critique of Pure Reason*, in which he attempted to determine what we can and cannot know through the use of reason independent of all experience. Briefly, he came to the conclusion that we could come to know an external world through experience, but our knowledge about it was limited by the limited terms in which the mind can think: if we can only comprehend things in terms of cause and effect, then we can only know causes and effects. It follows from this that we can never know the world from the "standpoint of nowhere" and therefore we can never know the world in its entirety, neither via reason nor experience.

Since the publication of his *Critique*, Immanuel Kant has been considered one of the greatest influences in all of western philosophy. In the late 18th and early 19th century, one direct line of influence from Kant is **German Idealism.**

German idealism is the name of a movement in German philosophy that began in the 1780s and lasted until the 1840s. Kant's **transcendental idealism** was a modest philosophical doctrine about the difference between appearances and things in themselves, which claimed that the objects of human cognition are appearances and not things in themselves. **Fichte** (1762–1814), **Schelling** (1775–1854), **and Hegel** (1770–1831) radicalized this view, transforming Kant's transcendental idealism into absolute idealism, which holds that things in themselves are a contradiction in terms, because a thing must be an object of our consciousness if it is to be an object at all.

English writers kept pace with the shifts in philosophical mood. In the beginning of the 19th century the spirit of intellectual rebellion continued to persist in the literary works. The most significant changes took place in the field of poetry.

English Romantic Poetry

William Blake
(1757–1827)
Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience

William Wordsworth
(1770–1850)
Lyrical Ballads

Samuel Tylor Coleridge
(1772–1834)
Lyrical Ballads: The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824)
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage
Don Juan

Percy Bysshe Shelley
(1792–1822)
Prometheus Unbound
Ode to the West Wind

John Keats (1795–1812)
Endymion
La Belle Dame San Merci
To a Nightingale, To Autumn

English Romantic poets rebelled against the accepted conventions of the Neo-classical literature of the first half of the 18th century. Although some of the Romantics adapted the classical forms (for example, *ode*) and included the elements of Greek mythology in their works, they rejected the idea of imitation as too restrictive of creative imagination.

Ode is an elaborately structured poem praising or glorifying an event or individual, describing nature intellectually as well as emotionally. There are two distinctive features of the ode: it uses heightened, impassioned language; and addresses some object. The ode may speak to objects (an urn), creatures (a skylark, a nightingale), and presences or powers (beauty, autumn, the west wind). The speaker first invokes the object and then creates a relationship with it, either through praise or prayer.

Unlike the early 18th century authors, who looked outwards to society for general truths to communicate to common readers, Romantic writers looked inwards to their soul and imagination to find private truths for special readers.

The poet was considered to be a supremely individual creator, who gave freedom to his creative spirit. In 1759 Edward Young published *Conjectures on Original Composition*, where he introduced the idea of **organic**, as opposed to mechanical, nature of composition.

Coleridge wrote: "*An original may be said to be of a vegetable nature; it rises spontaneously from the vital root of genius; it grows, it is not made; Imitations are often a sort of manufacture, wrought up by those mechanics, art and labour, out of pre-existent materials, not their own.*"Keats wrote: "*If poetry comes not as naturally as leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all.*"

The idea of poetry as a series of strictly defined rules diminished the figure of a poet to a skilled craftsman. In the beginning of the 19th century it was rejected in favour of the idea that creative process is regulated by the laws of its own nature.

In 1798 **William Wordsworth (1770–1850)** and **Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834)** published the ***Lyrical Ballads*.** The book became a landmark in English literature, indicating the beginning of a new era. The preface, written by Wordsworth for the second edition (1800), is often considered to be a manifesto for the Romantic movement. In it Wordsworth stated that:

- the poet's imagination can reveal the inner truth of ordinary things, to which the mind is habitually blind;
- poetry is not simply the unrestrained, spontaneous expression of emotions. It takes its origin *from emotion recollected in tranquility.*"The initial emotion is recalled and reproduced in the poet's mind, and when it has been processed through thought, the creative act of composing begins;
- the poet is "*a man speaking to men*"; he uses his special gift to show other men the essence of things.

The six of the most important Romantic poets were **William Blake, William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, George Gordon Byron, Percy Bysshe Shelley and John Keats.**

Although many of these poets were conscious of a new "spirit of the age", they didn't refer themselves to a movement as a unity of purpose and aim. Only towards the middle of the 19th century they were conveniently grouped together under the term "Romantic" on the basis of some common features: *imagination, individualism, irrationalism, childhood, escapism, nature, etc.*

Romantic poets attached much importance to the role of the **imagination** in the creative processes. They believed the imagination was an ability of the mind to apprehend a kind of truth and reality which lay beyond sensory impressions, reason and rational intellect. The imagination is an almost divine activity through which a poet gets the access to the supernatural order of things. He recreates and reinterprets the world becoming a prophet to all men.

This new, subjective vision of reality went hand in hand with a much stronger emphasis on **individual thought and feeling.** Poetry became more introspective and meditative. Autobiographical element and first person point of view, which for many years had been unpopular, became very common and most appropriate fot the expression of emotions and feelings.

Some of the Romantics lived in isolation and believed that poetry should be created in solitude. In this they anticipated the idea of the artist as a non-conformist. This feeling of alienation later was shared by many writers of the modernist age.

Together with the new emphasis on imagination, Romantic poets turned their attention to the **irrational aspects of human life** – the subconscious, the mysterious and the supernatural. As a result poetry became more symbolic and metaphorical.

Childhood provided another source of interest. Some poets celebrated an uncorrupted, instinctive, or childlike, view of the world. In its innocence untouched by civilisation, this view gave a freshness and clarity of vision which the poet himself aspired to.

Some poets felt themselves attracted to **the exotic.** Distant times and places became a sort of refuge from the unpleasant reality. The Middle Ages in particular served as a source of inspiration in both form (*ballad,* for example, became a popular verse form once again) and subject matter.

Nature provided another stimulus for imagination and creativity. It reflected a poet's moods and thoughts. It was interpreted as the real home of man, a beneficial source of comfort and morality, the embodiment of the life force, the expression of God's presence in the universe.

The Romantic poets are traditionally grouped into *two generations*. The poets of the first generation, William Blake, William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, were greatly influenced by the French Revolution, which physically represented a deliverance from the restrictive patterns of the past.

Poets of the second generation lived through the disillusionment of the post-revolutionary period. George Gordon Byron, Percy Bysshe Shelley and John Keats, all had intense but short lives.

William Blake

William Blake (1757–1827) was born on November 28, 1757, in the family of a London haberdasher. He received little formal education and spent his youth as an apprentice to a famous engraver. At the age of twenty-four he married the illegitimate daughter of a market gardener, *Catherine Boucher*, whom he taught to read, write and help with his engravings. The couple remained childless.

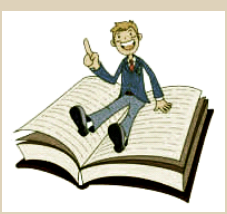
Blake stayed a religious, political, and artistic radical throughout his life. He protested against the rationalist philosophy of the 18th century and its restrictive influence on man's life and work. In his childhood he professed to have seen God's head at his window and a tree filled with angels. During his mature artistic life he claimed to have had conversations with the Virgin Mary and the Archangel Gabriel. These visions predetermined his strong belief in the vital role of imagination in his life and works. Blake insisted that he had been granted visions by God. As an artist he transformed those visions into special designs which combined picture and word.

Blake transferred the written text of a poem to an etched copper plate, accompanying it with appropriate illustration or decoration. When printed, the page was elaborately hand-coloured or, in some cases, actually printed in colour by a unique method of *illuminated printing* invented by Blake himself.

To make a living Blake taught drawing and illustrated books. A one-man show of his poems and drawings in 1809 was a failure. *The Examiner* magazine labelled him *'an unfortunate lunatic'*. Blake persisted in his unconventional poetry and drawing becoming increasingly obscure and odd.

William Blake achieved little recognition during his lifetime. When he was in his late fifties he began to attract a small group of admirers, the general opinion being that he was gifted but insane.

In the twentieth century Blake came to be recognised as a poetic genius. He is often regarded as the first Romantic poet who revolutionized the concept of creative process. *"One Power alone,"* he wrote in *Proverbs of Hell, "makes a Poet: Imagination, the Divine Vision."* By cleansing what Blake defined as the *"doors of perception"* the individual sees beyond the surface reality of everyday objects into the infinite and eternal, discerning within the physical world symbols of a greater and infinitely more meaningful spiritual reality. *"A fool,"* wrote Blake, *"sees not the same tree a wise man sees."* For Blake, imagination was God operating in the human soul.



Proverbs of Hell is a part from **The Marriage of Heaven and Hell (1790–1793)** is a series of texts written in imitation of biblical prophecy but expressing Blake's own intensely personal Romantic and revolutionary beliefs. Like his other books, it was published as printed sheets from etched plates containing prose, poetry and illustrations. The plates were then coloured by Blake and his wife Catherine. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* is probably the

most influential of Blake's works. Its vision of a dynamic relationship between a stable "Heaven" and an energized "Hell" has fascinated theologians, aestheticians and psychologists. **Aldous Huxley (1894–1963)** – an English writer – took the name of one of his most famous works, *The Doors of Perception (1954)*, from this work, which in turn also inspired the name of the American rock band The Doors.

Blake was fasci-nated with the idea of 'contraries'. He understood Heaven as a part of a structure which must become one with the creative energy of Hell rather than stand in opposition to it. The *'doors of perception'* are cleansed only by a transformation of categories so that contraries meet in newly energetic formations. Thus the tigers and horses, the lions and lambs, the children and adults, the innocent and the experienced of Blake's symbol-ism should be regarded as integral elements of creation.

A characteristic feature of Blake's poetry to see the world in terms of opposites is highlighted in the collections ***Songs of Innocence (1789)*** and ***Songs of Experience (1794).*** Accompanied by Blake's magnificent hand-decorated drawings, the two volumes were printed together for the first time in 1794 (with the title *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*).

The book describe-s contrary states of feeling and seeing. "Innocence" is a state of genuine love and naïve trust to all mankind, accompanied by unquestioned Christian belief. Blake was an true believer, but he recognized that Christian doctrines were used by the English Church as a form of social manipulation to encourage among the people passive obedience and acceptance of oppression, poverty and inequality. The state of "Experience" is described as a profound disillusionment with human nature and society. One entering the state of "Experience" sees cruelty and hypocrisy clearly, but is unable to find a way out.

The *Songs of Innocence* frequently suggest challenges to the innocent state: children are afraid of the dark, brute beasts threaten lambs, dreadful trade kills a little chimney-sweeper. Satirical and sarcastic poems from the *Songs of Experience* represent the "wisdom" of the old as oppression. Parents, nurses, priests, and human reason serve to limit and restrain what once was innocent.

Blake said that innocent conceptions of reality change in the face of experience, but he didn't deny the role of experience in the development of human soul. Blake pointed out a third, higher state of consciousness he called *"Organized Innocence,"* which is expressed in his later works. In this state, one's idea of the divinity of humanity coexists with the idea of injustice. One recognizes both and assumes an active position to them. *"Without contraries,"* Blake wrote, *"there is no Progression. If Man is to grow he must come to terms with the more sorrowful aspects of life."*

Blake's work is rich in symbols and images. He tried to create an alternative reality to that which dissatisfied him. *"I must create a system,"* he wrote, *"or be enslaved by another man's."* This system of personal myths and visions became increasingly complex and elusive as time progressed. Much of his later poetry possesses an almost biblical 'prophetic' quality.

Text

from **The Marriage of Heaven and Hell**

- Without contraries there's no Progression. If Man is to grow he must come to terms with the more sorrowful aspects of life.
- If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.
- Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.
- You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.
- A fool sees not the same tree as a wise man sees.
- If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite. For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern.

Agree or disagree with the statements. Give your commentary.

What do the images of tiger and lamb symbolize in the following poems? In what way are the animals opposed? How does the author 'neutralise' the opposition?

The Lamb
From ***Songs of Innocence***

Little Lamb, who made thee
Does thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing woolly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice.
Making all the vales rejoice:
Little Lamb who made thee
Does thou know who made thee

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by His name,
Little Lamb God bless thee,
Little Lamb God bless thee.

Агнец
Перевод С.Я. Маршака

Агнец, агнец белый!
Как ты, агнец, сделан?
Кто пастись тебя привёл
В наш зёленый вешний дол,
Дал тебе волнистый пух,
Голосок, что нежит слух?

Кто он, агнец милый?
Кто он, агнец милый?

Слушай, агнец кроткий,
Мой рассказ короткий.
Был, как ты, он слаб и мал.
Он себя ягненком звал.
Ты – ягненок, я – дитя.
Он такой, как ты и я.

Агнец, агнец милый,
Бог тебя помилуй!

The Tyger
From Songs of Experience

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

Тигр
Перевод С.Я. Маршака

Тигр, о тигр! кровавый сполох,
Быстрый блеск в полночных долах,
Устрашительная стать,
Кто посмел тебя создать?

В преисподней иль в эдеме
Некто в царской диадеме
Огнь в очах твоих зажег?
Как он вытерпел ожог?

Кто качнул рукою властной
Сердца маятник ужасный
И, услышав грозный стук,
Не убрал смятенных рук?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Кто хребет крепил и прочил?
В кузне кто тебя ворочал?
В чьих клещах твой мозг пылал?
Чьею злобой закипал?

А когда ты в ночь умчался,
Неужели улыбался
Твой создатель - возлюбя
И ягненка, и - тебя?

The Chimney Sweeper
From ***Songs of Innocence***

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue,
Could scarcely cry weep weep weep weep.
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

Theres little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head
That curi'd like a lambs back, was shav'd, so I said,
Hush Tom never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.

And so he was quiet, & that very night,
As Tom was a sleeping he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe, Ned & Jack
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black,

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins & set them all free.
Then down a green plain leaping laughing they run
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.

Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father & never want joy.

And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm.
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

Маленький трубочист
Перевод С.Я. Маршака

Когда я еще начинал лепетать,
Ушла навсегда моя бедная мать
Отец меня продал, - я сажу скребу
И черную вам прочищаю трубу.

Заплакал обстриженный наголо Том.
Его я утешил: "Не плачь, ведь зато,
Покуда кудрями опять не оброс,
Не сможет и сажа испачкать волос".

Затих и уснул он, приткнувшись к стене,
И ночью привиделись Тому во сне
Гробы на поляне - и их миллион,
А в них трубочисты - такие, как он.

Но Ангел явился в сиянии крыл
И лучиком света гробы отворил.
И к речке помчалась ватага детей,
Чтоб сажу в воде оттереть поскорей.

Мешки побросав и резвясь на ветру,
Затеяли в облаке белом, игру.
Сказал Тому Ангел: "Будь чистым душой!
И Бог, как отец, встанет рядом с тобой".

Со всеми во тьме пробудился наш Том,
Со всеми за щетку с тяжелым мешком -
И утром промозглым согрет трубочист:
Трудящийся честно пред Господом чист.

The Chimney Sweeper
From ***Songs of Experience***

A little black thing among the snow:
Crying weep, weep, in notes of woe!
Where are thy father & mother? say?
They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winters snow;
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy, & dance & sing,
They think they have done me no injury:
And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King
Who make up a heaven of our misery.

Маленький трубочист
Перевод С.Я. Маршака

Весь в саже на белом снегу он маячит.
"Почищу! Почищу!" - кричит, словно плачет.
"Куда подевались отец твой и мать?"
"Ушли они в церковь псалмы распевать.

Затем, что я пел по весне, словно птица,
И был даже в зимнюю пору счастлив,
Заставили в саван меня обрядиться
И петь научили на грустный мотив.

Затем, что я снова пляшу и пою,
Спокойно родители в церковь ушли
И молятся Богу, Святым, Королю,
Что Небо на наших слезах возвели".

What was the author's purpose in writing two poems with the same title? Compare "innocent" and "experienced" opinions about the chimney sweeper's life.

William Wordsworth

William Wordsworth (1770–1850), born on April 7, 1770, was the second of five children of an estate manager. He lost his mother when he was eight and his father died five years later. The children were separated and raised by guardian uncles. The boys were sent to a village in the heart of the Lake District. Wordsworth received a good education in classics, literature, and mathematics, but the chief advantage to him there was a beautiful countryside and boyhood pleasures of living and playing in the outdoors.

In 1787 Wordsworth entered Cambridge. While still a university student he went on a three-month walking tour of France, the Swiss Alps and Italy. When he finished his degree he returned to France for a year and became a passionate supporter of the democratic ideals of the French Revolution. During his stay in France Wordsworth had a love affair with *Annette Vallon* who bore him a daughter, *Caroline*. Financial problems forced him to return to England. Wordsworth was unable to rejoin Annette and his daughter due to the outbreak of hostilities between England and France. He was sickened by the war between France and England and gradually became deeply disillu-sioned about his hopes for change.

When Wordsworth returned from France in 1793, he was reu-nited with his sister Dorothy, who became his con-stant companion. They lived in a small village in Dorset. The col-lapse of his radical hope of perfecting society drove Wordworth to poetry. He published his first two books of verse, which received little notice from either the critics or the public.

Two events then changed his life forever: he inherited a sum of money which covered his daily necessities and, in 1795, he met Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a poet with similar political and literary views. Wordsworth and Dorothy moved to a comfortable country house four miles from the village where Coleridge lived, and Coleridge suddenly burst upon their lives.

This friendship had a lasting impact on both poets. Together they read, wrote, discussed political issues, exchanged theories on poetry and commented on each other's work. Coleridge had a broad philo-sophic mind, and Wordsworth the steady diligence of a writer. ***Lyrical Ballads (1798)*** was the fruit of their friendship and mutual influence. Coleridge contributed four poems and Wordsworth nineteen to the collection. Later that year Wordsworth, his sister Dorothy and Coleridge travelled to Germany. Coleridge continued his studies in philosophy, while Wordsworth wrote several of his finest lyrical poems and started to work on ***The Prelude (1850),*** an autobiographical poem which he continued to revise throughout the rest of his life. The poem describes the crucial experiences and stages of the poet's life and is an introspective account of his emotional and spiritual development. Many critics consider the long poem *The Prelude,* published posthumously in twenty-four books, to be Wordsworth's greatest achievement.

In 1800 a second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* appeared with Wordsworth's new poems and a prose *Preface* illustrating his principles of poetry.

The *Lyrical Ballads* was one of the most wonderful literary collaborations, but it could not survive the real differences between the two men. Wordsworth's ability eventually provoked

Coleridge's envy, and Wordsworth could not endure watching Cole-ridge waste his talents in indecision and become a drug addict. Coleridge was experiencing serious health problems and the two became estranged and never fully reconciled.

William and Dorothy moved to Grasmere, one of the loveliest villages in the Lake District, a region which Wordsworth immortalised in his poetry. In 1802 Wordsworth married a childhood friend and together they had five children. During this period he produced ***Poems, in Two Volumes (1807),*** a collection which includes some of his finest verse and most famous sonnets. His reputation began to grow and his work became increasingly popular.

As his fame as a poet grew, Wordsworth became more conservative in his political views. He was given a well-paid government job and openly campaigned for the conservative Tory party. As Wordsworth advanced in age his poetic vision grew weaker and his output was largely uninspired and written in the elevated and artificial style against which he had once rebelled. The younger generation of Romantic poets criticised him for abandoning the idealism and passion of his youth.

In 1840 Wordsworth was awarded a government pension and the title of Poet Laureate, in recognition of his contribution to English literature. He died in 1850, a few days after his eightieth birthday.

Wordsworth is frequently thought of as a **nature poet.** He believed nature could elevate the human soul and exert a positive moral influence on human thoughts and feelings. Wordsworth's poetry celebrates the lives of simple rural people, whom he sees as being more sincere than people living in cities. *Pantheistic* philosophy led Wordsworth to believe that men should enter into communion with nature. Since nature was an expression of God and was charged with his presence, he believed it constituted a potential moral guide for man.

Pantheism is the belief that the Universe (or nature as the totality of everything) is identical with divinity, or that everything composes an all-encompassing, immanent god. Pantheists thus do not believe in a distinct personal or anthropomorphic god. In the West, Pantheism was formalized as a separate theology and philosophy based on the work of the 17th-century philosopher **Baruch Spinoza**, whose book *Ethics* was an answer to **Descartes'** famous dualist theory that the body and spirit are separate. Although the term pantheism was not coined until after his death, Spinoza is regarded as its most celebrated advocate.

This reverence for nature went hand in hand with a sympathy for childhood. Like Blake, Wordsworth understands childhood as a quality of imagination which has not been spoilt by the rational world of adults. The child possesses an instinctive superior wisdom which is lost in adulthood.

Wordsworth believed that intuition, not reason, should guide the poet. Inspiration should come from the direct experience of the senses. Poetry, he wrote in the *Preface,* originates from *'the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings'* which is filtered through the *'emotion recollected in*

tranquility." For Wordsworth the memory was a key element in poetic composition. The "*spontaneous overflow*" occurs at the moment of composition, but the feelings are newly contemplated and organized in the poet's mind through the subjective experience of memory.

The poet, Wordsworth says, is "*a man speaking to men*," but he is also, "*a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind*." The poet is a prophet-like figure whose task is not simply to embellish everyday life, but to show other men the essence of things.

Wordsworth was a great innovator. His ideas concerning the task of the poet and the nature of poetical composition have become a landmark in the history of English literature and much of his earlier verse is among the finest of the Romantic period.

Text

The Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A Poet could not be but gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed – and gazed – but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

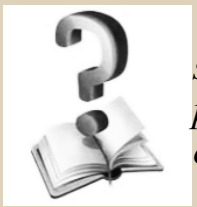
Нарциссы

Я летним облачком блуждал
В холмах и долах, одинок,
И на прибрежье увидал
Златых нарциссов табунок.
В тени деревьев, над волной
Качал их ветер озорной.

То звездный рой, устав мерцать,
Со Млечного Пути сошел,
И узкий берег озерца
Каймой сияющей обвел;
Несметно их – и, как живой,
Кивал мне каждый головой.

Искреньем не могла волна
Оспорить золото земли;
Иная радость не нужна –
Возьми, прими и раздели;
Дарованному благу рад,
Смотрю, не отрывая взгляд.

Когда я в мысли ухожу,
Когда блаженствую в тиши –
Я взором внутренним гляжу
На златоцвет моей души;
И сердцем я принять готов
Круженье золотых цветов.



Wordsworth defines a poet as a man "who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him," "who has an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events." Explain how this poem supports this definition of a poet.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834), born on October 21, 1772, was the youngest child of a village parson. When his father died he was sent to a London charity school for children of the clergy. He was a bright student. In 1791 Coleridge went to Cambridge. At Cambridge he became a radical and won a prize for an ode in Greek on the abolition of slavery. In Cambridge Coleridge met **Robert Southey (1774–1843).** Both poets had sympathetic views on the French Revolution. Together they planned the foundation of an egalitarian utopian community in New England. Coleridge left Cambridge without a degree and almost on impulse, married the sister of Southey's fiancée. This marriage was a failure. The couple had four children but lived apart for most of their lives. The community project never materialized.

In 1795 Coleridge met William Wordsworth, a poet with similar political and literary views. The encounter produced one of the most creative partnerships in English literature. The result of their collaboration was the ***Lyrical Ballads (1798).*** The contribution to the collection by the two poets was very different. While Wordsworth wrote poetry inspired by the simple things of everyday life, Coleridge turned to the past for the unknown and mysterious and took the readers into the fantastic world of imagination. Wordsworth asked the readers to enjoy his natural descriptions. Coleridge, on the other hand, led them into supernatural worlds using striking symbols and images. ***The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*** is Coleridge's best work in the collection.

In 1798 Coleridge travelled to Germany with Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. He had become disillusioned with the political radicalism inspired by the French Revolution and turned his attention to German philosophy, especially the ideas of the philosopher Immanuel Kant. He learned German, studied philosophy at Gottingen University and translated some works by the romantic poet *Friedrich von Schiller* into English.

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805) was a German poet, philosopher, historian, and playwright. During the last seventeen years of his life (1788–1805), Schiller struck up a productive friendship with already famous and influential writer **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe** (1749–1832), who was an early participant in the *Sturm und Drang(Storm and Stress)*' literary movement in which individual subjectivity and, in particular, extremes of emotion were given free expression. **Sturm und Drang** is a proto-Romantic movement in German literature and music. The period is named for *Friedrich Maximilian Klinger's* play *Sturm und Drang*, which was first performed in 1777. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and Friedrich von Schiller ended their period of association with *Sturm und Drang* movement by initiating what would become *Weimar Classicism,* a cultural and literary movement of Europe, which attempted to establish a new humanism by synthesizing Romantic, classical and Enlightenment ideas.

By this time he had become addicted to opium, which was the only available relief for the pain he suffered due to various health problems. In 1804 he left for Malta, hoping to overcome his addiction and improve his health in a warmer climate. He worked as secretary to the governor

of Malta for two years and then returned to England.

In 1808 he moved back to the Lake District, close to the Wordsworths and Southey. Together they became known as the **"Lake Poets".** He fell in love with Wordsworth's sister-in-law. This love was a source of great suffering all through his life.

Lake Poets are the poets *Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Robert Southey, and William Wordsworth,* who lived in and were inspired by the Lake District; they are also known as **The Lake School,** or **The Lakists**. Both terms are first recorded in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1816; the pejorative **Lakers**, used by Lord Byron, however, antedates them by two years. Now the term does not bear any derogatory meaning whatsoever.

In 1810 his friendship with Wordsworth came to a bitter end. His addiction to opium got worse, making him unable to work productively. Following a serious quarrel with Wordsworth, he left the Lake District and moved to London, where he stayed with a certain Doctor Gillman, who provided hospitality and comfort for Coleridge at his home in Highgate.

In the following years Coleridge slowly regained his health, worked as a journalist and gave lectures that established his reputation as a distinguished literary critic. Highgate home became a centre of pilgrimage for a number of friends who admired Coleridge's conversations. Hazlitt described him as *"the most impressive talker of his age."*

William Hazlitt (1778–1830) was an English writer, drama and literary critic, painter, social commentator, and philosopher. He is now considered one of the greatest critics and essayists in the history of the English language. During his lifetime he made friends with many men of letters including Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Wordsworth, and John Keats.

The publication of the poems ***Christabel (1816)*** and ***Kubla Khan (1816)***, both unfinished, consolidated Coleridge's fame. *Kubla Khan* was inspired by a dream in an opium sleep. Coleridge woke up with a clear image of the poem, but lost the vision, except for a few lines, when a visitor disturbed him. The poem describes ancient magic rites. Its most striking features are its suggestive imagery and musical rhythm. *Christabel* is a medieval romance of the supernatural, which includes many Gothic elements.

Though he is best known today for his poetry, Coleridge wrote articles and dissertations on philosophy, political analysis and theology. His treatises and lectures made him the most influential English literary critic of the nineteenth century. In his ***Biographia Literaria (1817)***, considered his greatest critical work, Coleridge developed theories that laid the foundations of twentieth-century literary theory.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

The Rime, or story, is told by the Ancient Mariner to a man who is on his way to a wed-ding. The Mariner was working as a sailor on a ship that was blocked in by ice near the South

Pole. Suddenly an albatross appears out of the fog and is welcomed as a sign of good luck by the crew. Not long after, the ice splits and the bird flies alongside the ship as it continues its voyage. Then, one day, for no apparent reason, the Mariner shoots and kills the albatross. The ship is blown north to the Equator into a horrible sea where there is no wind. The sailors say it is the Mariner's fault for bringing about their bad luck, and hang the albatross around his neck so that he will never forget what a terrible thing he has done. All the sailors die and he sees no way out of a hopeless situation until, one night, he is so struck by the beauty of the watersnakes that are swimming around the ship, that he blesses them. The albatross falls from his neck and the ship sails home. He is saved, but as a penance he has to travel around the world forever telling his story and conveying what effectively is the moral message of the poem:

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things great and small:
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The combination of the supernatural and the commonplace, dreamlike elements and astonishing visual realism, help create an atmosphere of irresistible mystery in the poem. Many of the features traditionally associated with ballads – the combination of dialogue and narration, the four-line stanza, frequent repetition, alliteration and internal rhyme – are present in this work. While frequently simple and direct, the language is also permeated with archaisms which help create the atmosphere of medieval ballads.

Text

from **Part I**
The Mariner speaks to The Wedding-Guest

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And foward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,

Часть первая
Перевод Н. Гумилева

«Но вот настиг нас шторм, он был
Властителен и зол,
Он ветры встречные крутил
И к югу нас повел.

Без мачты, под водою нос,
Как бы спасаясь от угроз
За ним спешащего врага,
Подпрыгивая вдруг,
Корабль летел, а гром гремел,
И плыли мы на юг.

И встретил нас туман и снег

And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

И злые холода,
Как изумруд, на нас плывут
Кругом громады льда.

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken –
The ice was all between.

Меж снежных трещин иногда
Угрюмый свет блеснет:
Ни человека, ни зверей, –
Повсюду только лед.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

Отсюда лед, оттуда лед,
Вверху и в глубине,
Трещит, ломается, гремит,
Как звуки в тяжком сне.

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

И напоследок Альбатрос
К нам прилетел из тьмы;
Как, если б был он человек,
С ним обходились мы.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

Он пищу брал у нас из рук.
Кружил над головой.
И с громом треснул лед, и вот
Нас вывел рулевой.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

И добрый южный ветр нас мчал,
Был с нами Альбатрос,
Он поиграть, поесть слетал
На корабельный нос.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

В сырой туман на мачте он
Спал девять вечеров,
И белый месяц нам сиял
Из белых облаков».

`God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus! –
Why look'st thou so?' – "With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross."

– Господь с тобой, Моряк седой,
Дрожишь ты, как в мороз!
Как смотришь ты? – «Моей стрелой
Убит был Альбатрос».

from **Part II**

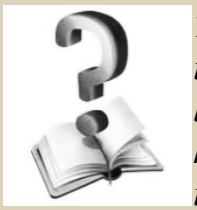
Часть вторая

"The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,

«Вот солнце справа из волны
Восходит в вышину

Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea.	Во мгле, и с левой стороны Уходит в глубину.
And the good south wind still blew behind, But no sweet bird did follow, Nor any day for food or play Came to the mariners' hollo!	И добрый южный ветр нас мчит, Но умер Альбатрос, Он не летит играть иль есть На корабельный нос.
And I had done a hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe: For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow. Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay, That made the breeze to blow!	Я дело адское свершил, То было дело зла. Я слышал: «птицу ты убил, Что ветер принесла; Несчастный, птицу ты убил, Что ветер принесла».
Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, The glorious sun uprist: Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist. 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay, That bring the fog and mist.	Когда же солнечным лучом Зажегся океан, Я слышал: «птицу ты убил, Пославшую туман, Ты прав был, птицу умертвив, Пославшую туман».
The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, The furrow followed free; We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea.	Белеет пена, дует ветр, За нами рябь растет; Вошли мы первыми в простор Тех молчаливых вод.
Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down, 'Twas sad as sad could be; And we did speak only to break The silence of the sea!	Стих ветр, и парус наш повис, И горе к нам идет, Лишь голос наш звучит в тиши Тех молчаливых вод.
All in a hot and copper sky, The bloody sun, at noon, Right up above the mast did stand, No bigger than the moon.	В горячих, медных небесах Полдневною порой Над мачтой Солнце, точно кровь, С Луну величиной.
Day after day, day after day, We stuck, nor breath nor motion; As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean.	За днями дни, за днями дни Мы ждем, корабль наш спит, Как в нарисованной воде, Рисованный стоит.
Water, water, every where,	Вода, вода, одна вода.

And all the boards did shrink; Water, water, every where, Nor any drop to drink.	Но чан лежит вверх дном; Вода, вода, одна вода, Мы ничего не пьем.
The very deep did rot: O Christ! That ever this should be! Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs Upon the slimy sea.	Как пахнет гнилью – о, Христос! – Как пахнет от волны, И твари слизкие ползут Из вязкой глубины.
About, about, in reel and rout The death-fires danced at night; The water, like a witch's oils, Burnt green, and blue, and white.	В ночи сплетают хоровод Блудящие огни. Как свечи ведьмы, зелены, Красны, белы они.
And some in dreams assured were Of the Spirit that plagued us so; Nine fathom deep he had followed us From the land of mist and snow.	И многим снился страшный дух, Для нас страшней чумы, Он плыл за нами под водой Из стран снегов и тьмы.
And every tongue, through utter drought, Was withered at the root; We could not speak, no more than if We had been choked with soot.	В гортани каждого из нас Засох язык, и вот, Молчали мы, как будто все Набили сажей рот.
Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross, the Albatross About my neck was hung."	Со злобой глядя на меня, И стар и млад бродил; И мне на шею Альбатрос Повешен ими был».



The albatross is an important symbol in the poem. The killing of the bird can be interpreted in several different ways: man's indifference towards nature; man's lack of Christian values; the crucifixion of Jesus Christ; the betrayal of basic human values and instincts; the suppression of the creative drive and imagination in man.

Do you agree with any of these interpretations or do you have your own personal view?

from **Part IV**	**Часть четвертая**
"…Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony.	"…Один, один, всегда один, Один среди зыбей! И нет святых, чтоб о душе Припомнили моей.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
Forthe sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside –

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway

Так много молодых людей
Лишились бытия:
А слизких тварей миллион
Живет; а с ними я.

Гляжу на гниль кишащих вод
И отвожу мой взгляд;
Гляжу на палубу потом,
Там мертвецы лежат.

Гляжу на небо и мольбу
Пытаюсь возносить,
Но раздается страшный звук,
Чтоб сердце мне сушить.

Когда же веки я сомкну,
Зрачков ужасен бой,
Небес и вод, небес и вод
Лежит на них тяжелый гнет,
И трупы под ногой.

Холодный пот с лица их льет,
Но тленье чуждо им,
И взгляд, каким они глядят,
Навек неотвратим.

Сирот проклятье с высоты
Свергает духа в ад;
Но, ах! Проклятье мертвых глаз
Ужасней во сто крат!
Семь дней и семь ночей пред ним
Я умереть был рад.

Подвижный месяц поднялся
И поплыл в синеве:
Он тихо плыл, а рядом с ним
Одна звезда, иль две.

Была в лучах его бела,
Как иней, глубина;
Но там, где тень от корабля
Легла, там искрилась струя

A still and awful red.	Убийственно-красна.
Beyond the shadow of the ship I watched the water-snakes: They moved in tracks of shining white, And when they reared, the elfish light Fell off in hoary flakes.	Где тени не бросал корабль, Я видел змей морских: Они неслись лучам вослед, Вставали на дыбы, и свет Был в клочьях снеговых.
Within the shadow of the ship I watched their rich attire: Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, They coiled and swam; and every track Was a flash of golden fire.	Где тени не бросал корабль, Наряд их видел я, – Зеленый, красный, голубой. Они скользили над водой, Там искрилась струя.
O happy living things! no tongue Their beauty might declare: A spring of love gushed from my heart, And I blessed them unaware: Sure my kind saint took pity on me, And I blessed them unaware.	Они живыми были! Как Их прелесть описать! Весна любви вошла в меня, Я стал благословлять: Святой мой пожалел меня, Я стал благословлять.
The selfsame moment I could pray; And from my neck so free The Albatross fell off, and sank Like lead into the sea."	Я в этот миг молиться мог: И с шеи, наконец, Сорвавшись, канул Альбатрос В пучину, как свинец".

What helped the mariner get rid of his burden?
Why did the albatross fall from his neck?
Does this episode give any key to the message of the poem?

George Gordon Lord Byron

Lord Byron (1788–1824), born on January 22, 1788, was the son of Captain John "Mad Jack" Byron and his second wife, Lady Catherine Gordon, heiress of Gight, Aberdeenshire. He was christened as George Gordon after his grandfather, a descendant of James I. When his grandfather committed suicide in 1779, Gordon's mother sold her land and title to pay for her father's debts. Soon John Byron married Catherine for her money. The two separated before their son was born.

Lord Byron received his education at Harrow and then at Cambridge where he became fascinated with history, fiction and extravagant life. Byron was born lame. This deformity, known as club-foot, left him self-conscious most of his life. During his university time, he found diversion in boxing, horse riding and gambling.

In 1807, Byron's first collection of sentimental poems**,** ***Hours of Idleness (1807)*****,** was published. After receiving a critical review Byron retaliated with the satirical poem ***English Bards and Scotch Reviewers (1809).*** The witty and satirical poem attacked the literary community and gained Byron his first literary recognition.

In the meantime his great uncle died, and the young man inherited the title (Baron Byron of Rochdale), some money and the Byron's ancestral home, Newstead Abbey. Byron took his seat at the House of Lords and soon engaged the hatred of the Conservative Party for his outspoken political views.

After graduation Byron had a grand tour through the Mediterranean Sea (Greece, Turkey, Albania) and began writing ***Childe Harold's Pilgrimage (1812–1818),*** a poem of a young man's reflections on travel in foreign lands.

In the 13th and 14th centuries, **child** appears to have been a term applied to a young noble awaiting knighthood. Byron uses it to mean a youth of *gentle* birth.

In 1812, upon his return Byron published the first two cantos of *Child Harold.*

One of the principal divisions of a long poem, **cantos** (Italian: "*songs*") are usually reserved for epic poems. But the term "canto" wasn't around for *Homer* and *Virgil.* It was popularized by Italian poet *Dante Alighieri* who used them to divide his *Divine Comedy*. *Edmund Spenser* was the first person to use the word in English to divide his *The Faerie Queene*.

The poem met with instant success and established Byron as one of England's leading Romantic poets. He was just twenty four years old when he *"woke one day to find himself famous."* The pilgrim, called Childe Harold, became the prototype for the moody, handsome character type, who would eventually be labeled **"the Byronic hero".**

Byron then became the most popular person in Regency London. Gossip regarding his private life added to the aura of intrigue surrounding the remarkably handsome man, and his success with women became legendary. A rumour began to circulate that Byron was involved with *Lady Caroline,* the wife of future Prime Minister, *William Lamb*. Besides, Byron's incestuous relationship with his half-sister *Augusta Leigh* led to the birth of a child. It outraged society.

In September 1814, seeking to harsh up scandal, Byron proposed to *Annabella Milbanke*, cousin of Lady Caroline. They married in January 1815, and in December of that year, their daughter *Augusta Ada* was born. Later she became better known as Ada Lovelace.

Augusta Ada King, Countess of Lovelace (1815–1852), born **Augusta Ada Byron** and now commonly known as **Ada Lovelace**, was an English mathematician and writer chiefly known for her work on *Charles Babbage's* early mechanical general-purpose computer, the *Analytical Engine*. Her notes on the engine include what is recognised as the first algorithm intended to be carried out by a machine. Because of this, she is often described as the world's first computer programmer.

The marriage was an unhappy one. Anabella left Byron and took Ada with her. They were legally separated. Byron became a social outcast. He left England never to return.

Byron traveled with his personal physician John William Polidori. In Switzerland they made friends with Percy Bysshe Shelley and his soon-to-be wife, Mary Godwin. The Shelleys were accompanied by Mary's step-sister, *Claire Clairmont,* with whom Byron had a daughter, *Allegra.*

Meanwhile Byron wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold* and started ***Manfred (1817).*** He wrote this "metaphysical drama", after his marriage failed in scandal and he was ostracised by London society. Some critics consider *Manfred* to be autobiographical, or even confessional, because the main character is also tortured by the sense of guilt for an unmentionable offence.

In 1816 Byron moved to Italy where he wrote the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*. In Italy Byron met 19-year-old *Teresa Guiccioli,* a married countess, with whom he settled down into a relatively long relationship. Byron soon won the admiration of Teresa's father, who had him initiated into the secret *Carbonari society* dedicated to freeing Italy from Austrian rule.

Between 1818 and 1820, Byron wrote the five cantos of ***Don Juan (1821).*** The poem was very different from the melancholic *Childe Harold*. *Don Juan* is a *picaresque verse satire* with many autobiographical references. The hero's travels, adventures, love affairs are very close reflections of what Byron did, felt and thought. Byron wrote 16 cantos of *Don Juan* before his death and left the poem unfinished. Many critics consider this poem to be his masterpiece.

The word **picaresque** (Spanish: *picaresca,"*from *pícaro,"*for "rogue" or "rascal") is used to describe a literary work that depicts, in realistic and often humorous detail, the adventures of a roguish hero who lives by his wits in a corrupt society. This style originated in sixteenth-century Spain and flourished throughout Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Byron continued living in Italy until 1823 when he accepted an invitation to support Greek independence from the Turks. He spent much of his money on the Greek rebellion and took personal command of a unit of elite fighters.

In February 1824 Byron fell ill. The cold became a violent fever, and on April 19, 1824, Byron died at the age of 36. He was deeply mourned in England and became a hero in Greece. His body was brought back to England to be buried in the family vault near Newstead. The clergy refused to bury him at Westminster Abbey.

The most notorious of the major Romantics, George Gordon, Lord Byron, was also the most fashionable poet of the day. To this day he remains a legend. He was the hero of all his poems, but his real life was far more exciting than anything that he wrote. He was a man possessed by self-pity, self-consciousness and self-love. He created an immensely popular character – *defiant social outcast, brooding and mysterious, haunted by secret guilt, yet charming and courageous* – for which he was the model. Byron created a romantic archetype which was to last well into the 19th century. The love of liberty and freedom, coupled with a melancholy disposition rooted in solitude, became an expression of what many people of the time interpreted as the Romantic hero.

Text

She Walks in Beauty

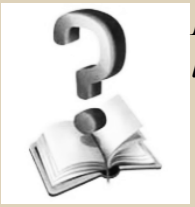
This is one of the most famous descriptions of womanly beauty in English poetry. The poem written to be set to music was inspired by Byron's first meeting with Lady Wilmot Horton, his cousin by marriage, who wore a black mourning gown with spangles. Byron wrote this lyric for Lady Horton as soon as he had returned to his room following a dance at which he saw her. The poem was published in Byron's **Hebrew Melodies (1815),** which was written to be set to adaptations of traditional Jewish times.

Перевод С. Я. Маршака

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

Она идет во всей красе –
Светла, как ночь её страны.
Вся глубь небес и звёзды все
В её очах заключены.
Как солнце в утренней росе,
Но только мраком смягчены.

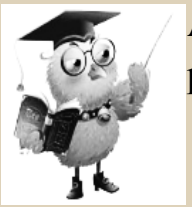
One shade the more, one ray the less, Had half impaired the nameless grace Which waves in every raven tress, Or softly lightens o'er her face; Where thoughts serenely sweet express How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.	Прибавить луч иль тень отнять – И будет уж совсем не та Волос агатовая прядь, Не те глаза, не те уста И лоб, где помыслов печать так безупречна, так чиста.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow, So soft, so calm, yet eloquent, The smiles that win, the tints that glow, But tell of days in goodness spent, A mind at peace with all below, A heart whose love is innocent!	А этот взгляд, и цвет ланит, И лёгкий смех, как всплеск морской, – Всё в ней о мире говорит. Она в душе хранит покой. И если счастье подарит, То самой щедрою рукой.



Does Byron's description emphasize the physical or the spiritual image of the lady? Compare: She walks in beauty"and She is beautiful."

from **Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV**

Apostrophe to the Ocean



Apostrophe is a figure of speech in which a writer directly addresses an absent person, a personified inanimate object, or an abstract idea.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean – roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin – his control
Stops with the shore; – upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.
His steps are not upon thy paths, – thy fields
Are not a spoil for him, – thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: – there let him lay.

What does Byron's love to the ocean tell about the author's personality?
What natural object or phenomenon can reveal some feature of your character?

Content

Don Juan

The poem opens with scenes from the hero's childhood which passes in an aristocratic Spanish family. Little Juan is described as:

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,

And mischief-making monkey from his birth.

Juan, the youth, falls in love with Dona Julia, the beautiful wife of the old and respectable Don Alfonso. The young woman returns Juan's feelings, but his mother finds out about the love-affair and sends her son abroad, "to mend his former morals."

The ship is caught in a storm and sinks several days after its departure. Juan escapes in a boat with thirty other passengers. The unfortunate are tossed about the boundless sea for days and days and, one by one, die of hunger and thirst. Juan alone survives and swims to the shore of an island where a famous smuggler and pirate Lambro lives. Juan is found by the only daughter of Lambro – Haidee. She takes care of him. The young people fall in love. Suddenly Lambro returns to the island. The lovers are discovered and forcibly separated.

Juan is sold into slavery to Turkey and Haidee dies of a broken heart. Juan is bought in a slave market by the Turkish sultana. He is sent to the harem in the guise of a woman. He

lives through many adventures there. At last he escapes from Turkey and gets to the Russian camp near Ismail, a Turkish fortress sieged by land and water by Suvorov's armies. Byron gives realistic pictures of the storming of Ismail under the command of the great Suvorov.

On Ismail's surrender Juan is sent to St. Petersburg with the news of the victory and is received at the court of Empress Catherine. Soon he leaves Russia, travels through Europe, and finally lands in England. After staying in the country for some time, Juan understands that the policy of England does not follow the principles of freedom. But many lines of the poem, on the other hand, show the author's love for his native country, for its people, nature and art.

In the last part of the poem, Juan, accompanied by a group of guests, visits the country seat of a Lord Amundeville to take part in a foxhunt. Juan is a success with the ladies.

Here the narrative breaks off. Canto 17 of *Don Juan* remains unfinished. Byron wanted his hero to take part in the French Revolution and die for freedom. There are practically two heroes in the poem. One is the literary hero of Don Juan. The other one is the poet himself. *"Almost all Don Juan,"* Byron wrote in one of his letters, *"is real life, either my own, or from people I knew."* As Juan's adventures cover a considerable part of Europe it gives his author an opportunity to describe different countries, to comment on politics and relations between men and to give a satirical portrait of his contemporary society, its customs and hypocrisies.

Manfred

Manfred is set in the Alps where the title character lives in a Gothic castle. Tortured by his own sense of guilt for an unnamed offense, Manfred invokes six spirits associated with earth and the elements, and a seventh who determines Manfred's personal destiny. None of the spirits are able to grant him what he wishes; they offer "Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days," but not the forgetfulness and oblivion he seeks. The seventh spirit assumes the form of his dead lover Astarte but vanishes when Manfred tries to touch her. Manfred falls into a state of unconsciousness during which an unidentified voice delivers a lengthy incantation full of accusations and predictions of doom. Variously attributed to Astarte, to an unspecified external force, or most commonly to the voice of Manfred's own conscience, the incantation tells Manfred that he will be governed by a spell or curse and will be tortured – not by external agents but by his own nature. Although he will seek death, his wish will be denied.

In the next scene, Manfred attempts to plunge to his death from the high cliffs of the Jungfrau, but he is rescued by an elderly Chamois Hunter who takes him back to his cabin and offers him a cup of wine. Manfred imagines that the cup has blood on its brim, specifically Astarte's blood, which is also his own blood. This passage, along with Manfred's admission that he and Astarte had loved as they should not have loved, suggests that the two engaged in an incestuous relationship.

Manfred next invokes the Witch of the Alps, a beautiful spirit who offers to help him on condition that he swears an oath of obedience to her. Manfred refuses to be her slave and similarly rejects submission to the various forces of evil led by Arimanes. Unlike Faust,

Manfred is unwilling to submit to any external authority – natural or supernatural, good or evil. Astarte appears to him again and Manfred begs her forgiveness. She refuses to answer and then predicts that his "earthly ills" will soon come to an end.

Manfred returns to his castle feeling peaceful, if only for a short time. He is visited by the Abbot of St. Maurice who offers comfort through religion. Manfred refuses, although he takes the hand of the Abbott at the moment of death, possibly accepting the human contact he had disdained during life.

Manfred was inspired by the frustration induced by the thoughts about the man being *"half dust, half deity, alike unfit to sink or soar."* In *Manfred* Byron voiced his most profound opinions on the fate of the human creature. Manfred as a rebel, like *Satan, Cain*, and *Prometheus*, embodies Romantic self-assertion. Unable to find consolation for his guilt in this world or in the supernatural, at the moment of death Manfred absolutely denies the authority of any spiritual system over individual will.

Text

– Back to thy hell!
Thou hast no power upon me, that I feel;
Thou never shalt possess me, that I know:
What I have done is done; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from thine:
The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts, –
Is its own origin of ill and end
And its own place and time: its innate sense,
When stripped of this mortality, derives
No colour from the fleeting things without,
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me;
I have not been thy dupe, nor am I thy prey –
But was my own destroyer, and will be
My own hereafter – Back, ye baffled fiends!
The hand of Death is on me – but not yours!

Перевод И. Бунина

Не ты судья грехам!
Карает ли преступника преступник?
Убийцу тать? Сгинь, адский дух! Я знаю,
Что никогда ты мной не овладеешь,
Я чувствую бессилие твое.

Что сделал я, то сделал; ты не можешь
Усилить мук, в моей груди сокрытых:
Бессмертный дух сам суд себе творит
За добрые и злые помышленья.
Меня не искушал ты и не мог
Ни искушать, ни обольщать, – я жертвой
Твоей доныне не был – и не буду.
Сгубив себя, я сам и покараю
Себя за грех. Исчадья тьмы, рассейтесь!
Я покоряюсь смерти, а не вам!

Do you support the idea of absolute freedom and self-sufficiency of human mind? Interpret the lines:

The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts, –

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822) was born on August 4, 1792, into a prosperous aristocratic family. He attended Eton College, and then went on to Oxford University. After less than a year's enrollment Shelly wrote a pamphlet ***The Necessity of Atheism*** and got expelled. He could have been reinstated with the help of his father, but the young man refused to renounce the pamphlet and declare himself Christian. It caused Shelly financial difficulties and a complete break with his father.

That same year, at the age of nineteen, Shelley eloped to Scotland with a sixteen-year-old *Harriet Westbrook*, whose father owned a coffee house. Two years later Shelley published his first long serious work, a philosophical poem ***Queen Mab (1813).*** In it he attacked such social "evils" as commerce, monarchy, marriage, religion. In place of these vices he proposed republicanisms, free love and atheism. The poem emerged from Shelley's friendship with the British philosopher and radical *William Godwin*. Shelley also fell in love with Godwin's daughter, Mary. He left his wife, Harriet, who had just had their first child and was expecting the second.

William Godwin (1756–1836) was an English journalist, political philosopher and novelist. He is considered the first modern proponent of *anarchism*, political philosophy that advocates stateless societies often defined as self-governed voluntary institutions. He was married to the pioneering feminist writer **Mary Wollstonecraft (1759–1797)**.

The death of Shelley's grandfather temporarily solved financial problems and allowed him and Mary to elope to Europe. In November 1814 Harriet bore a son, and in February 1815 Mary Godwin gave birth prematurely to a child who died two weeks later. The following January, Mary bore another son, named William after her father. In May the couple went to Lake Geneva, where Shelley spent a great deal of time with George Gordon, Lord Byron, sailing on Lake Geneva and discussing poetry.

In December 1816 Harriet Shelley committed suicide. Three weeks after her body was found in a lake in Hyde Park, London, Shelley and Mary Godwin officially were married. Shelley lost custody of his two children by Harriet.

In 1817 Shelley wrote a long narrative poem *Laon and Cythna* that was withdrawn after only a few copies were published, because it attacked religion and contained blasphemy. It was later edited and published as ***The Revolt of Islam (1818).*** It is a long allegoric poem which transposes the French Revolution into an Oriental setting.

Early in 1818, Shelley and his new wife left England for the last time. During the remaining four years of his life, Shelley produced all his major works, including the sonnet ***Ozymandias (1818)***, the lyrical drama ***Prometheus Unbound (1820)*** and his best-loved poems ***To a Skylark, The Cloud*** and ***Ode to the West Wind (1820).***

In antiquity, **Ozymandias** was a Greek name for the Egyptian pharaoh Ramesses II. Shelley began writing his poem in 1817, soon after the announcement of the British Museum's acquisition of a large fragment of a statue of Ramesses II from the thirteenth century BC. Shelley wrote the poem in friendly competition with his friend and fellow poet Horace Smith (1779–1849), who also wrote a sonnet on the same topic with the very same title. Both poems explore the fate of history and the ravages of time: that all prominent figures and the empires that they build are impermanent and their legacies fated to decay and oblivion.

In *Prometheus Unbound* Shelley gives the Greek myth his own interpretation. He sings of the struggle against tyranny. The sharp conflict between Prometheus and Jupiter is in the centre of the drama. *Prometheus is bound to a rock by Jupiter for stealing fire from the gods and giving it to mankind. The huge spirit Demogorgon, representing the Creative Power, defeats Jupiter and casts him down. Prometheus is set free and reunited with his wife Asia.* The fact that Jupiter is deposed symbolizes change and revolution.

In Greek mythology, **Prometheus** (Greek: "foresight") is a Titan, culture hero, and trickster figure who is credited with the creation of man from clay, and who defies the gods and gives fire to humanity, an act that enabled progress and civilization. Prometheus is known for his intelligence and as a champion of mankind. The punishment of Prometheus as a consequence of the theft is a major theme of his mythology, and is a popular subject of both ancient and modern art. Zeus, king of the Olympian gods, sentenced the Titan to eternal torment for his transgression. The immortal Prometheus was bound to a rock, where each day an eagle, the emblem of Zeus, was sent to feed on his liver, which would then grow back to be eaten again the next day. (In ancient Greece, the liver was thought to be the seat of human emotions.) In some stories, Prometheus is freed at last by Heracles.

On July 8, 1822, in Italy, shortly before his thirtieth birthday, Shelley was drowned in a sudden storm as he was sailing in his boat, the *Don Juan*.

More than any other Romantic poet Shelley embodied the spirit of the rebel and would-be reformer. His refusal to accept social conventions, political oppression and any form of tyranny manifested itself in his verse. Shelley believed strongly in the principles of freedom and love as a means to overcome the shortcomings and evils of society. Shelley's rejection of conventional modes of thinking led to the search for new ideals, and he became greatly interested in the theories of Plato. Later he rejected his atheism in favour of a pantheistic belief in some kind of universal spiritual force.

Plato (428/427 or 424/423 BC – 348/347 BC) was a philosopher in Classical Greece. He was also a mathematician, student of *Socrates*, writer of philosophical dialogues, and founder of the *Academy* in Athens, the first institution of higher learning in the Western world. Along with his mentor, Socrates, and his most-famous student, *Aristotle,* Plato helped to lay the foundations of Western philosophy and science. Plato's *Theory of Forms* (or **Theory of**

Ideas) typically refers to the belief that the material world as it seems to us is not the real world, but only an "image" or "copy" of the real world.

Shelley believed that the world of sense-experience is only a reflection of the perfect world of eternal forms. The only important reality for the poet is that of the spirit.

Text

Ode to the West Wind

Перевод Б. Л. Пастернака

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being-
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes!-O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill-
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere-
Destroyer and Preserver-hear, O hear!

О буйный ветер запада осенний!
Перед тобой толпой бегут листы,
Как перед чародеем привиденья,
То бурей желтизны и красноты,
То пестрым вихрем всех оттенков гнили;
То голых пашен черные пласты
Засыпал семенами в изобилье.
Весной трубы пронзительный раскат
Разбудит их, как мертвецов в могиле,
И теплый ветер, твой весенний брат,
Взовьет их к жизни дудочкой пастушьей,
И новою листвой оденет сад.
О дух морей, носящийся над сушей!
Творец и разрушитель, слушай, слушай!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning! they are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height-
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst:-O hear!

Ты гонишь тучи, как круговорот
Листвы, не тонущей на водной глади,
Которую ветвистый небосвод
С себя роняет, как при листопаде.
То духи молний, и дожди, и гром.
Ты ставишь им, как пляшущей менаде,
Распущенные волосы торчком
И треплешь пряди бури. Непогода -
Как бы отходный гробовой псалом
Над прахом отбывающего года.
Ты высишь мрак, нависший невдали,
Как камень громоздящегося свода
Над черной усыпальницей земли.
Там дождь, и снег, и град. Внемли, внемли!

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers

Ты в Средиземном море будишь хляби
Под Байями, где меж прибрежных скал
Спит глубина, укачанная рябью,
И отраженный остров задремал,
Топя столбы причалов, и ступени,
И темные сады на дне зеркал.
И, одуряя запахом цветений,

So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear
And tremble and despoil themselves:-O hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable!-if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision, - I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee-tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Пучина расступается до дна,
Когда ты в море входишь по колени.
Вся внутренность его тогда видна,
И водорослей и медуз тщедушье
От страха покрывает седина,
Когда над их сосудистою тушей
Твой голос раздается. Слушай, слушай!

Будь я листом, ты шелестел бы мной.
Будь тучей я, ты б нес меня с собою.
Будь я волной, я б рос пред крутизной
Стеною разъяренного прибоя.
О нет, когда б, по-прежнему дитя,
Я уносился в небо голубое
И с тучами гонялся не шутя,
Тогда б, участник твоего веселья,
Я сам, мольбой тебя не тяготя,
Отсюда улетел на самом деле.
Но я сражен. Как тучу и волну
Или листок, сними с песчаной мели
Того, кто тоже рвется в вышину
И горд, как ты, но пойман и в плену.

Дай стать мне лирой, как осенний лес,
И в честь твою ронять свой лист спросонья.
Устрой, чтоб постепенно я исчез
Обрывками разрозненных гармоний.
Суровый дух, позволь мне стать тобой!
Стань мною иль еще неугомонней!
Развей кругом притворный мой покой
И временную мыслей мертвечину.
Вздуй, как заклятьем, этою строкой
Золу из непогасшего камина.
Дай до людей мне слово донести,
Как ты заносишь семена в долину.
И сам раскатом трубным возвести:
Пришла Зима, зато Весна в пути!

*In his essay **A Defence of Poetry** Shelley wrote: "For the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness."*
*Compare Shelley's **Ode to the West Wind** with Wordsworth's **Daffodils**. What brings the two poems together? What makes them very different?*

John Keats

John Keats (1795–1821) was born on October 31, 1795. His early life was marked by a series of personal tragedies. His father, a livery stable keeper, was killed in an accident when Keats was eight. His mother died of tuberculosis six years later, and one of his younger brothers died in infancy. Keats received relatively little formal education and at fifteen was apprenticed to an apothecary to study medicine in a London hospital. Keats became a licensed apothecary, but he never practiced his profession.

In 1816 Keats met *Leigh Hunt,* an influential editor of the *Examiner,* who published his sonnets ***On First Looking into Chapman's Homer (1817)*** and ***O Solitude (1817).*** Hunt also introduced Keats to a circle of literary men, including the poets Percy Bysshe Shelley and William Wordsworth. The influence of his acquaintances helped Keats to publish his first volume, ***Poems by John Keats (1817). Endymion (1817),*** a four-thousand-line allegorical romance based on the Greek myth, appeared the following year.

In Greek mythology, **Endimion** was a beautiful youth who spent much of his life in perpetual sleep. According to one tradition, *Zeus* offered him anything that he might desire, and Endymion chose an everlasting sleep in which he might remain youthful forever. According to another version of the myth, Endymion's eternal sleep was a punishment inflicted by Zeus because he had attempted to have a sexual relationship with Zeus's wife, *Hera.* In any case, Endymion was loved by *Selene,* the goddess of the moon, who visited him every night while he lay asleep in a cave on Mount Latmus in Caria; she bore him 50 daughters. A common form of the myth represents Endymion as having been put to sleep by Selene herself so that she might enjoy his beauty undisturbed.

Two of the most influential critical magazines of the time, the *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine,* attacked the collection. They declared *Endymion* to be nonsense and recommended that Keats give up poetry. Shelley, who privately disliked *Endymion* but recognized Keats's genius, wrote a more favorable review, but it was never published. Shelley also exaggerated the effect that the criticism had on Keats, attributing his declining health over the following years to a spirit broken by the negative reviews.

Keats spent the summer of 1818 on a walking tour in Northern England and Scotland, returning home to care for his brother, Tom, who suffered from tuberculosis. While nursing his brother, Keats met and fell in love with a woman named *Fanny Brawne.* Writing some of his finest poetry between 1818 and 1819, Keats mainly worked on ***Hyperion,*** a blank-verse epic based on the Greek creation myth. He stopped writing *Hyperion* upon the death of his brother, after completing only a small portion. Late in 1819 he returned to the poem and rewrote it as ***The Fall of Hyperion*** (unpublished until 1856).

In Greek mythology, **Hyperion** (Greek: *The High-One*)' was one of the twelve Titan children of *Gaia* (Earth) and *Uranus* (Sky or Heaven) who, led by *Cronus,* overthrew Uranus and were themselves later overthrown by the *Olympians*. With his sister, the *Titanide Theia,* Hyperion fathered *Helios* (Sun), *Selene* (Moon) and *Eos* (Dawn).

Keats contracted tuberculosis, and by the beginning of 1819 he felt that death was already upon him, referring to the present as his *posthumous existence.'*In July 1820, he published his third and best volume of poetry***, Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems (1820)***. The three title poems deal with mythical and legendary themes of ancient, medieval, and Renaissance times. The volume also contained the unfinished ***Hyperion*****,** the poems ***Ode to Psyche, Ode on a Grecian Urn, Ode on Melancholy***, ***Ode to a Nightingale, To Autumn,*** a ballad ***La Belle Dame Sans Merci,*** and a few sonnets.

The book received enthusiastic praise, but by that time Keats had reached an advanced stage of his disease and was too ill to be encouraged. He continued a correspondence with Fanny Brawne, but his failing health prevented their getting married. Under his doctor's orders to seek a warm climate for the winter, Keats went to Rome. He died there in February 1821 at the age of twenty-five, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery.

Though Keats died young, and had only a few years in which he could write effectively, his achievement in poetry is great. For a long time his poetry was considered merely as sensuous having no depth of thought. But with the help of his letters, published posthumously, critics have reinterpreted his poems. In those letters he recorded his thoughts on poetry, love, philosophy and people and events of his day.

As a worshipper of beauty, Keats discovered that there is beauty in everything, and that Beauty and Truth are one: "*Beauty is truth, truth is beauty, - that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'*He wrote in a letter to his friend: *I' am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of imagination. What the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth – whether it existed before or not."*

Of all the romantic poets, Keats was the pure poet. He was not only the last but the most perfect of the Romanticists. He was devoted to poetry and had no other interest. Unlike Wordsworth who was interested in reforming poetry, unlike Coleridge who was better known as a critic and lecturer, unlike Shelley who advocated impossible reforms, and unlike Byron who made his poetry a vehicle of his personal assertion, Keats did not take much notice of the social, political and literary turmoil, but devoted himself entirely to the worship of beauty. He was, about all things, a poet, and nothing else. Although his poems were not generally well received by critics during his lifetime, his reputation grew after his death, and by the end of the 19th century, he had become one of the most beloved of all English poets.

Text

When I have fears

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my hand has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charactery,
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love; – then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

Перевод Надежды Радченко

Когда боюсь, что кончу путь земной
Я прежде, чем успею записать,
Что в житнице хранит рассудок мой,
И на храненье книгам передать;

Когда средь звёздной ночи надо мной
Небесные восходят письмена,
Боюсь, мне не постигнуть тайны той,
Что Вышней Волей в них заключена;

И, видя эфемерность бытия,
Боюсь лишиться той, кого люблю,
И не вкусить волшебного питья
Любви! - тогда у бездны на краю

Я одиноко размышляю вновь
О том, что бренны слава и любовь.

What are the poet's fears?
Comment on the last lines of the poem. What is the author's resolution?

English Prose in the Romantic Period

Three types of novel flourished in the Romantic period: *the historical novel, the novel of manners and the Gothic novel.*

Walter Scott (1771–1832) started out as a writer of Romantic narrative verse and ended up as a historical novelist. He wrote several historical novels, mainly about Scottish history.

Jane Austen (1775–1817) shared the chronological time with the Romantics, but her novels have some features of Realism. She has a unique talent and cannot really be assigned to any group. Her novels remain as popular and critically acclaimed as ever. Her primary interest is people, not ideas, and her achievement lies in the meticulously exact presentation of human situations and in the delineation of characters that are really living creatures. Her novels deal with the life of rural land-owners, seen from a woman's point of view. There is little action but a lot of humour and true dialogue.

The public taste for Gothic novels which had first appeared in the second half of the eighteenth century continued throughout the Romantic period. Gothic novels were based on tales of the macabre, the fantastic and the supernatural. They were usually set in haunted castles, graveyards, ruins and wild picturesque landscapes. This type of novel satisfied the Romantic appetite for wild natural settings, the Middle Ages, and unrestrained imagination.

The greatest Gothic novel of the Romantic period is **Mary Shelley**'s **(1797–1851)** *Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus (1818).*

Walter Scott

Walter Scott (1771–1832) is generally regarded as the inventor of the *historical novel.* He was born in Edinburgh on August l5, 1771. When he was only two years old he got polio, which left him lame for the rest of his life. To convalesce, he stayed with his grandparents in the Scottish Border country, where he read widely about Scottish history and tradition.

When he returned to Edinburgh, he became a lawyer, but his real love was writing. He collected Scottish stories and ballads in ***Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border (1802–03)*** before dedicating himself to poetry. ***The Lay of the Last Minstrel (1805)*** and ***The Lady of the Lake (1810)*** are his most popular poems.

He is best remembered, however, as the first great writer of historical novels in the English language. His first novel ***Waverley (1814),*** which deals with the Scottish rebellion of 1745, appeared anonymously and was immediately successful. The following novels were published by "the author of *Waverley"* and were called the ***Waverley Novels (1771–1832)***. They are ***Rob Roy (1818), The Heart of Midlothian (1818), The Bride of Lammermoor (1819), Ivanhoe (1819), Kenilworth (1821), Quentin Durward (1823)*** and many others. For nearly a century they were among the most popular and widely read novels in Europe.

In recognition of his work, he was made a baronet in 1820. At the height of his career, the bankruptcy of his business associates brought his own financial ruin. Scott refused all offers of assistance and spent the rest of his life writing to pay off an enormous debt.

Walter Scott was a born storyteller. Like many Romantic writers, Scott stepped back into the past and set his novels in more passionate times. In his novels he placed vivid characters in violent, dramatic historical settings. *Ivanhoe,* for example, is set against the conflict between Normans and Saxons in England. In *Ivanhoe* there are many famous historical figures like *Richard the Lion-Hearted* and *Robin Hood*.

Scott arranged his plots and characters so that the reader enters into the lives of both great and ordinary people. He was the first novelist to portray peasant characters sympathetically and to recognise the important role they had in history. Scott believed that every human was basically decent regardless of class, religion, politics or ancestry. He is widely regarded as a master of dialogue. He could capture the regional speech of highland peasants with the same ease as he could reproduce the sophisticated, polished eloquence of knights and aristocrats.

Scott created a new literary form which is still popular to this day. He told the stories of fictional characters and real people against authentic historical backgrounds. His interest in the past, his concern for the common man, his use of regional speech and his descriptions of beautiful natural setting placed him firmly in the Romantic tradition.

Content

Ivanhoe

Ivanhoe is set in the 12th century after the Third Crusade. Wilfred, commonly known as Ivanhoe, is the hero of the story. He returns to his pastoral home after venturing to the Crusades with King Richard. He seeks to reconcile with his father and marry his childhood love, Rowena whose guardian is Ivanhoe's father Cedric. Cedric, a Saxon noble, is a strong supporter of Saxon rights and heritage. He disinherited Ivanhoe for joining King Richard, a Norman King, to the Crusades. Ivanhoe, through a series of adventures, reconciles with his father and rescues and marries his childhood sweetheart, Rowena. Along the way, Ivanhoe is helped by an unusual cast of characters including the Jewess, Rebecca, who heals Ivanhoe from injuries sustained in a tournament, King Richard disguised as Black Night, and Robin Hood and his Merry Men.

List of major characters:

***Cedric** is a Saxon nobleman, father of Ivanhoe. He hates the Normans and wishes to restore the Saxon monarchy.*

***Wilfred of Ivanhoe** is Cedric's son. He is a Crusader and a loyal follower of Richard I. He is the embodiment of the knightly code of chivalry, heroism, and honor.*

***Athelstane** is a descendant from Saxon nobility and Cedric's last great hope for Saxon restoration to the throne.*

***Lady Rowena** is Cedric's foster daughter. She represents the chivalric ideal of womanhood: fair, chaste, virtuous, loyal, and mild-mannered.*

***Brian de Bois-Guilbert** is a Knight of the Templar Order and Ivanhoe's mortal enemy. He is fierce and a strong fighter, but weak morally, as he falls for a Jewish girl (Rebecca) and captures her.*

***Front-de-Boeuf** is a companion of de Bois-Guilbert.*

***Richard Plantagenet (Black Knight)** is the rightful King of England called Richard the Lion-Hearted. His courage and prowess are beyond reproach, but he comes under criticism for putting his love of adventure ahead of the well-being of his subjects.*

***John Plantagenet** is Richard's greedy brother, who sits on the throne of England in Richard's absence. He spends most of his time plotting to keep his brother from coming back to England.*

***Waldemar Fitzurse** John's advisor, a wily man who thinks of nothing but his own rise to power if John succeeds in displacing Richard.*

***Isaac** is a Jewish moneylender of York. He is rich but stingy and much disliked by both Saxons and Normans.*

***Rebecca** is a beautiful young Jewess, daughter of Isaac of York, who falls in love with Ivanhoe. She attends him after he is wounded in the tournament. A tragic heroine, she is among the most sympathetic characters in the book.*

Maurice De Bracy *is a knight attached to Prince John's court.*

Locksley *is really Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest. He saves King Richard from an attack. He is witty, gallant, heroic, and he likes adventure and excitement. However, he is also smart and a good leader with many loyal followers.*

Text

Ivanhoe

from Chapter II

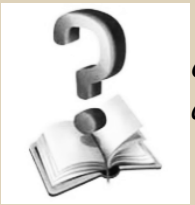
A Monk there was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An outrider that loved venerie;
A manly man, to be an Abbot able,
Full many a daintie horse had he in stable:
And whan he rode, men might his bridle hear
Gingeling in a whistling wind as clear,
And eke as loud, as doth the chapell bell,
There as this lord was keeper of the cell.
–Chaucer.

Notwithstanding the occasional exhortation and chiding of his companion, the noise of the horsemen's feet continuing to approach, Wamba could not be prevented from lingering occasionally on the road, upon every pretence which occurred; now catching from the hazel a cluster of half-ripe nuts, and now turning his head to leer after a cottage maiden who crossed their path. The horsemen, therefore, soon overtook them on the road.

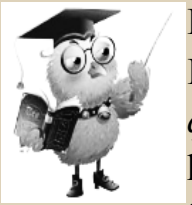
Their numbers amounted to ten men, of whom the two who rode foremost seemed to be persons of considerable importance, and the others their attendants. It was not difficult to ascertain the condition and character of one of these personages. He was obviously an ecclesiastic of high rank; his dress was that of a Cistercian Monk, but composed of materials much finer than those which the rule of that order admitted. His mantle and hood were of the best Flanders cloth, and fell in ample, and not ungraceful folds, around a handsome, though somewhat corpulent person. His countenance bore as little the marks of self-denial, as his habit indicated contempt of worldly splendour. His features might have been called good, had there not lurked under the pent-house of his eye, that sly epicurean twinkle which indicates the cautious voluptuary. In other respects, his profession and situation had taught him a ready command over his countenance, which he could contract at pleasure into solemnity, although its natural expression was that of good-humoured social indulgence. In defiance of conventual rules, and the edicts of popes and councils, the sleeves of this dignitary were lined and turned up with rich furs, his mantle secured at the throat with a golden clasp, and the whole dress proper to his order as much refined upon and ornamented, as that of a quaker beauty of the present day, who, while she retains the garb and costume of her sect continues to give to its

simplicity, by the choice of materials and the mode of disposing them, a certain air of coquettish attraction, savouring but too much of the vanities of the world.

This worthy churchman rode upon a well-fed ambling mule, whose furniture was highly decorated, and whose bridle, according to the fashion of the day, was ornamented with silver bells. In his seat he had nothing of the awkwardness of the convent, but displayed the easy and habitual grace of a well-trained horseman. Indeed, it seemed that so humble a conveyance as a mule, in however good case, and however well broken to a pleasant and accommodating amble, was only used by the gallant monk for travelling on the road. A lay brother, one of those who followed in the train, had, for his use on other occasions, one of the most handsome Spanish jennets ever bred at Andalusia, which merchants used at that time to import, with great trouble and risk, for the use of persons of wealth and distinction. The saddle and housings of this superb palfrey were covered by a long foot-cloth, which reached nearly to the ground, and on which were richly embroidered, mitres, crosses, and other ecclesiastical emblems. Another lay brother led a sumpter mule, loaded probably with his superior's baggage; and two monks of his own order, of inferior station, rode together in the rear, laughing and conversing with each other, without taking much notice of the other members of the cavalcade.



Why does the author select a passage from The Canterbury Tales as the epigraph? Does he try to imitate Chaucer's characters, tone, or manner of description? What is the role of intertextuality here?



Intertextuality is the shaping of a text's meaning with the help of another text. Intertextuality can be used in texts in a variety of forms including *allusion, quotation and references*. The writer expects the reader to possess enough knowledge to spot the intext (intertext, precedental text) and grasp its importance in a text. **Allusion** is a brief reference to a person, place, thing or idea of historical, cultural, literary or political significance. **Quotation** is a passage or remark repeated by someone other than the originator as evidence or illustration. **Reminiscences** are the familiar plots, motives, facts, wording or sounding of the text which arouse associations with other texts.

Link

from **the Prologue of The Canterbury Tales by Geoffrey Chaucer**

modern English Translation — перевод И. Кашкина и О. Румера

There was a Monk. Here was a rising man;
All the estates of his abbey he ran,
He loved to hunt, was forceful and well able
to be an abbot. There were in his stable
Fine horses. When he rode out you could hear
Their bridles jingling on the wind as clear
And quite as loudly as did the chapel bell
At that priory where he had charge as well.
The rules of Saints Maurus and Benedict,
Because they were quite old and somewhat strict
This modern monk he let these old things pass,
The new world held the key to true success.
He didn't give a jot for that old saw
Which said that hunting broke the holy law.
Or that a monk who ignored his first duty,
Like a fish out of water, was no beauty.
In other words, a monk out of his cloister.
But this saying too was not worth an oyster.
As I have shown his views were not muddy.
Why should he drive himself mad with study
Pouring over a dull book in his cell?
And as for working with his hands as well -
- Augustine's way - how would that serve the world's good?
Let Augustine do his labour if he would.
To spur his horse, to hunt, was his delight.
He had greyhounds as swift as birds in flight.
To follow a trail and hunt for the hair
Was his great love - and no cost would he spare.
I saw that his sleeves were trimmed at the hand
With soft grey fur, the finest in the land;
And to fasten his hood under his chin,
Of clever design, he had a gold pin,
With its head shaped into a lovers knot.
His bald head shone like a mirror on top.
His face did too, as though all smeared with cream.
This was a weighty man, broad in the beam.
His bulging eyes which rolled around his head,
Shone like a glowing furnace smelting lead.
His boots were supple, his horse in fine fettle
He was truly a prelate of great mettle:
Nor was he pale like a suffering ghost,
A fat swan he loved best of any roast!
His palfrey was as brown as a berry.

Монах был монастырский ревизор.
Наездник страстный, он любил охоту
И богомолье - только не работу.
И хоть таких монахов и корят,
Но превосходный был бы он аббат:
Его конюшню вся округа знала,
Его уздечка пряжками бренчала,
Как колокольчики часовни той,
Доход с которой тратил он, как свой.
Он не дал бы и ломаной полушки
За жизнь без дам, без псарни, без пирушки.
Веселый нравом, он терпеть не мог
Монашеский томительный острог,
Устав Маврикия и Бенедикта
И всякие прескрипты и эдикты.
А в самом деле, ведь монах-то прав,
И устарел суровый сей устав:
Охоту запрещает он к чему-то
И поучает нас не в меру круто:
Монах без кельи - рыба без воды.
А я большой не вижу в том беды.
В конце концов монах - не рак-отшельник,
Что на спине несет свою молельню.
Он устрицы не даст за весь тот вздор,
Который проповедует приор.
Зачем корпеть средь книг иль в огороде,
Зачем тощать наперекор природе?
Труды, посты, лишения, молитвы -
На что они, коль есть любовь и битвы?
Пусть Августин печется о спасенье,
А братии оставит прегрешенья.
Был наш монах лихой боец, охотник.
Держал борзых на псарне он две сотни:
Без травли псовой нету в жизни смысла.
Он лебедя любил с подливкой кислой.
Был лучшей белкой плащ его подбит,
Богато вышит и отлично сшит.
Застежку он, как подобает франтам,
Украсил золотым "любовным бантом".
Зеркальным шаром лоснилась тонзура,
Свисали щеки, и его фигура
Вся оплыла; проворные глаза
Запухли, и текла из них слеза.
Вокруг его раскормленного тела
Испарина, что облако, висела.
Ему завидовал и сам аббат -
Так представителен был наш прелат.

И сам лицом упитанный, румяный,
И сапожки из лучшего сафьяна,
И конь гнедой, артачливый на вид.

There are some reasons for the popularity of historical novels:

- *they provide an escape from reality;*
- *they fulfil an educational purpose;*
- *they give a new vision of historical events;*
- *and they teach some moral lessons.*

What do you think is the main one?
Add more reasons to the list.

Jane Austen

Jane Austen (1775–1817) stands out as one of the greatest writers of all times. Her novels, including ***Pride and Prejudice (1813)*** and ***Sense and Sensibility (1811)***, are considered literary classics, bridging the gap between romanticism and realism.

Jane Austen was born on December 16, 1775, in the family of a parish rector. The children grew in the atmosphere of learning and creative thinking. They were encouraged to read from their father's library, write stories and put on plays.

Jane and her elder sister Cassandra had a short period of formal education at a boarding school. The family's financial difficulties brought them back home before they finished their studies.

Jane continued to write short stories, poems and plays. She developed her style in the first ambitious work called *Lady Susan*. It was an epistolary novel about a manipulative woman who used her sexuality, intelligence and charm to have her way with others. Jane also started to write some of her future major works. *Elinor and Marianne*, another story told as a series of letters, eventually was published as *Sense and Sensibility*.

In 1801, Jane moved to Bath with her father, mother and Cassandra. In 1805 the father died after a short illness, and the family's income was considerably reduced. The three women moved from home to home of various family members before they finally settled at Jane's brother Edward's cottage in Chawton.

Jane started to publish her works anonymously. In the period of five years she published ***Sense and Sensibility(1811), Pride and Prejudice (1813), Mansfield Park (1814), Emma (1816).***

Jane Austen's novels ***Persuasion (1818)*** and ***Northanger Abbey (1818)*** were published posthumously by her brother Henry. He revealed the author's identity to the public.

In 1816, at the age of 41, Jane started to become ill with what might have been Addison's disease.

Addison's disease (hypoadrenalism) is a rare, chronic endocrine disorder in which the adrenal glands do not produce sufficient hormones. It may progress to Addisonian crisis, a severe illness in which there may be very low blood pressure and coma.

In spite of her illness Jane continued to write and started a novel called *The Brothers*, which would be published after her death as ***Sandition (1925)***. At some point, Jane's condition deteriorated to such a degree that she ceased writing. She died on July 18, 1817.

Jane Austen developed a type of fiction that is referred to as the ***novel of manners***, where characterisation and plot are very important. Her novels are a reflection of her outlook on life. She spent most of her life in a close circle of her family and friends. Her major topics were the

traditional concerns of upper and middle class society: property, connections, money and marriage. Most of the novels are set in the idyllic atmosphere of country life that Jane was so fond of.

The strong point of Jane Austen's novels was her ability to penetrate into the character and nature of human relationships. The private lives of her characters, their romances, adventures and misuderstandings, are in the focus of Jane Austen's witty and elegant works.

Apart from brief flirtations, Jane Austen herself remained single all her life. But the main subject of her novels is the problem of gaining a suitable marriage. It was a big issue facing women and men of her time. Financial considerations were often a principal criterion in deciding marriages. Jane Austen satirised these financial motivations. She liberated contemporary ideas of women's aspirations and helped to redefine their role in marriage.

Text

Pride and Predjudice

Chapter 34

When they were gone, Elizabeth, as if intending to exasperate herself as much as possible against Mr. Darcy, chose for her employment the examination of all the letters which Jane had written to her since her being in Kent. They contained no actual complaint, nor was there any revival of past occurrences, or any communication of present suffering.	Когда они ушли, Элизабет, как бы желая еще больше настроить себя против мистера Дарси, стала перечитывать полученные ею в Кенте письма Джейн. В них не было прямых жалоб. Сестра не вспоминала о недавних событиях и ничего не говорила о своих теперешних переживаниях.
But in all, and in almost every line of each, there was a want of that cheerfulness which had been used to characterise her style, and which, proceeding from the serenity of a mind at ease with itself and kindly disposed towards everyone, had been scarcely ever clouded. Elizabeth noticed every sentence conveying the idea of uneasiness, with an attention which it had hardly received on the first perusal. Mr. Darcy's shameful boast of what misery he had been able to inflict, gave her a keener sense of her sister's sufferings. It was some consolation to think that his visit to	Но любое письмо, почти любая строка свидетельствовали об исчезновении обычной для прежних писем Джейн жизнерадостности, которая была так свойственна царившему в ее душе миру и расположению к людям. Каждую проникнутую печалью фразу Элизабет замечала теперь гораздо явственнее, чем при первом чтении. Бесстыдная похвальба мистера Дарси столь успешным вмешательством в чужую судьбу позволила ей еще острее осознать глубину горя, пережитого ее бедной сестрой. И ей искренне хотелось, чтобы оставшиеся до его отъезда два дня миновали возможно скорее.

Rosings was to end on the day after the next-and, a still greater, that in less than a fortnight she should herself be with Jane again, and enabled to contribute to the recovery of her spirits, by all that affection could do.

То, что через две недели ей предстояло снова встретиться с Джейн и при этом предпринять для восстановления ее душевного спокойствия все, к чему способна истинная привязанность, было единственно приятной стороной ее размышлений.

She could not think of Darcy's leaving Kent without remembering that his cousin was to go with him; but Colonel Fitzwilliam had made it clear that he had no intentions at all, and agreeable as he was, she did not mean to be unhappy about him.

При мысли об отъезде из Кента мистера Дарси она не могла не вспомнить, что вместе с ним Кент должен покинуть и его кузен. Но полковник Фицуильям достаточно ясно намекнул ей на отсутствие каких-либо серьезных намерений с его стороны. И, как бы ни было ей приятно его общество, она вовсе не собиралась расстраиваться по поводу предстоящей разлуки.

While settling this point, she was suddenly roused by the sound of the door-bell, and her spirits were a little fluttered by the idea of its being Colonel Fitzwilliam himself, who had once before called late in the evening, and might now come to inquire particularly after her. But this idea was soon banished, and her spirits were very differently affected, when, to her utter amazement, she saw Mr. Darcy walk into the room. In an hurried manner he immediately began an inquiry after her health, imputing his visit to a wish of hearing that she were better. She answered him with cold civility. He sat down for a few moments, and then getting up, walked about the room. Elizabeth was surprised, but said not a word. After a silence of several minutes, he came towards her in an agitated manner, and thus began:

Именно тогда, когда она вполне уяснила для себя это обстоятельство, она вдруг услышала звонок колокольчика. Подумав, что неожиданный посетитель – сам полковник Фицуильям, который однажды примерно в этот же час уже навещал их и мог зайти снова, чтобы справиться о ее здоровье, Элизабет почувствовала легкое волнение. Но ее предположение рассеялось и мысли приняли другой оборот, когда, к величайшему изумлению, она увидела вошедшего в комнату мистера Дарси. Гость сразу же осведомился о ее недомогании и объяснил свой визит желанием удостовериться, что ее самочувствие улучшилось. Она ответила с холодной учтивостью. Он немного посидел, затем встал и начал расхаживать по комнате. Элизабет была озадачена, но ничего не говорила. После нескольких минут молчания он стремительно подошел к ней и сказал:

"In vain I have struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you."

- Вся моя борьба была тщетной! Ничего не выходит. Я не в силах справиться со своим чувством. Знайте же, что я вами бесконечно очарован и что я вас люблю!

Elizabeth's astonishment was beyond expression. She stared, coloured, doubted, and was silent. This he considered sufficient encouragement; and the avowal of all that he felt, and had long felt for her, immediately followed. He spoke well; but there were feelings besides those of the heart to be detailed; and he was not more eloquent on the subject of tenderness than of pride. His sense of her inferiority-of its being a degradation-of the family obstacles which had always opposed to inclination, were dwelt on with a warmth which seemed due to the consequence he was wounding, but was very unlikely to recommend his suit.

Невозможно описать, как его слова ошеломили Элизабет. Растерянная и покрасневшая, она смотрела на него и молчала. И, обнадеженный ее молчанием, Дарси поторопился рассказать ей обо всем, что пережил за последнее время и что так волновало его в эту минуту. Он говорил с необыкновенным жаром. Но в его словах был слышен не только голос сердца: страстная любовь звучала в них не сильнее, чем уязвленная гордость. Его взволнованные рассуждения о существовавшем между ними неравенстве, об ущербе, который он наносил своему имени, и о семейных предрассудках, до сих пор мешавших ему открыть свои чувства, убедительно подтверждали силу его страсти, но едва ли способствовали успеху его признания.

In spite of her deeply-rooted dislike, she could not be insensible to the compliment of such a man's affection, and though her intentions did not vary for an instant, she was at first sorry for the pain he was to receive; till, roused to resentment by his subsequent language, she lost all compassion in anger. She tried, however, to compose herself to answer him with patience, when he should have done.

Несмотря на глубокую неприязнь к мистеру Дарси, Элизабет не могла не понимать, насколько лестна для нее любовь подобного человека. И, ни на секунду не утратив этой неприязни, она вначале даже размышляла о нем с некоторым сочувствием, понимая, как сильно он будет расстроен ее ответом. Однако его дальнейшие рассуждения настолько ее возмутили, что гнев вытеснил в ее душе всякую жалость. Решив все же совладать со своим порывом, она готовилась ответить ему, когда он кончит, возможно спокойнее.

He concluded with representing to her the strength of that attachment which, in spite of all his endeavours, he had found impossible to conquer; and with expressing his hope that it would now be rewarded by her acceptance of his hand. As he said this, she could easily see that he had no doubt of a favourable answer. He *spoke* of apprehension and anxiety, but his countenance expressed real

В заключение он выразил надежду, что согласие мисс Беннет принять его руку вознаградит его за все муки страсти, которую он столь тщетно стремился подавить в своем сердце. То, что она может ответить отказом, явно не приходило ему в голову. И, объясняя, с каким волнением он ждет ее приговора, Дарси всем своим видом показывал, насколько он уверен, что ответ ее будет благоприятным. Все это могло вызвать

security. Such a circumstance could only exasperate farther, and, when he ceased, the colour rose into her cheeks, and she said:

в душе Элизабет только еще большее возмущение. И как только он замолчал, она, вспыхнув, сказала:

"In such cases as this, it is, I believe, the established mode to express a sense of obligation for the sentiments avowed, however unequally they may be returned. It is natural that obligation should be felt, and if I could *feel* gratitude, I would now thank you. But I cannot-I have never desired your good opinion, and you have certainly bestowed it most unwillingly. I am sorry to have occasioned pain to anyone. It has been most unconsciously done, however, and I hope will be of short duration. The feelings which, you tell me, have long prevented the acknowledgment of your regard, can have little difficulty in overcoming it after this explanation."

- Чувство, которое вы питаете, независимо от того - разделяется оно человеком, к которому оно обращено, или нет, - свойственно, я полагаю, принимать с благодарностью. Благодарность присуща природе человека, и, если бы я ее испытывала, я бы вам сейчас это выразила. Но я ее не испытываю. Я никогда не искала вашего расположения, и оно возникло вопреки моей воле. Мне жаль причинять боль кому бы то ни было. Если я ее совершенно нечаянно вызвала, надеюсь, она не окажется продолжительной. Соображения, которые, по вашим словам, так долго мешали вам уступить вашей склонности, без труда помогут вам преодолеть ее после этого объяснения.

Mr. Darcy, who was leaning against the mantelpiece with his eyes fixed on her face, seemed to catch her words with no less resentment than surprise. His complexion became pale with anger, and the disturbance of his mind was visible in every feature. He was struggling for the appearance of composure, and would not open his lips till he believed himself to have attained it. The pause was to Elizabeth's feelings dreadful. At length, with a voice of forced calmness, he said:

Мистер Дарси, облокотясь на камин, пристально смотрел на Элизабет. Ее слова изумили его и привели в негодование. Лицо его побледнело, и каждая черта выдавала крайнее замешательство. Он старался сохранить внешнее спокойствие и не произнес ни слова, пока не почувствовал, что способен взять себя в руки. Возникшая пауза показалась Элизабет мучительной. Наконец он сказал нарочито сдержанным тоном:

"And this is all the reply which I am to have the honour of expecting! I might, perhaps, wish to be informed why, with so little *endeavour* at civility, I am thus rejected. But it is of small importance."

- И этим исчерпывается ответ, который я имею честь от вас получить? Пожалуй, я мог бы знать причину, по которой вы не попытались облечь свой отказ по меньшей мере в учтивую форму? Впрочем, это не имеет значения!

"I might as well inquire," replied she, "why with so evident a desire of

- С таким же правом я могла бы спросить, - ответила она, - о причине, по которой вы

offending and insulting me, you chose to tell me that you liked me against your will, against your reason, and even against your character? Was not this some excuse for incivility, if I *was* uncivil? But I have other provocations. You know I have. Had not my feelings decided against you-had they been indifferent, or had they even been favourable, do you think that any consideration would tempt me to accept the man who has been the means of ruining, perhaps for ever, the happiness of a most beloved sister?"

объявили, - с явным намерением меня оскорбить и унизить, - что любите меня вопреки своей воле, своему рассудку и даже всем своим склонностям! Не служит ли это для меня некоторым оправданием, если я и в самом деле была с вами недостаточно любезна? Но у меня были и другие поводы. И вы о них знаете. Если бы даже против вас не восставали все мои чувства, если бы я относилась к вам безразлично или даже была к вам расположена - неужели какие-нибудь соображения могли бы склонить меня принять руку человека, который явился причиной несчастья, быть может непоправимого, моей любимой сестры?

As she pronounced these words, Mr. Darcy changed colour; but the emotion was short, and he listened without attempting to interrupt her while she continued:

При этих ее словах мистер Дарси изменился в лице. Но овладевшее им волнение скоро прошло, и он слушал Элизабет, не пытаясь ее перебить, в то время как она продолжала:

"I have every reason in the world to think ill of you. No motive can excuse the unjust and ungenerous part you acted *there*. You dare not, you cannot deny, that you have been the principal, if not the only means of dividing them from each other-of exposing one to the censure of the world for caprice and instability, and the other to its derision for disappointed hopes, and involving them both in misery of the acutest kind."

- У меня есть все основания составить о вас дурное мнение. Ваше злонамеренное и неблагородное вмешательство, которое привело к разрыву между мистером Бингли и моей сестрой, не может быть оправдано никакими мотивами. Вы не станете, вы не посмеете отрицать, что являетесь главной, если не единственной причиной разрыва. Бингли заслужил из-за него обвинение в ветрености и непостоянстве, а Джейн - насмешку над неоправдавшимися надеждами. И они оба не могли не почувствовать себя глубоко несчастными.

She paused, and saw with no slight indignation that he was listening with an air which proved him wholly unmoved by any feeling of remorse. He even looked at her with a smile of affected incredulity.

Она остановилась и с возмущением заметила, что он ее слушает, вовсе не обнаруживая сожаления о случившемся. Напротив, он даже смотрел на нее с усмешкой напускного недоверия.

"Can you deny that you have done it?" she repeated.

- Можете ли вы утверждать, что это - не дело ваших рук? - повторила она.

With assumed tranquillity he then replied:

"I have no wish of denying that I did everything in my power to separate my friend from your sister, or that I rejoice in my success. Towards *him* I have been kinder than towards myself."

Elizabeth disdained the appearance of noticing this civil reflection, but its meaning did not escape, nor was it likely to conciliate her.

"But it is not merely this affair," she continued, "on which my dislike is founded. Long before it had taken place my opinion of you was decided. Your character was unfolded in the recital which I received many months ago from Mr. Wickham. On this subject, what can you have to say? In what imaginary act of friendship can you here defend yourself? or under what misrepresentation can you here impose upon others?"

"You take an eager interest in that gentleman's concerns," said Darcy, in a less tranquil tone, and with a heightened colour.

"Who that knows what his misfortunes have been, can help feeling an interest in him?"

"His misfortunes!" repeated Darcy contemptuously; "yes, his misfortunes have been great indeed."

"And of your infliction," cried Elizabeth with energy. "You have reduced him to his present state of poverty-comparative poverty. You have withheld the advantages which you must know to have been designed for him. You have deprived the best years of his life of that

Его ответ был нарочито спокойным:

- Я не намерен отрицать, что в пределах моих возможностей сделал все, чтобы отдалить моего друга от вашей сестры, или что я доволен успехом моих усилий. О Бингли я позаботился лучше, чем о самом себе.

Элизабет сделала вид, что это любезное замечание прошло мимо ее ушей. Но смысл его не ускользнул от ее внимания и едва ли мог сколько-нибудь умерить ее гнев.

- Но моя неприязнь к вам, - продолжала она, - основывается не только на этом происшествии. Мое мнение о вас сложилось гораздо раньше. Ваш характер раскрылся передо мной из рассказа, который я много месяцев назад услышала от мистера Уикхема. Что вы можете сказать по этому поводу? Каким дружеским участием вы оправдаетесь в этом случае? Или чьим неправильным толкованием ваших поступков вы попробуете прикрыться?

- Вы весьма близко к сердцу принимаете судьбу этого джентльмена, - вспыхнув, заметил Дарси уже менее сдержанным тоном.

- Может ли остаться равнодушным тот, кому сделались известны его утраты?

- Его утраты? - с презрением повторил Дарси. - Что ж, его утраты и в самом деле велики.

- И в этом виновны вы! - с жаром воскликнула Элизабет. - Вы довели его до нищеты - да, это можно назвать нищетой! Вы, и никто другой, лишили его тех благ, на которые он был вправе рассчитывать. Вы отняли у него лучшие годы жизни и ту независимость, которая принадлежала ему

independence which was no less his due than his desert. You have done all this! and yet you can treat the mention of his misfortune with contempt and ridicule."

по праву и по заслугам. Все это - дело ваших рук! И при этом вы еще позволяете себе посмеиваться над его участью?!

"And this," cried Darcy, as he walked with quick steps across the room, "is your opinion of me! This is the estimation in which you hold me! I thank you for explaining it so fully. My faults, according to this calculation, are heavy indeed! But perhaps," added he, stopping in his walk, and turning towards her, "these offenses might have been overlooked, had not your pride been hurt by my honest confession of the scruples that had long prevented my forming any serious design.

- Ах, вот как вы судите обо мне! - воскликнул Дарси, быстро шагая из угла в угол. - Вот что вы обо мне думаете! Благодарю за откровенность. Судить по-вашему - я и впрямь кругом виноват. Но, быть может, - сказал он, останавливаясь и поглядев на нее в упор, - мои прегрешения были бы прощены, не задень вашу гордость мое признание в сомнениях и внутренней борьбе, которые мешали мне уступить моим чувствам?

These bitter accusations might have been suppressed, had I, with greater policy, concealed my struggles, and flattered you into the belief of my being impelled by unqualified, unalloyed inclination; by reason, by reflection, by everything. But disguise of every sort is my abhorrence. Nor am I ashamed of the feelings I related. They were natural and just. Could you expect me to rejoice in the inferiority of your connections?-to congratulate myself on the hope of relations, whose condition in life is so decidedly beneath my own?"

Не мог ли я избежать столь тяжких обвинений, если бы предусмотрительно от вас это скрыл? Если бы я вам польстил, заверив в своей всепоглощающей страсти, которую бы не омрачали противоречия, доводы рассудка или светские условности? Но притворство мне отвратительно. Я не стыжусь чувств, о которых вам рассказал. Они естественны и оправданны. Могли ли вы ждать, что мне будет приятен круг людей, в котором вы постоянно находитесь? Или что я стану себя поздравлять, вступая в родство с теми, кто находится столь ниже меня на общественной лестнице?

Elizabeth felt herself growing more angry every moment; yet she tried to the utmost to speak with composure when she said:

Возмущение Элизабет росло с каждой минутой. Однако, отвечая ему, она всячески старалась сохранить внешнее спокойствие.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Darcy, if you suppose that the mode of your declaration affected me in any other way, than as it spared the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentlemanlike manner."

- Вы глубоко заблуждаетесь, мистер Дарси, думая, что на мой ответ повлияла манера вашего объяснения. Она лишь избавила меня от сочувствия, которое мне пришлось бы к вам испытывать, если бы вы вели себя так, как подобает благородному человеку.

She saw him start at this, but he said nothing, and she continued:

Она заметила, как он вздрогнул при этих словах. Но он промолчал, и она продолжала:

"You could not have made the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it."

- В какой бы манере вы ни сделали мне предложение, я все равно не могла бы его принять.

Again his astonishment was obvious; and he looked at her with an expression of mingled incredulity and mortification. She went on:

На лице его снова было написано удивление. И пока она говорила, он смотрел на нее со смешанным выражением недоверия и растерянности.

"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 the groundwork of disapprobation on which succeeding events have built so immovable 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."

- С самого начала я бы могла сказать: с первой минуты нашего знакомства ваше поведение дало мне достаточно доказательств вашей заносчивости, высокомерия и полного пренебрежения к чувствам тех, кто вас окружает. Моя неприязнь к вам зародилась еще тогда. Но под действием позднейших событий она стала непреодолимой. И не прошло месяца после нашей встречи, как я уже ясно поняла, что из всех людей в мире вы меньше всего можете стать моим мужем.

"You have said quite enough, madam. I perfectly comprehend your 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."

- Вы сказали вполне достаточно, сударыня. Я понимаю ваши чувства, и мне остается лишь устыдиться своих собственных. Простите, что отнял у вас столько времени, и примите мои искренние пожелания здоровья и благополучия.

And with these words he hastily left the room, and Elizabeth heard him the next moment open the front door and quit the house.

С этими словами Дарси покинул комнату, и в следующее мгновение Элизабет услышала, как он открыл входную дверь и вышел из дома.

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

Все ее чувства находились в крайнем смятении. Не имея [146] больше сил сдерживать себя, она села в кресло и полчаса, совершенно обессиленная, заливалась слезами. Снова и снова перебирала она в памяти подробности только что происшедшей сцены. И ее

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.

She continued in very agitated 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.

удивление непрерывно возрастало. Ей сделал предложение мистер Дарси! Мистер Дарси влюблен в нее в течение многих месяцев!

Влюблен настолько, что решился просить ее руки, вопреки всем препятствиям, из-за которых он расстроил женитьбу Бингли на Джейн и которые имели по меньшей мере то же значение для него самого! Все это казалось невероятным. Сделаться невольным предметом столь сильной привязанности было, конечно, весьма лестно.

Но гордость, страшная гордость мистера Дарси, его бесстыдная похвальба своим вмешательством в судьбу Джейн, непростительная уверенность, что он при этом поступил правильно, бесчувственная манера, с какой он говорил об Уикхеме, и его жестокость по отношению к этому молодому человеку, которую он даже не пытался опровергнуть, - все это быстро подавило в ее душе всякое сочувствие, на мгновение вызванное в ней мыслью о его любви.

Элизабет еще продолжала лихорадочно размышлять о случившемся, когда шум подъехавшего экипажа напомнил ей, что ее может увидеть Шарлотта, и заставил поскорее уйти в свою комнату.

What can you say about the manner in which Darcy proposed to Elizabeth?
What was the author's purpose in making Elizabeth refuse Darcy?
Was it a common thing for a woman of her standing to decline such a flattering offer?

Mary Shelley

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797–1851) was born on August 30,1797, in London. Her mother, *Mary Wollstonecraft (1759–1797)* wrote one of the first books on the rights of women, *A Vindication of the Rights of Women (1792)*. Her first inspiration for her feminist works came from having grown up with a father who constantly beat her mother. Later in life, after several unsuccessful love affairs, she found happiness with the radical philosopher *William Godwin*. They married when Mary Wollstonecraft was already pregnant, but she died a few days after giving birth to Mary. This was the first of many tragedies suffered by Mary in her life.

Mary grew up in an intellectual household surrounded by her father's famous friends, philosophers, writers and poets such as William Blake and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

In spring of 1814 Mary met the poet and revolutionary *Percy Bysshe Shelley,* who was an admirer of her father. He was already married at the time and a child. The two fell in love, but Mary's father was against their relationship. In July, Mary eloped with Shelley to the Continent. She described their adventures in her book *History of a Six Weeks' Tour Through a Part of France, Switzerland, Germany and Holland (1817)*. Financial difficulties brought the young couple back to England.

In 1815 Mary gave birth prematurely to a baby girl who died two weeks later. Shelley received a large annual income and the couple moved into a house on Bishopsgate Heath. In 1816, their son William was born. At this time, Mary's stepsister Claire was having an affair with Byron and persuaded Mary and Shelly to travel with her to Switzer-land.

The Shelleys spent a great deal of time with George Gordon, Lord Byron, sailing on Lake Geneva and discussing poetry and other topics, including ghosts and spirits, long into the night. During one of these "ghostly sessions" Byron proposed that each person present should write a ghost story. Mary's contribution to the contest became the novel ***Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus (1818).***

At the end of that summer the Shelleys moved back to England. There they received the news that Shelley's wife Harriet had drowned herself. Mary and Shelley married. Public hostility towards the couple made them move to Italy. When Mary was only twenty-four, her husband drowned in the sea, leaving her penniless with their only surviving son Percy Florence. Mary hoped that Percy Shelley's father would help her, but he said that he would only do so if she gave up the boy. She refused and began to write to make money. When Shelley's father died, Percy Florence inherited the family fortune. Mary lived the rest of her life fairly peacefully and happily. She died in London on 1 February, 1851.

Content

Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus

***Robert Walton**, an explorer, describes his trip to the Arctic in letters to his sister, **Margaret**,*

who lives in England. One of Walton's letters contains a strange story.

Once Walton and his crew saw a gigantic man being pulled by a dogsled. The following day they discovered another, smaller man, desperately ill, adrift on a sheet of ice. Walton brought the man onto his ship. After a week the man was able to talk and told Walton an incredible story.

The man's name was ***Victor Frankenstein****. He was a young scientist from Geneva, Switzerland. At the university Victor made strange experiments. He constructed a huge creature from parts of human corpses and brought it to life. Victor was horrified by his creation and ran from his laboratory. He became very ill and disoriented for almost two years.*

As he prepared to return home to his family, Victor learned that ***William****, his seven-year-old brother, had been murdered.* ***Justine Moritz****, a young woman the Frankenstein family had adopted, had been accused of the crime. Justine was tried, found guilty, and hanged. But Victor refused to believe that Justine committed the murder. Instead, he suspected that his creature wasn't really dead, and was responsible for the horrible crime.*

Victor felt guilty for William's murder and Justine's execution. Desperate to be alone, he climbed into the mountains, where he encountered the creature. The creature told Victor that he was hiding in the woods. He realized that he was repulsive to other human beings. In the forest the creature discovered a peasant family living in a cottage. By secretly observing them, the creature learned to read and write. Then, in his jacket pocket, the creature found Victor's journal and read of the experiments that led to his creation. The creature demanded that Victor create a female companion for him. He promissed to go away with the new creature and never bother Victor again.

Victor set up a new laboratory in Scotland and began the work. But he was terrified at the idea of the two creatures creating a new, horrible race of monsters. So instead of completing his task, Victor destroyed his work before giving life to the new creation. The monster took the revenge by strangling Victor's best friend, ***Henry,*** *first, and then Victor's bride* ***Elizabeth.***

Grief-stricken over the death of Elizabeth, Alphonse Frankenstein, Victor's father, died a few months later. In despair, Victor vowed to pursue the creature and destroy it. He chased the monster for months, finally arriving in the Arctic where he met Walton and his expedition.

Victor Frankenstein died on Walton's ship. The night Victor died, the monster entered Victor's room and wept. He told Walton he planned to build a huge fire and burn himself to death. Before Walton could respond, the creature jumped from the ship and landed on a floating slab of ice. Walton concludes his final letter, telling Margaret that the monster was carried out to sea, where he disappeared into the darkness.

There are different opinions on scientific progress:
"Whenever the humans are trying to play God, they are in great trouble;"
"Everything that enlarges the sphere of human powers, that shows man he can do what he thought he could not do, is valuable."
Which of them do you support?

English Literature in the Victorian Period

Historical and Social Context
Literary Context
Charles Dickens (1812–1870)
Bronte Sisters
George Eliot
Thomas Hardy
Oscar Wilde
Alfred Tennyson
Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Historical and Social Context

The 19th century in Britain is often referred to as the ***Victorian Era*** because it corresponds with the reign of one of the country's best-loved queens, Victoria.

Queen Victoria (Alexandrina Victoria; 24 May 1819 – 22 January 1901) was the monarch of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland from 20 June 1837 until her death. Victoria was the daughter of *Prince Edward*, the fourth son of *King George III*. She inherited the throne at the age of 18, after her father's three elder brothers had all died, leaving no legitimate, surviving children. Victoria married her first cousin, *Prince Albert* of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, in 1840. Their nine children married into royal and noble families across the continent, earning Victoria the nickname *"the grandmother of Europe."*

The United Kingdom was already an established constitutional monarchy, in which the sovereign held relatively little political power. The real business of running the country was left to parliament. However, Queen Victoria became a symbol of all that was good and glorious in nineteenth-century Britain. She was a national icon identified with strict standards of personal morality. Her simple and virtuous behavior made the monarchy more popular than it had ever been before.

In the 19th century Britain became a world power. After Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo in 1815, the country was not involved in a major European war until World War I began in 1914. The Empire grew steadily, and by the beginning of the 20th century Victoria was Queen-Empress of more than two hundred million people living outside Great Britain. Britain's foreign trade was higher than that of France, Germany, Italy and the United States put together, and the pound was the internationally recognised unit of currency.

While Britain was at the height of its wealth, power and influence, large sections of its population lived and worked in appalling conditions.

The Industrial Revolution created a new urbanised society. The process of industrialisation quickened as more factories were built particularly in the north of England. Heavy engineering, machine tool production and the highly mechanised cotton and wool industries resulted in ever greater numbers to towns and cities. The rapid growth of cities made them dirty and disorderly.

In 1845, the potato blight caused a famine in Ireland that killed 1.5 million people and forced nearly 20 percent of Ireland's population to emigrate. People drifting to towns had to survive in horrible conditions. They worked in the newly formed factories living in the unhealthy slums built for them hurriedly at a minimum cost. Epidemics were common and deadly. Employers used women and child labor at starvation wages.

In the 1850s town councils began to pay attention to these problems. They appointed a Health Officer, built parks and public baths for the population. Towards the end of the century the working man's life improved greatly.

A series of political reforms gave the vote to almost all adult males by the last decades of the century. Factory Acts limited child labor and reduced the usual working day to ten hours, with a half-holiday on Saturday. State-supported schools were established in 1870 and made compulsory in 1880.

In the second half of Victorian era people of all classes began to live better. The price of food dropped after mid-century. Clothing, furniture, travel, and other goods and services became cheaper. At the end of the Victorian era, British people were better housed, better clothed, better informed and healthier than any other population in Europe.

Political and social reforms shattered the system of classes. The lower-class became more self-conscious, the middle class more powerful and the rich became more vulnerable.

Parliamentaryreforms, however, did not affect women's rights. Although there was a Queen on the throne, the progress towards the emancipation of women was slow. For much of the century, married women continued to be simply part of their husband's property. The Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857 granted the right to a divorce to both men and women on the basis of adultery but, in order to divorce her husband, a woman would have to further prove gross cruelty or desertion. Women who sought divorce for whatever reason were ostracized from polite society.

The Victorian family has become a synonym for a strict upbringing. Discipline was severe, corporal punishment was common both at home and schools. Parents were typically distant and unemotional, and the household was a closed environment, with little chance for women or children to have contacts outside their immediate family.

The term Victorian has come to stand not only for a period of time but also for a particular outlook on life. And that particular outlook consisted in respect to the regulations. The qualities of the modern man and the modern woman, especially, were described in semi-religious tracts. Women were expected to be frail, fainting, prudent and proper. A woman could earn a living teaching, doing social work, delivering the Bible and religious books, working in a milliner's shop or filling other positions in which she could preserve her femininity. For the model man the code prescribed equally rigid rules and prohibitions. Gambling, swearing, drunkenness and sometimes even smoking, automatically removed a man from the ranks of the respectable. Gambling pavilions and taverns fell into disgrace. Coffee houses gave way to public reading rooms and clubs.

Along with the Industrial Revolution, there was another revolution taking place between science and religion. Scientific and technological advances paved the way for a better future as traditional religious beliefs began to crumble under the weight of new discoveries. Charles Darwin upset the nation with his new doctrine that man evolved from earlier forms through a process of long development. Dispute began between those who believed that Man was created in a day in the image of God and given authority over the animal world, and those who believed Man evolved scientifically.

Charles Robert Darwin (1809–1882) was an English naturalist and geologist, best known for his contributions to evolutionary theory. In his book On the Origin of Species (1859) Darwin introduced his scientific theory that populations evolve over the course of generations through a process of natural selection.

The new theories together with many political, economic, social and ideological developments changed subsequent thought and literature dramatically.

Literary Context

As the Renaissance is identified with drama and Romanticism with poetry, the Victorian age is identified with the novel. Though poetry and drama were certainly distinguished, it was the novel that proved to be the Victorian special literary achievement. There are several reasons for the triumph of fiction: the rapid growth of middle-class, an improved education system, a fall in book prices, popularity of public libraries, the growth of the number of women readers and writers.

Writing became an important commercial activity and novels were written to please the public and sell. The middle-class readership wanted *realistic* novels, where the contemporary world was authentically described and not idealized as in Romantic literature. Romanticism now seemed too abstract and aloof with its mystery and symbolism. The social circumstances had changed. Everyday life demanded a new presentation of the social problems. Hardships and sufferings of the common people were described in realistic prose.

Literary realism is the trend, beginning with mid nineteenth-century literature and extending to late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century authors, toward depictions of contemporary life and society as it was, or is. Realist authors opted for depictions of everyday and banal activities and experiences, instead of a romanticized or similarly stylized presentation.

The Victorian novel's most notable aspect was its diversity.

Charles Dickens (1812–1870) emerged on the literary scene in the 1830s, confirming the trend for *serial publication*. Many early Victorian novels first appeared in periodicals. To bridge the gap between one installment and the next writers had to create highly memorable characters, and episodes usually ended with a "cliff-hanger" technique which is still used in today's soap operas. Writers received immediate feedback from their readers and could fashion their work to satisfy the public's taste.

Dickens wrote vividly about London life and the struggles of the poor, but in a good-humoured fashion which was acceptable to readers of all classes. Charles Dickens exemplifies the Victorian novelist better than any other writer. His first real novel, *The Pickwick Papers (1837)*, written at only twenty-five, was an overnight success, and all his subsequent works sold extremely well. He was in effect a self-made man who worked hard to produce exactly what the public wanted. While Dickens exposed the evils of society, he never lost his sense of optimism, and many of his novels had a happy ending with all the loose ends neatly tied.

The happy endings of Dickens's novels satisfied his own and his readers' belief that things usually work out well for decent people. But from the beginning of his career in the 1830s to the publication of his last complete novel in 1865, many Dickens's stories showed decent people neglected, abused and exploited. In his later novels Dickens showed that in the

competition for material gain, both winners and losers could be desperate and unhappy. The slow trend in his later fiction towards darker themes is mirrored in the works of other writers, and literature after his death in 1870 is very different from that at the start of the era.

During the Victorian era **William Thackeray (1811–1863)** was ranked second only to Charles Dickenswas. He was Dickens' great rival at the time. Dickens, with little education and less interest in literary culture, rejoiced at the ideas of democracy and social justice. Thackeray, well born and well bred, with artistic tastes and literary culture, looked sceptically at the changing life around him. He found his inspiration in a past age, and tried to uphold the best traditions of English literature. In his books Thackeray was inclined to use eighteenth-century narrative techniques, such as omniscient narrator, digressions and direct addresses to the reader.

Thackeray began as a satirist and parodist, writing works that displayed his attraction to roguish characters. He is best known for his novel *Vanity Fair*, *A Novel without a Hero (1847–48)*, a panoramic survey of English manners and human frailties set in the Napoleonic era. It is an example of a form popular in Victorian literature: the historical novel, in which very recent history is depicted.

Thackeray himself distinguished his work from the sentimentality of Dickens. His *Vanity Fair* is a satire of society as a whole, characterised by hypocrisy and cunning. It is not a reforming novel. Thackeray didn't believe that anything like reforms or morality could improve the nature of society. He continually compares his characters to actors and puppets. Thackeray liked people, but he also thought they were weak, vain and self-deceived.

Anthony Trollope (1815–1882) began as a follower of Thackeray, but in the immense range of his characters and incidents he soon surpassed his master. Among his best-loved works is a series of novels collectively known as the *Chronicles of Barsetshire (1855–1867),* which revolves around the imaginary county of Barsetshire. Trollope was the first English writer to use the same characters over the sequence of novels.

The Victorian interest in social life led to the popularity of the *novel of romance.* **Elizabeth Gaskell (1810–1865)** wrote *Cranford (1851),* producing a charming picture of Victorian village life and the complex studies of family life in *Wives and Daughters (1864–66)*. *Jane Eyre (1847)* and *Villette (1853)* by **Charlotte Bronte (1816–1865),** expressed the daily lives of ordinary young women. Bronte also took a step towards the description of women's passions in her novels.

The novels of Bronte sisters caused a sensation. **Emily Bronte**'s **(1818–1848)** only work, *Wuthering Heights (1847),* in particular, presented a challenge for a typical image of a novel of Victorian time. It is full of violence, passion, the supernatural and mystery. Never before did a woman write a novel of this content.

George Eliot (1819–1880), a pseudonym which concealed a woman, **Mary Ann Evans,** wished to write novels which would be taken seriously rather than the silly romances which all women of the time were supposed to write. She was one of the most learned of the Victorian

novelists. Her novels are celebrated for their realism and psychological insights. *Virginia Woolf (1882-1941)* in her series of essays *The Common Reader (1925)* called George Eliot's *Middlemarch (1871–72) "one of the few English novels written for grown-up people."*

The Common Reader, collection of essays by Virginia Woolf, an English writer, and one of the foremost modernists of the twentieth century, published in two series, the first in 1925 and the second in 1932. The title indicates Woolf's intention that her essays be read by the "common reader" who reads books for personal enjoyment. Using the sympathetic persona of "the common reader," Woolf treats various literary topics.

Most of the 19th century novels tended to be idealized portraits of difficult lives in which hard work, perseverance, love and luck win in the end. In the majority of books virtue was rewarded and wrong-doers were punished in the end. The novels tended to improve human nature. They had a central moral lesson, informing the reader how to be a good Victorian.

This formula was the basis for much of earlier Victorian fiction but as the century progressed the plot thickened and happy endings became less common. Even writers of the high Victorian age were censured for their plots attacking the conventions of the day. George Eliot's *Adam Bede (1859)* was called *"the vile outpourings of a lewd woman's mind"* and Anne Bronte's *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall (1848) "utterly unfit to be put into the hands of girls."* The disgust of the reading audience perhaps reached a peak with **Thomas Hardy**'s **(1840–1928)** novels.

Hardy's novels are set in the countryside of Wessex, the fictional name he gave to the south-west part of England where he was born. His stories are so closely linked to this rural setting that they are referred to as *regional novels.* Hardy's description of the countryside is far removed from the idealized version offered by the Romantics. The rural settings are often used to help the reader interpret the moods and feelings of the characters. Hardy's characters are outsiders in their own society who fall victims to forces of economic and social change over which they have no control. His two major novels *Tess of the d'Ubervilles (1891)* and *Jude the Obscure (1895),* among others, classified as *naturalistic novels of environment and character,* are deeply pessimistic.

Naturalism was a literary movement or tendency from the 1880s to 1940s that used detailed realism to suggest that social conditions, heredity, and environment had inescapable force in shaping human character. It was a mainly unorganized Literary movement that sought to depict believable everyday reality, as opposed to such movements as Romanticism or Surrealism, in which subjects may receive highly symbolic, idealistic, or even supernatural treatment. Naturalism was an outgrowth of literary realism, a prominent literary movement in mid-19th-century France and elsewhere. Naturalistic writers were influenced by Charles Darwin's theory of evolution. They often believed that one's heredity and social environment largely determine one's character. Whereas realism seeks only to describe subjects as they really are, naturalism also attempts to

determine "scientifically" the underlying forces (e.g., the environment or heredity) influencing the actions of its subjects. Naturalistic works exposed the dark harshness of life, including poverty, racism, violence, prejudice, disease, corruption, prostitution, and filth. As a result, naturalistic writers were frequently criticized for focusing too much on human vice and misery.

Tess, an intelligent and loving girl, is driven to her death by a rigid, inflexible social system. Jude, a working man who is passionate for education, is oppressed and defeated by Victorian narrow-mindedness and destructive destiny. Hardy's indictment of Victorian morals caused a terrible scandal. His books were burned, banned and denounced. He became so disillusioned and discouraged by the public response that he stopped writing.

The crises of faith and morality which characterizes the latter half of the Victorian period gave rise to an artistic movement known as *Aestheticism.*

The term **Aestheticism** comes from the Greek word meaning "to perceive" or "to feel". It is a late 19th-century European arts movement that centred on the doctrine that art exists for the sake of its beauty alone. It began in reaction to prevailing utilitarian social philosophies and to the perceived ugliness of the industrial age. Its philosophical foundations were laid by *Immanuel Kant*, who separated the sense of beauty from practical interests. Aesthetes believed that sensation should be the source of art, and that the role of the artist was to make the public share his feelings. They totally rejected the Victorian notion that art should have a moral, social or political purpose, believing that artist should care about form and technique and express himself freely: he should not become the slave of fixed moral and ethical conventions.
Decadent movement in literature, or **Decadence,** was closely associated with the doctrines of Aestheticism. In France, decadence became almost synonymous with the work of the *Symbolists* who wrote in reaction against *realism* and *naturalism*. Designed to convey impressions by suggestion rather than by direct statement, **Symbolism** found its first expression in poetry but was later extended to the other arts. In England, it emerged from the *Pre-Raphaelite* circle, in the poetry of *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, leading to the work of *Oscar Wilde,* until Wilde's imprisonment in 1895 suddenly ended the decadent episode.

Perhaps the most outstanding figure in the movement was **Oscar Wilde (1854–1900**). His novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray (1890)* was considered daringly modern and highly immoral. It highlights the tension between the respectable surface of life and the life of secret vice. Oscar Wilde was also an outstanding dramatist. He revived the *comedy of manners*. Wilde's plays are characterized by brilliantly constructed plots and witty and polished dialogues. He produced outrageous social comedies in which he laughed at conventional Victorian seriousness by using elevated and solemn language to describe frivolous and ridiculous situations. *The Importance of Being Earnest (1895)* ranks among one of the most brilliant comedies in the history English literature.

In Victorian period literature for children developed as a separate genre. The Victorians are sometimes credited with the *invention of childhood*, partly because they tried to stop child labour and introduced compulsory education. Victorians started to see children as distinct

from adults rather than adults-in-waiting. As children began to be able to read, literature for young people became a growing industry.

The emergence of an intelligent and whimsical children's literature was connected with the work of such writers as **Lewis Carroll (1832–1898)** and **Edward Lear (1812–1888)** who wrote mainly for children, although they had adult admirers as well. They were the most celebrated *nonsense* writers. They transformed adult assumptions by considering them through the eyes of children. However gloomy and perplexing the grown-up world might be, thought Carroll and Lear, there remained a space for the playful and the joyful. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There (1872),* and *The Hunting of the Snark (1876)* suggest a pleasure in exploring nonsense because nonsense offered an alternative way of viewing things. Carroll recognized the joy in disjunction, distortion, and displacement because they are mirror images of unity, shapeliness and stability. In the same manner Lear's limericks suggest that the world is full of terrors, errors and misapprehensions, but their sing-song form helps to treat all these things with a sence of humour.

Nonsense verse is a form of light, often rhythmical verse, often for children, depicting peculiar characters in amusing and fantastical situations. It is whimsical and humorous in tone and tends to employ fanciful phrases and meaningless made-up words. **Limericks** are probably the best known form of nonsense verse, although they tend nowadays to be used for bawdy or straightforwardly humorous, rather than nonsensical, effect.

Adventure novels, such as those of **Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894),** were written for adults but are now generally classified as for children. Stevenson is best remembered for his charming collection of *Child's Garden of Verses (1885),* his masterpiece *Treasure Island* (1883), and his Gothic tale *The Strange Case of Dr Jeckill and Mr Hyde (1886).*

Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936) is also chiefly remembered now for his tales for children, though he was a prominent short-story writer, poet, and novelist. Kipling's best works include *The Light that Failed (1890), The Jungle Book (1893–94)*, *Kim* (1901), *Just So Stories* (1902), and his poems from *Barrack-Room Ballads (1892)*. Kipling was one of the most popular writers in England, in both prose and verse, in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. In 1907, he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature, making him the first English-language writer to receive the prize, and to this day he remains its youngest recipient.

At the turn of the century English literature took a *neo-romantic* direction associated with the development of several genres, including Kipling's and **Joseph Conrad**'s **(1857–1924)** adventure novels, Stevenson's historical novels, and **Arthur Conan Doyle (1859–1930)** detective stories.

The term **neo-romanticism** is used to cover a variety of movements in philosophy, literature, music, painting, and architecture, as well as social movements, that exist after and incorporate elements from the era of Romanticism. Neo-romanticism as well as Romanticism is considered in opposition to Naturalism. The naturalist in art stresses external observation,

whereas the neo-romantic adds feeling and internal observation. Neo-Romanticism gave more importance to *the representation of internal feelings*, *the power of imagination, the exotic and the unfamiliar, the supernatural experience,* and the ideas of *perfect love, the beauty of youth, heroic death.*

Close to the end of the 19th century the trends in the world of the novel moved increasingly towards subjectivity and artistic experimentation.

Poetry settled down from the upheavals of the romantic era and much of the work of the time is seen as a bridge between this earlier era and the modernist poetry of the next century. **Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)** held the poet laureateship for over forty years. The husband and wife poetry team of **Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–1861)** and **Robert Browning (1812–1889)** conducted their love affair through verse and produced many tender and passionate poems. **Matthew Arnold**'s **(1822–1888)** melancholy verses perfectly capture the sense of alienation, despair and spiritual emptiness which pervaded the late Victorian period. **Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844–1889)** was inspired by Old English poetry such as *Beowulf*.

The recovering of the past was a major part of Victorian literature with an interest in both classical literature and the medieval literature of England. The Victorians loved the heroic, chivalrous stories of knights and they hoped to regain some of that noble, courtly behaviour and impress it upon the public. The best example of this is Alfred Tennyson's *Idylls of the King (1842)* which blended the stories of King Arthur with contemporary concerns and ideas.

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood also took a lot from myth and folklore. **Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882)** was regarded as the chief poet amongst them, although his sister **Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)** is now held by scholars to be a stronger poet.

Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was a school of painters and poets dedicated to recovering the purity of medieval art, which they believed *Raphael* and the Renaissance had destroyed. Pre-Raphaelite pictures are characterized by bright colours, detailed observation of flora and subjects drawn from religion or literature.

Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino (1483–1520), better known simply as **Raphael**, was an Italian painter and architect of the *Renaissance*. Together with *Michelangelo (1475–1564)* and *Leonardo da Vinci* (1452–1519) he forms the traditional trinity of great masters of that period**.**

In poetry there was a tendency to choose medieval subjects and forms such as the ballad. Pre-Raphaelite pictures and poems are marked by a dreamy, melancholy and sensual atmosphere in which it is difficult to distinguish fantasy from reality. They expressed the desire to escape from the industrial ugliness of contemporary Victorian society into the unspoiled beauty of the past.

By the time of Queen Victoria's death in 1901, Great Britain had become the literary capital of the world. The final blow to the Victorian age did not come until the outbreak of World War I in 1914. For the next four years, novelists, poets and dramatists directed their energies

primarily to war. After the war ended, the British Empire was shaken badly by political and social changes. The ideas and popular forms of the Victorians no longer satisfied the radically different society. The Victorian age came to an end around 1916, terminating one of the most fascinating times in English history.

Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens (1812–1870) was born on February 7, 1812, in Portsmouth, England. He was the second of eight children in the family of a naval clerk. Despite the parents' best efforts, the family remained poor. The father had a dangerous habit of living beyond the family's means. In 1822, the Dickens moved to a poor neighborhood in London. By then the family's financial situation had become very bad. Eventually, John Dickens was sent to prison for debt in 1824.

After his father's imprisonment, Charles Dickens, a boy of 12, was forced to leave school to work at a blacking factory. Dickens earned six shillings a week labeling pots of blacking substance used to clean fireplaces. He felt abandoned and betrayed by the adults who were supposed to take care of him. These feelings would later become a repetitive theme in his writing.

Dickens was permitted to go back to school when his father received a family inheritance and used it to pay off his debts. When Dickens was 15 he began to work as an office boy. The job became a launching point for his writing career.

Dickens began freelance reporting at the law courts of London. In just a few years he was reporting for major London newspapers. In 1833, he began submitting sketches to various magazines and newspapers under the pseudonym *Boz.* Those articles were published in his first book, ***Sketches by Boz (1836).***

Dickens took the pseudonym from a nickname he had given his younger brother Augustus, whom he called "Moses" after a character in Oliver Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*. This, "being facetiously pronounced through the nose," became "Boses", which in turn was shortened to "Boz".

In the same year that *Sketches by Boz* was released, Dickens started publishing ***The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club (1837)***. His series of sketches, originally written as captions for artist Robert Seymour's humorous sports-themed illustrations, took the form of monthly serial installments. Dickens' sketches appeared to become more popular than the illustrations they were meant to accompany.

Soon after his first success Dickens married. Catherine Hogarth would give birth to Dickens' 10 children before the couple separated in 1858.

Dickens' first novel, ***Oliver Twist (1837–39)***, follows the life of an orphan living in the streets. The story was inspired by Dickens' own experience as a poor child forced to live on his wits and earn his own bread. The novel was very well received in both England and America.

Dickens dedicated all his energy and talent to writing. The amount of his literary output was phenomenal. Between 1837 and 1843 he wrote ***Nicholas Nickleby (1838–39)***, ***The Old Curiosity Shop (1840–41)*** and ***A Christmas Carol (1843),*** all initially published in serial

form.

Nicholas Nickleby is the first of Dickens' romances. The novel centers on the life and adventures of a young man who must support his mother and sister after his father dies. The book is an ironic social satire. Dickens aimed at social injustices in the depiction of the Yorkshire all-boys boarding school at which Nicholas temporarily served as a tutor. The cruelty of a real Yorkshire schoolmaster became the basis for Dickens's brutal character of *Wackford Squeers*. When it was published the book was an immediate and complete success and established Dickens's lasting reputation

A Christmas Carol features the timeless character of *Ebenezer Scrooge,* a cantankerous old miser, who was transformed into a gentle and kind man after the visits of the ghost of his former business partner Jacob Marley and the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present and Yet to Come.

In 1842, Dickens had a five-month lecture tour of the United States. He went to America with his wife Catherine leaving their children at home with friends. Dickens's lectures, which began in Virginia and ended in Missouri, were so widely attended that ticket scalpers started gathering outside his events.

People who buy and sell tickets for profit are given many names: ticket brokers, ticket agents, ticket resellers, and **ticket scalpers.**

Although Dickens enjoyed his celebrity status, he eventually resented the invasion of privacy. He was annoyed by "crude" American culture and materialism. In 1843, Dickens wrote his novel ***The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit (1844),*** a story about a man's struggle to survive on the ruthless American frontier.

For the next years Dickens travelled in Italy, Switzerland and France, continuing to write nonstop. His attention to social problems increased. The main theme in ***Dombey and Son (1846–48)*** can be summarized in the thesis: money means power, and everything can be bought or sold. The title itself serves an illustration to this thesis referring simultaneously to the two major characters of the book and the name of the business firm.

Dombey and Son had all the satirical resentment of Dickens' early fiction, but also new shades of darkness and a new narrative complexity. Halfway through his career, it was Dickens' first great novel. ***David Copperfield (1850)*** came next.

In *David Copperfield* Dickens described his own personal experiences, from his difficult childhood to his work as a journalist. Although this book is not considered Dickens's best work, it was his personal favorite. It also helped define the public's expectations of a Dickensian novel.

During the 1850s, Dickens suffered two devastating losses: the deaths of his daughter and

father. He also separated from his wife. Consequently, his novels began to express his pessimistic worldview. In ***Bleak House (1852–53),*** he deals with the hypocrisy of British society. It was considered his most complex novel to date. ***Hard Times*** **(1854)** takes place in an industrial town at the peak of economic expansion. Also among Dickens's darker novels is ***Little Dorrit (1855–57),*** a fictional study of how human values come in conflict with the world's brutality.

Coming out of his "dark" period, Dickens published ***A Tale of Two Cities (1859),*** a *historical novel* that takes place in the time of the French Revolution. He published it in a periodical he founded, *All the Year Round*. His next novel, ***Great Expectations (1860–61),*** focuses on the protagonist's lifelong journey of moral development. It is widely considered his greatest literary achievement. A few years later, Dickens produced ***Our Mutual Friend (1864–65),*** a novel that analyzes the psychological impact of wealth on London society.

In 1865, Dickens was in a train accident and never fully recovered. Despite his fragile condition, he continued to tour until 1870. On June 9, 1870, Dickens had a stroke and died at his country home in Kent. At the time of Dickens' death, his final novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, was left unfinished.

Many of Dickens's novels are animated by a sense of social injustice. The majority of his stories take place in the gloomy urban context. He stirred the conscience of his contemporaries by showing them scenes of poverty and despair. He denounced the cruel competitive nature of Victorian society and such evils of industrialization as materialism, social inequalities, oppression of the poor and exploitation of children.

Childhood largely entered Dickens' work. He could hardly write a story without bringing a child into it. It is usually not an ordinary child, to make us smile, but a miserable or pathetic child whose sorrows make our hearts ache. Later in life we learn that troubles are not permanent, and so give them their proper place. But in childhood a trouble is the whole world. Dickens showed the cruel life of poor children in workhouses and orphanages.

All of Dickens's novels show touches of the comic genius which launched his literary career. Often farcical and grotesque, Dickens created innumerable weird and funny characters remembered for their eccentricity.

While he exposed the evils of society, Dickens never lost his sense of optimism, and many of his novels end happily in the traditional devices of marriage or wealth. He makes frequent use of happy coincidence. He responded closely to his reader's demands and included scenes of dramatic death-bed confessions, angelic children and saintly wives to please his public.

Dickens's novels may seem overly sentimental and dull to modern readers. As Dickens wrote in instalments, his novels often seem artificial and contrived. The fact that up to a month could pass between one instalment and the next explains why the modern reader may find some of the storytelling repetitive and redundant.

Notwithstanding that, Dickens still has a remarkable appeal for readers and writers alike. His ability to create a character in a phrase, his ear for speech and his eye for detail, still make

Dickens one of the most beloved authors, and adaptations of his work for cinema and television continue to impress the public.

Content

Great Expectations

Great Expectations is a coming-of-age novel that depicts the growth and personal development of an orphan named Pip.

***Pip** is living in southeast England with his bad-tempered sister, **Mrs. Joe,** and her gentle husband, **Joe Gargery**, the village blacksmith. On Christmas Eve, Pip encounters an escaped convict who scares Pip into stealing food and a metal file for him. The next day, Pip and Joe see soldiers capture the convict on the marshes where he wrestles bitterly with another escaped convict.*

*Soon after, Pip is invited to start visiting wealthy **Miss Havisham** and her snobby adopted daughter, **Estella**, at Satis House. Miss Havisham was abandoned by her fiancée twenty years prior and seeks revenge on men by raising Estella to break men's hearts. Estella's disdain for Pip's "commonness" inspires Pip's dissatisfaction with life. He is unhappy with his position and longs to become a gentleman in order that he may eventually win Estella's affection.*

*One day a lawyer, **Mr. Jaggers,** comes to tell Pip that a benefactor has left him a great fortune. Pip is to go to London to become a gentleman. Pip believes that the benefactor is Miss Havisham. In London he becomes friends with **Herbert Pocket**. The two young men live beyond their means and fall deeply in debt. He also meets **Wemmick,** Mr. Jaggers' clerk, who is stoic and proper in the office and warm and friendly outside of it.*

The Jaggers invites Pip and friends to dinner. Pip, on Wemmick's suggestion, looks carefully at Jagger's servant woman, a "tigress" according to Wemmick. Pip is also told the background of Miss Havisham and her ill-fated wedding day.

On his visit to Satis House Pip sees something strikingly familiar in Estella's face.

Pip's life is different now and he is embarrassed by a visit from Joe. Pip wishes Joe were more refined and fears association with him will harm his own social status. He doesn't return to the forge until he hears Mrs. Joe has died. But his visit is brief.

*A rough sea-worn man of sixty comes to Pip's home on a stormy night soon after Pip's twenty-fourth birthday. Pip recognizes him as the convict that he fed in the marshes when he was a child. The man's name is **Magwitch**. The convict reveals that he is Pit's benefactor. This knowledge begins the change in Pip from ungrateful snobbery to the humility associated with Joe and home.*

*Magwitch's rival on the marshes was **Compeyson**, Miss Havisham's deceitful former fiancée.*

Pip goes to Satis House to learn that Estelle will be married to ***Bentley Drummle,*** *the most repulsive of his acquaintances. When heartbroken Pip professes his love for Estella, Miss Havisham realizes her error in depriving the girl of a heart. She pleads for Pip's forgiveness.*

Back in London a few days later, Pip realizes that Estella is the daughter of Magwitch and Mr. Jaggers' maid ***Molly,*** *the "tigress." Magwitch was Molly's husband. It was Jaggers' first big case. He was defending this woman in a case where she was accused of killing another woman. Molly was also said to have killed her own child, a girl. Molly had come to Magwitch on the day she murdered the other woman and told him she was going to kill their child and that Magwitch would never see her.*

Compeyson is looking for Magwitch in London. Pip plans to get Magwitch out of England by boat. Pip nearly succeeds in escaping with Magwitch but Compeyson stops them, then drowns, wrestling with Magwitch in the water. Magwitch is arrested and found guilty of escaping illegally from the penal colony of New South Wales, but dies from illness before his execution.

Pip falls ill. Joe nurses him and pays his debts. Healthy again, Pip goes abroad with Herbert to be a clerk. When he returns eleven years later, he runs into Estella on the wrecked site of Satis House. Drummle treated her roughly and recently died. Suffering has made Estella grow a heart and she and Pip walk off together, never to part again.

Text

from **Great Expectation. Chapter VIII**

A window was raised, and a clear voice demanded "What name?" To which my conductor replied "Pumblechook." The voice returned, "Quite right," and the window was shut again, and a young lady came across the courtyard, with keys in her hand.

"This," said Mr. Pumblechook, "is Pip."

"This is Pip, is it?" returned the young lady, who was very pretty and seemed very proud; "come in, Pip."

Mr. Pumblechook was coming in also, when she stopped him with the gate.

"Oh!" she said. "Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

"If Miss Havisham wished to see me," returned Mr. Pumblechook, discomfited.

"Ah!" said the girl; "but you see she don't."

She said it so finally, and in such an undiscussable way, that Mr. Pumblechook, though in a condition of ruffled dignity, could not protest. But he eyed me severely–as if *I* had done anything to him!–and departed with the words reproachfully delivered: "Boy! Let your behaviour here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand!" I was not free from

apprehension that he would come back to propound through the gate, "And sixteen?" But he didn't.

My young conductress locked the gate, and we went across the courtyard. It was paved and clean, but grass was growing in every crevice. The brewery buildings had a little lane of communication with it, and the wooden gates of that lane stood open, and all the brewery beyond stood open, away to the high enclosing wall; and all was empty and disused. The cold wind seemed to blow colder there, than outside the gate; and it made a shrill noise in howling in and out at the open sides of the brewery, like the noise of wind in the rigging of a ship at sea.

She saw me looking at it, and she said, "You could drink without hurt all the strong beer that's brewed there now, boy."

"I should think I could, miss," said I, in a shy way.

"Better not try to brew beer there now, or it would turn out sour, boy; don't you think so?"

"It looks like it, miss."

"Not that anybody means to try," she added, "for that's all done with, and the place will stand as idle as it is, till it falls. As to strong beer, there's enough of it in the cellars already, to drown the Manor House."

"Is that the name of this house, miss?"

"One of its names, boy."

"It has more than one, then, miss?"

"One more. Its other name was Satis; which is Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, or all three–or all one to me–for enough."

"Enough House," said I: "that's a curious name, miss."

"Yes," she replied; "but it meant more than it said. It meant, when it was given, that whoever had this house could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think. But don't loiter, boy."

Though she called me "boy" so often, and with a carelessness that was far from complimentary, she was of about my own age. She seemed much older than I, of course, being a girl, and beautiful and self-possessed; and she was as scornful of me as if she had been one-and-twenty, and a queen.

We went into the house by a side door–the great front entrance had two chains across it outside–and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there. She took it up, and we went through more passages and up a staircase, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

At last we came to the door of a room, and she said, "Go in."

I answered, more in shyness than politeness, "After you, miss."

To this, she returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy; I am not going in." And scornfully walked away, and–what was worse–took the candle with her.

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

Whether I should have made out this object so soon, if there had been no fine lady sitting at it, I cannot say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials–satins, and lace, and silks–all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on–the other was on the table near her hand–her veil was but half-arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a Prayer-book all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

It was not in the first few moments that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its luster, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly waxwork at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, waxwork and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out, if I could.

"Who is it?" said the lady at the table.

"Pip, ma'am."

"Pip?"

"Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come–to play."

"Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close."

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the

room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

"Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer "No."

"Do you know what I touch here?" she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

"Yes, ma'am." (It made me think of the young man.)

"What do I touch?"

"Your heart."

"Broken!"

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterwards, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

"I am tired," said Miss Havisham. "I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Play."

What impression did the ladies of Satis house produce on Pip?
What details in the description of Miss Havisham make her one of Dickens's most mysterious and fantastic characters?
Speak about the means of character drawing employed by Dickens. Is characterization direct or indirect?

Bronte Sisters

Charlotte (1816–1855), Emily (1818–1848), and Anne (1820–1849) Bronte were born in West Yorkshire. After the death of their mother in 1821, they grew up in relative seclusion as preacher's daughters. They were mostly brought up by their aunt Elizabeth.

Highly imaginative and romantic, the young women wrote novels and poetry.

Women were not allowed to publish in the 1850s and the three sisters wrote under the male pen names *Ellis, Currer and Acton Bell.* They published their first anthology of poetry under these names in May 1846. Charlotte and Emily studied in Brussels from 1842, but they had to return to England following the death of their aunt. Charlotte worked as a teacher between 1843 and 1844. By 1845, all three sisters were back at home to look after their brother Branwell who was addicted to drink and drugs. Branwell died of tuberculosis. Emily and Anne got infected from him. Charlotte was left alone with her father. She was a well-known writer by this point and visited London a couple of times.

Charlotte Bronte's novel ***Jane Eyre (1847)*** is considered one of the most gripping love stories ever written. The publication of *Jane Eyre* was speedy even by today's standards. She saw her work in print in just eight weeks. It was a major success and immediately raised suspicions about the author. At the publication of Anne's ***Agnes Grey (1847)*** and Emily's ***Wuthering Heights (1848)*** several months later the gossip reached its peak, and Charlotte went to her publisher to announce that the three writers were all women.

Then there came ***Shirley (1849)***, ***Villette (1853)*** and ***The Professor,*** published posthumously. In 1854 Charlotte married her father's curate, who had been courting her for a long time. Charlotte became pregnant soon after the marriage but her health declined rapidly, and she died with her unborn child at the age of 38.

Emily Bronte's only work *Wuthering Heights* is the towering romantic classic. It was her first and only novel. The decision to publish came after the success of her sister Charlotte's novel, *Jane Eyre*.

Wuthering Heights is the name of the farmhouse on the Yorkshire moors where the story takes place. *Wuthering* is a Yorkshire word referring to turbulent weather. The narrative tells the tale of the passionate, yet unfulfilled, love between *Heathcliff* and *Catherine Earnshaw*, and how this unresolved passion eventually destroys them and many around them.

Wuthering Heights received mixed reviews when first published, and was considered controversial because its depiction of mental and physical cruelty was unusually frank and undisguised. It challenged strict Victorian morality and criticized such conventions of the day as religious hypocrisy, social segregation and gender inequality.

Content

Jane Eyre

Jane Eyre *is a young orphan being raised by* ***Mrs. Reed,*** *her cruel, wealthy aunt. Mrs. Reed sends Jane away to the Lowood School. The school's headmaster is* ***Mr. Brocklehurst****, a cruel, hypocritical, and abusive man. At Lowood, Jane makes friends with a young girl named* ***Helen Burns****. A massive typhus epidemic sweeps Lowood, and Helen dies of consumption. The epidemic also results in the departure of Mr. Brocklehurst. Jane's life improves dramatically. She spends eight more years at Lowood, six as a student and two as a teacher.*

Jane accepts a governess position at a manor called Thornfield, where she teaches a lively French girl named ***Adèle.*** *Jane's employer at Thornfield is a dark, impassioned man named* ***Rochester****, with whom Jane finds herself falling secretly in love. She saves Rochester from a fire one night, which he claims was started by a drunken servant named* ***Grace Poole****. But because Grace Poole continues to work at Thornfield, Jane concludes that she has not been told the entire story. Jane becomes sad when Rochester brings home a beautiful but vicious woman named* ***Blanche Ingram****. Jane expects Rochester to propose to Blanche. But Rochester instead proposes to Jane.*

At the wedding ceremony ***Mr. Mason*** *cries out that Rochester already has a wife. Mason introduces himself as the brother of that wife–a woman named* ***Bertha****. Mr. Mason testifies that Bertha, whom Rochester married when he was a young man in Jamaica, is still alive. Rochester does not deny Mason's claims, but he explains that Bertha has gone mad. He takes the wedding party back to Thornfield, where they visit the insane Bertha Mason. Rochester keeps Bertha hidden on the third story of Thornfield and pays Grace Poole to keep his wife under control. Jane flees Thornfield.*

Penniless and hungry, Jane is forced to sleep outdoors and beg for food. At last, three siblings take her in. Their names are ***Mary, Diana, and St. John Rivers.*** *St. John is a clergyman, and he finds Jane a job at a charity school. He surprises her one day by declaring that her uncle, John Eyre, has died and left her a large fortune: 20,000 pounds. When Jane asks how he received this news, he shocks her further by declaring that her uncle was also his uncle: Jane and the Riverses are cousins. Jane immediately decides to share her inheritance equally with her three newfound relatives.*

St. John decides to travel to India as a missionary, and he asks Jane to accompany him–as his wife. Jane agrees to go to India but refuses to marry her cousin because she does not love him. One night she hears Rochester's voice calling her name. Jane immediately hurries back to Thornfield and finds that it has been burned to the ground by Bertha Mason, who lost her life in the fire. Rochester saved the servants but lost his eyesight and one of his hands. Jane travels on to Rochester's new residence, Ferndean, where he lives with two servants named John and Mary.

At Ferndean, Rochester and Jane rebuild their relationship and soon marry. At the end of her story, Jane writes that she has been married for ten blissful years and that she and Rochester enjoy perfect equality in their life together. She says that after two years of

blindness, Rochester regained sight in one eye and was able to behold their first son at his birth.

Wuthering Heights

*One day, **Mr. Earnshaw** goes to Liverpool and returns home with an orphan boy whom he will raise with his own children. At first, the Earnshaw children–a boy named **Hindley** and his younger sister **Catherine**–detest the dark-skinned **Heathcliff.** But Catherine quickly comes to love him, and the two soon grow inseparable, spending their days playing on the moors. After his wife's death, Mr. Earnshaw grows to prefer Heathcliff to his own son, and when Hindley continues his cruelty to Heathcliff, Mr. Earnshaw sends Hindley away to college, keeping Heathcliff nearby.*

*Three years later, Mr. Earnshaw dies, and Hindley inherits Wuthering Heights. He returns with a wife, **Frances,** and immediately seeks revenge on Heathcliff. Heathcliff now finds himself treated as a common laborer, forced to work in the fields. Heathcliff continues his close relationship with Catherine, however. One night they wander to Thrushcross Grange, hoping to tease **Edgar and Isabella Linton**, the cowardly, snobbish children who live there. Catherine is bitten by a dog and is forced to stay at the Grange for five weeks. Mrs. Linton tries to make her a proper young lady. By the time Catherine returns, she has become infatuated with Edgar, and her relationship with Heathcliff grows more complicated.*

*When Frances dies after giving birth to a baby boy named **Hareton,** Hindley starts drinking and behaves even more cruelly and abusively toward Heathcliff. Eventually, Catherine's desire for social advancement prompts her to become engaged to Edgar Linton, despite her deep love for Heathcliff. Heathcliff runs away from Wuthering Heights, staying away for three years, and returning shortly after Catherine and Edgar's marriage.*

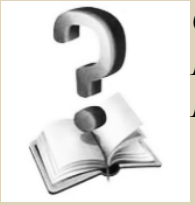
*Heathcliff returns to seek revenge on all who have ill-treated him. Having come into a vast and mysterious wealth, he lends money to the drunken Hindley, knowing that Hindley will only increase his debts. When Hindley dies, Heathcliff inherits the manor. He also places himself in line to inherit Thrushcross Grange by marrying Isabella Linton, whom he treats very cruelly. Catherine becomes ill, gives birth to a daughter, and dies. Heathcliff begs her spirit to remain on Earth. Shortly thereafter, Isabella flees to London and gives birth to Heathcliff's son, named **Linton** after her family. She keeps the boy with her there.*

Thirteen years pass. Isabella dies, and Linton comes to live with Heathcliff. Heathcliff treats his sickly, whining son even more cruelly than he treated the boy's mother.

*Young **Catherine** meets Heathcliff on the moors, and makes a visit to Wuthering Heights to meet Linton. The girl begins sneaking out at night to spend time with her frail young lover, who asks her to come back and nurse him back to health. However, it quickly becomes apparent that Linton is pursuing Catherine only because Heathcliff is forcing him to. Heathcliff hopes that if Catherine marries Linton, his legal claim upon Thrushcross Grange–and his revenge upon Edgar Linton–will be complete.*

Soon after Catherine's and Linton's marriage, Edgar dies, and his death is quickly followed by the death of the sickly Linton. Heathcliff now controls both Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange. He forces Catherine to live at Wuthering Heights and act as a common servant.

Catherine grows to love Hareton as they live together at Wuthering Heights. Heathcliff becomes more and more obsessed with the memory of the elder Catherine, to the extent that he begins speaking to her ghost. Everything he sees reminds him of her. Shortly after a night spent walking on the moors, Heathcliff dies. Hareton and young Catherine inherit Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange. They plan to be married on the next New Year's Day.



Compare the plots of Charlotte's and Emily's novels.
Find common and different elements.
Do the novels present typical love stories?
What other themes are discussed in them?

Text

from **Wuthering Hights. Chapter 29**

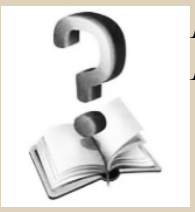
'I'll tell you what I did yesterday! I got the sexton, who was digging Linton's grave, to remove the earth off her coffin lid, and I opened it. I thought, once, I would have stayed there: when I saw her face again--it is hers yet!--he had hard work to stir me; but he said it would change if the air blew on it, and so I struck one side of the coffin loose, and covered it up: not Linton's side, damn him! I wish he'd been soldered in lead. And I bribed the sexton to pull it away when I'm laid there, and slide mine out too; I'll have it made so: and then by the time Linton gets to us he'll not know which is which!'

'You were very wicked, Mr. Heathcliff!' I exclaimed; 'were you not ashamed to disturb the dead?'

'I disturbed nobody, Nelly,' he replied; 'and I gave some ease to myself. I shall be a great deal more comfortable now; and you'll have a better chance of keeping me underground, when I get there. Disturbed her? No! she has disturbed me, night and day, through eighteen years--incessantly--remorselessly--till yesternight; and yesternight I was tranquil. I dreamt I was sleeping the last sleep by that sleeper, with my heart stopped and my cheek frozen against hers.'

'Of dissolving with her, and being more happy still!' he answered. 'Do you suppose I dread any change of that sort? I expected such a transformation on raising the lid--but I'm better pleased that it should not commence till I share it. Besides, unless I had received a distinct impression of her passionless features, that strange feeling would hardly have been removed. It began oddly. You know I was wild after she died; and eternally, from dawn to dawn, praying her to return to me her spirit! I have a strong faith in ghosts: I have a conviction that they can,

and do, exist among us! The day she was buried, there came a fall of snow. In the evening I went to the churchyard. It blew bleak as winter--all round was solitary. I didn't fear that her fool of a husband would wander up the glen so late; and no one else had business to bring them there. Being alone, and conscious two yards of loose earth was the sole barrier between us, I said to myself--"I'll have her in my arms again! If she be cold, I'll think it is this north wind that chills _me_; and if she be motionless, it is sleep." I got a spade from the tool-house, and began to delve with all my might--it scraped the coffin; I fell to work with my hands; the wood commenced cracking about the screws; I was on the point of attaining my object, when it seemed that I heard a sigh from some one above, close at the edge of the grave, and bending down. "If I can only get this off," I muttered, "I wish they may shovel in the earth over us both!" and I wrenched at it more desperately still. There was another sigh, close at my ear. I appeared to feel the warm breath of it displacing the sleet-laden wind. I knew no living thing in flesh and blood was by; but, as certainly as you perceive the approach to some substantial body in the dark, though it cannot be discerned, so certainly I felt that Cathy was there: not under me, but on the earth. A sudden sense of relief flowed from my heart through every limb. I relinquished my labour of agony, and turned consoled at once: unspeakably consoled. Her presence was with me: it remained while I re-filled the grave, and led me home. You may laugh, if you will; but I was sure I should see her there. I was sure she was with me, and I could not help talking to her. Having reached the Heights, I rushed eagerly to the door. It was fastened; and, I remember, that accursed Earnshaw and my wife opposed my entrance. I remember stopping to kick the breath out of him, and then hurrying up-stairs, to my room and hers. I looked round impatiently--I felt her by me--I could _almost_ see her, and yet I _could not_! I ought to have sweat blood then, from the anguish of my yearning--from the fervour of my supplications to have but one glimpse! I had not one. She showed herself, as she often was in life, a devil to me! And, since then, sometimes more and sometimes less, I've been the sport of that intolerable torture! Infernal! keeping my nerves at such a stretch that, if they had not resembled catgut, they would long ago have relaxed to the feebleness of Linton's. When I sat in the house with Hareton, it seemed that on going out I should meet her; when I walked on the moors I should meet her coming in. When I went from home I hastened to return; she _must_ be somewhere at the Heights, I was certain! And when I slept in her chamber--I was beaten out of that. I couldn't lie there; for the moment I closed my eyes, she was either outside the window, or sliding back the panels, or entering the room, or even resting her darling head on the same pillow as she did when a child; and I must open my lids to see. And so I opened and closed them a hundred times a night--to be always disappointed! It racked me! I've often groaned aloud, till that old rascal Joseph no doubt believed that my conscience was playing the fiend inside of me.



Describe the nature of Heathcliff's love to Catherine.
Is his love the source of joy or suffering?

George Eliot

Mary Anne Evans (1819–1880), who wrote under the pseudonym George Eliot, was born on November 22, 1819, in the family of a farmer and land agent. As a girl Mary Anne was introspective and quiet. She was different from other girls, because she enjoyed books and learning more than anything else. When her mother died, Mary Anne had to leave school at the age of 16 and stay with her father. He helped her to learn German and Italian.

Mary Ann's life changed a lot when she moved to Coventry at the age of 22. There she was introduced into the family of a wealthy ribbon-maker named *Bray*. He was a man of some culture, and the atmosphere of his house, with its numerous guests, was exciting and unusual to Mary Anne, who was brought up under the influence of strict *Methodist* ideals.

The **Methodist** denomination of Protestant Christianity was inspired by the life and teachings of *John Wesley*. Methodism is characterized by its emphasis on helping the poor and the average person. Methodists are convinced that building loving relationships with others through social service is a means of spreading God's Love. This idea is put into practice by the establishment of hospitals, universities, orphanages, and schools. Because of vigorous missionary activity, the movement spread throughout the British Empire, the United States, and beyond, today claiming approximately 80 million adherents worldwide. Early Methodist preachers took the message to labourers and criminals who tended to be left outside organized religion at that time. In the United States the Methodist Church became the religion of slaves who later formed *'black churches'* that minister to predominantly African-American congregations.

Through the Brays, Mary Anne was introduced to *Ralph Waldo Emerson*. Influenced by the ideas of *transcendentalism* Mary Anne renounced her faith in Christianity, which caused distance between Mary Anne and her father.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882) was an American essayist, lecturer, and poet, who led the Transcendentalist movement of the mid-19th century.

Transcendentalism is a religious and philosophical movement that was developed during the late 1820s and 1830s in the United States. Among the transcendentalists' core beliefs was the inherent goodness of both people and nature. Transcendentalists believe that society and its institutions – particularly organized religion and political parties – ultimately corrupt the purity of the individual. They insisted that people are "self-reliant" and independent.

The publication of Ralph Waldo Emerson's 1836 essay *Nature* is usually considered the moment at which transcendentalism became a major cultural movement. The transcendentalists desired to ground their religion and philosophy in transcendental principles: principles not

based on physical experience, but deriving from the inner spiritual or mental essence of the human. Transcendentalism has been influenced by Asian religions such as Buddhism, Confucianism, Judaism and Hinduism.

Through the Brays, Mary Ann met *John Chapman*, a publisher and bookseller from London. Chapman and Mary Anne became good friends, and he asked her to become the editor for the freethinking *Westminster Review*.

In 1851, Mary Anne met *George Henry Lewes,* and the pair became romantically involved. Though Lewes was already married, he and his wife had been separated for some years and his wife was living with another man, with whom she had three children.

George Henry Lewes (1817–1878) was an English philosopher and critic of literature and theatre. He became part of the mid-Victorian forum of ideas which encouraged discussion of Darwinism and religious scepticism. However, he is perhaps best known today for an open adulterate relation with George Eliot.

It was impossible for Lewes to divorce his wife because he had disregarded her adultery, so he and Mary Anne decided to try living together abroad and went to Germany in 1854. Their friends and relatives disapproved of their lifestyle. The couple returned to England in 1855, and Mary Anne remained separate from Lewes until his wife declared that she had no intention of ever reuniting with him. After this, Mary Anne moved in with Lewes in London, and insisted on being called Mrs. Lewes, which caused great scandal and her general isolation from society. She and George were very happy, despite the stir that their relationship caused.

In 1856 Mary Ann Evans wrote her first novel ***Scenes of Clerical Life (1856)*** under the male pseudonym George Eliot. Two years later her second novel ***Adam Bede (1858)*** became a success. Soon George Eliot's identity as Mary Anne Lewes became known.

Ufter the publication of ***The Mill on the Floss*** **(1860)** and ***Silas Marner (1861)*** George Eliot's literary fame grew. Encouraged by success, she turned to continental and political themes in her next works: ***Romola*** **(1863)**, which was set in Renaissance Italy, and ***Felix Holt, The Radical*** **(1866)**, which depicted the political controversy surrounding the Reform Bill of 1832. Three years later George Eliot published ***The Spanish Gypsy*** **(1869)**, a long narrative poem set during the Spanish Inquisition.

Mary Anne began writing ***Middlemarch*** in 1869. The novel was serialized through 1871 and 1872, and became a great success. By this time, public attitude had begun to soften toward Mary Anne. George Lewes and Mary Anne became very social and popular as her writing continued to make a great deal of money for the couple. They lived happily together until 1878, when Lewes suddenly became ill and died. For a long time Mary Anne was in deep mourning.

John Cross, an American banker, who had been an intimate friend of the Lewes household, became very concerned about Mary Anne's well-being during this trying period. He proposed marriage to her several times until she finally accepted it in 1880. Their union was one of companionship rather than romance. Cross was more than 20 years younger than Mary Anne,

who turned 61 soon after their marriage. In December 1880, after only seven months of marriage, Mary Anne became seriously ill. She died in her sleep on December 22, 1880, and was buried next to her lifelong companion, George Lewes.

More than other Victorian novelists George Eliot regarded her work as a means of public instruction. George Eliot made the teaching of morality her main purpose. She thought that people needed the moral law and the sense of duty in the same way as they needed their daily bread.

In her first three novels George Eliot repeats one and the same message with various detail and occasional irony here and there to light up the gloomy places. *Adam Bede* (1859) was a story of moral principles which work among simple country people. The plot was drawn from a reminiscence of Eliot's aunt, a Methodist preacher, whom she idealized as a character in the novel. *The story concerns the seduction of a stupid peasant girl by a selfish young squire, and it follows the stages of the girl's pregnancy, mental disorder, conviction for child murder, and transportation to the colonies. A greater interest develops, however, in the growing love of the lady preacher and a village artisan, Adam Bede. The religious inspiration and moral elevation of their life stand in contrast to the mental limitations and selfishness that govern the personal relations of the other couple.*

The scene of *The Mill on the Floss* and of *Silas Marner* is also laid in the country as the scene of *Adam Bede.* The secret of their success is that they deal with people whom the author knew well. *The Mill on the Floss* is as interesting to the readers of George Eliot as *David Copperfield* is interesting to the readers of Dickens, because much of it is a reflection of personal experience.

George Eliot grew more scientific in her later works. It was evident even to her admirers that the pleasing novelist of the earlier days had been sacrificed to the moral philosopher.

In *Middlemarch* Eliot returned to the scenes with which she was familiar and produced a novel that could match the success of Tolstoy's and Turgenev's Russian sagas. The title – drawn from the name of the fictional town in which most of the action occurs – and the subtitle, *A Study of Provincial Life,* suggest that the author here describes the life of communities, as well as that of individuals.The main line of the novel's complex plot is the familiar George Eliot story of a girl's awakening to the complexities of life. The heroine, *Dorothea Brooke,* is here surrounded by other *"seekers in life's ways,"* a man of science and a political reformer. Themes in the novel include the *way that people react to change, women's roles, marriage, and relationships*. *Middlemarch* is also about various human passions: *heroism, egotism, love and lust*. Although the pace of the novel is slow, many scandalous topics are covered including suspected murder, infidelity, secret pasts, gossip, politics, and family feuds.

Although like Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot was the product of her age, she responded differently to the forces which were affecting all Victorians. She felt the impact of the newly promoted scientific truths, particularly those of biologists. She investigated moral, philosophical, and religious problems with the analytical attitude of a scientist. The chief concern in her novels was character. She studied the motives for the actions of individuals and

the problems of human relationships. The problem she dealt with in each of her works centered in the *inward conflict of an individual against his own weaknesses* rather than in the outward conflict of the individual or the group against a social evil. In her analisis of character George Eliot started the trend toward the *psychological novel* of today.

Content

The Mill on the Floss

***Tom** and **Maggie Tulliver** are two kids growing up at Dorlcote Mill, which has been in their family for generations. The Tulliver kids have a stormy relationship. They spend most of their time getting along really well or else fighting horribly. Maggie in particular is very smart and very emotional and is always getting into trouble.*

*Tom and Maggie are both sent to schools. While at school Tom meets a deformed boy named **Philip Wakem**, who is the son of **Mr. Tulliver**'s arch-enemy. Mr. Tulliver dislikes **Mr. Wakem**, a lawyer, since he is involved in a lawsuit against one of Wakem's clients. Mr. Tulliver loses his lawsuit and things go rapidly downhill for the Tulliver family. They go bankrupt and Mr. Tulliver's health begins to fail.*

After the lawsuit fiasco, the Tulliver kids are forced to leave school and start working. Tom works for one of his uncles and is obsessed with paying off the family debts. Maggie finds comfort in an extreme form of religion, but she later puts that aside in favor of a secret friendship with Philip Wakem, who has been in love with Maggie ever since they first met. Maggie's passionate nature continues to cause her a lot of emotional distress.

Tom discovers Maggie's relationship with Philip and forbids her from seeing him again. Maggie is torn but decides that family loyalty comes first. Her relationship with Tom is badly damaged. Shortly after this, Tom manages to pay off the family debts, but the triumph is ruined when Mr. Tulliver attacks Mr. Wakem and then dies shortly afterwards. The Tullivers must move away from the mill.

*A few years go by and Maggie returns from a stint as a governess to stay with her cousin **Lucy**. Tom has worked his way up in his uncle's business and is now successful. Maggie meets **Stephen Guest**, Lucy's boyfriend, and the two quickly fall in love. Philip also returns and Maggie is involved in a messy love quadrangle. Eventually, Stephen and Maggie are unable to control their feelings and the two try to elope. But Maggie has a crisis of conscience and leaves Stephen, returning home in disgrace.*

Though Maggie reconciles with those closest to her, she is unable to make amends with the judgmental Tom. After a period of intense emotional suffering for Maggie, the local river floods. Maggie goes to rescue Tom and the two reconcile their differences. But Tom and Maggie are drowned in the flood. The other characters all survive and move on with their lives and Tom and Maggie are buried together.

Text

from **The Mill on the Floss**

Book I. Brother and Sister

Chapter XI. Maggie Tries to Run away from Her Shadow

Maggie'S intentions, as usual, were on a larger scale than Tom imagined. The resolution that gathered in her mind, after Tom and Lucy had walked away, was not so simple as that of going home. No! she would run away and go to the gypsies, and Tom should never see her any more. That was by no means a new idea to Maggie; she had been so often told she was like a gypsy, and "half wild," that when she was miserable it seemed to her the only way of escaping opprobrium, and being entirely in harmony with circumstances, would be to live in a little brown tent on the commons; the gypsies, she considered, would gladly receive her and pay her much respect on account of her superior knowledge. She had once mentioned her views on this point to Tom and suggested that he should stain his face brown, and they should run away together; but Tom rejected the scheme with contempt, observing that gypsies were thieves, and hardly got anything to eat and had nothing to drive but a donkey. To-day however, Maggie thought her misery had reached a pitch at which gypsydom was her refuge, and she rose from her seat on the roots of the tree with the sense that this was a great crisis in her life; she would run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies; and cruel Tom, and the rest of her relations who found fault with her, should never see her any more. She thought of her father as she ran along, but she reconciled herself to the idea of parting with him, by determining that she would secretly send him a letter by a small gypsy, who would run away without telling where she was, and just let him know that she was well and happy, and always loved him very much.

from **Book VI. The Great temptation**

Chapter XII. A Family Party

But to minds strongly marked by the positive and negative qualities that create severity,–strength of will, conscious rectitude of purpose, narrowness of imagination and intellect, great power of self-control, and a disposition to exert control over others,–prejudices come as the natural food of tendencies which can get no sustenance out of that complex, fragmentary, doubt-provoking knowledge which we call truth. Let a prejudice be bequeathed, carried in the air, adopted by hearsay, caught in through the eye,–however it may come, these minds will give it a habitation; it is something to assert strongly and bravely, something to fill up the void of spontaneous ideas, something to impose on others with the authority of conscious right; it is at once a staff and a baton. Every prejudice that will answer these purposes is self-evident. Our good, upright Tom Tulliver's mind was of this class; his inward criticism of his father's faults did not prevent him from adopting his father's prejudice; it was a prejudice against a man of lax principle and lax life, and it was a meeting-point for all the disappointed feelings of family and personal pride. Other feelings added their force to produce

Tom's bitter repugnance to Philip, and to Maggie's union with him; and notwithstanding Lucy's power over her strong-willed cousin, she got nothing but a cold refusal ever to sanction such a marriage; "but of course Maggie could do as she liked,–she had declared her determination to be independent. For Tom's part, he held himself bound by his duty to his father's memory, and by every manly feeling, never to consent to any relation with the Wakems."

Compare the characters of Maggie and Tom.
What features of character does the author oppose in the psychological portraits of the siblings?

from **Book VII. The Final Rescue**

Chapter I. The Return to the Mill

Between four and five o'clock on the afternoon of the fifth day from that on which Stephen and Maggie had left St. Ogg's, Tom Tulliver was standing on the gravel walk outside the old house at Dorlcote Mill. He was master there now; he had half fulfilled his father's dying wish, and by years of steady self-government and energetic work he had brought himself near to the attainment of more than the old respectability which had been the proud inheritance of the Dodsons and Tullivers.

But Tom's face, as he stood in the hot, still sunshine of that summer afternoon, had no gladness, no triumph in it. His mouth wore its bitterest expression, his severe brow its hardest and deepest fold, as he drew down his hat farther over his eyes to shelter them from the sun, and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, began to walk up and down the gravel. No news of his sister had been heard since Bob Jakin had come back in the steamer from Mudport, and put an end to all improbable suppositions of an accident on the water by stating that he had seen her land from a vessel with Mr. Stephen Guest. Would the next news be that she was married,–or what? Probably that she was not married; Tom's mind was set to the expectation of the worst that could happen,–not death, but disgrace.

As he was walking with his back toward the entrance gate, and his face toward the rushing mill-stream, a tall, dark-eyed figure, that we know well, approached the gate, and paused to look at him with a fast-beating heart. Her brother was the human being of whom she had been most afraid from her childhood upward; afraid with that fear which springs in us when we love one who is inexorable, unbending, unmodifiable, with a mind that we can never mould ourselves upon, and yet that we cannot endure to alienate from us.

That deep-rooted fear was shaking Maggie now; but her mind was unswervingly bent on returning to her brother, as the natural refuge that had been given her. In her deep humiliation under the retrospect of her own weakness,–in her anguish at the injury she had inflicted,–she almost desired to endure the severity of Tom's reproof, to submit in patient silence to that harsh, disapproving judgment against which she had so often rebelled; it seemed no more than

just to her now,–who was weaker than she was? She craved that outward help to her better purpose which would come from complete, submissive confession; from being in the presence of those whose looks and words would be a reflection of her own conscience.

Maggie had been kept on her bed at York for a day with that prostrating headache which was likely to follow on the terrible strain of the previous day and night. There was an expression of physical pain still about her brow and eyes, and her whole appearance, with her dress so long unchanged, was worn and distressed. She lifted the latch of the gate and walked in slowly. Tom did not hear the gate; he was just then close upon the roaring dam; but he presently turned, and lifting up his eyes, saw the figure whose worn look and loneliness seemed to him a confirmation of his worst conjectures. He paused, trembling and white with disgust and indignation.

Maggie paused too, three yards before him. She felt the hatred in his face, felt it rushing through her fibres; but she must speak.

"Tom," she began faintly, "I am come back to you,–I am come back home–for refuge–to tell you everything."

"You will find no home with me," he answered, with tremulous rage. "You have disgraced us all. You have disgraced my father's name. You have been a curse to your best friends. You have been base, deceitful; no motives are strong enough to restrain you. I wash my hands of you forever. You don't belong to me."

from **Chapter V. The Last Conflict**

It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water,–he face to face with Maggie,–that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. It came with so overpowering a force,–it was such a new revelation to his spirit, of the depths in life that had lain beyond his vision, which he had fancied so keen and clear,–that he was unable to ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other,–Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face; Tom pale, with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy though the lips were silent; and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous, divinely protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-gray eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter,–the old childish "Magsie!"

Maggie could make no answer but a long, deep sob of that mysterious, wondrous happiness that is one with pain.

As soon as she could speak, she said, "We will go to Lucy, Tom; we'll go and see if she is safe, and then we can help the rest."

Tom rowed with untired vigor, and with a different speed from poor Maggie's. The boat was soon in the current of the river again, and soon they would be at Tofton.

"Park House stands high up out of the flood," said Maggie. "Perhaps they have got Lucy there."

Nothing else was said; a new danger was being carried toward them by the river. Some wooden machinery had just given way on one of the wharves, and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness around them; in dreadful clearness floated onward the hurrying, threatening masses. A large company in a boat that was working its way along under the Tofton houses observed their danger, and shouted, "Get out of the current!"

But that could not be done at once; and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep, hoarse voice, loosing the oars, and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck on the golden water.

The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted; living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.

Conclusion

Nature repairs her ravages,–repairs them with her sunshine, and with human labor. The desolation wrought by that flood had left little visible trace on the face of the earth, five years after. The fifth autumn was rich in golden cornstacks, rising in thick clusters among the distant hedgerows; the wharves and warehouses on the Floss were busy again, with echoes of eager voices, with hopeful lading and unlading.

And every man and woman mentioned in this history was still living, except those whose end we know.

Nature repairs her ravages, but not all. The uptorn trees are not rooted again; the parted hills are left scarred; if there is a new growth, the trees are not the same as the old, and the hills underneath their green vesture bear the marks of the past rending. To the eyes that have dwelt on the past, there is no thorough repair.

Dorlcote Mill was rebuilt. And Dorlcote churchyard–where the brick grave that held a father whom we know, was found with the stone laid prostrate upon it after the flood–had recovered all its grassy order and decent quiet.

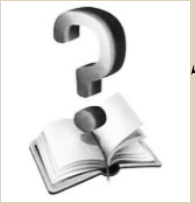
Near that brick grave there was a tomb erected, very soon after the flood, for two bodies that were found in close embrace; and it was visited at different moments by two men who both felt that their keenest joy and keenest sorrow were forever buried there.

One of them visited the tomb again with a sweet face beside him; but that was years after.

The other was always solitary. His great companionship was among the trees of the Red Deeps, where the buried joy seemed still to hover, like a revisiting spirit.

The tomb bore the names of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, and below the names it was written,–

"In their death they were not divided."



What was it that finally reconciled Maggie and Tom?
Speak about the message contained in the conclusion.

Thomas Hardy

Son of a country stonemason and builder, Thomas Hardy (1840–1928) was born in Dorset, on June 2, 1840. He practiced architecture before beginning to write. Hardy started writing poetry which he considered as the work that truly expressed his ideas, but he is best remembered for his novels.

Far from the Madding Crowd (1874), his first success, enabled Hardy to become a full-time writer. It was followed by ***The Return of the Native (1878), The Mayor of Casterbridge (1886), Tess of the D'Urbervilles (1891),*** and ***Jude the Obscure (1895),*** all expressing his pessimism and his sense of the inevitable tragedy of life.

Hardy lived a secluded life in southern England, the ancient Wessex, which he made the scene of all his novels. He painted a vivid picture of rural life in the 19th century, with all its joys and sufferings, a world full of superstition and injustice. The hard labour of the farmers, their endless and often unrewarded labour is depicted with grim realism. Hardy rejected the Victorian belief in a benevolent God, and his novels predominantly depict the bleakness of the human condition.

Literary critics of the day attacked Hardy's works accusing him of pessimism and immorality. The novel *Jude the Obscure* was often referred to as *Jude the Obscene"*for its frank treatment of sex. Heavily criticised for its apparent attack on the institution of marriage the book caused strain on Hardy's already difficult marriage because Emma Hardy (his first wife) was concerned that *Jude the Obscure* would be read as autobiographical.

Public indignation discouraged Hardy so much that he wrote no more novels. He returned to poetry with ***Wessex Poems (1898), Poems of the Past and the Present (1901),*** and ***The Dynasts (1910),*** a huge poetic drama of the Napoleonic Wars. While Hardy's fiction typically belongs to *Naturalism*, some of his poems display elements of the previous *Romantic* literature.

Naturalism was a literary movement or tendency from the 1880s to 1940s that used detailed realism to suggest that social conditions, heredity, and environment had inescapable force in shaping human character. Naturalistic works exposed the dark harshness of life, including poverty, racism, violence, prejudice, disease, corruption, prostitution. As a result, naturalistic writers were frequently criticized for focusing too much on human vice and misery.

Despite the heavy criticism towards his novels, by the 1900s Thomas Hardy had become a celebrity. In the last years of his life Thomas Hardy was awarded honorary degrees by Oxford and Cambridge Universities. He lived with his second wife (his former secretary) Florence Emily Dugdale, who was 39 years his junior. Hardy became ill in December 1927 and died on 11 January 1928, having dictated his final poem to his wife on his deathbed. His ashes were buried in Westminster Abbey and his heart was buried in the same grave as his first wife Emma.

Thomas Hardy's novels mark the turning point in Victorian novel. The second half of the 19th century was the time of controversies that gave rise to many debates concerning man, culture and society. The last fifty years of the nineteenth century saw innovations in science and technology. The theory of Charles Darwin that humans were descended from animals changed accepted views of religion and society. It shocked the Victorians to think that their ancestors were animals. They glorified order and high-mindedness, and thought themselves, as British subjects, the pinnacle of culture.

To make Darwin's theory more palatable, a complementary theory called *Social Darwinism* was formulated. Proponents of this social philosophy argued that Darwin's ideas of *'survival of the fittest'* also applied to society. The existence of lower classes could be explained by their inferior intelligence and initiative in comparison to that of the upper classes.

In his naturalistic ***novels of character and environment*** Thomas Hardy preferred to deal chiefly with persons in the middle and poorer classes of society because he felt that in their experiences the real facts of life stood out most truly. His deliberate theory was an absolute fatalism: human character and action are the inevitable result of laws of heredity and environment over which man has no control.

All of Hardy's fiction reflects his deep pessimism. Hardy's characters often encounter crossroads, which symbolize a point of opportunity and transition. But the hand of fate hinders people's prospects. In the world he describes, man cannot fight against fate which corrupts any possibility of happiness and leads him to tragedy. Another element that plays a role in crushing the hopes of Hardy's characters is the hypocritical values Victorian society. Social constraints are always in the way of Hardy's most sympathetically portrayed characters. This is especially true for female characters, whose bleak lives and loveless marriages are vividly exposed in his novels.

Women of the Victorian era were idealized as the helpmate of man, the keeper of the home, and the "weaker sex." Victorian era was a time of national pride and belief in British superiority. It was also an age best-remembered for its emphasis on a strict code of morality, unequally applied to men and women. Heroines in popular fiction were expected to be frail and virtuous. The thought that Hardy subtitled his novel *Tess of the D'Urbervilles 'A Pure Woman'* infuriated some Victorian critics, because it flew in the face of all they held sacred. The Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857 granted the right to a divorce to both men and women on the basis of adultery but, in order to divorce her husband, a women would have to further prove gross cruelty or desertion. Women who sought divorce for whatever reason were ostracized from polite society.

Content

Tess of the D'Urbervilles

Tess Durbeyfield, *a poor country girl, is misled by her father and the local parson into believing that their surname is really of noble origin. She goes to find her rich relatives and*

*begins to work for **Alec D'Urberville**, a rich landowner who seduces her and leaves her pregnant. Heartbroken, the girl returns to her village to take up her old life again. She has the baby, but it is sickly and dies in infancy. Tess goes to work on a dairy farm and falls in love with **Angel Clare**. On their wedding night she reveals the secret of her relationship with Alec. Angel reacts angrily, abandons her and goes to Brazil. Out of necessity and to help her family, Tess goes back to Alec. When she hears that Angel has returned and realizes he has forgiven her, she kills Alec in a fit of anger. Tess and Angel run away to escape the police but she is eventually captured at Stonehenge and hanged.*

Text

from **Tess of the D'Urbervilles. Phase the Fifth: The Woman Pays**

XXXV

Tess has just told her new husband, Angel Clare, about her seduction and her dead baby.

…When he spoke it was in the most inadequate, commonplace voice of the many varied tones she had heard from him.

"Tess!"

"Yes, dearest."

"Am I to believe this? From your manner I am to take it as true. O you cannot be out of your mind! You ought to be! Yet you are not. ... My wife, my Tess – nothing in you warrants such a supposition as that?"

"I am not out of my mind," she said.

"And yet – He looked vacantly at her, to resume with dazed senses: "Why didn't you tell me before? Ah, yes, you would have told me, in a way – but I hindered you, I remember!"

These and other of his words were nothing but the perfunctory babble of the surface while the depths remained paralyzed. He turned away, and bent over a chair. Tess followed him to the middle of the room where he was, and stood there staring at him with eyes that did not weep. Presently she slid down upon her knees beside his foot, and from this position she crouched in a heap.

"In the name of our love, forgive me!" she whispered with a dry mouth. "I have forgiven you for the same!" And, as he did not answer, she said again – Forgive me as you are forgiven! I forgive YOU, Angel."

"You – yes, you do."

"But you do not forgive me?"

"O Tess, forgiveness does not apply to the case! You were one person; now you are another.

My God – how can forgiveness meet such a grotesque – prestidigitation as that!"

He paused, contemplating this definition; then suddenly broke into horrible laughter – as unnatural and ghastly as a laugh in hell.

"Don't – don't! It kills me quite, that!" she shrieked.

"O have mercy upon me – have mercy!"

He did not answer; and, sickly white, she jumped up.

"Angel, Angel! what do you mean by that laugh?" she cried out. "Do you know what this is to me?"

He shook his head.

"I have been hoping, longing, praying, to make you happy! I have thought what joy it will be to do it, what an unworthy wife I shall be if I do not! That's what I have felt, Angel!"

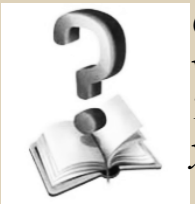
"I know that."

"I thought, Angel, that you loved me – me, my very self! If it is I you do love, O how can it be that you look and speak so? It frightens me! Having begun to love you, I love you for ever – in all changes, in all disgraces, because you are yourself. I ask no more. Then how can you, O my own husband, stop loving me?"

"I repeat, the woman I have been loving is not you."

"But who?"

"Another woman in your shape."



Can you accept Angel's remark that the woman he has been loving is "another woman" in Tess' shape? Is he being sincere?
The title of this part of the book is "The Woman Pays." What general moral do you think Hardy was trying to express?

from **Phase the Seventh: Fulfilment**

LVIII

"It is Stonehenge!" said Clare.

"The heathen temple, you mean?"

"Yes. Older than the centuries; older than the d'Urbervilles! Well, what shall we do, darling? We may find shelter further on."

But Tess, really tired by this time, flung herself upon an oblong slab that lay close at hand, and

was sheltered from the wind by a pillar. Owing to the action of the sun during the preceding day, the stone was warm and dry, in comforting contrast to the rough and chill grass around, which had damped her skirts and shoes.

"I don't want to go any further, Angel," she said, stretching out her hand for his. "Can't we bide here?"

"I fear not. This spot is visible for miles by day, although it does not seem so now."

"One of my mother's people was a shepherd hereabouts, now I think of it. And you used to say at Talbothays that I was a heathen. So now I am at home."

He knelt down beside her outstretched form, and put his lips upon hers.

"Sleepy are you, dear? I think you are lying on an altar."

"I like very much to be here," she murmured. "It is so solemn and lonely – after my great happiness – with nothing but the sky above my face. It seems as if there were no folk in the world but we two; and I wish there were not – except 'Liza-Lu."

Clare though she might as well rest here till it should get a little lighter, and he flung his overcoat upon her, and sat down by her side.

"Angel, if anything happens to me, will you watch over 'Liza-Lu for my sake?" she asked, when they had listened a long time to the wind among the pillars.

"I will."

"She is so good and simple and pure. O, Angel – I wish you would marry her if you lose me, as you will do shortly. O, if you would!"

"If I lose you I lose all! And she is my sister-in-law."

"That's nothing, dearest. People marry sister-laws continually about Marlott; and 'Liza-Lu is so gentle and sweet, and she is growing so beautiful. O, I could share you with her willingly when we are spirits! If you would train her and teach her, Angel, and bring her up for your own self! … She had all the best of me without the bad of me; and if she were to become yours it would almost seem as if death had not divided us… Well, I have said it. I won't mention it again."

She ceased, and he fell into thought. In the far north-east sky he could see between the pillars a level streak of light. The uniform concavity of black cloud was lifting bodily like the lid of a pot, letting in at the earth's edge the coming day, against which the towering monoliths and trilithons began to be blackly defined.

"Did they sacrifice to God here?" asked she.

"No," said he.

"Who to?"

"I believe to the sun. That lofty stone set away by itself is in the direction of the sun, which will presently rise behind it."

"This reminds me, dear," she said. "You remember you never would interfere with any belief of mine before we were married? But I knew your mind all the same, and I thought as you thought–not from any reasons of my own, but because you thought so. Tell me now, Angel, do you think we shall meet again after we are dead? I want to know."

He kissed her to avoid a reply at such a time.

"O, Angel – I fear that means no!" said she, with a suppressed sob. "And I wanted so to see you again – so much, so much! What – not even you and I, Angel, who love each other so well?"

Like a greater than himself, to the critical question at the critical time he did not answer; and they were again silent. In a minute or two her breathing became more regular, her clasp of his hand relaxed, and she fell asleep. The band of silver paleness along the east horizon made even the distant parts of the Great Plain appear dark and near; and the whole enormous landscape bore that impress of reserve, taciturnity, and hesitation which is usual just before day. The eastward pillars and their architraves stood up blackly against the light, and the great flame-shaped Sun-stone beyond them; and the Stone of Sacrifice midway. Presently the night wind died out, and the quivering little pools in the cup-like hollows of the stones lay still. At the same time something seemed to move on the verge of the dip eastward – a mere dot. It was the head of a man approaching them from the hollow beyond the Sun-stone. Clare wished they had gone onward, but in the circumstances decided to remain quiet. The figure came straight towards the circle of pillars in which they were.

He heard something behind him, the brush of feet. Turning, he saw over the prostrate columns another figure; then before he was aware, another was at hand on the right, under a trilithon, and another on the left. The dawn shone full on the front of the man westward, and Clare could discern from this that he was tall, and walked as if trained. They all closed in with evident purpose. Her story then was true! Springing to his feet, he looked around for a weapon, loose stone, means of escape, anything. By this time the nearest man was upon him.

"It is no use, sir," he said. "There are sixteen of us on the Plain, and the whole country is reared."

"Let her finish her sleep!" he implored in a whisper of the men as they gathered round.

When they saw where she lay, which they had not done till then, they showed no objection, and stood watching her, as still as the pillars around. He went to the stone and bent over her, holding one poor little hand; her breathing now was quick and small, like that of a lesser creature than a woman. All waited in the growing light, their faces and hands as if they were silvered, the remainder of their figures dark, the stones glistening green-gray, the Plain still a mass of shade. Soon the light was strong, and a ray shone upon her unconscious form, peering under her eyelids and waking her.

"What is it, Angel?" she said, starting up. "Have they come for me?"

"Yes, dearest," he said. "They have come."

"It is as it should be," she murmured. "Angel, I am almost glad – yes, glad! This happiness could not have lasted. It was too much. I have had enough; and now I shall not live for you to despise me!"

She stood up, shook herself, and went forward, neither of the men having moved.

"I am ready," she said quietly.

What is Tess' reaction to being arrested?
What does the statement "It is as it should be" suggest about her outlook?
The final episode of Hardy's novel is set in the prehistoric temple of Stonehenge. What is the symbolic significance of this choice?

Oscar Wilde

Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde (1854–1900) was born in Dublin. Oscar Wilde's mother, *Lady Jane Francesca Wilde (1820–1896)*, was a successful poet and journalist. She wrote patriotic Irish verse under the pseudonym "Speranza". Oscar's father, *Sir William Wilde (1815–1876),* was a leading ear and eye surgeon and a gifted writer, who wrote books on archaeology and folklore.

While at Oxford, Wilde became involved in the *aesthetic* movement and won the 1878 *Newdigate Prize* for his poem *Ravenna*.

Aestheticism was a late 19th-century European arts movement that centred on the doctrine that art exists for the sake of its beauty alone. It began in reaction to the perceived ugliness of the industrial age. Its philosophical foundations were laid by *Immanuel Kant*, who separated the sense of beauty from practical interests. Aesthetes rejected the Victorian notion that art should have a moral, social or political purpose, believing in *"Art for Art's Sake."*

After he graduated, Wilde moved to Chelsea in London to establish a literary career. His first collection of poetry ***Poems (1881)*** received mixed reviews. He worked as an art reviewer, lectured in Britain, Ireland, the United States and Canada and lived in Paris. Wilde's wit, irony and brilliant conversational skills opened the doors to fashionable societies for him. He applied the aesthetic ideals to all spheres of his life. Wilde wore extravagant clothes and considered eccentricity to be the sign of genius.

In 1884, Wilde married *Constance Lloyd*, a daughter of Queen's Counsel. To support his family, Oscar accepted a job as the editor of *Woman's World* magazine.

In 1888 Wilde published ***The Happy Prince and Other Tales (1888),*** fairy-stories written for his two sons. Although Wilde's fairy tales were intended for a young audience, they contain social implications that most children would not understand. The criticism of the Victorian society in Wilde's fairy tales is obvious. His tales rarely have a truly happy ending, reflecting his pessimistic views about society which is not likely to change for the better. Injustice is the central theme in many tales.

His first and only novel, ***The Picture of Dorian Gray (1891)*** received quite a negative response. It is based on the myth of *Narcissus*: a young *hedonist* in love with his youth and beauty wishes to remain eternally young and handsome. His wish is granted, but over time his portrait grows old and ugly and shows the physical consequences of his amoral and criminal life. The novel caused something of a sensation amongst Victorian critics. The public considered the novel shocking and immoral.

In Greek mythology, **Narcissus** was a hunter who was renowned for his beauty. He was the son of a river god named *Cephissus* and a nymph named *Liriope.* He was exceptionally proud of what he did to those who loved him. *Nemesis,* the goddess of revenge, noticed and attracted Narcissus to a pool, wherein he saw his reflection and fell in love with it, not realizing it was merely an image. Unable to leave the beauty of his reflection, Narcissus died. Narcissus is the origin of the term *narcissism*, a fixation with oneself.

In 1891, Wilde began an affair with *Lord Alfred Douglas,* nicknamed 'Bosie', who became both the love of his life and his downfall. Wilde's marriage ended in 1893.

Wilde's greatest talent and everlasting fame lies in his plays. His first successful play was ***Lady Windermere's Fan (1892).*** He produced successful and extremely popular comedies one after another: ***A Woman of No Importance (1893), An Ideal Husband (1895), The Importance of Being Earnest (1895).*** Wilde had finally found a way of turning his genius for conversation into literature. The plays were vehicles for his exceptionally witty dialogues. They illustrate Wilde's ability to mix farce, romantic comedy and social satire. Wilde challenged Victorian society with his cynical views expressed in aphorisms. He is one of the most quoted authors.

In April 1895, Wilde sued Bosie's father for libel as he had accused him of homosexuality. Oscar's case was unsuccessful and he was himself arrested and tried for gross indecency. He was sentenced to two years of hard labor for the crime of sodomy. During his time in prison he wrote ***De Profundis (1905),*** a dramatic monologue and autobiography, which was addressed to Bosie.

Upon his release, Wilde wrote ***The Ballad of Reading Gaol (1898),*** revealing his concern for inhumane prison conditions. At the time the poem was published, Wilde's name was so unacceptable in England that it appeared under the pseudonym C33, Wilde's prison number.

The scandal ruined Wilde financially and physically. He spent the rest of his life in Europe, staying with friends and living in cheap hotels. He died at the age of 46 of cerebral meningitis in a Paris.

Content

The Happy Prince

In a town where a lot of poor people suffer, a swallow who was left behind after his flock flew off to Egypt for the winter meets the statue of the late "Happy Prince," who in reality has never experienced true happiness. Viewing various scenes of people suffering in poverty from his tall monument, the Happy Prince asks the swallow to take the ruby from his hilt, the sapphires from his eyes, and the golden leaf covering his body to give to the poor. As the winter comes and the Happy Prince is stripped of all of his beauty, his lead heart breaks

when the swallow dies as a result of his selfless deeds. The statue is then torn down and melted leaving behind the broken heart and the dead swallow. These are taken up to heaven by an angel that has deemed them the two most precious things in the city by God, so they may live forever in his city of gold and garden of paradise.

The Selfish Giant

The Selfish Giant owns a beautiful garden which has 12 peach trees and lovely fragrant flowers, in which children love to play after returning from the school. On the giant's return from seven years visiting his friend the Cornish Ogre, he takes offense at the children and builds a wall to keep them out. He put a notice board TRESSPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED."The garden falls into perpetual winter. One day, the giant is awakened by a linnet, and discovers that spring has returned to the garden, as the children have found a way in through a gap in the wall. He sees the error of his ways, and resolves to destroy the wall. However, when he emerges from his castle, all the children run away except one boy who was trying to climb a tree. The giant helps this boy into the tree and announces: "It is your garden now, little children,"and knocks down the wall. The children once more play in the garden, and spring returns. But the boy that the Giant helped does not return and the Giant is heartbroken. Many years later after happily playing with the children all the time, the Giant is old and feeble. One winter morning, he awakes to see the trees in one part of his garden in full blossom. He descends from the castle to discover the boy that he once helped lying beneath a beautiful white tree that the Giant has never seen before. The Giant sees that the boy bears the stigmata. He does not realize that the boy is actually the Christ Child and is furious that somebody has wounded him. Shortly afterwards the happy giant dies. That same afternoon, his body is found lying under the tree, covered in blossoms.

The Devoted Friend

Hans is a gardener, the devoted friend of a rich miller. On the basis of this friendship, the miller helps himself to flowers from Hans' garden, and promises to give Hans an old, broken wheelbarrow, to replace one that Hans was forced to sell so that he could buy food. Against this promise, the miller compels Hans to run a series of arduous errands for him. One stormy night, the miller asks Hans to fetch a doctor for his sick son. Returning from the doctor, Hans is lost on the moors in the storm and drowns in a pool of water. After Hans' funeral, the miller's only emotion is regret as he has been unable to dispose of the wheelbarrow.

The Nightingale and the Rose

A nightingale overhears a student complaining that his professor's daughter will not dance with him, as he is unable to give her a red rose. The nightingale visits all the rose-trees in the garden, and one of the roses tells her there is a way to produce a red rose, but only if the

nightingale is prepared to sing the sweetest song for the rose all night with her heart pressing into a thorn, sacrificing her life. Seeing the student in tears, and valuing his human life above her bird life, the nightingale carries out the ritual. She impales herself on the rose-tree's thorn so that her heart's blood can stain the rose. The student takes the rose to the professor's daughter, but she again rejects him because another man has sent her some real jewels and "everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."The student angrily throws the rose into the gutter, returns to his study of metaphysics, and decides not to believe in true love anymore.

The Importance of Being Ernest

***Algernon Moncrieff** invites his friend **Ernest Worthing** in for a visit.*

*Ernest's real name is **Jack.** He is a guardian for a pretty girl Cecily. Jack's boring life in the country made him create a younger brother named Ernest, who lives in London. Whenever Jack feels bored, he visits London on the pretense that he's cleaning up Ernest's messes. Instead, Jack takes on the name Ernest and goes partying around town. Algernon's similar nonexistent friend is a perpetual invalid named **Bunbury,** who allows Algernon to visit the country whenever he likes.*

*Jack is in love with **Gwendolen Fairfax,** who is Algernon's cousin. Gwendolen is obsessed by the name Ernest. Jack asks Algernon if he can get Gwendolen's mother, **Lady Bracknell,** out of the room, then Jack can propose to Gwendolen.*

The plan works. Gwendolen is just about to accept Ernest's proposal when Lady Bracknell re-enters the room. Lady Bracknell doesn't approve of the engagement because Ernest is an orphan, abandoned at birth for unknown reasons and found in a handbag at Victoria train station.

Jack and Algernon concoct a scheme for getting rid of Ernest. They decide that he'll die in Paris of a severe cold.

When her mother left, Gwendolen slipped back into the room. She asks Ernest (Jack) for his country address. As he gives it, Algernon discreetly copies it down and later announces to his servant that he's going Bunburying tomorrow.

At Jack's country estate, young Cecily does everything she can to avoid studying her German grammar. Just as Cecily's governess Miss Prism leaves, the arrival of Ernest Worthing is announced. It turns out to be Algernon. Algernon and Cecily flirt. Cecily reveals that she imagined that she's engaged to Ernest.

At that moment, Miss Prism and Dr. Chasuble return from their walk, only to meet Jack dressed in black mourning clothes. He's come home early to announce that his brother, Ernest, has died tragically in Paris.

Cecily comes out to tell her Uncle Jack that Ernest has come to visit. When Jack sees it's

Algernon, he is furious and wants Ernest to leave.

Gwendolen arrives. Cecily entertains her. When each lady learns that the other is supposedly engaged to Ernest Worthing, they start fighting. Jack and Algernon show up in time to clear up any doubt. Their true identities are revealed, as well as the fact that there is no Ernest.

Lady Bracknell comes to bring Gwendolen home. When she sees Cecily holding Algernon's hand, she gives her an icy glare, but politely asks Jack how big this girl's inheritance is. When she finds out that the girl is extremely wealthy, Lady Bracknell's attitude toward Cecily changes and she gives consent for her and Algernon to marry. But Jack, as Cecily's guardian, refuses to give his consent unless Lady Bracknell allows him to marry Gwendolen.

During the conversation Lady Bracknell's ears prick up at the name of Miss Prism. The governess is brought before her and confesses the truth: she was once Lady Bracknell's servant and was in charge of a certain child. One day, she took the baby out in his stroller for a walk and brought along a three-volume novel that she had written and kept in a handbag. Distracted, she switched the two–putting the novel in the stroller and the baby into the handbag. She dropped the handbag off at Victoria train station.

Lady Bracknell tells Jack him that his mother is ***Mrs. Moncrieff*** *and Algernon is his older brother. Lady Bracknell tells Jack that he was named Ernest after his father. Now he can marry Gwendolen. There's general rejoicing. Ernest closes the play by insisting that he's now learned the 'importance of being earnest."*

Text

from **The Picture of Dorian Gray**

The Preface

The artist is the creator of beautiful things.

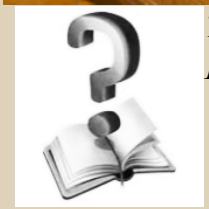
There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.

They are elect to whom beautiful things mean only Beauty.

All art is quite useless.

We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely.

It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors. Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vital.



Take one of Oscar Wilde's sayings for your commentary.
Do you agree with "art for art's sake" principle of aestheticism?

from **Chapter 8**

"So I have murdered Sibyl Vane," said Dorian Gray, half to himself, "murdered her as surely as if I had cut her little throat with a knife. Yet the roses are not less lovely for all that. The birds sing just as happily in my garden. And to-night I am to dine with you, and then go on to the opera, and sup somewhere, I suppose, afterwards. How extraordinarily dramatic life is! If I had read all this in a book, Harry, I think I would have wept over it. Somehow, now that it has happened actually, and to me, it seems far too wonderful for tears. Here is the first passionate love-letter I have ever written in my life. Strange, that my first passionate love-letter should have been addressed to a dead girl. Can they feel, I wonder, those white silent people we call the dead? Sibyl! Can she feel, or know, or listen? Oh, Harry, how I loved her once! It seems years ago to me now. She was everything to me. Then came that dreadful night – was it really only last night? – when she played so badly, and my heart almost broke. She explained it all to me. It was terribly pathetic. But I was not moved a bit. I thought her shallow. Suddenly something happened that made me afraid. I can't tell you what it was, but it was terrible. I said I would go back to her. I felt I had done wrong. And now she is dead. My God! My God! Harry, what shall I do? You don't know the danger I am in, and there is nothing to keep me straight. She would have done that for me. She had no right to kill herself. It was selfish of her."

"My dear Dorian," answered Lord Henry, taking a cigarette from his case and producing a gold-latten matchbox, "the only way a woman can ever reform a man is by boring him so completely that he loses all possible interest in life. If you had married this girl, you would have been wretched. Of course, you would have treated her kindly. One can always be kind to people about whom one cares nothing. But she would have soon found out that you were absolutely indifferent to her. And when a woman finds that out about her husband, she either becomes dreadfully dowdy, or wears very smart bonnets that some other woman's husband has to pay for. I say nothing about the social mistake, which would have been abject – which, of course, I would not have allowed – but I assure you that in any case the whole thing would have been an absolute failure."

"I suppose it would," muttered the lad, walking up and down the room and looking horribly pale. "But I thought it was my duty. It is not my fault that this terrible tragedy has prevented my doing what was right. I remember your saying once that there is a fatality about good resolutions – that they are always made too late. Mine certainly were."

"Good resolutions are useless attempts to interfere with scientific laws. Their origin is pure vanity. Their result is absolutely nil. They give us, now and then, some of those luxurious sterile emotions that have a certain charm for the weak. That is all that can be said for them. They are simply cheques that men draw on a bank where they have no account."

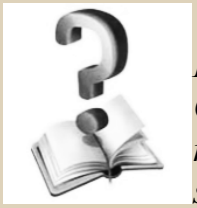
"Harry," cried Dorian Gray, coming over and sitting down beside him, "why is it that I cannot

feel this tragedy as much as I want to? I don't think I am heartless. Do you?"

"You have done too many foolish things during the last fortnight to be entitled to give yourself that name, Dorian," answered Lord Henry with his sweet melancholy smile.

The lad frowned. "I don't like that explanation, Harry," he rejoined, "but I am glad you don't think I am heartless. I am nothing of the kind. I know I am not. And yet I must admit that this thing that has happened does not affect me as it should. It seems to me to be simply like a wonderful ending to a wonderful play. It has all the terrible beauty of a Greek tragedy, a tragedy in which I took a great part, but by which I have not been wounded."

"It is an interesting question," said Lord Henry, who found an exquisite pleasure in playing on the lad's unconscious egotism, "an extremely interesting question. I fancy that the true explanation is this: It often happens that the real tragedies of life occur in such an inartistic manner that they hurt us by their crude violence, their absolute incoherence, their absurd want of meaning, their entire lack of style. They affect us just as vulgarity affects us. They give us an impression of sheer brute force, and we revolt against that. Sometimes, however, a tragedy that possesses artistic elements of beauty crosses our lives. If these elements of beauty are real, the whole thing simply appeals to our sense of dramatic effect. Suddenly we find that we are no longer the actors, but the spectators of the play. Or rather we are both. We watch ourselves, and the mere wonder of the spectacle enthralls us. In the present case, what is it that has really happened? Some one has killed herself for love of you. I wish that I had ever had such an experience. It would have made me in love with love for the rest of my life. The people who have adored me – there have not been very many, but there have been some – have always insisted on living on, long after I had ceased to care for them, or they to care for me. They have become stout and tedious, and when I meet them, they go in at once for reminiscences. That awful memory of woman! What a fearful thing it is! And what an utter intellectual stagnation it reveals! One should absorb the colour of life, but one should never remember its details. Details are always vulgar."



What is the dramatic character of life Lord Henry speaks about?
Do you share his views?
Comment on the lines: "One can always be kind to people about whom one cares nothing."Some one has killed herself for love of you. I wish that I had ever had such an experience. It would have made me in love with love for the rest of my life."

from **The Importance of Being Ernest. Act I**

Lady Bracknell. Mr. Worthing! Rise, sir, from this semi-recumbent posture. It is most indecorous.

Gwendolen. Mamma! [He tries to rise; she restrains him.] I must beg you to retire. This is no place for you. Besides, Mr. Worthing has not quite finished yet.

Lady Bracknell. Finished what, may I ask?

Gwendolen. I am engaged to Mr. Worthing, mamma. [They rise together.]

Lady Bracknell. Pardon me, you are not engaged to any one. When you do become engaged to some one, I, or your father, should his health permit him, will inform you of the fact. An engagement should come on a young girl as a surprise, pleasant or unpleasant, as the case may be. It is hardly a matter that she could be allowed to arrange for herself… And now I have a few questions to put to you, Mr. Worthing. While I am making these inquiries, you, Gwendolen, will wait for me below in the carriage.

Gwendolen. [Reproachfully.] Mamma!

Lady Bracknell. In the carriage, Gwendolen! [**Gwendolen** goes to the door. She and **Jack** blow kisses to each other behind **Lady Bracknell's** back. **Lady Bracknell** looks vaguely about as if she could not understand what the noise was. Finally turns round.] Gwendolen, the carriage!

Gwendolen. Yes, mamma. [Goes out, looking back at **Jack**.]

Lady Bracknell. [Sitting down.] You can take a seat, Mr. Worthing.

[Looks in her pocket for note-book and pencil.]

Jack. Thank you, Lady Bracknell, I prefer standing.

Lady Bracknell. [Pencil and note-book in hand.] I feel bound to tell you that you are not down on my list of eligible young men, although I have the same list as the dear Duchess of Bolton has. We work together, in fact. However, I am quite ready to enter your name, should your answers be what a really affectionate mother requires. Do you smoke?

Jack. Well, yes, I must admit I smoke.

Lady Bracknell. I am glad to hear it. A man should always have an occupation of some kind. There are far too many idle men in London as it is. How old are you?

Jack. Twenty-nine.

Lady Bracknell. A very good age to be married at. I have always been of opinion that a man who desires to get married should know either everything or nothing. Which do you know?

Jack. [After some hesitation.] I know nothing, Lady Bracknell.

Lady Bracknell. I am pleased to hear it. I do not approve of anything that tampers with natural ignorance. Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone. The whole theory of modern education is radically unsound. Fortunately in England, at any rate, education produces no effect whatsoever. If it did, it would prove a serious danger to the upper classes, and probably lead to acts of violence in Grosvenor Square. What is your income?

Jack. Between seven and eight thousand a year.

Lady Bracknell. [Makes a note in her book.] In land, or in investments?

Jack. In investments, chiefly.

Lady Bracknell. That is satisfactory. What between the duties expected of one during one's lifetime, and the duties exacted from one after one's death, land has ceased to be either a profit or a pleasure. It gives one position, and prevents one from keeping it up. That's all that can be said about land.

Jack. I have a country house with some land, of course, attached to it, about fifteen hundred acres, I believe; but I don't depend on that for my real income. In fact, as far as I can make out, the poachers are the only people who make anything out of it.

Lady Bracknell. A country house! How many bedrooms? Well, that point can be cleared up afterwards. You have a town house, I hope? A girl with a simple, unspoiled nature, like Gwendolen, could hardly be expected to reside in the country.

Jack. Well, I own a house in Belgrave Square, but it is let by the year to Lady Bloxham. Of course, I can get it back whenever I like, at six months' notice.

Lady Bracknell. Lady Bloxham? I don't know her.

Jack. Oh, she goes about very little. She is a lady considerably advanced in years.

Lady Bracknell. Ah, nowadays that is no guarantee of respectability of character. What number in Belgrave Square?

Jack. 149.

Lady Bracknell. [Shaking her head.] The unfashionable side. I thought there was something. However, that could easily be altered.

Jack. Do you mean the fashion, or the side?

Lady Bracknell. [Sternly.] Both, if necessary, I presume. What are your polities?

Jack. Well, I am afraid I really have none. I am a Liberal Unionist.

Lady Bracknell. Oh, they count as Tories. They dine with us. Or come in the evening, at any rate. Now to minor matters. Are your parents living?

Jack. I have lost both my parents.

Lady Bracknell. To lose one parent, Mr. Worthing, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness. Who was your father? He was evidently a man of some wealth. Was he born in what the Radical papers call the purple of commerce, or did he rise from the ranks of the aristocracy?

Jack. I am afraid I really don't know. The fact is, Lady Bracknell, I said I had lost my parents. It would be nearer the truth to say that my parents seem to have lost me… I don't actually know who I am by birth. I was… well, I was found.

Lady Bracknell. Found!

Jack. The late Mr. Thomas Cardew, an old gentleman of a very charitable and kindly disposition, found me, and gave me the name of Worthing, because he happened to have a first-class ticket for Worthing in his pocket at the time. Worthing is a place in Sussex. It is a seaside resort.

Lady Bracknell. Where did the charitable gentleman who had a first-class ticket for this seaside resort find you?

Jack. [Gravely.] In a hand-bag.

Lady Bracknell. A hand-bag?

Jack. [Very seriously.] Yes, Lady Bracknell. I was in a hand-bag–a somewhat large, black leather hand-bag, with handles to it–an ordinary hand-bag in fact.

Lady Bracknell. In what locality did this Mr. James, or Thomas, Cardew come across this ordinary hand-bag?

Jack. In the cloak-room at Victoria Station. It was given to him in mistake for his own.

Lady Bracknell. The cloak-room at Victoria Station?

Jack. Yes. The Brighton line.

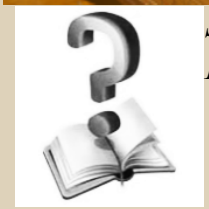
Lady Bracknell. The line is immaterial. Mr. Worthing, I confess I feel somewhat bewildered by what you have just told me. To be born, or at any rate bred, in a hand-bag, whether it had handles or not, seems to me to display a contempt for the ordinary decencies of family life that reminds one of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. And I presume you know what that unfortunate movement led to? As for the particular locality in which the hand-bag was found, a cloak-room at a railway station might serve to conceal a social indiscretion–has probably, indeed, been used for that purpose before now-but it could hardly be regarded as an assured basis for a recognised position in good society.

Jack. May I ask you then what you would advise me to do? I need hardly say I would do anything in the world to ensure Gwendolen's happiness.

Lady Bracknell. I would strongly advise you, Mr. Worthing, to try and acquire some relations as soon as possible, and to make a definite effort to produce at any rate one parent, of either sex, before the season is quite over.

Jack. Well, I don't see how I could possibly manage to do that. I can produce the hand-bag at any moment. It is in my dressing-room at home. I really think that should satisfy you, Lady Bracknell.

Lady Bracknell. Me, sir! What has it to do with me? You can hardly imagine that I and Lord Bracknell would dream of allowing our only daughter–a girl brought up with the utmost care–to marry into a cloak-room, and form an alliance with a parcel? Good morning, Mr. Worthing!



Speak about the character of Lady Bracknell.
How does her dialogue with Jack reveal the prejudices one can expect from a Victorian lady?

Alfred Tennyson

Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892) was the fourth son of the twelve children of the rector of Somersby. George Clayton Tennyson had been pushed into the church being disinherited by his own father, a rich and ambitious country solicitor.

Tennyson's father was mentally unstable. He took to drink and drugs, making the home atmosphere very depressing. One of Tennyson's brothers was confined to an insane asylum most of his life, another was addicted to drugs, a third had to be put into a mental home because of his alcoholism. Of the rest of the eleven children who reached maturity, all had at least one severe mental breakdown. The family referred to their unfortunate inheritance as "black blood" of the Tennysons.

To escape from the unhappy environment Alfred began writing poetry long before he was sent to school. All his life he used writing as a way of taking his mind from his troubles.

In 1827 Tennyson entered Trinity College. Soon he was at the center of an admiring group of young men interested in poetry and conversation. Tennyson's poem ***Timbuctoo (1829)*** won the Chancellor's Gold Medal for poetry. At Cambridge Tennyson came into contact with *Arthur Henry Hallam*, the most brilliant man of his Cambridge generation. Both became members of the secret society known as *the Apostles*, a group of undergraduates who were regarded as the elite of the entire university.

After the publication of his first collection of poems ***Poems Chiefly Lyrical (1830)*** Tennyson became popular and was brought to the attention of well-known writers of the day, including Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

In 1831 Tennyson's father died and he had to leave Cambridge before taking his degree. In two years Arthur Hallam died suddenly and unexpectedly. His death had a profound impact on Tennyson, and inspired several masterpieces, including *In Memoriam A.H.H.,* a long requiem poem written over a period of 17 years. The original title of the poem was *The Way of the Soul.* It is a meditation on the search for hope after a great loss.

Soon after his friend's death Tennyson published his second book of poetry ***Poems (1833),*** which included his well-known ballad *The Lady of Shalott.* The book was heavily criticized. Discouraged Tennyson did not publish again for 10 more years, although he continued to write.

With the publication of ***Poems (1842)*** Tennyson's reputation grew steadily. After the publication of *In Memoriam A.H.H.* in 1850 Tennyson reached the pinnacle of his career. The same year he was granted a government pension and succeeded to the position of Poet Laureate after the death of William Wordsworth and married Emily Sellwood, whom Tennyson had known since childhood but couldn't marry because of financial difficulties. They had two sons, Hallam and Lionel.

As the country's leading poet Tennyson was very much in demand. He published ***Maud, and Other Poems (1855)*** and ***The Idylls of the King (1859),*** which is one of literature's greatest interpretations of the legend of King Arthur.

Queen Victoria was an ardent admirer of Tennyson's work, and in 1884 he received the title of a baron and the seat in Parliament.

Tennyson continued writing into his eighties, and died on 6 October 1892, aged 83. He was succeeded as 2nd Baron Tennyson by his son, Hallam, who produced an authorised biography of his father in 1897, and was later the second Governor-General of Australia.

In his poetry Tennyson used a wide range of subjects, ranging from medieval legends to classical myths and from domestic situations to observations of nature. The richness of his imagery and descriptive writing reveals the influence of Romantic poets. There is often a mood of sadness in his lyrics and narrative epics because of the devastating effect the death of his friend and the family problems had on him.

Tennyson was a craftsman who polished and revised his manuscripts extensively. He was described as the *master of metre.* All his poems are very rhythmical and musical. Thomas Eliot, the most influential modernist poet, wrote that Tennyson had *"the finest ear of any English poet since Milton."*

Content

The Lady of Shalott

On the island, a woman known as the Lady of Shalott is imprisoned within a building made of "four gray walls and four gray towers."

The Lady of Shalott weaves a magic colorful web. She has heard a voice whisper that a curse will befall her if she looks down to Camelot. A mirror hangs before her. In the mirror, she sees "shadows of the world."

A knight passes by the river, his image flashes into the Lady of Shalott's mirror. Sick of shadows the Lady of Shalott leaves her loom and crosses the room in three paces. She looks down and sees the water lilies blooming and Lancelot's helmet and plume. She looks down to Camelot, and as she does so, her web flies out the window and her mirror cracks from side to side. She cries out, "The curse is come upon me."

The Lady of Shalott descends from her tower and finds a boat. She lies down in the boat, and the stream carries her to Camelot. The Lady of Shalott wears a snowy white robe and sings her last song as she sails down to Camelot. She sings until her blood freezes, her eyes darken, and she dies.

Link

The poem was particularly popular amongst artists of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, who shared Tennyson's interest in Arthurian theme. There are several paintings based on episodes from the poem. Two aspects, in particular, of The Lady of Shalott intrigued artists: the idea of the lady trapped in her tower and the dying girl floating down the river towards Camelot.

John William Waterhouse painted three episodes from the poem: the Lady setting out for Camelot in her boat; the Lady at the climactic moment when she turns to look at Lancelot in the window; and "I Am Half-Sick of Shadows" episode, as the Lady of Shalott sits wistfully before her loom.

Text

The Lady of Shalott. Part II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

What features of Romantic poetry are present in Tennyson's poem?
How can you interpret the symbolism of the world as a reflection in the mirror?

Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Robert Browning was born on 7 May, 1812 in south-east London. He was the eldest child of a wealthy clerk who was also a scholar and collector of books. Both his parents encouraged Browning to study and write. Up to the age of sixteen Browning was taught at home, learning French, Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and Italian, as well as studying music, horsemanship and drawing.

In 1833 Browning's Shelley-inspired confessional poem ***Pauline: A Fragment of a Confession*** was published anonymously by his family. His next work ***Paracelsus (1835),*** a series of monologues between Swiss alchemist, physician, and occultist Paracelsus (1493–1541) and his friends, attracted the attention of literary critics, and Browning was inspired to continue writing.

Browning's next publications including the verse drama for the stage ***Strafford (1837),*** and his narrative poem ***Pippa Passes (1841),*** were largely ignored. The public considered Browning too obscure. ***Dramatic Romances and Lyrics (1845)*** was another collection of his poems that would only years later be considered among his finest.

In 1846 Browning married an English poet Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–1861). They had started a well-known today correspondence a year earlier after Browning had read and admired her ***Poems (1844).*** The marriage was against her father's wishes partly because he was so protective of Elizabeth and, since her teens she had suffered a lung illness and treated as an invalid. Despite her frail health, the happy couple settled in Florence, Italy. Elizabeth's health improved and she went on writing.

Elizabeth Barrett was one of the most accomplished poets of the period. After the death of William Wordsworth she was seriously considered as his successor to the post of Poet Laureate. She wrote poetry in a wide variety of forms and styles. Elizabeth Barrett reflected upon the problems faced by many women in her contemporary society. Many of her poems focus on relationships between men and women that often take the form of brutal power games and are marked by disillusionment. The women usually die or are silenced at the end. These poems had a large influence on the next generation of poets – such as *Christina Rossetti* and *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* – and attracted particular attention from a number of feminist critics in the second half of the 20th century.

Elizabeth Barrett's most extensive, controversial, challenging and thought-provoking work is ***Aurora Leigh (1856).*** It is a nine-book epic which follows the development of the heroine into a successful poet. Elizabeth Barrett called this work her *'novel-poem'*. George Eliot considered it *'the greatest poem'* by *'a woman of genius'*. The poem deals with issues such as industrialization, women's education, socialism and life in the new urban environment.

Robert Browning dedicated to his wife ***Christmas Eve and Easter Day (1850)*** and ***Men and Women (1855)***. After her death he moved back to London to live with his son Robert. In London Browning published ***Dramatis Personae (1864)*** that was followed by ***The Ring and***

The Book (1868). It is a blank verse narrative poem consisting of twelve volumes and 21,000 lines. *The Ring and The Book* foreshadows the 20th century interest in fragmentation of reality and multiple points of view. In various voices it describes the 1698 trial of Count Guido Franceschini of Rome who murdered his wife Pompilia Comparini and her parents. It was a best-selling work during Browning's lifetime.

In 1881 the Robert Browning Society was founded by enthusiasts in England and America. In his last years Robert Browning devided his time between England and Italy where died at his son's home in Venice on 12 December, 1889. He was buried in Poets' Corner next to Lord Alfred Tennyson.

Critical and popular success came relatively late to Browning. The Victorian reading public considered his poetry strange and unappealing.

Browning's characters are artists and poets. Most of them are evil people, who commit crimes and sins. They are crafty, intelligent, argumentative, and capable of lying. One of the most frequent themes in Browning's poetry is relationship between art and morality. There is always a haunting aspect of mystery that draws Browning's poems to the dark side. The setting of Medieval and Renaissance Europe adds to symbolic interpretation of evil and violence.

Browning's greatest achievement in poetry was the form of *dramatic monologue* in which the actions, settings, and characters are revealed through the characters' own words. Browning explored the human psychology through his characters and the dramatic situations he presented.

Content

My Last Duchess

Alfonso, the Duke of Ferrara, who lived in the 16th century, tells us he is entertaining an emissary who has come to negotiate the Duke's marriage (he has recently been widowed) to the daughter of another powerful family. As he shows the visitor through his palace, he stops before a portrait of the late Duchess. The Duke begins reminiscing about the portrait sessions, then about the Duchess herself. His musings give way to a attack on her disgraceful behavior: he claims she flirted with everyone and didn't appreciate him. As his monologue continues, the reader realizes with ever-more chilling certainty that the Duke in fact caused the Duchess's early death. Having made this confession, the Duke returns to the business at hand: arranging for another marriage, with another young girl.

Text

from **My Last Duchess, by Robert Browning**

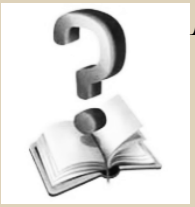
She had
A heart -- how shall I say? -- too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 't was all one! My favour at her breast,
Or there exceed the mark' -- and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
-- E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop.Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,

The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace -- all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, -- good! but thanked
Somehow -- I know not how -- as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech -- (which I have not) -- to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

How does the author reveal a murderer in Alfonso?

The Best Thing in the World, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

What's the best thing in the world ?
June-rose, by May-dew impearled;
Sweet south-wind, that means no rain;
Truth, not cruel to a friend;
Pleasure, not in haste to end;
Beauty, not self-decked and curled
Till its pride is over-plain;
Light, that never makes you wink;
Memory, that gives no pain;
Love, when, so, you're loved again.
What's the best thing in the world ?
– Something out of it, I think.



Interpret the message of the poem.

English Literature in the First Half of the 20th Century

Historical Context
Cultural Context
Literary Context
Henry James
Virginia Woolf
James Joyce
David Herbert Lawrence
Aldous Huxley
George Orwell
Thomas Stearns Eliot
George Bernard Shaw

Historical Context

The 20th century in Britain began with the death of Queen Victoria in 1901. She was succeeded by her son *Edward VII (1901–1910)* whose reign marked the beginning of the age in which the Victorian strict moral code began to give way to modern influences.

The crucial feature of the period was the build-up to World War I. Britain's supremacy and domination of world affairs was now called into question. During the time of **The South African War (1899–1902)** in which the rest of Europe sided with the *Boers*, Britain had to seek alliances with other countries (France, Russia) to ensure the balance of power within Europe.

Boer is the Dutch word for "farmer". It was used in South Africa to denote the descendants of the Dutch-speaking settlers of the Eastern Cape frontier during the 18th century. For a time the Dutch East India Company controlled this area, but it was taken over by the United Kingdom.

Tension in Europe steadily increased. Germany and Austro-Hungarian Empire, on the one hand, Russia and France, on the other, formed military coalitions. When Germany marched through Belgium, which was a neutral territory, in order to attack France, Britain was dragged into the war. Edward's successor *George V (1910–1936)* saw the outbreak of the **First World War** in history which lasted from 1914 to 1918. It destroyed the bloom of European youth and left deep scars on European life for generations.

The Irish question also became a serious political issue at the turn of the century. The British feared civil war in *Ulster* (Northern Ireland) and called on the Irish to volunteer for the British army. A group of patriots organized an armed rebellion in Dublin on *Easter Monday 1916*. It was quickly crushed but became a symbol of Irish heroism. At the end of the war the Republicans won almost everywhere in Ireland and preferred to constitute their own parliament in Dublin. *Guerrilla* war broke out and Britain finally agreed to the independence of Sothern Ireland, which became a republic in 1937.

Guerrilla warfare is a form of irregular warfare in which a small group of combatants such as armed civilians or irregulars use military tactics including ambushes, sabotage, raids, petty warfare, hit-and-run tactics, and extraordinary mobility to fight a larger and less-mobile traditional army.

The 1920s were a period of general depression, both social and economic. Strikes were regular and common, mainly in the areas in the north of England, Scotland and Northern Ireland. The tension culminated in the **General Strike of 1926**, which lasted 9 days and ended with a humiliating defeat for the Trades Union Congress. During the second half of the decade rearmament for a new war with Germany slightly revived the economy.

The 1930s were the time of great political changes: Stalin came to power in Russia, and Germany witnessed the rise of Nazism and Hitler. These two factors predetermined the

beginning of the **Spanish Civil War (1936–39).** This war influenced many English intellectuals who came to Spain to fight for the republicans and demonstrate their opposition to the Fascism. The war in Spain ended with General Franco's victory.

Francisco Paulino Hermenegildo Teódulo Franco Bahamonde (1892–1975) was a Spanish general and the ruler of Spain from 1936/1939 until his death in 1975. When the monarchy was removed and replaced with a republic in 1931, Franco and other generals staged a coup, which started the Spanish Civil War. With the death of the other generals, Franco quickly became his party's only leader. Franco received military support from fascist groups, while the Republican side was supported by communists. The Spanish Civil War was eventually won by Franco in 1939. He established a dictatorship, which he defined as a totalitarian state. Franco's Spain maintained an official policy of neutrality during World War II. During the Cold War Franco appeared as one of the world's foremost anticommunist figures.

On the 3rd of September 1939 Germany invaded Poland and Britain was forced to go to war. **World War II** lasted almost six years. In 1940 British Prime Minister *Chamberlain* gave way to *Winston Churchill*, who was responsible for leading Britain and the allies to victory in 1945.

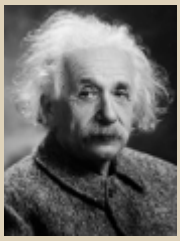
Arthur Neville Chamberlain (1869–1940) was a British Conservative politician who served as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom from May 1937 to May 1940.

Sir Winston Leonard Spencer-Churchill (1874–1965) was a British politician who was the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom from 1940 to 1945 and again from 1951 to 1955. Widely regarded as one of the greatest wartime leaders of the 20th century, Churchill was also an officer in the British Army, a historian, a writer, and an artist. He is the only British Prime Minister to have won the Nobel Prize in Literature, and was the first person to be made an honorary citizen of the United States.

Despite this victory Britain was almost economically ruined, and the majority of people voted for the Labour government. By the time Elizabeth II came to the throne in 1952 British life had already improved considerably and continued to do so until the end of the 1960s.

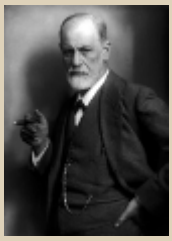
Cultural Context

The beginning of the 20th century was marked by a crucial change in the intellectual climate. This was a new age of uncertainty. Scientific discoveries such as *relativity* and the *quantum theory* destroyed people's assumptions about reality.



Albert Einstein (1879–1955) was a German-born theoretical physicist and violinist. He developed the general **theory of relativity**, one of the two pillars of modern physics (alongside *quantum mechanics*). While best known for his mass–energy equivalence formula $E = mc^2$ (which has been dubbed *"the world's most famous equation"*), he received the 1921 Nobel Prize in Physics for the discovery of the law of the *photoelectric effect*. The latter was fundamental in establishing **quantum theory** that explains the behaviour of matter on the scale of atoms and subatomic particles.

Freud's work, beginning with *The Interpretation of Dreams (1901)*, revolutionized people's view of the human mind.



Sigmund Freud, born **Sigismund Schlomo Freud** (1856–1939) was an Austrian neurologist who became known as the founding father of *psychoanalysis*. In creating psychoanalysis, a clinical method for treating psychopathology through dialogue between a patient and a psychoanalyst, Freud developed therapeutic techniques such as the use of free association (in which patients report their thoughts without reservation and in whichever order they spontaneously occur) and discovered *transference* (the process in which patients displace onto their analysts feelings derived from their childhood attachments), establishing its central role in the analytic process. Freud's redefinition of sexuality to include its infantile forms led him to formulate the *Oedipus complex* as the central tenet of psychoanalytical theory. His analysis of his own and his patients' dreams as wish-fulfillments provided him with models for the clinical analysis of symptom formation and the mechanisms of repression. He also elaborated his theory of the unconscious as an agency disruptive of conscious states of mind. Freud postulated the existence of *libido*, an energy with which mental processes and structures are invested and which generates erotic attachments, and a death drive, the source of repetition, hate, aggression and neurotic guilt. In his later work Freud drew on psychoanalytic theory to develop a wide-ranging interpretation and critique of religion and culture.

Advances in physics, cybernetics, genetics, psychoanalysis, and other sciences alongside with rich literary output, and the emergence of the motion picture as an art form greatly enriched philosophical subject matter. Numerous philosophical developments, such as *existentialism*, tended to undermine firm 19th century beliefs in the solidity of observed reality.

Existentialism is a term applied to the work of certain late 19th- and 20th-century philosophers who, despite profound doctrinal differences, shared the belief that philosophical thinking begins with the human subject – the acting, feeling, living human individual. In existentialism, the individual's starting point is characterized by what has been called "the existential attitude", or a sense of disorientation and confusion in the face of an apparently meaningless or absurd world. The themes popularly associated with existentialism – dread, boredom, alienation, the absurd, freedom, commitment, nothingness.

Modernism, being the leading cultural trend of the beginning of the 20th century, first began to be exhibited in the visual arts.

Modernism is a philosophical movement that, along with cultural trends, arose from changes in Western society in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Modernism, in general, includes the activities and creations of those who felt the traditional forms of art, architecture, literature, religious faith, philosophy, social organization, and activities of daily life were becoming outdated in the new economic, social, and political environment of an emerging fully industrialized world. Modernism explicitly rejected the ideology of realism and manifested the deliberate departure from tradition and the use of innovative forms of expression that distinguish many styles in the arts and literature of the 20th century. It brought innovations like the stream-of-consciousness novel, twelve-tone music and abstract art.

In music and painting the *avant-garde* broke away from the 19th century concepts of beauty. *Cubist* and *Post-Impressionist* exhibitions in London in 1907 and1910, revolutionary manifestoes of *Futurism* and *Dada* aggressively challenged Victorian popular tastes.

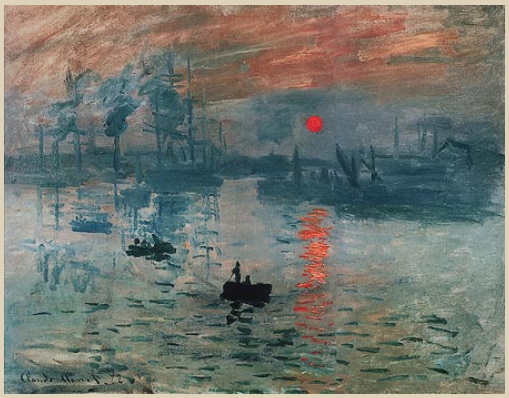
The Young Ladies of Avignon

Pablo Picasso

In **Cubist** artwork, objects are analyzed, broken up and reassembled in an abstracted form – instead of depicting objects from one viewpoint, the artist depicts the subject from a multitude of viewpoints to represent the subject in a greater context.

Violin and Candlestick

Georges Braque



Impression, soleil levant

Claude Monet

Impressionism derives from the title of a *Claude Monet (1840–1926)* work, *Impression, soleil levant* (Impression, Sunrise). Impressionist painting characteristics include relatively small, thin, yet visible brush strokes, open composition, emphasis on accurate depiction of light in its changing qualities (often accentuating the effects of the passage of time), ordinary subject matter, inclusion of *movement* as a crucial element of human perception and experience, and unusual visual angles.

Post-Impressionists extended Impressionism while rejecting its limitations: they continued using vivid colours, often thick application of paint, and real-life subject matter, but they were more inclined to emphasize geometric forms, to distort form for expressive effect, and to use unnatural or arbitrary colour.

A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte

Georges-Pierre Seurat

Cyclist

Natalia Sergeevna Goncharova

Futurism emphasized and glorified themes associated with contemporary concepts of the future, including speed, technology, youth and violence, and objects such as the car, the aeroplane and the industrial city. It was largely an Italian phenomenon, though there were parallel movements in Russia, England and elsewhere. The Futurists practiced in every medium of art, including painting, sculpture, ceramics, graphic design, industrial design, interior design, urban design, theatre, film, fashion, textiles, literature, music, architecture and even gastronomy.

Dada (or **Dadaism**) was born out of negative reaction to the horrors of World War I. This international movement was begun by a group of artist and poets associated with the *Cabaret Voltaire* (the name of a nightclub in Zurich). Dada rejected reason and logic, prizing nonsense, irrationality and intuition. The movement primarily involved visual arts, literature, poetry, art manifestoes, art theory, theatre, and graphic design, and concentrated its anti-war politics through a rejection of the prevailing standards in art through *anti-art* cultural works.

Dada Rooftop Studio

Rudolf Schlichter

Literary Context

Two world wars and an intervening economic depression predetermined the quality and direction of English literature in the first half of the 20th century. The traditional values of Western civilization came to be questioned seriously by a number of new writers, who saw society breaking down around them.

It is difficult to say exactly when the Victorian literary heritage gave way to new tendencies. In the first ten years of the 20th century some writers continued to adhere to tried and tested Victorian traditions, while others began to modify their style in accordance with the changing world around them. While the traditional novel continued to find a wide readership, there appeared more daring forms of expression which were relevant to the complexities of the new age.

Among the writers who used the realistic method and traditional forms were **John Galsworthy (1867–1933), William Somerset Maugham (1874–1965)** and **Edward Morgan Forster (1879–1970).** They observed society very closely and in great detail.

John Galsworthy was a novelist and playwright whose literary career bridged the Victorian and Edwardian eras. He is viewed as one of the first writers who challenged some of the ideals of society depicted in the preceding literature of Victorian England.

The Edwardian era or Edwardian period in Great Britain is the period covering the reign of King Edward VII, 1901 to 1910, and is sometimes extended beyond Edward's death to include the four years leading up to World War I. The Edwardian period is imagined as a romantic golden age of long summer afternoons and garden parties. This perception was created by those who remembered the Edwardian age with nostalgia, looking back to their childhoods across the horrors of World War I. The Edwardian age was seen as a mediocre period of pleasure between the great achievements of the preceding Victorian age and the catastrophe of the following war.

As a novelist Galsworthy is chiefly known for *The Forsyte Saga (1906–1921)*. The first novel of this vast work *The Man of Property (1906)* was a harsh criticism of manners and values of the upper middle classes: the narrow, snobbish, and materialistic attitudes of people from Galsworthy's own background and their suffocating moral codes. In other novels, *In Chancery (1920), To Let (1921),* which follow the lives of three generations of the Forsytes, the author became more and more sympathetic to the world he had judged very harshly. This development is evident than in the author's changing attitude toward *Soames Forsyte,* the *ℏan of property,"*who dominates the first part of the work.

The most recurring themes in Galsworthy's novels are *duty vs. desire*, *generations and change*, *a woman in an unhappy marriage*. The character of *Irene* in The Forsyte Saga is drawn from Ada Pearson, Galsworthy's wife who had been married to his cousin. In 1932 Galsworthy won the Nobel Prize in Literature.

Somerset Maugham became a witty satirist of the post-colonial world. He was a sophisticated world traveler, and many of his works depict Europeans in alien surroundings that provoke strong emotions. Maugham's writing is remarkable for realistic portrayal of life, powerful character observation, interesting plots and an astonishing understanding of human nature. His manner is distinguished by economy and suspense. He avoided verbose sentimentality in favour of a clear, simple and expressive style that makes easy reading. Maugham said: *I' have never pretended to be anything but a story teller."*

The writer's philosophy of life can be described as certain skepticism about the extent of man's innate goodness and intelligence. Many of his novels and stories end with a bitter hint of irony. Maugham always wants the readers to draw their own conclusion about the characters and events described in his works.

Maugham's masterpiece is generally agreed to be *Of Human Bondage (1915),* a semiautobiographical novel that deals with the life of the main character *Philip Carey,* who, like Maugham, was orphaned, embarrassed by his physical defect of a club-foot (echoing Maugham's struggles with his stutter), and like Maugham himself would live for many years in search of his calling and a place where he belonged.

The novels of E. M. Forster *A Room with a View (1908), Howards End (1910)* had exposed the senselessness of abstract intellectuality and upper-class social life. Forster called for a return to a simple, intuitive reliance on the senses and for a satisfaction of the needs of one's physical being. His most famous novel, *A Passage to India* (1924), combines these themes with an examination of the social distance separating the English ruling classes from the native inhabitants of India and shows the impossibility of continued British rule there.

A member of the *Bloomsbury Group,* Forster was deeply critical of the upper-middle classes from which he himself came. The structure and style of his novels was traditional, but his revolt against conventions and hypocrisies of society placed him among an avant-garde group of writers.

The **Bloomsbury Group** was an influential group of associated English writers, intellectuals, philosophers and artists. This loose collective of friends and relatives lived, worked or studied together near Bloomsbury, London, during the first half of the 20th century. Their works and outlook deeply influenced literature, aesthetics, criticism, and economics as well as modern attitudes towards feminism, pacifism, and sexuality.

Unlike Forster, **Herbert George Wells (1866–1946)** was one of a new breed of writers who came from relatively poor backgrounds. His interest and wide reading in the sciences led him to write some of the first science fiction novels in the language.

The Time Machine (1895), The Invisible Man (1897) and *The War of the Worlds (1898)* were all outstanding in their ideas which seem extremely advanced for their era. Wells explored the effects of modern science and technology on men's lives and thoughts.

In the 20th century the short story became a popular and significant form of writing. One of the

most talented short-story writers of the beginning of the 20th century was **Katherine Mansfield (1888–1923).** She has been seen as an originator of the modernist style, and an early practitioner of *stream-of-consciousness technique*.

Stream of consciousness is a narrative device used in literature to depict the multitudinous thoughts and feelings which pass through the mind. Another phrase for it is *interior monologue*. The term *'Stream of Consciousness'* was coined by philosopher and psychologist William James in *The Principles of Psychology* (1890): *consciousness, then, does not appear to itself as chopped up in bits ... it is nothing joined; it flows. A 'river' or a 'stream' are the metaphors by which it is most naturally described. In talking of it hereafter, let's call it the stream of thought, consciousness, or subjective life.* In literary criticism, *stream of consciousness* is a narrative mode that seeks to portray an individual's point of view by giving the written equivalent of the character's thought processes, either in a loose interior monologue, or in connection to his or her actions. Stream-of-consciousness writing is usually regarded as a special form of interior monologue and is characterized by associative leaps in thought and lack of punctuation. Stream of consciousness and interior monologue are distinguished from *dramatic monologue* and *soliloquy*, where the speaker is addressing an audience or a third person, which are chiefly used in poetry or drama. In stream of consciousness the speaker's thought processes are more often depicted as overheard in the mind (or addressed to oneself); it is primarily a fictional device.

Mansfield's best known stories are *Miss Brill (1922)* and *ACup of Tea (1922)*. Above all, she is praised for her capacity to pack complex emotion and thought into simple and direct plots. Mansfield was influenced by the works of *Anton Pavlovich Chekhov*. Her stories aim to reveal to the reader some essential truth implicit in the narration. A master of understatement, Mansfield built up each story through the description of closely observed, seemingly insignificant moments. Thus, the complexity of human relationships is shown through everyday concerns of ordinary people. Katherine Mansfield's main subjects were the troubles of family relations, the selfishness of the rising middle classes, the social consequences of war, and people's attempt to find beauty and vitality in their difficult lives.

Aldous Huxley (1894–1936) was another novelist and short-story writer, who expressed the sense of disillusionment and hopelessness in the period after World War.

Like Huxley, **Evelyn Waugh (1903–1966)**, exposed the evils of society. His novels *Decline and Fall* (1928), *The Loved One (1948)* and *Brideshead Revisited (1945)* are similarly satirical and extravagant.

Much of the reputation of **George Orwell (1903–1950)** rests on two works of fiction, *Animal Farm (*1945) and *Nineteen Eighty-Four (*1949) – both directed against the dangers of totalitarianism.

The main line of development of the early 20th century novel represents a break with the school of realism and naturalism and a movement towards a more subtle and complex vision of man and his world. The factors that seem to be responsible for this were the total decline of social, moral and intellectual values and the development of new theories.

Novelists up to the end of the 19th century had concentrated on describing people and the world from the outside. Modernist writers applied psychoanalytic theory to their work so that the inner psychology of man became as important as the external world. Modernist literature flourished in the first half of the 20th century. It was initiated by **Henry James (1843–1916), Joseph Conrad (1857–1924), D.H. Lawrence (1885–1930), James Joyce (1882–1941)** and **Virginia Woolf (1882–1941).**

Henry James was one of the first *"moderns".*His interest in the consciousness of his characters and his innovative use of limited point of view made him one of the forerunners of the *stream of consciousness technique.*

Modernist writers, along with artists such as Picasso and Matisse, tried to find forms of expression that reflected the complexity of 20th century life.

Pablo Ruiz y Picasso, known as **Pablo Picasso** (1881–1973) was a Spanish painter, sculptor, printmaker, ceramicist, stage designer, poet and playwright who spent most of his adult life in France. As one of the greatest and most influential artists of the 20th century, he is known for co-founding the *Cubist* movement and the wide variety of styles that he helped develop and explore. Among his most famous works is *Guernica* (1937), a portrayal of the German bombing of Guernica during the Spanish Civil War.

Picasso and **Henri Matisse (1869–1954)** are among the artists who most defined the revolutionary developments in painting, sculpture, printmaking and ceramics.

Josef Conrad shared with Henry James the central position in the development of the modern novel and explored the technical possibilities of fiction. He was one of the earliest writers to experiment with time shifts. He abandoned chronological plot and narration in favour of fragmented but highly significant flashes of thought which gave truer impressions of how the mind really works and how it perceives the world. He made use of *multiple points of view*, so that, one and the same event is seen from different angles and the complete shape of the story is put together through the intervention of several witnesses, each of whom knows only a fragment of the whole.

Joseph Conrad, whose real name was Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski, is a unique case of a foreigner writing in English, a language that he had not learnt until his twenties, and acquiring such knowledge of the language as to come to be regarded as one of the supreme masters of English prose fiction.

Conrad's fiction is related with unusual closeness to his own experience. He was concerned with men under stress, deprived of the ordinary supports of civilized life and forced to

confront the mystery of human individuality. His first great novel was *Lord Jim (1900)*. It is a story of a young English officer who, in a moment of panic, deserts his ship, which he believes to be sinking, and finally finds redemption in an honorable death. His other important works are *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'(1897)* and *Heart of Darkness (1902)*.

The most important writer to use new literary techniques was James Joyce. He influenced many writers on both sides of Atlantic. The portrayal of the steam of consciousness as a literary technique is particularly evident in his major novel *Ulysses (1922)*. Generally regarded as the greatest novel of the 20th century, *Ulisses* is the story of one day in the city of Dublin, written in a framework based on the Greek classic epic of the same name. Joyce wanted to present a day in ordinary life as a miniature picture of the whole human history.

Joyce's novels were paralleled by those of Virginia Woolf, whose *Mrs. Dalloway (1925)* and *To the Lighthouse (1927)* demonstrate the technique of interior monologue to great effect.

The complexity of human psychology and the central importance of man's emotional and sensual life are core features of the works of D. H. Lawrence, one of the period's most revolutionary writers. In the semi-autobiographical *Sons and Lovers* (1913), the daring *Women in Love* (1921), and the scandalous *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928) Lawrence reveals his characters' deepest inner emotions as they strive to find renewed vitality in the materialised world. Man's salvation, according to Lawrence, lies in rooting himself in his natural instincts. He offers sexual liberation as the means to overcome social and moral repression.

Like fiction, poetry in the first half of the 20th century developed along two lines which can be broadly defined as *traditional* and *Modernist.* Traditional poems were conventional in form and did not move very far away from the canons of Victorian poetry. The traditional strand was best exemplified by the *Georgian Poets,* so called because much of their work was published during the reign of George V (1910 – 1936).

Among traditional poets there were those who produced a unique corpus of work around the theme of war. Their work has survived to give us a gripping account of the brutality and absurdity of the war. Many of them died at the front. **Rupert Brooke (1887–1915)** joined the Royal Navy as an officer. While on leave, in December 1914, he wrote the five *War Sonnets* that made him famous. Like Brooke **Wilfred Owen (1893–1918)** enlisted in the army when the war broke out. Suffering from shell shock he was sent to hospital in Scotland where he met **Siegfried Sassoon (1886–1967)** who inspired him to write poetry as a form of therapy. The harsh, realistic depictions of war which Owen presented in his poems were not immedietely popular with the reading public who prefered the romantic patriotism of Rupert Brooke. However his reputation grew slowly and today he is regarded as one of the greatest *War Poets.* Out of the three poets only Sassoon survived the war. In his later years he wrote a three-volume autobiography and published two volumes of religious poetry, but his experience of war still dominated his writing in the post-war years.

The modern strand in poetry was best exemplified by the *Imagist Movement.* Imagistic poems were generally short, contained hard, condensed, precise images, were written in free verse, employed everyday language and dealt with topical subjectmatter.

Imagism was a movement in early 20th-century Anglo-American poetry that favored precision of imagery and clear, sharp language. It has been described as the most influential movement in English poetry since the activity of the *Pre-Raphaelites.* As a poetic style it gave Modernism its start in the early 20th century, and is considered to be the first organized Modernist literary movement in the English language. The Imagists rejected the sentiment and discursiveness typical of much Romantic and Victorian poetry, in contrast to their contemporaries, the *Georgian poets*, who were generally content to work within that tradition. Imagism called for a return to what were seen as more Classical values, such as directness of presentation and economy of language, as well as a willingness to experiment with non-traditional verse forms.

In seach for the new forms suited to the contemporary world the Imagists were joined by the most famous *Modernist poets* of the era, **Thomas Sterns Eliot (1880–1965)** and **William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)**.

The work of Yeats is a good example of how poetry developed in the 20th century. At the time of the *Irish Literary Revival* at the turn of the 20th century he was a mouthpiece for Irish mythology and nationalism.

The **Irish Literary Revival** (also called the **Irish Literary Renaissance**, nicknamed the **Celtic Twilight**) was a flowering of Irish literary talent in the late 19th and early 20th century. The literary movement was associated with a revival of interest in Ireland's Gaelic heritage and the growth of Irish nationalism.

In later years his poetry became increasingly sophisticated and philosophical covering subjects like aging, personal regret and the importance of *high culture.*

The term **high culture** embraces he moral, social, intellectual, and physical qualities that are perceived to be the most valuable to a culture. High culture is thought by many to be developed and refined by training in the tastes and manners of society. It includes aspects of culture, such as classical music, ballet, poetry, and fine arts, which involve a relatively small segment of the population. These aspects are usually the domain of the upper class or well-educated social elite, particularly in Western countries. High culture is opposed to *mass culture,* or *popular culture.*

Thomas Eliot is regarded as the father of modern poetry in English. The publication of *The Waste Land (1922)* had a great impact on the literary world. The poem expresses the horror of a man looking at the gloomy materialistic world of nothingness surrounding him while he searches for the meaning of life. The poem includes images and allusions symbolising the spiritual emptiness of a godless society.

As far as drama is concerned the early 20th century is dominated by **George Bernard Shaw**'s **(1856–1950)** *comedy of ideas*. A man of exeptional energy, Shaw was a master of innovation. His plays aim to entertain and engage the audience intellectually. In many ways Shaw saw the theatre as a vehicle for social reform, and the long prefaces to many of his works offered him the opportunity to express his views.

Many of the best plays of the period were produced in Bernard Shaw's native country. Due to the Irish Literary Revival and the openning of the Abbey Theatre in 1904, Dublin became a major theatrical centre. The most renowned Irish playwrights were **John Millinton Synge (1871–1909)** and **Sean O'Casey (1880–1964)**. Synge's description of peasant life in the west of Ireland caused scandal among a shocked public, and the first performance of *The Playboy of the Western World (1907)* was greeted with rioting. O'Casey's portrayal of blind and unthinking patriotism in *The Plough and the Star (1926)* was also greeted with the protest of angry nationalists.

As England entered the second half of the 20th century the Modernist revolution had changed the face of fiction and poetry forever. The new age that began in the 1950s would extend that revolution to the world of theatre.

Henry James

Henry James (1843–1916) is regarded as one of the pioneers of the modern novel. He was born in New York City into a wealthy and intellectual family. Henry James Sr. was connected with noted philosophers, writers and influential thinkers of the time who had a profound effect on his son's life. The family spent many years in Europe, children being tutored in languages and literature. After several attempts at attending schools to study science and law, James decided he would become a writer.

James left America and lived for a time in Paris before moving to London in 1876. He renounced his American Citizenship for America's refusal to enter into World War I and in 1915 became a British citizen.

Henry James spent most of his life in Europe, because he thought that the *"old world"* was richer in tradition and culture and more stimulating for the production of great literature.

As a writer Henry James began with the idea of the impact of Europe on the American abroad. It developed into his main theme in literature: *the conflict between the old world and the new, between Europe's tolerant (and often corrupt) sophisticated civilization and America's rigid Puritanism and fervent idealism*.

The Portrait of a Lady (1881) is the best novel in the first period of his literary career. It brilliantly depicts the clashes between the European and American sentiments. The novel exhibits a huge panorama of transatlantic life. Henry James's moneyed world appears charming and leisurely on the surface, but turns out to be treacherous, deceitful and full of suffering on the inside. The novel's main focus is the problem of choice faced by young *Isabel,* the novel's protagonist, between personal freedom and sense of responsibility. Isabel turns down personal happiness for a feeling of responsibility to a man who has mistreated her. It is only through disappointment and loss, James seems to say, that one can grow to complete maturity.

Contemporary critics recognized that James had pushed the analysis of human consciousness and motivation to new levels, particularly in such passages as the famous Chapter 42, where Isabel meditates deep into the night about her marriage and the trap she seems to have fallen into.

In the novels of his second phase, such as *The Princess Casamassima (1886)* and *The Awkward Age (1899),* James turned away from the international topic and concentrated mainly on the English characters and scene. James's third and final phase is considered to be his greatest. Here, he resumed his transatlantic theme with greater maturity of vision and style. His masterpieces of this period were *The Wings of the Dove (1902), The Ambassadors (1903)* and *The Golden Bowl (1905).*

Henry James was a great observer both of *social scene* and of the *inner life of man*. The depth of character, the scale of social commentary and the deep insight into the psychological motives of the characters' actions, are the most remarkable features of his books. His favoured the dramatic method of writing giving the direct presentation of events and the minds

of the characters without comment or explanation. James's protagonists are individuals who battle personal and social prejudices, and whose destinies reflect the complexities of American and European lives.

Content

The Portrait of a Lady

Isabel Archer is a penniless orphan who is taken in by her aunt Lydia Touchett. The family of Touchetts consists of the patriarch Touchett, a rich banker, Lydia his wife and their tubercular son Ralph. Ralph is a good natured young fellow and intervenes with his dad to make a provision for Isabel in his will. As Mr. Touchett dies Isabel comes into her inheritance and becomes a wealthy woman. While in New York she gets two marriage proposals, one by Casper Goodwood and another from Lord Warburton. Isabel rejects them both and leaves with her aunt to Europe to see the world. She meets Madam Merle and is taken up by the woman's free spirit and aspires to have her bohemian outlook. Merle introduces her to Gilbert Osmond, and he impreses Isabel with his good tastes and behavior. Isabel marries Osmond and becomes a mother to his daughter Pansy. But after the marriage, Isabel comes to know the horrific truth that Osmond had married her for her money. She also comes to know that Madam Merle is in fact Pansy's mother and she and Osmond had schemed to entrap her in the marriage. Isabel learns that her cousin Ralph is on his death bed and plans to reach him. Osmond forbids her journey to the States. But after pondering over the consequences, Isabel travels to the states to be with Ralph till his dying day. She again encounters Casper Goodwood who proposes to her again. But Isabel's sense of responsibility makes her turn him down again, and she returns to Osmond and Pansy in Europe.

Text

from **The Portrait of a Lady. Chapter 42**

Isabel's cheek burned when she asked herself if she had really married on a factitious theory, in order to do something finely appreciable with her money. But she was able to answer quickly enough that this was only half the story. It was because a certain ardour took possession of her – a sense of the earnestness of his affection and a delight in his personal qualities. He was better than any one else. This supreme conviction had filled her life for months, and enough of it still remained to prove to her that she could not have done otherwise. The finest – in the sense of being the subtlest – manly organism she had ever known had become her property, and the recognition of her having but to put out her hands and take it had been originally a sort of act of devotion. She had not been mistaken about the beauty of his mind; she knew that organ perfectly now. She had lived with it, she had lived IN it almost – it appeared to have become her habitation. If she had been captured it had taken a firm hand to seize her; that reflection perhaps had some worth. A mind more ingenious, more pliant, more cultivated, more

trained to admirable exercises, she had not encountered; and it was this exquisite instrument she had now to reckon with. She lost herself in infinite dismay when she thought of the magnitude of HIS deception. It was a wonder, perhaps, in view of this, that he didn't hate her more. She remembered perfectly the first sign he had given of it – it had been like the bell that was to ring up the curtain upon the real drama of their life. He said to her one day that she had too many ideas and that she must get rid of them. He had told her that already, before their marriage; but then she had not noticed it: it had come back to her only afterwards. This time she might well have noticed it, because he had really meant it. The words had been nothing superficially; but when in the light of deepening experience she had looked into them they had then appeared portentous. He had really meant it – he would have liked her to have nothing of her own but her pretty appearance. She had known she had too many ideas; she had more even than he had supposed, many more than she had expressed to him when he had asked her to marry him. Yes, she HAD been hypocritical; she had liked him so much. She had too many ideas for herself; but that was just what one married for, to share them with some one else. One couldn't pluck them up by the roots, though of course one might suppress them, be careful not to utter them. It had not been this, however, his objecting to her opinions; this had been nothing. She had no opinions – none that she would not have been eager to sacrifice in the satisfaction of feeling herself loved for it. What he had meant had been the whole thing – her character, the way she felt, the way she judged. This was what she had kept in reserve; this was what he had not known until he had found himself – with the door closed behind, as it were – set down face to face with it. She had a certain way of looking at life which he took as a personal offence. Heaven knew that now at least it was a very humble, accommodating way! The strange thing was that she should not have suspected from the first that his own had been so different. She had thought it so large, so enlightened, so perfectly that of an honest man and a gentleman. Hadn't he assured her that he had no superstitions, no dull limitations, no prejudices that had lost their freshness? Hadn't he all the appearance of a man living in the open air of the world, indifferent to small considerations, caring only for truth and knowledge and believing that two intelligent people ought to look for them together and, whether they found them or not, find at least some happiness in the search? He had told her he loved the conventional; but there was a sense in which this seemed a noble declaration. In that sense, that of the love of harmony and order and decency and of all the stately offices of life, she went with him freely, and his warning had contained nothing ominous. But when, as the months had elapsed, she had followed him further and he had led her into the mansion of his own habitation, then, THEN she had seen where she really was.

What was Isabel's misapprehension about her husband's attitude?

from **Chapter 51**

Isabel stood a moment looking at the latter missive; then, thrusting it into her pocket, she went

straight to the door of her husband's study. Here she again paused an instant, after which she opened the door and went in. Osmond was seated at the table near the window with a folio volume before him, propped against a pile of books. This volume was open at a page of small coloured plates, and Isabel presently saw that he had been copying from it the drawing of an antique coin. A box of water-colours and fine brushes lay before him, and he had already transferred to a sheet of immaculate paper the delicate, finely-tinted disk. His back was turned toward the door, but he recognised his wife without looking round.

"Excuse me for disturbing you," she said.

"When I come to your room I always knock," he answered, going on with his work.

"I forgot; I had something else to think of. My cousin's dying."

"Ah, I don't believe that," said Osmond, looking at his drawing through a magnifying glass. "He was dying when we married; he'll outlive us all."

Isabel gave herself no time, no thought, to appreciate the careful cynicism of this declaration; she simply went on quickly, full of her own intention "My aunt has telegraphed for me; I must go to Gardencourt."

"Why must you go to Gardencourt?" Osmond asked in the tone of impartial curiosity.

"To see Ralph before he dies."

To this, for some time, he made no rejoinder; he continued to give his chief attention to his work, which was of a sort that would brook no negligence. "I don't see the need of it," he said at last. "He came to see you here. I didn't like that; I thought his being in Rome a great mistake. But I tolerated it because it was to be the last time you should see him. Now you tell me it's not to have been the last. Ah, you're not grateful!"

"What am I to be grateful for?"

Gilbert Osmond laid down his little implements, blew a speck of dust from his drawing, slowly got up, and for the first time looked at his wife. "For my not having interfered while he was here."

"Oh yes, I am. I remember perfectly how distinctly you let me know you didn't like it. I was very glad when he went away."

"Leave him alone then. Don't run after him."

Isabel turned her eyes away from him; they rested upon his little drawing. "I must go to England," she said, with a full consciousness that her tone might strike an irritable man of taste as stupidly obstinate.

"I shall not like it if you do," Osmond remarked.

"Why should I mind that? You won't like it if I don't. You like nothing I do or don't do. You pretend to think I lie."

Osmond turned slightly pale; he gave a cold smile. "That's why you must go then? Not to see your cousin, but to take a revenge on me."

"I know nothing about revenge."

"I do," said Osmond. "Don't give me an occasion."

"You're only too eager to take one. You wish immensely that I would commit some folly."

"I should be gratified in that case if you disobeyed me."

"If I disobeyed you?" said Isabel in a low tone which had the effect of mildness.

"Let it be clear. If you leave Rome to-day it will be a piece of the most deliberate, the most calculated, opposition."

"How can you call it calculated? I received my aunt's telegram but three minutes ago."

"You calculate rapidly; it's a great accomplishment. I don't see why we should prolong our discussion; you know my wish." And he stood there as if he expected to see her withdraw.

But she never moved; she couldn't move, strange as it may seem; she still wished to justify herself; he had the power, in an extraordinary degree, of making her feel this need. There was something in her imagination he could always appeal to against her judgement. "You've no reason for such a wish," said Isabel, "and I've every reason for going. I can't tell you how unjust you seem to me. But I think you know. It's your own opposition that's calculated. It's malignant."

She had never uttered her worst thought to her husband before, and the sensation of hearing it was evidently new to Osmond. But he showed no surprise, and his coolness was apparently a proof that he had believed his wife would in fact be unable to resist for ever his ingenious endeavour to draw her out. "It's all the more intense then," he answered. And he added almost as if he were giving her a friendly counsel: "This is a very important matter." She recognised that; she was fully conscious of the weight of the occasion; she knew that between them they had arrived at a crisis. Its gravity made her careful; she said nothing, and he went on. "You say I've no reason? I have the very best. I dislike, from the bottom of my soul, what you intend to do. It's dishonourable; it's indelicate; it's indecent. Your cousin is nothing whatever to me, and I'm under no obligation to make concessions to him. I've already made the very handsomest. Your relations with him, while he was here, kept me on pins and needles; but I let that pass, because from week to week I expected him to go. I've never liked him and he has never liked me. That's why you like him – because he hates me," said Osmond with a quick, barely audible tremor in his voice. "I've an ideal of what my wife should do and should not do. She should not travel across Europe alone, in defiance of my deepest desire, to sit at the bedside of other men. Your cousin's nothing to you; he's nothing to us. You smile most expressively when I talk about US, but I assure you that WE, WE, Mrs. Osmond, is all I know. I take our marriage seriously; you appear to have found a way of not doing so. I'm not aware that we're divorced or separated; for me we're indissolubly united. You are nearer to me than any human creature, and I'm nearer to you. It may be a disagreeable proximity; it's one, at any rate, of our own

deliberate making. You don't like to be reminded of that, I know; but I'm perfectly willing, because – because – " And he paused a moment, looking as if he had something to say which would be very much to the point. "Because I think we should accept the consequences of our actions, and what I value most in life is the honour of a thing!"

He spoke gravely and almost gently; the accent of sarcasm had dropped out of his tone. It had a gravity which checked his wife's quick emotion; the resolution with which she had entered the room found itself caught in a mesh of fine threads. His last words were not a command, they constituted a kind of appeal; and, though she felt that any expression of respect on his part could only be a refinement of egotism, they represented something transcendent and absolute, like the sign of the cross or the flag of one's country. He spoke in the name of something sacred and precious--the observance of a magnificent form. They were as perfectly apart in feeling as two disillusioned lovers had ever been; but they had never yet separated in act. Isabel had not changed; her old passion for justice still abode within her; and now, in the very thick of her sense of her husband's blasphemous sophistry, it began to throb to a tune which for a moment promised him the victory. It came over her that in his wish to preserve appearances he was after all sincere, and that this, as far as it went, was a merit. Ten minutes before she had felt all the joy of irreflective action – a joy to which she had so long been a stranger; but action had been suddenly changed to slow renunciation, transformed by the blight of Osmond's touch. If she must renounce, however, she would let him know she was a victim rather than a dupe. "I know you're a master of the art of mockery," she said. "How can you speak of an indissoluble union – how can you speak of your being contented? Where's our union when you accuse me of falsity? Where's your contentment when you have nothing but hideous suspicion in your heart?"

"It is in our living decently together, in spite of such drawbacks."

"We don't live decently together!" cried Isabel.

"Indeed we don't if you go to England."

"That's very little; that's nothing. I might do much more."

He raised his eyebrows and even his shoulders a little: he had lived long enough in Italy to catch this trick. "Ah, if you've come to threaten me I prefer my drawing." And he walked back to his table, where he took up the sheet of paper on which he had been working and stood studying it.

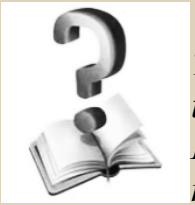
"I suppose that if I go you'll not expect me to come back," said Isabel.

He turned quickly round, and she could see this movement at least was not designed. He looked at her a little, and then, "Are you out of your mind?" he enquired.

"How can it be anything but a rupture?" she went on; "especially if all you say is true?" She was unable to see how it could be anything but a rupture; she sincerely wished to know what else it might be.

He sat down before his table. "I really can't argue with you on the hypothesis of your defying

me," he said. And he took up one of his little brushes again.



What was the cause of Isabel's moral suffering?
Transfer the situation described in the episode to the 21st century context. Has the institution of marriage changed since the 19th century?
Is the conflict between personal freedom and responsibility still topical in a marriage?

Link

The Portrait of a Lady was notoriously difficult to adapt for any other medium but *Jane Campion*'s 1996 film is surprisingly successful.

Elizabeth Jane Campion (born 1954) is a New Zealand screenwriter, producer, and director based in Australia. Campion is the second of four women ever nominated for the Academy Award for Best Director and is also the first female filmmaker in history to receive the *Palme d'Or,* which she received for directing the acclaimed film *The Piano* (1993), for which she also won the *Academy Award for Best Original Screenplay*.

Virginia Woolf

Virginia Woolf (1882–1941) was one of the foremost modernists of the twentieth century. Virginia Woolf's parents had been previously married and widowed, and, consequently, the household contained the children of three marriages. The mother had three children by her first husband: George, Stella, and Gerald. The father had first married *Harriet Marian (Minny) Thackeray,* the daughter of William Thackeray, and they had one daughter: Laura. In their second marriage they had four children: Vanessa, Thoby, Virginia and Adrian.

Julia Prinsep Duckworth Stephen, Virginia Woolf's mother, was a very beautiful woman, who served as a model for Pre-Raphaelite painters in her youth. Her father, *Sir Leslie Stephen,* was a distinguished philosopher, historian, and literary critic. She grew up in an atmosphere of great cultural refinement.

Virginia had an extremely fragile nervous system, and therefore never received a regular education. Her youth was overshadowed by a series of emotional shocks, including the death of her mother, her half-sister and eventually her father, who suffered a slow death from cancer. Throughout her life Virginia Woolf had severe attacks of mental illness, which is now known as *bipolar disorder* characterized by periods of elevated mood and periods of depression.

After her father's death, Virginia moved to a house in the Bloomsbury area of London with her sister Vanessa and her brothers Thoby and Adrian. She married *Leonard Woolf (1880–1969),* a central figure of the *Bloomsbury Group*. The house became the meeting place of a circle of intellectuals who were committed to the idea of eradicating social constraints and taboos of Victorian times.

Virginia Woolf's first novels *The Voyage Out (1915)* and *Night and Day (1919)* were traditional in form, but later she began to experiment with the *stream of consciousness technique*, which she developed to produce her best novels, including *Mrs. Dalloway (1925)*, *To the Lighthouse (1927), The Waves (1931).*

In her works Woolf's main emphasis is not on the events but on the characters' feelings. The novel *Mrs. Dalloway*, for example, is formed on the web of thoughts of various people during the course of a single day. It focuses on the efforts of *Clarissa Dalloway,* a middle-aged society woman, to organise a party. The novel has two main narrative lines involving two separate characters. Clarissa's life is paralleled with that of *Septimus Smith*, a working-class veteran who has returned from the First World War with deep psychological scars. The story moves backward and forward in time and in and out of the characters' minds to construct Clarissa's life and the social environment of the inter-war period.

Time plays an integral role in the novel. Each of the characters feels the passing of time and the impending fate of death. As Big Ben rings for each half hour, characters stop and notice the loss of life to time. A constant stream of consciousness can serve as a distraction from this passing of time. Each individual moment in characters' lives, each memory and idea becomes important and gives appreciation. Clarissa feels that her job of giving parties is "the gift" of

connections to the inhabitants of London.

Virginia Woolf's writing style crosses the boundaries of the past, present and future, emphasising her idea of time as a constant flow, connected only by some force within a person's consciousness. She emphasises the significance of private thoughts on *existential crisis* rather than concrete events in a person's life.

An **existential crisis** is a moment at which an individual questions the very foundations of their life: whether this life has any meaning, purpose, or value. This issue of the meaning and purpose of existence is the topic of the philosophical school of existentialism.

In her most celebrated novel, *To the Lighthouse*, Virginia Woolf explores the creative and intuitive consciousness of Mr. Ramsay, the central figure in the Ramsay family. The novel highlights the differences between the male perspective as represented by the tragic and self-pitying philosopher Mr. Ramsay, and the female perspective as represented by the warm and maternal Mrs Ramsay. It also explores the passing of time, and how women are forced by society to allow men to take emotional strength from them. The main characters were modelled on Virginia Woolf's parents, and the novel contains many autobiographical references. There is little action as in all other novels. The story revolves around a single event: a planned expedition to a lighthouse.

The Waves, Virginia Woolf's most difficult work, presents the lives of six characters from childhood to old age. The characters' memories create a wave-like atmosphere that is more akin to a *prose poem* than to a plot-centred novel.

Prose poetry is poetry written in prose instead of using verse but preserving poetic qualities such as simple syntax, imagery, emotional effects.

While an activist in the campain for women's liberation, Virginia Woolf wrote a series of notable feminist essays. In *A Room of One's Own (1929),* she examines the prejudices and financial disadvantages that have held women writers back through the centuries.

Virginia Woolf's final work was *Between the Acts (1941),* which reflected the crisis of World War II, shows the continuous flow of the character's mind with its free play of images and associations. This book is the most lyrical of all her works, not only in feeling but in style, being chiefly written in verse.

What mattered to Virginia Woolf was not external reality but the life of the mind, therefore she rejected the traditional form of the novel and we can see in her work that plot and external description are not important. Her prose is often more similar to poetry in its form.

In 1941 Virginia Woolf suffered another of her many attacks of mental illness which drove her

to suicide. She drowned herself in a river near her home.

Content

Mrs. Dalloway

Clarissa Dalloway *prepares for a party. She goes to the city to buy flowers.During the day Clarissa meets all those who are significant in her life: her dauther,* ***Elisabeth;*** *Elisabeth's workingclass woman friend* ***Doris Kilman****; her former lover,* ***Peter Walsh,*** *returning from India with a broken marriage and an unsuitable fiancee; and* ***Hugh Whitbread,*** *an upperclass sneaker who noses about the private lives of his friends.*

Clarissa wanders through Hyde Park. ***Septimus Warren Smith****, suffering from WWI shellshock and his wife* ***Lucrezia*** *are also in the park observed by Peter Walsh. Septimus is trying to shut up the accusing voices from his fallen comrade Evans telling him to kill himself.*

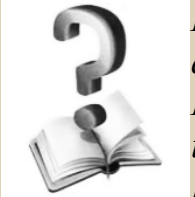
In the evening, Clarissa's party becomes a great success, surrounded by past and present acquaintances summing up her life. She is only upset with the story of the social-climbing ***D. Bradshaw*** *and his wife, who inform her of the suicide of one of the doctor's patients: Septimus Smith. Clarissa, who only wants to hear of happiness, is in dismay. Gradually she comes to admire Septimus Smith's death, which she interprets as an act of embracing life and her mood remains light.*

Text

from **To the Lighthouse. The Window. Chapter X**

…Oh, but she never wanted James to grow a day older! or Cam either. These two she would have liked to keep for ever just as they were, demons of wickedness, angels of delight, never to see them grow up into long-legged monsters. Nothing made up for the loss. When she read just now to James, "and there were numbers of soldiers with kettledrums and trumpets," and his eyes darkened, she thought, why should they grow up and lose all that? He was the most gifted, the most sensitive of her children. But all, she thought, were full of promise. Prue, a perfect angel with the others, and sometimes now, at night especially, she took one's breath away with her beauty. Andrew–even her husband admitted that his gift for mathematics was extraordinary. And Nancy and Roger, they were both wild creatures now, scampering about over the country all day long. As for Rose, her mouth was too big, but she had a wonderful gift with her hands. If they had charades, Rose made the dresses; made everything; liked best arranging tables, flowers, anything. She did not like it that Jasper should shoot birds; but it was only a stage; they all went through stages. Why, she asked, pressing her chin on James's head, should they grow up so fast? Why should they go to school? She would have liked always to have had a baby. She was happiest carrying one in her arms. Then people might say she was tyrannical, domineering, masterful, if they chose; she did not mind. And, touching his hair with

her lips, she thought, he will never be so happy again, but stopped herself, remembering how it angered her husband that she should say that. Still, it was true. They were happier now than they would ever be again. A tenpenny tea set made Cam happy for days. She heard them stamping and crowing on the floor above her head the moment they awoke. They came bustling along the passage. Then the door sprang open and in they came, fresh as roses, staring, wide awake, as if this coming into the dining-room after breakfast, which they did every day of their lives, was a positive event to them, and so on, with one thing after another, all day long, until she went up to say good-night to them, and found them netted in their cots like birds among cherries and raspberries, still making up stories about some little bit of rubbish–something they had heard, something they had picked up in the garden. They all had their little treasures . . . And so she went down and said to her husband, Why must they grow up and lose it all? Never will they be so happy again. And he was angry. Why take such a gloomy view of life? he said. It is not sensible. For it was odd; and she believed it to be true; that with all his gloom and desperation he was happier, more hopeful on the whole, than she was. Less exposed to human worries–perhaps that was it. He had always his work to fall back on. Not that she herself was "pessimistic," as he accused her of being. Only she thought life–and a little strip of time presented itself to her eyes–her fifty years. There it was before her–life. Life, she thought–but she did not finish her thought. She took a look at life, for she had a clear sense of it there, something real, something private, which she shared neither with her children nor with her husband. A sort of transaction went on between them, in which she was on one side, and life was on another, and she was always trying to get the better of it, as it was of her; and sometimes they parleyed (when she sat alone); there were, she remembered, great reconciliation scenes; but for the most part, oddly enough, she must admit that she felt this thing that she called life terrible, hostile, and quick to pounce on you if you gave it a chance. There were eternal problems: suffering; death; the poor. There was always a woman dying of cancer even here. And yet she had said to all these children, You shall go through it all. To eight people she had said relentlessly that (and the bill for the greenhouse would be fifty pounds). For that reason, knowing what was before them–love and ambition and being wretched alone in dreary places–she had often the feeling, Why must they grow up and lose it all? And then she said to herself, brandishing her sword at life, Nonsense. They will be perfectly happy. And here she was, she reflected, feeling life rather sinister again, making Minta marry Paul Rayley; because whatever she might feel about her own transaction, she had had experiences which need not happen to every one (she did not name them to herself); she was driven on, too quickly she knew, almost as if it were an escape for her too, to say that people must marry; people must have children.



Do Mrs Ramsay's thoughts follow a pattern of logical connections or free associations?
How does Mrs Ramsay see her life? What is the predominant thought to which the woman constantly returns?
Point out the linguistic features of streamof consciousness technique.

James Joyce

James Joyce (1882–1941) was born on February 2, 1882, in the family of an impoverished gentleman. His father had several jobs including a position as tax collector for the city of Dublin. Joyce's mother was an accomplished pianist, whose life was dominated by the Roman Catholic Church. In spite of their poverty, the family struggled to maintain middle-class standards.

Joyce was educated entirely in Jesuit (a Catholic religious order) schools in Ireland. He did very well in the study of philosophy (the study of humans and their relationship to the universe) and languages. After his graduation in 1902, he left Ireland for the rest of his life. Joyce found that he had to escape from the narrowness of Irish culture, the constraining ties of family and especially the stifling role of the Church. On the Continent he lived mostly in Paris and Zurich until his death in 1941. Joyce married *Nora Barnacle,* his lifelong companion, with whom he had a son and a daughter.

Joyce's personal life was not very happy. He suffered from glaucoma, an eye condition that forced him to undergo many operations and caused him to be almost blind in the last years of his life. Besides, the family's finances were not good, and for many years the Joyces lived on money donated by patrons.

Though most of his adult life was spent abroad, Joyce's fictional universe centres on Dublin, and is populated largely by characters who closely resemble family members, enemies and friends from his time there. Literary recognition came to Joyce with the publication of *Dubliners (1914),* a collection of short stories that presented a series of portraits of pathetic Dublin individuals who have been trapped in their meaningless and empty existence. Joyce said of the book: *"My intention was to write a chapter of the moral history of my country and I choose Dublin because the City seemed to me to be the center of paralysis."* Although there is nothing truly revolutionary either in the style or subject in these stories Joyce already shows his characteristic *combination of the naturalistic and symbolistic traditions*.

In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916)*, a heavily autobiographical *coming-of-age novel* depicting the childhood and adolescence of protagonist *Stephen Dedalus* and his gradual growth into a modern artist. The hero, like Joyce, rejects his people and religion to find fulfillment as a *"martyr-artist."* The protagonist's name is taken from the first martyr *Saint Stephen* and the artist of Greek mythology, *Dedalus*.

In Greek mythology, **Daedalus** was a skillful craftsman and artist who was contracted by King Minos to build the Labyrinth in which he would imprison his wife's son the Minotaur. Daedalus is the father of Icarus. Icarus and his father attempted to escape from Crete by means of wings that Daedalus constructed from feathers and wax. The father warned his son first of complacency and then of hubris, asking that he fly neither too low nor too high, so the sea's dampness would not clog his wings or the sun's heat melt them. Icarus ignored his father's

instructions not to fly too close to the sun, the wax in his wings melted and he fell into the sea.

Saint Stephen or Stephan, the first martyr of Christianity, was a deacon in the early church at Jerusalem who aroused the enmity of members of various synagogues by his teachings. He was accused of blasphemy and stoned to death.

Ulysses (1922), generally considered Joyce's masterpiece, is patterned on Homer's *Odyssey*. Each chapter employs its own literary style, and parodies a specific episode of the ancient epic. Furthermore, each chapter is associated with a specific colour, art or science, and bodily organ.

The action takes place in a single day, June 16, 1904 (still observed as *Bloomsday"*in many countries), on which the *Irish Jew, Leopold Bloom* (Ulysses), walks or rides through the streets of Dublin after leaving *his wife, Molly* (Penelope), at home in bed.

Bloomsday is the day on which Joyceans all over the world celebrate the day in 1904 that the events of Ulysses take place on. It's named for the novel's protagonist, Leopold Bloom. Joyce chose June 16, 1904, as the setting for the novel, to commemorate the day he went on his first date with Nora Barnacle, his future wife. The first Bloomsday celebration was in Paris 1929.

Through the stream-of-consciousness technique, Joyce allows the reader to enter the mind of Bloom and observe the chaos of his fragmentary conversations, physical sensations and memories. Underlying the surface action is the mythic quest of Leopold for a son to replace the child he and Molly have lost. He finds instead *Stephen Dedalus* (Telemachus), who, having rejected his family and faith is in need of a father. At the beginning of the novel Bloom and Stephen do not even know each other. By the end of it Stephen becomes Leopold's spiritual son. At each of their chance encounters during the day, the mythic quest becomes more evident. The two are finally united when Bloom rescues the drunken Stephen from nasty companions and the police. They share a symbolic communion over cups of hot chocolate in Bloom's home.

Joyce's technical innovations, particularly his extensive use of stream of consciousness, his experiments with form, and his unusually frank subject matter and language made *Ulysses* a major contribution to the development of 20th-century modernist literature.

First published in its full version in France in 1922, the novel was the subject of a famous obscenity trial in 1933, but was found by a U.S. district court in New York to be a work of art. The furor over the novel made Joyce a celebrity.

Finnegan's Wake (1939) was Joyce's final work. It is significant for its experimental style and the reputation of one of the most difficult works of fiction in the English language. The novel recounts a single night's events in the life of a Dublin inn-keeper *Humphrey Earwicker*. The plot is simple: Humphrey goes to bed, falls asleep, has a dream, is awakened by the cries of

one of his children and falls back asleep. As he dreams the language moves and changes, and words are joined together as if to recreate the experience of sleep and dreams. This great and difficult work probably marks the limits of experiment in language. It consists of a mixture of Standard English vocabulary and neologisms created from the elements of words of many languages.

Because of the work's unique language of invented words and puns, mythological and historical allusions, its unconventional plot and character drawing method, *Finnegans Wake* remains generally unread by the public.

Text

from **Ulysses. Molly's monologue**

…I love flowers I'd love to have the whole place swimming in roses God of heaven there's nothing like nature the wild mountains then the sea and the waves rushing then the beautiful country with fields of oats and wheat and all kinds of things and all the fine cattle going about that would do your heart good to see rivers and lakes and flowers all sorts of shapes and smells and colours springing up even out of the ditches primroses and violets nature it is as for them saying there's no God I wouldn't give a snap of my two fingers for all their learning why don't they go and create something I often asked him atheists or whatever they call themselves go and wash the cobbles off themselves first then they go howling for the priest and they dying and why why because they're afraid of hell on account of their bad conscience ah yes I know them well who was the first person in the universe before there was anybody that made it all who ah that they don't know neither do I so there you are they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow the sun shines for you he said the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him the bit of seedcake out of my mouth and it was leapyear like now yes 16 years ago my God after that long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said was a flower of the mountain yes so we are flowers all a woman's body yes that was one true thing he said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew I could always get round him and I gave him all the pleasure I could leading him on till he asked me to say yes and I wouldn't answer first only looked out over the sea and the sky I was thinking of so many things he didn't know of Mulvey and Mr Stanhope and Hester and father and old captain Groves and the sailors playing all birds fly and I say stoop and washing up dishes they called it on the pier and the sentry in front of the governors house with the thing round his white helmet poor devil half roasted and the Spanish girls laughing in their shawls and their tall combs and the auctions in the morning the Greeks and the Jews and the Arabs and the devil knows who else from all the ends of Europe and Duke street and the fowl market all clucking outside Larby Sharans and the poor donkeys slipping half asleep and the vague fellows in the cloaks asleep in the shade on the steps and the big wheels of the carts of the bulls and the old castle thousands of years old yes and those handsome Moors all in white and turbans like kings asking you to sit down in their

little bit of a shop and Ronda with the old windows of the posadas glancing eyes a lattice hid for her lover to kiss the iron and the wineshops half open at night and the castanets and the night we missed the boat at Algeciras the watchman going about serene with his lamp and O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes and all the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

The passage represents Molly's memories. How effective is the stream of consciousness in rendering the woman's mind?
Does she think in words or images?
Is she predominantly intellectual or sensual? Find images in the passage that appeal to each of the five senses.

David Herbert Lawrence

David Herbert Lawrence (1885–1930) was born in the mining village of Eastwood, Nottingham. His father was an illiterate miner but his mother was of a higher class and had once been a school teacher. Lawrence was a weak child. He didn't communicate much with other children and spent his days with books or in the countryside. He qualified for a teacher's certificate at Nottingham University in 1908.

Lawrence's mother was extremely close and important to him, and the relationships with mother and his girlfriend *Jessie Chambers* became the subject to his first major novel *Sons and Lovers (1913)*. In it the writer explored social issues such as changes in the class system and living in an industrial setting.

Lawrence's marriage to a divorced German woman in 1914 caused negative reaction considering that Britain was at war with Germany. Lawrence left Britain to spent his life first in Europe and then in Australia and America. By that time he had begun working on another novel, which began as *The Sisters* but was eventually published as *The Rainbow (1915)* and *Women in Love (1920)*. Both novels deal with the central characters of two sisters *Ursula* and *Gudrun*, and can be read together or separately. Lawrence develops the themes of friendship and marriage concluding that a happy marriage must be a relationship between *"fulfilled"* individuals.

As James Joyce and Virginia Woolf radicalized the forms of literature, Lawrence expanded the literary subject. Lawrence invented a new kind of novel and a new way of treating human personality. He rejected civilization and wanted man to go back to the natural world of instinct. Many of his novels are concerned with the relationship between men and women which he regards as a source of vitality and integration. Lawrence offered human touch behaviour and physical intimacy as an alternative to western civilization's fixation on the mind. He saw love as the union of man and woman, as a mystic experience and a liberating force that could free mankind from social repression and humanize life of the modern world.

Lawrence's thought was deeply influenced by contemporary philosophers such as *Nietzsche,* as well as by *Freudian* psychoanalysis.

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche was a German philosopher whose work greatly influenced modern intellectual history. Among the most prominent elements of his philosophy is his radical criticism of institutionalised Christianity which he characterized as spreading a slave morality. Nietzsche's response to the *"death of God"* was the aesthetic appreciation of art. He developed the influential (and frequently misunderstood) concept of the *Übermensch*. Nietzsche calls for exceptional people to no longer be ashamed of their uniqueness in the face of morality-for-all, which is harmful to the exceptional people. He was concerned with the creative powers of the individual to overcome social, cultural, and moral contexts in pursuit of aesthetic health.

Lawrence's most controversial and notorious novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover (1928)* was

considered shocking for the portrayal of sex scenes and the use of bad language. It was not published in Britain until 1960. The novel tells the story of a passionate love affair between the wife of a disabled nobleman and his gamekeeper.

A lifelong sufferer from tuberculosis, Lawrence died in 1930 in France, at the age of forty-four.

Despite his failing health Lawrence continued to write till the end. In his last months he wrote numerous poems, reviews and essays, as well as a defence of his novels. Lawrence's opinions earned him many enemies and he endured official persecution, censorship, and misrepresentation of his work. At the time of his death, his public reputation was that of a pornographer who had wasted his considerable talents. Now Lawrence is esteemed as one of the most important figures in the history of Modernism.

Content

Sons and Lovers

Mrs Morel already has two children, Annie and William, when she becomes pregnant for a third time. Her marriage to Walter has slowly deteriorated into an endless series of drunken rows and she is less than happy at the prospect of having another baby, Paul, to bring up. However, when William dies she directs her emotional attention and needs into Paul to such an extent that his relationship with other women is jeopardised. When Mrs Morel dies of cancer, Paul is tempted to commit suicide, but finds the strength to carry on living.

Text

from **Sons and Lovers**

Paul sat pretending to read. He knew his mother wanted to upbraid him. He also wanted to know what had made her ill, for he was troubled. So, instead of running away to bed, as he would have liked to do, he sat and waited. There was a tense silence. The clock ticked loudly.

"You'd better go to bed before your father comes in," said the mother harshly. "And if you're going to have anything to eat, you'd better get it."

"I don't want anything."

It was his mother's custom to bring him some trifle for supper on Friday night, the night of luxury for the colliers. He was too angry to go and find it in the pantry this night. This insulted her.

"If I WANTED you to go to Selby on Friday night, I can imagine the scene," said Mrs. Morel.

"But you're never too tired to go if SHE will come for you. Nay, you neither want to eat nor drink then."

"I can't let her go alone."

"Can't you? And why does she come?"

"Not because I ask her."

"She doesn't come without you want her – "

"Well, what if I DO want her – " he replied.

"Why, nothing, if it was sensible or reasonable. But to go trapseing up there miles and miles in the mud, coming home at midnight, and got to go to Nottingham in the morning – "

"If I hadn't, you'd be just the same."

"Yes, I should, because there's no sense in it. Is she so fascinating that you must follow her all that way?" Mrs. Morel was bitterly sarcastic. She sat still, with averted face, stroking with a rhythmic, jerked movement, the black sateen of her apron. It was a movement that hurt Paul to see.

"I do like her," he said, "but – "

"LIKE her!" said Mrs. Morel, in the same biting tones. "It seems to me you like nothing and nobody else. There's neither Annie, nor me, nor anyone now for you."

"What nonsense, mother – you know I don't love her – I – I tell you I DON'T love her – she doesn't even walk with my arm, because I don't want her to."

"Then why do you fly to her so often?"

"I DO like to talk to her – I never said I didn't. But I DON'T love her."

"Is there nobody else to talk to?"

"Not about the things we talk of. There's a lot of things that you're not interested in, that – "

"What things?"

Mrs. Morel was so intense that Paul began to pant.

"Why – painting – and books. YOU don't care about Herbert Spencer."

"No," was the sad reply. "And YOU won't at my age."

"Well, but I do now – and Miriam does – "

"And how do you know," Mrs. Morel flashed defiantly, "that I shouldn't. Do you ever try me!"

"But you don't, mother, you know you don't care whether a picture's decorative or not; you don't care what MANNER it is in."

"How do you know I don't care? Do you ever try me? Do you ever talk to me about these things, to try?"

"But it's not that that matters to you, mother, you know it's not."

"What is it, then – what is it, then, that matters to me?" she flashed. He knitted his brows with

pain.

"You're old, mother, and we're young."

He only meant that the interests of HER age were not the interests of his. But he realised the moment he had spoken that he had said the wrong thing.

"Yes, I know it well – I am old. And therefore I may stand aside; I have nothing more to do with you. You only want me to wait on you – the rest is for Miriam."

He could not bear it. Instinctively he realised that he was life to her. And, after all, she was the chief thing to him, the only supreme thing.

"You know it isn't, mother, you know it isn't!"

She was moved to pity by his cry.

"It looks a great deal like it," she said, half putting aside her despair.

"No, mother – I really DON'T love her. I talk to her, but I want to come home to you."

He had taken off his collar and tie, and rose, bare-throated, to go to bed. As he stooped to kiss his mother, she threw her arms round his neck, hid her face on his shoulder, and cried, in a whimpering voice, so unlike her own that he writhed in agony:

"I can't bear it. I could let another woman – but not her. She'd leave me no room, not a bit of room – "

And immediately he hated Miriam bitterly.

"And I've never – you know, Paul – I've never had a husband – not really – "

He stroked his mother's hair, and his mouth was on her throat.

"And she exults so in taking you from me – she's not like ordinary girls."

"Well, I don't love her, mother," he murmured, bowing his head and hiding his eyes on her shoulder in misery. His mother kissed him a long, fervent kiss.

"My boy!" she said, in a voice trembling with passionate love.

Without knowing, he gently stroked her face.

"There," said his mother, "now go to bed. You'll be so tired in the morning." As she was speaking she heard her husband coming. "There's your father – now go." Suddenly she looked at him almost as if in fear.

"Perhaps I'm selfish. If you want her, take her, my boy."

His mother looked so strange, Paul kissed her, trembling.

What could be the cause of over-dependent relationship between mothers and their sons?

Aldous Huxley

Aldous Huxley (1894–1963) was born into a family of famous intellectuals and scientist. Huxley's grandfather, *Thomas Henry Huxley (1825 –1895),* was an English biologist who introduced Charles Darwin's theory of evolution to a wide public. Huxley's mother was a niece of poet and essayist *Matthew Arnold (1822–1888),* who expressed the moral struggles of the modern age and the decline of a religion-based culture.

Like all the sons of his family, Huxley attended Eton and Oxford. Poor sight caused by the eye disease prevented his pursuit of medicine, and he turned to literature, reading with the help of a magnifying glass. After taking his degree in English Literature, Huxley returned to Eton to teach.

He began as a poet. Huxley's first published work was a collection of his poetry, *The Burning Wheel (1916)*. With *Crome Yellow (1921)* he began to use the novel as a vehicle for his ideas, which he presented in a humorous and satirical way. In *Antic Hay (1923)* and *Those Barren leaves (1925)* Huxley expressed his protest against moral recklessness and intellectual sophistication. The novels have little plot but a great deal of brilliant dialogue. The author's focus is the seemingly meaningless lives of artists and rich people. He shows the world which doesn't have an aim or direction.

Point Counter Point (1928) solidified Huxley's reputation as a satirist. The novel shows that man is too complicated a creature, divided by passion and reason, to find much happiness in life. The novel presents a departure from the straightforward storytelling technique of the realistic novel.

Huxley's pessimistic view of society and the future of man is also found in a *dystopian* novel *Brave New World (1932)*.

A **dystopia**, **or anti-utopia,** is a community or society, usually fictional, that is in some important way undesirable or frightening. It is the opposite of a *utopia*. Such societies appear in many works of fiction, particularly in stories set in a speculative future. Dystopias are often characterized by dehumanization, totalitarian governments, environmental disaster, or other characteristics associated with a cataclysmic decline in society. Elements of dystopias may vary from environmental to political and social issues. Dystopian societies have culminated in a broad series of sub-genres of fiction and are often used to raise real-world issues regarding society, environment, politics, religion, psychology, spirituality, or technology that may become present in the future. For this reason, dystopias have taken the form of a multitude of speculations, such as pollution, poverty, societal collapse, political repression, or totalitarianism.

It proved to be his most popular work in which the author stated his main thesis: *if man became completely happy and society completely efficient he would cease to be human and*

existence would become intolerable. In *Brave New World,* Huxley takes the problem of evil much more seriously than in the past. A satirist in him began to evolve into a social philosopher.

Huxley said in a foreword to the novel in 1946: *"I projected it six hundred years into the future, today, after the 2nd World War and atomics bombs, it seems quite possible that the horror may be upon us within a single century."*

In his later works Huxley showed faith in brotherly love, non-violence and man's capacity to become a more selfless creature. He became interested in spiritual subjects such as parapsychology and philosophical mysticism.

Parapsychology is a pseudoscience that claims to study paranormal and psychic phenomena scientifically. Parapsychologists study *telepathy, precognition, clairvoyance, psychokinesis, near-death experiences, reincarnation, apparitional experiences,* and other supernatural and paranormal claims.

Beginning in 1939 and continuing until his death in 1963, Huxley had an extensive association with the *Vedanta Society of Southern California,* where he was taught meditation and spiritual practices

Vedanta is one of the six orthodox schools of Hindu philosophy. The term veda means "knowledge" and anta means "end". Vedanta is a system of philosophy that develops the idea that all reality is *Brahman,* the single binding unity behind the diversity in all that exists in the universe. It teaches that the believer's goal is to transcend the limitations of self-identity and realize one's unity with Brahman.

Huxley moved toward mystical writings, far from the tone of his early satire. *The Perennial Philosophy (1945)* represents the author's non-fictional expression of his interests, including experimentation with *psychedelic* drugs.

Psychedelics are part of a wider class of psychoactive drugs known as hallucinogens, whose primary action is to alter cognition and perception. The psychedelic experience is often compared to non-ordinary forms of consciousness such as *trance, meditation, yoga, religious ecstasy, dreaming and even near-death experiences.*

The Doors of Perception (1954) desribes Huxley's experience of taking hallucinogenic drugs, such as *mescaline*. The book takes its title from a phrase in *William Blake*'s book *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. Huxley recalled the visions he experienced while intoxicated and described them in his book. He also included later reflections on the experience and its meaning for art and religion.

In 1960, Huxley was diagnosed with cancer and, in the years that followed, with his health deteriorating, he wrote his last novel, *Island (1962)* in which he returned to the theme of the future he had explored in *Brave New World.*

Content

Brave New World *begins in 632 A.F. (After Ford), which is approximately the twenty-sixth century, in the Central London Hatchery and Conditioning Centre.*

In 1908, **Henry Ford** introduced the Model-T, in *"any color you choose so long as it's black."* In 1914, he opened his Highland Park, Michigan factory, equipped with the first electric conveyor belt assembly line. A Model-T could now be assembled in 93 minutes. Consequently, Ford had 45 percent of the new automobile market. He paid his workers the highest wages in the industry–a whopping five dollars a day. In return, he demanded that his workers live by his standards: wives were not to work or take in boarders, employees were not to drink in local bars, and families were to attend church each Sunday. He sent men out into the workers' neighborhoods to make sure his rules were being followed.

The Director is taking a group of students through the Hatchery. He shows how the five castes of society are created, from Alphas and Betas, who lead the society, down to the physically and intellectually inferior Deltas, Gammas, and Epsilons, who do menial labor. The Director also shows how each individual is conditioned both before and after "birth" to conform to the moral rules of the World State, and to enjoy his or her predetermined job. Each caste is conditioned differently, but all castes are conditioned to seek instant satisfaction, to be sexually promiscuous, to engage in economic consumption, and to use the drug ***soma*** *to escape from all unpleasant experiences.*

Bernard Marx *works in the Hatchery. He wants to become intimate with* ***Lenina Crowne,*** *a nurse at the Hatchery. Lenina decides to accept Bernard's invitation to spend a week at the Savage Reservation in New Mexico. Bernard receives permission from the* ***Director*** *to visit the Reservation with Lenina. The Director remembers once visiting the place with his woman companion. Consequently, he returned from the Reservation alone.*

At the Reservation, Bernard and Lenina are shocked by the primitive conditions. They meet a semi-Indian creature who speaks in strange, ancient words. This is ***John the Savage****. John's mother,* ***Linda****, is from the New World of Lenina and Bernard. She has grown old, fat, and quite ugly. She has used alcohol to replace the soma drug. Bernard realizes that this must be the lost companion of the Director, then pregnant with his child, John.*

Bernard decides to return John and Linda, which will disgrace the Director and bring fame to Bernard. Bernard's plan works. The Director is humiliated and resigns. Bernard exposes the New World to the Savage and becomes an instant celebrity with John, the freak everyone must meet.

When John tells Linda he loves her, she offers herself to him. He finds the promiscuity of World State society disgusting. John finally refuses to meet any more people, and Bernard's pseudo-celebrity dispels quickly. Finally, everyone becomes embarrassed by John's grief when his mother dies, after falling into a soma-induced coma and failing to recognize him.

***Mustapha Mond**, one of the ten World Controllers, and John argue about World State society. John says it makes life worthless by destroying truth. Mond says that stability and happiness are more important than truth. Mond tells Bernard that he'll be sent to an island – islands are where all the interesting people who don't like conforming to World State society live – but refuses to let John accompany them.*

John lives in a lighthouse on the southern coast of England near Portsmouth. He wants solitude, preferring to be alone with his thoughts and memories. He is discovered and again becomes the object of public curiosity. John takes what he sees as his only escape. He commits suicide.

What typical features of a dystopian society you can find in Huxley's novel?

Do you believe that stability and wellfare are more important than truth?

George Orwell

George Orwell (1903–1950), whose real name was Eric Arthur Blair, was born in India and educated in England. He studied at Eton, but he didn't get a higher education. Orwell read a lot and was determined to be a writer.

In 1922–27 Orwell worked for Burma Police. After he resigned he began a most unusual literary career. In 1928, while living in Paris and working in a restaurant washing dishes, he started writing articles for the French newspaper *Le Monde.*

In 1929 he returned to London, where he lived the life of a poor person, collecting information for his book *Down and Out in Paris and London (1933)*. It was for this book that he first adopted the pseudonym George Orwell. He then published three more novels. The first, *Burmese Days (1934),* described his experience in the Police force in Burma and demonstrated his *anti-Imperialist political views*. This was followed by *A Clergyman's Daughter (1935*) and *Keep the Aspidistra Flying (1936).*

In 1936 Orwell was commissioned to research and write about the situation and conditions of the unemployed in England. *The Road to Wigan Pier (1937)* was the result of his research. His political point of view, *left-wing*, anti-Capitalist and independent, was by now quite clear.

Left-wing politics support social equality, often in opposition to social hierarchy. They stand up for those in society whom they perceive as disadvantaged and believe that there are unjustified inequalities that need to be reduced or abolished.

With the Spanish Civil War, Orwell left England to fight in Spain for the Republican, anti-Fascist forces. He remained there until he was wounded and forced to return to England. *Homage to Catalonia (1938)* is about his experiences in the Spanish Civil War. Orwell was suffering from tuberculosis. His next novel, *Coming up for Air (1939)* was written during a period of convalescence spent in North Africa.

When he returned to England Orwell continued to write and publish an enormous variety of works including essays, literary criticisms and political reflections. His reputation as a *political free-thinker and social critic* was high.

During the Second World War Orwell worked for the BBC and enlisted in the *Home Guard*, a volunteer armed body of men, usually too old or too ill to join the regular army. However, his illness prevented Orwell from fulfilling this activity. He died in 1950 at the age of 46.

Orwell is best known for his *dystopian* fiction. His books *Animal Farm (*1945) and *Nineteen Eighty-Four (*1949 are both directed against the dangers of totalitarianism. *Animal Farm* is a terrifying allegory of the events that took place when Communism was established in Russian after the Revolution of 1917. It is a simple tale of what happens when the animals get rid of the

owner of the farm and take the farm over control. Their revolution begins with the best of intentions, but is undermined by corruption and greed.

Nineteen-Eighty Four (1949) describes a future world in which the political system has a total control over people. The novel is set in *Oceania* which is a world of government surveillance and public manipulation. This superstate has a political system named *English Socialism*, or *Ingsoc* in the government's invented language *Newspeak.* The state has changed language so that the only words left are those for objects and ideas that the government wants people to know about. All the power in Oceania is in the hands of privileged elite of the *Inner Party,* Individualism and independent thinking are persecuted as *thoughtcrimes*. The slogan of the book is *Big Brother Is Watching You*. Every action of a person is seen by the state with the help of television that can watch people in their own home.

Nineteen Eighty-Four and *Animal Farm* share many themes such as *the betrayed revolution, the person's subordination to the group, strict class distinctions, the cult of personality, thought police, daily exercise.* This picture of the future created by Orwell is influenced by the hardships of the world war and already existing totalitarian regimes, as in Russia and Spain. It is depressing and gloomy.

Link

Throughout its publication history, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has been either banned or legally challenged, as subversive or ideologically corrupting, like *Aldous Huxley's Brave New World (1932), We (1924)* by *Yevgeny Zamyatin, Kallocain (1940)* by *Karin Boye and Fahrenheit 451 (1951)* by *Ray Bradbury*. Literary scholars consider the Russian dystopian novel *We* by *Zamyatin* to have strongly influenced Orwell's book. It was completed in 1921. The novel was first published in an English translation in 1924 in New York.

We is set in the post-apocalyptic future. The *One State* is an urban nation constructed almost entirely of glass, which helps mass surveillance. The structure of the state is *Panopticon*-like.

The **Panopticon** is a type of institutional building designed by the English philosopher and social theorist *Jeremy Bentham* in the late 18th century. The concept of the design is to allow all (pan-) inmates of an institution to be observed (-opticon) by a single watchman without the inmates being able to tell whether or not they are being watched.

The society is surrounded by a giant *Green Wall* to separate the citizens from primitive untamed nature. People march in step with each other and are uniformed. Instead of names they have numbers. The individual's behaviour is based on logic by way of formulas and equations outlined by the One State. The society is headed by the *Benefactor*. Every hour in one's life is directed by *The Table.*

Zamyatin's novel was much influenced by *Jerome K. Jerome's* short essay *The New Utopia (1891).*

Jerome Klapka Jerome (1859–1927) was an English writer and humourist, best known for the comic travelogue *Three Men in a Boat (1889).*

In his essay Jerome describes a regimented future city, where men and women are barely distinguishable in their grey uniforms. They all have short black hair, natural or dyed. No one has names: women wear *even numbers* on their tunics, and men wear *odd ones,* just as in *We.* Equality is taken to such lengths that physically developed people have to be crippled. Similarly, in *We* the cutting of noses is proposed. In Jerome's essay anyone with an overactive imagination is subjected to a *levelling-down* operation. Both in Jerome's and Zamytin's works love is described as a disruptive and humanizing force.

Content

The Animal Farm

The animals led by the pigs, angry about the way Farmer Jones runs the farm and treats the animals, stage a successful revolution. They rid themselves of Jones and his tame Crow (which stands for the Church) and establish an equal system of government, a republic organized along socialist lines. Their slogans resemble the 7 of the Ten Commandments of the Bible:

1) *Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.*
2) *Whatever goes upon four legs is a friend.*
3) *No animal shall wear clothes.*
4) *No animal shall sleep in a bed.*
5) *No animal shall drink alcohol.*
6) *No animal shall kill any other animal.*
7) *ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL.*

But the purity of their political ideas is soon destroyed, and they become as greedy and cunning as their farmer whom they banished.

The action takes place in England on the Manor Farm. Among the animals there are the pigs, the dogs, the hens, the sheep and cows, the art-horses, the cat, the raven and the oldest animal of the farm – Benjamin, the donkey.

The animals are assembled in the big barn by a wise old boar Old Major. Old Major tells them that their life is misery and slavery. And the only real enemy they have is Man, who steals the products of their labor. Soon Old Major dies, but his speech about the rebellion produces a new outlook on life among the most intelligent animals. They are three pigs:

Napoleon, a large and fierce-looking boar with a reputation for getting his own way; Snowball, "inventive and quick in speech," and Squealer, "a small fat pig with very round cheeks, twinkling eyes and a shrill voice." These three have elaborated Old Major's teachings into a complete system of thought. They call it Animalism. So Mr. Jones, the farmer, is expelled, the Manor Farm is renamed into Animal Farm.

Firstly, everyone works according to his capacity. Nobody steals. There is no jealousy among the animals. On Sundays there is no work. The animals become total masters of the farm. But not all of them are equal in their literacy skills, some can read and write, like pigs, some only read, like dogs, and others can do neither.

Gradually the pigs occupy the privileged position. Step by step, Napoleon becomes a dictator. All orders are issued by the pigs. Meanwhile, life on the farm is getting hard; the farm is short of money, rations are reduced. Only the pigs are putting on weight. When Animal Farm is proclaimed a Republic, it becomes necessary to elect a President. There is only one candidate, Napoleon, who is elected unanimously. Years pass. The farm is prosperous and better organized. But the animals are not rich except for the pigs that begin to walk on their hind legs. They resemble people. On top of everything, the Seven Commandments are reduced to a single one: ***All Animals Are Equal, but Some Animals Are More Equal Than Others.***

Furthermore, for the first time animals and human beings were meeting on equal terms. The farm name Animal farm was restored to its original and proper Manor Farm. Suddenly a quarrel between pigs and people occurs during one of their meetings. And all the animals say that the farmer's and the pigs' faces became alike. It was impossible to say, which was which.

As a literary device, an allegory in its most general sense is an extended metaphor. Allegory has been used widely throughout history in all forms of art, largely because it can illustrate complex ideas and concepts in ways that are comprehensible or striking.

Write an allegoric tale to describe some aspect of modern life (general topics: money and property, art and expression, human relations, values, etc.; special focus: consumerism, haste, diversity, individualism, etc.)

Nineteen-Eighty Four

In 1984, the state of Oceania is a totalitarian society ruled by the ***Big Brother.*** *It is in permanent war, presently against Eurasia. People from the middle class* ***Outer Party*** *follow the* ***Ingsoc*** *philosophy and are under permanent surveillance of Big Brother through the* ***telescreen*** *- a monitor that both telecasts the brainwashing programmes and spies the life of each individual. However, the members of the lower class* ***Proles*** *(proletariats) are free of the control of the state.*

The main character of the book ***Winston Smith*** *works in the* ***Minitrue*** *(Ministry of Truth in Newspeak). He rewrites history to make it consistent with the Party's current ideolody.*

Winston is a member of the Outer Party. Because of the childhood trauma of the destruction of his family, the disappearances of his parents and sister, Winston secretly hates the Party, and dreams of rebellion against Big Brother. When by chance Winston uncovers the proof that the Party is lying, he commits the ***thoughtcrime*** *of self-questioning.*

Winston begins to notice that a young Party member, ***Julia****, is watching him. She wears the distinctive sash of the ultra-zealous* ***Anti Sex League*** *and Winston fears that she is an informant. However, to his surprise, she reveals herself as a subversive and they go into an illicit and dangerous relationship.*

Winston understands the difference between propaganda and reality. It leads him to ***O'Brien****, a member of the upper class* ***Inner Party****. Winston believes he is an agent of the* ***Brotherhood****, a secret, counter-revolutionary organisation meant to destroy The Party.*

Eventually, Winston and Julia are captured by the fearful ***Thought Police*** *and Winston is interrogated and brainwashed in the* ***Minilove*** *(Ministry of Love). O'Brien is revealed to be a* ***Thought Police*** *leader. He tortures Winston with electroshock. In the end, upon accepting the doctrine of The Party, Winston Smith is reintegrated to the society of Oceania, because he loves Big Brother.*

Text

from **Nineteen-Eighty Four. Part III. Chapter 6**

He had seen her; he had even spoken to her. There was no danger in it. He knew as though instinctively that they now took almost no interest in his doings. He could have arranged to meet her a second time if either of them had wanted to. Actually it was by chance that they had met. It was in the Park, on a vile, biting day in March, when the earth was like iron and all the grass seemed dead and there was not a bud anywhere except a few crocuses which had pushed themselves up to be dismembered by the wind. He was hurrying along with frozen hands and watering eyes when he saw her not ten metres away from him. It struck him at once that she had changed in some ill-defined way. They almost passed one another without a sign, then he turned and followed her, not very eagerly. He knew that there was no danger, nobody would take any interest in him. She did not speak. She walked obliquely away across the grass as though trying to get rid of him, then seemed to resign herself to having him at her side. Presently they were in among a clump of ragged leafless shrubs, useless either for concealment or as protection from the wind. They halted. It was vilely cold. The wind whistled through the twigs and fretted the occasional, dirty-looking crocuses. He put his arm round her waist.

There was no telescreen, but there must be hidden microphones: besides, they could be seen. It did not matter, nothing mattered. They could have lain down on the ground and done that if they had wanted to. His flesh froze with horror at the thought of it. She made no response whatever to the clasp of his arm; she did not even try to disengage herself. He knew now what had changed in her. Her face was sallower, and there was a long scar, partly hidden by the hair, across her forehead and temple; but that was not the change. It was that her waist had grown

thicker, and, in a surprising way, had stiffened. He remembered how once, after the explosion of a rocket bomb, he had helped to drag a corpse out of some ruins, and had been astonished not only by the incredible weight of the thing, but by its rigidity and awkwardness to handle, which made it seem more like stone than flesh. Her body felt like that. It occurred to him that the texture of her skin would be quite different from what it had once been.

He did not attempt to kiss her, nor did they speak. As they walked back across the grass, she looked directly at him for the first time. It was only a momentary glance, full of contempt and dislike. He wondered whether it was a dislike that came purely out of the past or whether it was inspired also by his bloated face and the water that the wind kept squeezing from his eyes. They sat down on two iron chairs, side by side but not too close together. He saw that she was about to speak. She moved her clumsy shoe a few centimetres and deliberately crushed a twig. Her feet seemed to have grown broader, he noticed.

'I betrayed you,' she said baldly.

'I betrayed you,' he said.

She gave him another quick look of dislike.

'Sometimes,' she said, 'they threaten you with something -- something you can't stand up to, can't even think about. And then you say, "Don't do it to me, do it to somebody else, do it to So-and-so." And perhaps you might pretend, afterwards, that it was only a trick and that you just said it to make them stop and didn't really mean it. But that isn't true. At the time when it happens you do mean it. You think there's no other way of saving yourself, and you're quite ready to save yourself that way. You want it to happen to the other person. You don't give a damn what they suffer. All you care about is yourself.'

'All you care about is yourself,' he echoed.

'And after that, you don't feel the same towards the other person any longer.'

'No,' he said, 'you don't feel the same.'

There did not seem to be anything more to say. The wind plastered their thin overalls against their bodies. Almost at once it became embarrassing to sit there in silence: besides, it was too cold to keep still. She said something about catching her Tube and stood up to go.

'We must meet again,' he said.

'Yes,' she said, 'we must meet again.'

He followed irresolutely for a little distance, half a pace behind her. They did not speak again. She did not actually try to shake him off, but walked at just such a speed as to prevent his keeping abreast of her. He had made up his mind that he would accompany her as far as the Tube station, but suddenly this process of trailing along in the cold seemed pointless and unbearable. He was overwhelmed by a desire not so much to get away from Julia as to get back to the Chestnut Tree Cafe, which had never seemed so attractive as at this moment. He had a nostalgic vision of his corner table, with the newspaper and the chessboard and the

everflowing gin. Above all, it would be warm in there. The next moment, not altogether by accident, he allowed himself to become separated from her by a small knot of people. He made a half-hearted attempt to catch up, then slowed down, turned, and made off in the opposite direction. When he had gone fifty metres he looked back. The street was not crowded, but already he could not distinguish her. Any one of a dozen hurrying figures might have been hers. Perhaps her thickened, stiffened body was no longer recognizable from behind.

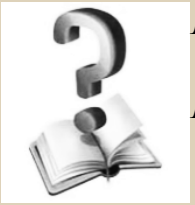
'At the time when it happens,' she had said, 'you do mean it.' He had meant it. He had not merely said it, he had wished it. He had wished that she and not he should be delivered over to the --

Something changed in the music that trickled from the telescreen. A cracked and jeering note, a yellow note, came into it. And then -- perhaps it was not happening, perhaps it was only a memory taking on the semblance of sound -- a voice was singing:

'Under the spreading chestnut tree

I sold you and you sold me --'

The tears welled up in his eyes. A passing waiter noticed that his glass was empty and came back with the gin bottle.



Interpret Julia's words about suffering and betrayal.
Why did they both give up?
Do you think any human would give up in similar circumstances?

Thomas Stearns Eliot

Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888–1965) was a publisher, playwright, literary and social critic, and one of the twentieth century's major poets. He was born on September 26, 1888, in an old New England family.

Eliot attended Harvard University. In 1910, he left the United States for the Sorbonne. After a year in Paris, he went back to Harvard to pursue a doctorate in philosophy, but returned to Europe and settled in England in 1914. The following year, he married and began to work in London, first as a teacher, later as a bank clerk, and eventually as a literary editor for the publishing house *Faber & Faber*.

It was in London that Eliot came under the influence of his contemporary *Ezra Pound,* who recognized his poetic genius at once, and assisted in the publication of his work in a number of magazines. Eliot's first book of poems, ***Prufrock and Other Observations (1917)*** immediately established him as a leading poet of the *avant-garde*.

Ezra Weston Loomis Pound (1885–1972) was an expatriate American poet and critic, and a major figure in the early modernist movement. His contribution to poetry began with his development of *Imagism,* a movement derived from classical Chinese and Japanese poetry, stressing clarity, precision and economy of language.

The **avant-garde** (from French, "advance guard" or "vanguard", literally "fore-guard" are people or works that are experimental or innovative, particularly in art, culture, and politics.

With the publication of ***The Waste Land (1922)***, now considered to be the most influential poetic work of the 20th century, Eliot's reputation began to grow very fast. By 1930, and for the next thirty years, he was the most dominant figure in poetry and literary criticism in the English-speaking world.

Eliot was very much influenced by the English *metaphysical* poets of the 17th century, most importantly *John Donne,* and the 19th century French *symbolist* poets. Mixing these two styles he created a truly modern kind of poetry innovative in poetic technique and subject matter.

John Donne (1572–1631) was an English poet and preacher. He is considered the pre-eminent representative of the *metaphysical poetry*. His style is characterised by inventive metaphors, abrupt openings, paradoxes, dramatic structure, eloquence and philosophic subjectmatter. Among his favorite themes are *love, God, death.*

Symbolist poetry rejects fixed forms, technical conventions and literary imagery. It describes thoughts and feelings in disconnected ways and expresses an inner ideal reality rather than the

objective world. Symbolist poets were influenced by the dark, introspective romanticism of *William Blake* and *Edgar Allan Poe*.

Eliot's poems reflected the disillusionment of a younger post-World-War-I generation with the values and conventions of the Victorian era. In *Prufrock* Eliot conveys the sense of emptiness, pessimism and lack of direction that characterized life in the beginning of the 20th century. *The Waste Land* expresses horror the poet feels looking at the gloomy materialistic world of nothingness surrounding him while he searches for the meaning of life.

It is known for its obscure nature: its transitions from satire to prophecy and backwards; its abrupt changes of speaker, location, and time. Structural complexity is one of the reasons why the poem has become a poetic counterpart to James Joyce's *Ulysses,* published in the same year. Among its best-known phrases are *"April is the cruellest month," "I will show you fear in a handful of dust"* and *"Shantih shantih shantih."* The Sanskrit mantra ends the poem.

The Waste Land was composed during a period of personal difficulty for Eliot, his marriage with mentally unstable *Vivienne Haigh-Wood* was failing. The couple formally separated in 1933 and in 1938 Vivienne was confined in a lunatic asylum, where she remained until her death in 1947.

Eliot's relationship with his first wife became the subject of a 1984 play Tom & Viv by British playwright Michael Hastings, which in 1994 was adapted as a film.

After his conversion to Christianity in the late thirties, Eliot's views became increasingly conservative. In his essays and social criticism Eliot advocated traditionalism in religion, society and literature. That seemed to contradict his previous pioneering poetic work. Eliot's early works, especially *The Waste Land (1922),* are essentially negative about the possibility to find piece and security in this world. In his later works including poems ***Ash Wednesday (1930)*** and ***Four Quartets (1943)*** the poet's ideal becomes more visible. Over time, as Eliot searched for a way out of horror and despair, his vision became more spiritual. The poetry Eliot wrote after his conversion to Christianity reflects more optimistic feelings of hope and salvation.

Eliot's religious evolution is also evident in his verse drama ***Murder in the Cathedral (1935)***, that describes the death of archbishop *Thomas a Becket* in 1170. Other verse dramas include ***The Family Reunion (1939)***, and ***The Cocktail Party (1949), Confidential Clerk (1954), The Elder Statesman(1959)***.

Eliot became a British citizen in 1927. He received the *Nobel Prize for Literature* in 1948.

Eliot was one of the most daring innovators of the twentieth-century poetry. He believed that poetry should represent the complexities of modern civilization in language. Despite the difficulty of Eliot's works his influence on modern poetry was immense.

Link

Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats (1939) is a collection of whimsical poems by T. S. Eliot about feline psychology and sociology, published by *Faber and Faber*. The poems were written during the 1930s and included by Eliot, under his assumed name "Old Possum," in letters to his godchildren. Probably the best-known musical adaptation of the poems is the *Andrew Lloyd Webber* musical ***Cats.*** This musical premiered in London's West End in 1981 and on Broadway in 1982, and went on to become the longest-running Broadway show in history, until it was beaten by another Andrew Lloyd Webber show, *The Phantom of the Opera*.

Text

from **Prufrock and Other Observations. The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock**

LET us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question….
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window panes;
There will be time, there will be time

To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair–
(They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin–
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
  So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all–
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
  And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all–
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.

And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?

. . . . . .

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows?…

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

. . . . . .

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep … tired … or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,
I am no prophet–and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"–
If one, settling a pillow by her head,
Should say: "That is not what I meant at all;
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor–
And this, and so much more?–
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:

Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all."

. . . . . .

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous–
Almost, at times, the Fool.

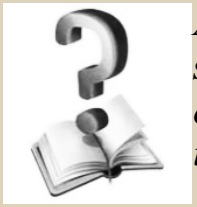
I grow old … I grow old …
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.



Analise the conceits used in the poem with the help of ***tenor – vehicle – ground scheme,*** *in which tenor is the thing described, vehicle is the figurative expression of this thing, and ground stands for the common features between them.*

A **conceit** is a figure of speech which draws a comparison between two strikingly different things. Conceits were particularly popular among the 17th century Metaphisical poets, who created effective comparisons by exploiting all areas of knowledge for the vehicles of their *metaphors* and *similes*. The revival of interest in Metaphisical poetry in the 1920s led to the reappearance of the conceit as a

popular figure of speech.

How do you respond to Prufrock?
Is his dilemma universal??
Do you think that there is an element of Prufrock in everyone?

George Bernard Shaw

George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950) was born in Dublin in a protestant Irish family. He disliked any organized training an his education was irregular. In 1876, after working in an estate agent's office for a while he moved to London, where he established himself as a leading music and theatre critic and became a prominent member of the *Fabian Society*, for which he composed many pamphlets.

The **Fabian Society** is a British socialist organisation whose purpose is to advance the principles of socialism via gradual reformist means.

Shaw's writing dealt with the most important issues of the day. He was an active supporter of social reforms, and took part in campaigns that ranged from the movement to reform English spelling to women's rights and the abolition of private property.

Shaw began his literary career as a novelist. He also wrote reviews of music, art, books, and theatre.

Shaw was a supporter of the new theatre of *Ibsen*.

Henrik Johan Ibsen (1828–1906) was a major 19th-century Norwegian playwright, theatre director, and poet. He is one of the founders of *Modernism* in theatre. He is the most frequently performed dramatist in the world after Shakespeare, and *A Doll's House* became the world's most performed play by the early 20th century. Several of his plays were considered scandalous to many of his era, when European theatre was required to model strict morals of family life and propriety. Ibsen's work examined the realities that lay behind the surface, revealing much that was disturbing to many contemporaries.

Shaw's earliest dramas were called ***Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant (1898)***. Some of them, such as *Widower's Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* attack social hypocrisy. Shaw turned the stage into a forum of ideas.

Shaw believed that art did not exist for art's sake. Art should be didactic, and it should aim to reform. This belief tends to make Shaw sound like a dull and chilly preacher. He was often accused of the lack of human passions.

In Shaw's plays, even love did not solve all the problems, as it had in most Victorian plays. This idea is openly expressed in the famous discussion on the *'life force'* from the third act of ***Man and Superman (1903).*** This play is the dramatisation of woman's love chase of man. Shaw's theory of *'life force'* is much inspired by *Nietzche*'s "*Übermensch!*" man is the spiritual creator, whereas woman is the biological *'life force'* that must always triumph over him.

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche (1844–1900) was a German philologist, philosopher, cultural critic, poet and composer. He wrote several critical texts on religion, morality, contemporary culture, philosophy and science, displaying a fondness for metaphor, irony and aphorism. Nietzsche's key ideas include the *Will to Power*, the "*death of God*", the *Übermensch* and *eternal recurrence*. One of the key tenets of his philosophy is the concept of *'life-affirmation,'' If we affirm one moment, we thus affirm not only ourselves but all existence. For nothing is self-sufficient, neither in us ourselves nor in things; and if our soul has trembled with happiness and sounded like a harp string just once, all eternity was needed to produce this one event - and in this single moment of affirmation all eternity was called good, redeemed, justified, and affirmed.''* It further champions the creative powers of the individual to strive beyond social, cultural, and moral contexts. His radical questioning of the value and objectivity of truth has been the focus of extensive commentary, and his influence remains substantial, particularly in the continental philosophical schools of *existentialism, postmodernism,* and *post-structuralism*. His ideas of individual overcoming and transcendence beyond structure and context have had a profound impact on late-twentieth and early-twenty-first century thinkers.

Man and Superman is a story of modern London life, where the ordinary man strives to maintain his position as a gentleman, and the ordinary woman is concerned with marriage. The law of nature is involved: money means nourishment, which is man's first concern; marriage means children, which are woman's prime interest.

The serious business of love is left by men to women, who let men concern themselves with nourishment. Shaw denies that there is anything revolutionary in this. In Shakespeare's plays, the women always take the initiative, and the hunting female is found in all comedies. The basic plot line of Man and Superman is the tragicomic love chase of man by woman.

In Shaw's plays discussion sometimes overshadows the events. In ***Major Barbara (1905),*** one of Shaw's most successful "*discussion*" plays, the audience's attention is held by the power of the witty argumentation that man can achieve aesthetic salvation only through political activity, not as an individual.

Shaw's masterpiece ***Saint Joan (1923)*** recounts the well-known story of the life and trial of *Joan of Arc* and extends it from the Middle Ages to the present.

Joan of Arc (1412–1431), nicknamed "**The Maid of Orléans**", is a heroine of France and a Roman Catholic saint. She was born to a peasant family in north-east France. Joan said she had received visions from God instructing her to support Charles VII and recover France from English domination late in the *Hundred Years' War.* The uncrowned King Charles VII sent her to the siege of Orléans as part of a relief mission. She gained prominence after the siege was lifted in only nine days. Several additional swift victories led to Charles VII's coronation at Reims. On 23 May 1430 she was captured by the English, put on trial on a variety of charges and was burned at the stake for heresy when she was about 19 years old.

Caesar and Cleopatra (1901) is also a historical play filled with allusions to modern times.

The Doctor's Dilemma (1906), facetiously classified as a tragedy by Shaw, is really a comedy the humour of which is directed at the medical profession.

Bernard Shaw's best known play ***Pygmalion (1912)*** is a comedy about a phonetics expert who, as a kind of social experiment, attempts to make a lady out of an uneducated Cockney flower-girl. Although not as intellectually complex as some of the other plays in Shaw's ***theatre of ideas,*** *Pygmalion* also raises important questions about social class, human behavior, and relations between the sexes.

In classical mythology, **Pygmalion** was a sculptor who fell in love with a statue he had carved.

In 1925 Shaw was awarded the *Nobel Prize* for Literature. He died at the age of ninety-four.

In his long life Shaw wrote fifty plays of a variety and quality matched only by Shakespeare. They gave him the opportunity to present and argue ideas that interested him. He preceded the plays by prefaces which are often brilliant pamphlets, justifying and explaining the issues behind the plays.

Shaw's peculiar style consists in the combination of the dramatic, the comic, and the social. His plays are never dull. Shaw's plays were written to shock audiences and teach new social and moral values. He conveys his message turning common things upside down. Shaw is a master of anticlimax. He leads the viewers to expect a conventional conclusion, and then lets them down.

To this day Shaw remains popular for a variety of reasons. In most cases the follies and evils he attacked are still with us. The manner in which he launched his attacks is brilliant and witty. He created some extraordinary parts for actors, especially for women.

Text

from **Pigmalion. Act III**

The scene below is Eliza's introduction into polite society at an "At-Home," given by Higgins' mother.

THE PARLOR-MAID *[opening the door]* Miss Doolittle. *[She withdraws.]*

HIGGINS *[rising hastily and running to Mrs. Higgins]* Here she is, mother. *[He stands on tiptoe and makes signs over his mother's head to Eliza to indicate to her which lady is her hostess.]*

[Eliza, who is exquisitely dressed, produces an impression of such remarkable distinction and beauty as she enters that they all rise, quite flustered. Guided by Higgins's signals, she comes to Mrs Higgins with studied grace.]

LIZA *[speaking with pedantic correctness of pronunciation and great beauty of tone]* How do you do, Mrs. Higgins? *[She gasps slightly in making sure of the H in Higgins, but is quite* successful.] *Mr. Higgins told me I might come.*

MRS HIGGINS *[cordially]* Quite right: I'm very glad indeed to see you.

PICKERING How do you do, Miss Doolittle?

LIZA *[shaking hands with him]* Colonel Pickering, is it not?

MRS EYNSFORD HILL I feel sure we have met before, Miss Doolittle. I remember your eyes.

LIZA How do you do? *[She sits down on the ottoman gracefully in the place just left vacant by Higgins.]*

MRS EYNSFORD HILL *[introducing]* My daughter Clara.

LIZA How do you do?

CLARA *[impulsively]* How do you do? *[She sits down on the ottoman beside Eliza, devouring her with her eyes.]*

FREDDY *[coming to their side of the ottoman]* I've certainly had the pleasure.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL *[introducing]* My son Freddy.

LIZA How do you do?

[Freddy bows and sits down in the Elizabethan chair, infatuated.]

HIGGINS *[suddenly]* By George, yes: it all comes back to me! *[They stare at him.]* Covent Garden! *[Lamentably]* What a damned thing!

MRS HIGGINS Henry, please! *[He is about to sit on the edge of the table.]* Don't sit on my writing-table: You'll break it.

HIGGINS *[sulkily]* Sorry.

[He goes to the divan, stumbling into the fender and over the fire-irons on his way; extricating himself with muttered imprecations; and finishing his disastrous journey by throwing himself so impatiently on the divan that he almost breaks it. Mrs. Higgins looks at him, but controls herself and says nothing.]

[A long and painful pause ensues.]

MRS HIGGINS *[at last, conversationally]* Will it rain, do you think?

LIZA The shallow depression in the west of these islands is likely to move slowly in an easterly

direction. There are no indications of any great change in the barometrical situation.

FREDDY Ha! ha! how awfully funny!

LIZA What is wrong with that, young man? I bet I got it right.

FREDDY Killing!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL I'm sure I hope it won't turn cold. There's so much influenza about. It runs right through our whole family regularly every spring.

LIZA *[darkly]* My aunt died of influenza: So they said.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL *[clicks her tongue sympathetically]*!!!

LIZA *[in the same tragic tone]* But it's my belief they done the old woman in.

MRS HIGGINS *[puzzled]* Done her in?

LIZA Y-e-e-e-es, Lord love you! Why should she die of influenza? She come through diphtheria right enough the year before. I saw her with my own eyes. Fairly blue with it, she was. They all thought she was dead; but my father he kept ladling gin down her throat til she came to so sudden that she bit the bowl off the spoon.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL *[startled]* Dear me!

LIZA *[piling up the indictment]* What call would a woman with that strength in her have to die of influenza? What become of her new straw hat that should have come to me? Somebody pinched it; and what I say is, them as pinched it done her in.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL What does doing her in mean?

HIGGINS *[hastily]* Oh, that's the new small talk. To do a person in means to kill them.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL *[to Eliza, horrified]* You surely don't believe that your aunt was killed?

LIZA Do I not! Them she lived with would have killed her for a hat-pin, let alone a hat.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL But it can't have been right for your father to pour spirits down her throat like that. It might have killed her.

LIZA Not her. Gin was mother's milk to her. Besides, he'd poured so much down his own throat that he knew the good of it.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL Do you mean that he drank?

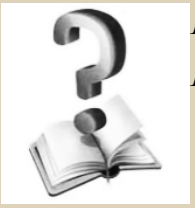
LIZA Drank! My word! Something chronic.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL How dreadful for you!

LIZA Not a bit. It never did him no harm what I could see. But then he did not keep it up regular. *[Cheerfully]* On the burst, as you might say, from time to time. And always more agreeable when he had a drop in. When he was out of work, my mother used to give him

fourpence and tell him to go out and not come back until he'd drunk himself cheerful and loving-like. There's lots of women has to make their husbands drunk to make them fit to live with. *[Now quite at her ease.]* You see, it's like this. If a man has a bit of a conscience, it always takes him when he's sober; and then it makes him low-spirited. A drop of booze just takes that off and makes him happy. *[To Freddy, who is in convulsions of suppressed laughter.]* Here! what are you sniggering at?

FREDDY The new small talk. You do it so awfully well.



How did Elisa's speech betray her background?
Do you agree that a person's speech is a matter of class distinction?

from **Man and Superman, a Comedy and a Philosophy. Act I**

TANNER. [left alone with Octavius, stares whimsically at him] Tavy: do you want to count for something in the world?

OCTAVIUS. I want to count for something as a poet: I want to write a great play.

TANNER. With Ann as the heroine?

OCTAVIUS. Yes: I confess it.

TANNER. Take care, Tavy. The play with Ann as the heroine is all right; but if you're not very careful, by Heaven she'll marry you.

OCTAVIUS. [sighing] No such luck, Jack!

TANNER. Why, man, your head is in the lioness's mouth: you are half swallowed already--in three bites--Bite One, Ricky; Bite Two, Ticky; Bite Three, Tavy; and down you go.

OCTAVIUS. She is the same to everybody, Jack: you know her ways.

TANNER. Yes: she breaks everybody's back with the stroke of her paw; but the question is, which of us will she eat? My own opinion is that she means to eat you.

OCTAVIUS. [rising, pettishly] It's horrible to talk like that about her when she is upstairs crying for her father. But I do so want her to eat me that I can bear your brutalities because they give me hope.

TANNER. Tavy; that's the devilish side of a woman's fascination: she makes you will your own destruction.

OCTAVIUS. But it's not destruction: it's fulfilment.

TANNER. Yes, of HER purpose; and that purpose is neither her happiness nor yours, but Nature's. Vitality in a woman is a blind fury of creation. She sacrifices herself to it: do you

think she will hesitate to sacrifice you?

OCTAVIUS. Why, it is just because she is self-sacrificing that she will not sacrifice those she loves.

TANNER. That is the profoundest of mistakes, Tavy. It is the self-sacrificing women that sacrifice others most recklessly. Because they are unselfish, they are kind in little things. Because they have a purpose which is not their own purpose, but that of the whole universe, a man is nothing to them but an instrument of that purpose.

OCTAVIUS. Don't be ungenerous, Jack. They take the tenderest care of us.

TANNER. Yes, as a soldier takes care of his rifle or a musician of his violin. But do they allow us any purpose or freedom of our own? Will they lend us to one another? Can the strongest man escape from them when once he is appropriated? They tremble when we are in danger, and weep when we die; but the tears are not for us, but for a father wasted, a son's breeding thrown away. They accuse us of treating them as a mere means to our pleasure; but how can so feeble and transient a folly as a man's selfish pleasure enslave a woman as the whole purpose of Nature embodied in a woman can enslave a man?

OCTAVIUS. What matter, if the slavery makes us happy?

TANNER. No matter at all if you have no purpose of your own, and are, like most men, a mere breadwinner. But you, Tavy, are an artist: that is, you have a purpose as absorbing and as unscrupulous as a woman's purpose.

OCTAVIUS. Not unscrupulous.

TANNER. Quite unscrupulous. The true artist will let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for his living at seventy, sooner than work at anything but his art. To women he is half vivisector, half vampire. He gets into intimate relations with them to study them, to strip the mask of convention from them, to surprise their inmost secrets, knowing that they have the power to rouse his deepest creative energies, to rescue him from his cold reason, to make him see visions and dream dreams, to inspire him, as he calls it. He persuades women that they may do this for their own purpose whilst he really means them to do it for his. He steals the mother's milk and blackens it to make printer's ink to scoff at her and glorify ideal women with. He pretends to spare her the pangs of childbearing so that he may have for himself the tenderness and fostering that belong of right to her children. Since marriage began, the great artist has been known as a bad husband. But he is worse: he is a child-robber, a bloodsucker, a hypocrite and a cheat. Perish the race and wither a thousand women if only the sacrifice of them enable him to act Hamlet better, to paint a finer picture, to write a deeper poem, a greater play, a profounder philosophy! For mark you, Tavy, the artist's work is to show us ourselves as we really are. Our minds are nothing but this knowledge of ourselves; and he who adds a jot to such knowledge creates new mind as surely as any woman creates new men. In the rage of that creation he is as ruthless as the woman, as dangerous to her as she to him, and as horribly fascinating. Of all human struggles there is none so treacherous and remorseless as the struggle between the artist man and the mother woman. Which shall use up

the other? that is the issue between them. And it is all the deadlier because, in your romanticist cant, they love one another.

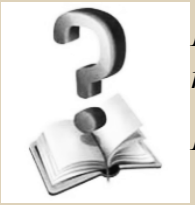
OCTAVIUS. Even if it were so – and I don't admit it for a moment – it is out of the deadliest struggles that we get the noblest characters.

TANNER. Remember that the next time you meet a grizzly bear or a Bengal tiger, Tavy.

OCTAVIUS. I meant where there is love, Jack.

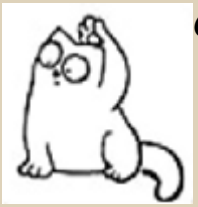
TANNER. Oh, the tiger will love you. There is no love sincerer than the love of food. I think Ann loves you that way: she patted your cheek as if it were a nicely underdone chop.

OCTAVIUS. You know, Jack, I should have to run away from you if I did not make it a fixed rule not to mind anything you say. You come out with perfectly revolting things sometimes.



How does the author interpret the relation between a man and a woman? What metaphors express the roles of a woman and a man in this relation?

Do you agree with the author's view of marriage?



Choose some of Bernard Shaw's quotes for commentary:

1. Two percent of the people think; three percent of the people think they think; and ninety-five percent of the people would rather die than think.

2. The man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes about all people and all time.

3. The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore, all progress depends on the unreasonable man.

4. All great truths begin as blasphemies.

5. When a thing is funny, search it carefully for a hidden truth.

6. The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is.

7. A life spent making mistakes is not only more honorable, but more useful than a life spent doing nothing.

8. England and America are two countries separated by a common language.

9. I can forgive Alfred Nobel for having invented dynamite, but only a fiend in human form could have invented the Nobel Prize.

10. I am a Millionaire. That is my religion.

11. Lack of money is the root of all evil.

12. Beware of the man whose God is in the skies.

13. Every man over forty is a scoundrel.

14. Reminiscences make one feel so deliciously aged and sad.

15. There is no love sincerer than the love of food.

16. A perpetual holiday is a good working definition of hell.

17. In Heaven an angel is nobody in particular.

18. A man never tells you anything until you contradict him.

19. We must make the world honest before we can honestly say to our children that honesty is the best policy.

20. Better never than late.

English Literature in the Second Half of the 20th Century

Historical Context
Development of Fiction
Development of Poetry
Development of Drama

Historical Context

In the late 1940s the government tried to stimulate the economy and provide social services: 20 percent of British industry came under the control of the state, National Health Service programmes were introduced and low-rent council houses provided a lage number of people with habitation. Although Britain had a huge debt and food rationing continued until 1954, wages rose and living conditions continuously improved. Britain started to turn into a consumer society. The second half of the 20th century was generally a period of prosperity.

Since 1950s many aspects of British life have altered dramatically, including the structure of society and people's lifestyles. Britain became less conservative developing a more tolerant attitude to social, religious, and ethnic diversity. The phenomenal success of *the Beatles* in the 1960s signified the appearance of a ***counterculture***.

A **counterculture** is a subculture whose values and norms of behavior differ substantially from those of mainstream society. A countercultural movement expresses the aspirations of a specific population during a well-defined era. Prominent examples of countercultures in Europe and North America include *Romanticism (1790–1840), Bohemianism (1850–1910),* the more fragmentary counterculture of the *Beat Generation (1944–1964)*, and perhaps most prominently, the counterculture of *the 1960s (1964–1974),* usually associated with the *hippie* subculture.

Young people started to reject the strict moral and social codes by which older generation lived. They freely expressed their views and chose the way of life different from the mainstream pattern. The mini-skirt for women and long hair for men became the symbol of social revolution.

The mass immigration from the ex-colonies that started after World War II has changed British society greatly. The more liberal social attitudes encouraged various groups to campaign for better treatment. The government passed legislation to outlaw discrimination against women, gays and ethnic minorities.

The economic problems such as inflation and unemployment, made the social problems still more acute. The protests in the 1970s and 1980s were connected with the closing of coal mines, car and steel plants.

In 1979 the Conservative Party won the election under the leadership of *Margaret Thatcher*. Conservatives decided to close the mines. A strong trade union movement several times brought the country into a standstill fighting for better salaries and against job losses. Thatcher tried to reduce the power and influence of the trade unions accusing them of undermining economy through strike action.

Iron Lady is a nickname that has frequently been used to describe female heads of government around the world. The term describes a "strong willed" woman. The iron metaphor was most famously applied to **Margaret Thatcher**, and was coined by *Captain Yuri Gavrilov* in 1976 in the Soviet newspaper *Red Star*, for her staunch opposition to the Soviet Union and socialism. Due to the wide popularity of this epithet, it has since been applied to many women political figures.

During her term of office Thatcher reshaped almost every aspect of British politics. Her government revived the economy and strengthened the nation's foreign policy. She became the first prime minister in the 20th century to win three consecutive elections. She was the longest-serving British Prime Minister of the 20th century and is currently the only woman to have held the office. Her successor *John Major* won the general elections again in 1992. The Conservative dominance came to an end with the election of the Labour Party under the leadership of *Tony Blair* in 1997.

Both Conservatives and Labourists preferred the policy of moderation. As in the previous periods in history, Britain showed a remarkable ability to avoid conflicts when street protests and terrorist attacks brought other countries in Europe to serious social tensions.

British political stability was weakened by the controvercial attitude to the institution of monarchy whose usefulness was brought into question in the end of the 20th century. Various scandals involving the royal family made them unpopular until the tragic death of Princess Diana in 1997 which proved that the monarchy was still a major unifying factor in British society.

The Britain at the threshold of the third millennium was very different from that which entered the second. The misty damp island that provided home for the Celts, Anglo-Saxons and Normans became a home to a multicultural nation that was entering a new era in the interconnected world.

Development of Fiction

The specific feature of modern literature is the variety of genres and styles. Since 1950s the literary life in Great Britain has developed greatly. The new time brings new heroes, new experience in theatrical life and poetry, new forms and standards in fiction. Liberal and open-minded attitudes in society allowed authors to deal with a wide range of subject matter.

On the one hand, the themes in the modern literary works concern more global problems: the Peace and the War, the environmental protection, the relations between the mankind and Universe. But on the other hand, there are themes that have always been in the centre of public attention: duties and obligations of an individual, moral choice, human nature, power and money, etc.

An outstanding literary movement of the 1950s was the **Angry Young Men**, a term applied by journalists to the authors and protagonists of some contemporary novels and plays that expressed protest or resentment against the values of the British middle class. The post-war changes had given a chance to a large number of young people from the more democratic layers of society to receive higher education at universities. But on graduating, these students found they had no prospects in life. There appeared works dealing with the characters of young men who were angry with everything and everybody, because no one was interested in their opinions.

The works that expressed "angry" attitudes included **Kingsley Amis**'s **(1922–1995)** campus novel *Lucky Jim (1954),* and **John Braine's (1922–1986)** novel of social ambition, *Room at the Top (1957).* The label *Andry Young Men* is more appropriate to the anti-heroes of these works than to the authors, whose views were interpreted as being socially radical.

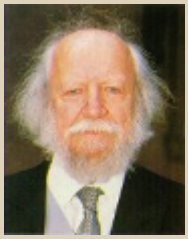
As for the literary techniques, the *Angry Young Men* are conservatives. They looked upon modernist writers of the twenties as museum pieces. The *Angry Young Men* are not especially interested in the philosophical problems of men's existence. *The great questions I ask to myself,"* Kingsley Amis says, *"are those like 'How am I going to pay the electric bill?' "*

The working-class or lower-middle class realism in the work of the *Angry Young Men* gave way in the 1960s and 1970s to a less provincial outlook in English fiction.

In the second half of the 20th century the *novel* continued to be the leading genre. It developed in many directions covering a wide range of forms, characters and themes.

John Ronald Tolkien (1892–1973), the author of the classic *high fantasy* works *The Hobbit (1937)*, *The Lord of the Rings (1954–55)* and *The Silmarillion (1977),* was one of the most influential authors, whose fascinating world of elves and goblins has inspired thousands of imitators.

High fantasy is a sub-genre of fantasy fiction, defined either by its setting in an imaginary world or by the epic stature of its characters, themes and plot. Quintessential work of high fantasy is *The Lord of the Rings*. High fantasy exists on one side of a spectrum, opposite *low fantasy* or *urban fantasy*, which are set in the *"real"* world. Some works, such as *The Chronicles of Narnia*, concern characters that travel between realistic and imaginary settings, and are thus difficult to classify on this spectrum. *High fantasy* is often classified as *epic fantasy*; however, although the two subgenres are extremely similar, the latter usually contains a wider range of main characters.



William Golding (1911–1993) explored the basic nature of man. His books often take the form of a moral allegory, in which the characters, as representatives of the human race, reveal some of the dark aspects of human nature. In his most famous novel *Lord of the Flies (1954),* a group of English schoolboys left to themselves in a desert island, far from modern civilisation, regress to a primitive state and turn to savagery. The name *Lord of the Flies* is a literal translation of the Biblical *Beelzebub*.

Beelzebub is a contemporary name for the devil. In Christian and Biblical sources, Beelzebub is another name for the devil. He is one of the seven princes of Hell described as a demonic fly who is also known as the "Lord of the Flies".

Allegorically the book represents the conflict between man's desire to live by rules in a civilised society and his desire to rule according to his own will, between groupthink and individuality, between rational and emotional reactions, and between morality and immorality.

In *The Inheritors (1955)* Golding examines how Homo Sapiens gained control of the earth at the expense of his predecessors Neanderthals. Golding won the *Nobel Prize* in Literature in 1983.

Graham Greene (1904–1991) was an acute observer of his fellow-man, though often in a more humorous and light-hearted way than Golding. His novels present a vast panorama of characters and storylines.

The most notable features of Green's fiction are the deep psychological analysis of his heroes and a very thoughtful attitude to the burning political problems of the day. Green traveled around the world from Vietnam to West Africa, Latin America and Haiti. Using these poor, hot and dusty tropical places as setting for his stories, he shows characters caught up in challenging circumstances.

After *The Power and the Glory (1940)*, which is Greene's best novel, he rarely returns to the English scene. Set in the 1930s, Mexico, the novel examines the themes of revolution and religious persecution. It tells the story of a Roman Catholic "whisky priest" who is on the run.

With his chances getting fewer the priest is still reluctant to abandon those who need him. He returns to hear the confession of a dying man, although he suspects it is a trap.

The *Heart of the Matter (1948)* tells the story of a police officer against the background of political and social tensions in Central Africa. It is about the fate of a well-meaning man who commits suicide to get out of the moral problems he was trying to solve.

The Asian setting stimulated Greene's *The Quiet American (1955),* which was about American involvement in Indochina.

Cuba is the setting for the highly entertaining *Our Man in Havana (1958)*. It is a social and political satire attacking the inefficiency of the secret service.

The Human Factor (1978) stayed on the New York Times bestseller list for six months. In this novel an agent falls in love with a black woman during an assignment in South Africa.

Graham Greene himself divides his novels into two main groups: *"serious"* novels marked with pessimism and disillusionment, and novels of *"entertainment"* which are adventure detective stories with exciting and violent plot. Adventure and suspense are constant elements in Greene's novels and many of his books have been made into successful films.

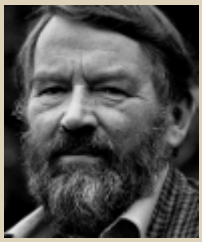
Both serious and and entertainment novels raise the issues of morality and faith. Greene's favourite themes are religion, sacrifice and grace. Few other writers wrote so powerfully about the presence of sin, guilt and doubt in the world. As a kind of English Dostoevski, he directs his characters to persistent examination of corruption within themselves. Suffering and unhappiness are always there in Greene's books. Through suffering his characters eventually overcome their sins and achieve salvation.

Anthony Burgess (1917–1994) was one of the best known English literary figures of the latter half of the twentieth century. He also composed over 250 musical works, and wanted to be regarded primarily as a composer rather than a writer. Although Burgess was predominantly a comic writer, his dystopian satire *A Clockwork Orange (1962)* remains his best known novel. In 1971 it was adapted into a highly controversial film by *Stanley Kubrick*, which was chiefly responsible for the popularity of the book. *A Clockwork Orange* is set in a future society that has a culture of extreme youth violence. The novel's anti-hero, Alex, narrates his violent exploits and his experiences with state authorities who wanted to reform him. Burgess was a linguist, and the book is partially written in a form of Russian-influenced English called *Nadsat.* According to Burgess, the novel was a *jeu d'esprit* (game of the spirit) written in just three weeks.

Nadsat is a fictional register or argot used by the teenagers in *A Clockwork Orange*. The name itself comes from the Russian suffix equivalent of '-teen' as in 'thirteen' (-надцать, *-nadtsat'*).

Burgess produced numerous other novels, including *Earthly Powers (1980)*, regarded by

most critics as his greatest novel. Its two central characters represent different kinds of power – *Kenneth Toomey*, a past-his-prime author of mediocre fiction, a man who has outlived his contemporaries to survive into bitter, luxurious old age, living in self-exile on Malta; and *Don Carlo Campanati,* a man of God and a candidate for canonisation, who rises through the Vatican as a shrewd manipulator. Through the lives of these two modern men Burgess explores the very essence of power in a story that spans from Hollywood, to Dublin, Nairobi, Paris, and beyond.



John Fowles (1926–2005) earned an international reputation, with his books translated into numerous languages, and several adapted as films. Fowles was considered much influenced by *Jean-Paul Sartre* and *Albert Camus*, and critically positioned between *modernism* and *postmodernism*.

Jean-Paul Charles Aymard Sartre (1905–1980) was a French philosopher, playwright, novelist, screenwriter, political activist, biographer, and literary critic. He was awarded the 1964 Nobel Prize in Literature but refused it, saying that he always declined official honors and that *"a writer should not allow himself to be turned into an institution."* Sartre was one of the key figures in the philosophy of existentialism. In **existentialism**, the individual's starting point is characterized by what has been called "the existential attitude", or a sense of disorientation and confusion in the face of an apparently meaningless or absurd world. In this world each individual–not society or religion–is solely responsible for giving meaning to life and living it passionately and sincerely.

Albert Camus (1913–1960) was a French Nobel Prize winning author, journalist, and philosopher. His views contributed to the rise of the philosophy known as absurdism. He wrote in his essay *The Rebel"* that his whole life was devoted to opposing the philosophy of nihilism (negation of one or more supposedly meaningful aspects of life) while still delving deeply into individual and sexual freedom. Although often cited as a proponent of existentialism, the philosophy with which Camus was associated during his own lifetime, he rejected this particular label.

John Fowles produced several highly experimental novels.

His first novel *The Collector (1963)* is about a lonely clerk in a city hall, *Frederick Clegg*, who collects butterflies in his spare time. Clegg is obsessed with *Miranda Grey*, an art student, whom he admires from a distance. Then the young man kidnaps Miranda and locks her up in the cellar of his house. Miranda tries to escape several times, but Clegg stops her. She also tries to seduce him to convince him to let her go. Eventually Miranda becomes seriously ill and dies. The story is told first from Clegg's point of view, and then from Miranda's with a return in the last few pages to Clegg's narration of her illness and death.

Fowles' novel *The Magus (1965)* was an instant best-seller that was in tune with 1960s *"hippie"* experimental philosophy. It tells the story of *Nicholas Urfe,* a young British graduate who is

teaching English on a small Greek island. Urfe becomes acquainted with a master trickster *Maurice Conchis*. Nicholas is gradually drawn into Conchis's psychological games, his paradoxical views on life, his mysterious persona, and his eccentric masques. At first, Nicholas takes these manipulations of Conchis, what the novel terms the *"godgame,"* to be a joke, but they grow more elaborate and cruel. Nicholas loses his ability to determine what is real and what is not. Against his will and knowledge, he becomes a performer in the godgame. Eventually, Nicholas realises that the re-enactments of the *Nazi* occupation, the absurd plays after *de Sade*, and the obscene parodies of *Greek myths* are not about Conchis' life, but his own.

In the *The French Lieutenant's Woman (1969)* Fowles provides us with an original 20th century interpretation of a Victorian love triangle. Although the novel develops along traditional Victorian lines, the contemporary narrator continuously interjects to put a modern interpretation on the events as they unfold and, instead of a traditional ending, the reader is offered two possible endings to choose from. This combination of tradition and innovation could be categorised as *postmodern*.

The term **postmodernism** is used to designate a multitude of trends in the arts, philosophy, religion, technology and many other areas that come after and deviate from the many 20th-century movements that constituted modernism. In general, the postmodern view is cool, ironic, and accepting of the fragmentation of contemporary existence. It tends to concentrate on surfaces rather than depths, to blur the distinctions between high and low culture, and as a whole to challenge a wide variety of traditional cultural values. In a postmodern novel the fundamental principles and assumptions about the nature of fiction is questioned and challenged. To achieve the purpose the following devices are used: Parody, Irony, Distortions of narrative time, Discontinuity and Blurring of genres.

In *The French Lieutenant's Woman* John Fowles created a unique character of *Sarah Woodruff*. Sarah has an existential view. She believes in the constant evolution of human self and personality. Sarah rejected *Charles* inspite of the common expectation. She prefers freedom to happiness. Charles finds Sarah very deep and profound in comparison with *Ernestine* who stands for a superficial womanhood. It is Sarah who helped Charles to mature. By putting Sarah (as an embodiment of a postmodern outlook) against Ernestine (as representative of a Victorian outlook) John Fowles is questioning a set of fundamental Victorian principles.

Writing by and about women has been a major feature of the literary world since World War II. When the feminist movement came to prominence in the 1970s a new generation of women writers enjoyed the freedom to express themselves with frankness and straightforwardness that had never been seen before.

No female writer has been more prolific than **Muriel Spark (1918–2006)**, whose witty, satirical novels often examine the hidden strangeness of individuals. Muriel Spark's novels are often comic but with disturbing undertones. Dark humor permeates the novel *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1961),* in which the main character, a Scottish schoolteacher turns out to be very different from what she seems. It was successfully adapted for stage and screen. Spark's detached, ironic narrator observes ordinary people in ordinary situations. In her novel *Memento Mori (1958)* she tells about peculiarities of old age under the shadow of impending death.

Another woman writer to make a lasting impression on the literary world was **Iris Murdoch (1919–1999)**, an Irish writer and philosopher who followed the tradition of novelists like Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy and George Eliot, focusing on the inner lives of individuals. She was also strongly influenced by Shakespeare.

Among Murdoch's most recurrent themes are *good and evil in a person's life, relationships, morality, the power of the unconscious, life of the mind, dramatic choice.* Her novels often include upper-middle-class male intellectuals caught in moral dilemmas, gay characters, refugees, Anglo-Catholics with crises of faith, empathetic pets, curiously "knowing" children and sometimes a powerful and almost demonic male "enchanter" who imposes his will on the other characters. Murdoch's effects are made by the contrast between her eccentric characters and the underlying seriousness of her ideas.

Murdoch's early comic work *Under the Net (1954)* is the story of a struggling young writer, *Jake Donaghue,* a penniless flat-hunter, who is looking for his old girlfriend, *Anna Quentin*, and her glamorous actress sister, *Sadie*. Through Sadie Jake resumes acquaintance with his former roommate *Hugo*. As roommates, the two had many philosophical discussions, one of which Jake turned into a not-very-successful novel, *The Silencer*. Jake fears his novel betrays Hugo's ideas. All these meetings involve Jake and his companion, *Finn*, in a series of adventures that include the kidnapping of a film-star dog and a political riot in a film-set of ancient Rome. Its mixture of the philosophical and the picaresque has made *Under the Net* one of Murdoch's most popular novels.

Although she wrote primarily in a realistic manner, Murdoch sometimes introduced the elements of symbolism and fantasy into her work. *The Unicorn (1963)* can be read as a Gothic romance. *The Black Prince (1973),* whose name alludes to Shakespeare's Hamlet, tells about erotic obsessions of an ageing London author *Bradley Pearson*, who falls in love with the daughter of a friend and literary rival, *Arnold Baffin*. The Black Prince is remarkable for the structure of its narrative, which becomes more complicated with a series of afterwords by subordinate characters suggesting selfish interpretations of the events.

Murdoch was awarded the Booker Prize in 1978 for *The Sea, the Sea (1978),* a novel about a retired stage director who is trying to return his first love chasing his former lover after several decades apart.

By the time her 26th and last novel, *Jackson's Dilemma (1996),* was published, Iris Murdoch had become the *Grande Dame of English Letters* as well as a *Dame of the British Empire*. Her influence on both moral philosophy and on the novel continues into the 21st century.

Sexual and feminist isssues were discussed in **Angela Carter**'s **(1940–1992)** novels *The Magic Toyshop (1967), The Infernal Desire Machine of Dr. Hoffman (1972), The Passion of New Eve (1977).*

Angela Carter's collection of short stories *The Bloody Chamber (1979)* is a retelling of classic fairy tales with macabre irony and feminist themes. It transformes the female protagonists from passive and colourless stereotypes into assertive, sexual and adventurous heroines. It is Carter's most representative work.

Carter's main interest was in the world of fable, which she developed into a form of ***magic realism***. This term was first coined in Germany to describe a form of painting which mixed the real with the imaginary.

Magical realism, or magic realism, is literature that accepts magic in the rational world. It is also sometimes called *fabulism,* in reference to the principles of fables, myths, and allegory. Magic realism portrays magical or unreal elements as a natural part in a realistic everyday environment. In works of magic realism the fantastic is treated without any sense of surprise or amazemrnt. Its combination with the routine creates a rich, dreamlike atmosphere. Magic realism is often associated with Latin American literature, particularly authors including *Miguel Angel Asturias, Gabriel García Márquez, Jorge Luis Borges* and *Isabel Allende.* In English literature, its chief exponents include *Salman Rushdie* and *Alice Hoffman.*

Carter's *Wise Children (1991)* is a good example of magical realism in which the dividing line between fantasy and reality is hard to find, and sometimes it disappears completely. The story has a huge cast of fantastic characters and tells about unbelieveable events including farcial mariages and adulteries, betrayals and reconciliations, deaths and resurrections. Most characters are illegitimate, some knowingly, most unknowingly. The novel is very witty and full of Shakespearean tricks such as mistaken identities and As any Shakespearean comedy it celebrates the magic of show business.

Other writers noted for novels of ideas are **Margaret Drabble (born 1939)** and her sister, **A. S. Byatt (born 1936)**. Drabble has explored the problems of contemporary educated women in such novels as *The Realms of Gold (1975)* and *The Gates of Ivory (1991)*. She investigated the dilemmas faced by intelligent women entering late middle age alone in *The Seven Sisters (2002)*. Byatt won the *Booker Prize* for *Possession (1990),* about a romantic involvement between two academics. She completed an ambitious quartet of novels tracing changing patterns of family life in England from the 1950s to the 1970s with *A Whistling*

Woman (2002).

Doris Lessing (1919–2013) moved from the early short stories collected as *African Stories (1965)* to novels increasingly experimental in form and concerned with the role of women in contemporary society. *The Golden Notebook (1962)* is about a woman writer who is suffering from writer's block and is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. In 1983 she completed a series of five science-fiction novels under the collective title *Canopus in Argos: Archives (1979)*. The novel *Love, Again (1995)*is a compelling study of love and sexuality in older women.

The success of women has been accompanied by the emergence of a number of accomplished male writers whose works grow from and develop the great tradition of novel writing in English. Of these, **David Lodge (born 1935)** could be regarded as part of the comic tradition in British literature. His brilliantly funny trilogy including *Changing Places (1965), Small World (1984)*and *Nice Work (1988)* is associated with a genre called ***campus fiction,*** in which universities provide the setting for the novel.

His later works *Therapy (1995)* and *Thinks (2000)* raise such topics as aging, alternative medicine, adultery and psychtherapy and continue to show his great talent for creating comic characters and situations.

John Le Carré (born 1931), pseudonym of **David John Moore Cornwell**, won popularity for ingeniously complex espionage tales, loosely based on his own experience in the British foreign service. Le Carré's novels include *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold (1963), Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy (1974), The Russia House (1989),* and *The Constant Gardener (2001).*

Frederick Forsyth (born 1938) is an English author and occasional political commentator. He is best known for thrillers such as *The Day of the Jackal (1971)*, *The Odessa File (1972)*, *The Fourth Protocol (1984)*, *The Dogs of War (1974)*, *The Devil's Alternative (1979)*, *The Fist of God (1994)*, *Icon (1999)*, *Avenger (2003)*, *The Afghan (2006)*,*The Cobra (2010)* and *The Kill List (2013)*.

Julian Barnes (born 1946) established his reputation with *Flaubert's Parrot (1984),* which is about scholarship and obsession. It was followed by other experimental and satiric works, including *England, England (1999).* Barnes won the Man Booker Prize for his book *The Sense of an Ending (2011).* It is narrated by a retired man named *Tony Webster,* who recalls how he met *Adrian Finn* and other schoolmates and vowed to remain friends for life. When the past catches up with Tony, he reflects on the paths he and his friends have taken.

Short stories and novels by **Ian McEwan (born 1948)** deal with moments of extreme crisis. *The Child Time (1987)* is the story of a couple whose daughter disappeares in broad daylight in a crowded shopping area. In *Black Dogs (1992)* the fateful incident that alters a person's life is the confrontation of a young bride withg two dogs during her honeymoon. In *Enduring Love (1997)* the life-changing event is the rescue of a boy from a freak accident. In the rescue

attempt one man, a doctor, dies. Another stranger after witnessing a deadly accident develops a morbid interest in the protagonist. In *Atonement (2002),* which won the National Book Critics Circle Award, McEwan deals with a child's lies and her later attempts to come to terms with them by writing a book.

Sir Terry Pratchett (1948–2015) is the acclaimed creator of the global bestselling comic fantasy *Discworld* series, the first of which, *The Colour of Magic,* was published in 1983. Pratchett's earliest *Discworld* novels were written to parody *sword-and-sorcery* fiction and *science-fiction* novels. He imported numerous characters from classic literature, popular culture and ancient history, always adding an unexpected twist. Characters, place names, and titles in his books often contain puns, allusions and references. The world's medieval setting in *Discworld* often includes modern innovations such as a public police force, guns, submarines, cinema, the steam engine, journalism and banking. As the series progressed, Pratchett dropped parody almost entirely, and the *Discworld* series turned into satire.

Martin Amis (born 1949) also produced ferocious satires of modern society in such works as *Money: A Suicide Note (1984)* and *The Information (1995).*

Content

Lord of the Flies, by William Golding

During World War II, a group of British schoolboys stranded on a Pacific island after their plane crashed. Two of the boys, ***Ralph*** *and* ***Piggy****, set up a democratic government with Ralph as leader. A signal fire is set with the lens of Piggy's glasses to call passing ships to rescue.*

The school's choir leader, ***Jack****, soon becomes obsessed with hunting the pigs. He abandons any thought of being rescued, and eventually leaves the group to start a "tribe" with his choir boys turned into hunters. The increasing fear of a supposed "beast" on the island made all the boys except Ralph, Piggy,* ***Simon*** *and the twins* ***Samneric (Sam and Eric)*** *support Jack.*

The beast on the mountain appears to be only the rotting corpse of a pilot whose plane had been shot down near the island. Simon runs down from the mountain to share this happy news. All the boys are engaged in a primal ritual celebrating the murder of a pig they have just eaten. Mistaken to be the beast, Simon is killed by the boys' spears.

Ralph, Piggy, and Samneric refuse to join Jack's tribe. They struggle to keep a signal fire burning on the beach. Then Jack and his hunters attack the four and steal Piggy's glasses they need for pig-roasting fires. Piggy decides to go to the hunters' base. Reluctantly, Ralph and Samneric agree. As they arrive Jack begins to fight with Ralph. Samneric are seized at Jack's command by the hunters and ***Roger****, Jack's second-in-command, drops a large boulder on the head of Piggy and kills him. Ralph alone runs away. Samneric betray the secret of his hiding place. The hunters run after Ralph with their spears.*

Ralph at last comes to the beach. The shelters he had built are in flames and, falling upon

the sand with nowhere left to run, Ralph looks up to see a naval officer. Rescue comes at last to the boys' aid. Ralph breaks down in tears. Soon, all the hunters begin crying at the sight of grown-ups on the beach. Ralph weeps for "the end of innocence" and "the darkness of man's heart."

The French Lieutenant's Woman, by John Fowles

Charles Smithson *is visiting his fiancée in Lyme.* ***Ernestina*** *is the spoilt and shallow daughter of middle-class parents who have made a great fortune and now wish to elevate their child to the upper classes. While in Lyme, Charles meets* ***Sarah Woodruff*** *and is told her story: she was seduced and abandoned by a French sailor and has since been an outcast in the prudish provincial town.*

Charles encounters Sarah several times during his stay in Lyme and finds himself drawn to her, struck by how different she is from other women. She is intelligent and independent at a time when the ideal woman was submissive and fragile. Charles becomes increasingly fascinated with this unconventional woman.

Events come to a climax when Charles loses his chance of inheriting his uncle's title and Sarah loses her job as the companion to a bigoted old lady. In the dramatic aftermath of these developments Charles realises the depth of his feelings for Sarah. He decides to break his engagement with Ernestina and marry Sarah instead, sending word of his intentions to Sarah via his manservant Sam. For his own reasons, Sam does not deliver this letter. Sarah is that kind of girl who can sacrifice everything for freedom. She sacrificed even her love for freedom.

When Charles looks for Sarah after breaking his engagement, he finds she has gone away without leaving any word of her destination or any explanation. He searches for her in London, Exeter and Lyme. He leaves England and travels across Europe, the Middle East and the United States. Charles never forgets Sarah and he returns to London immediately when his lawyer sends word that he has found her.

When Charles finally meets Sarah again, the story splits, with the author offering two alternate endings for their relationship and leaving the reader to decide between the two.

In the first ending to the novel, the narrator describes Charles' visit to the address given by the anonymous source. Charles is let into a relatively nice house, and recognizes the artist Rossetti as he climbs the stairs to find Sarah. Sarah is dressed like a modern woman, and she tells Charles that she is Rossetti's assistant and model. Charles begs Sarah to come marry him, but she says she doesn't want to marry anyone - she is very happy with the life she is leading. Charles suspects that she is still suffering; he begins to angrily accuse her of bringing him there to torment him. Sarah calmly tells him that he misunderstands her. A small girl child is brought to him - he understands that she was conceived during his first and only sexual encounter with Sarah. Charles and Sarah embrace, and it seems - although we are not told explicitly what will happen - that the two will stay together.

The second ending we are taken back to the point in Sarah and Charles' conversation where he accuses her of lying to him in order to hurt him. He starts to leave - Sarah touches his arm to restrain him - but he storms out of the room and out of the house. At the very end of the novel, he comes to the conclusion that life must be endured, no matter how hopeless it is, and that there is no 'quick fix' that will make everything all right.

Wise Children, by Angela Carter

Dora and Nora Chance *are twin sisters in their eighties and are looking back over their lives. Their father, the famous Shakespearean actor* ***Melchior Hazard****, disowned them at birth. The girls followed in their father's footsteps by taking up a career on the stage and achieved some success as the singing and dancing Chance sisters.*

When, at the age of thirteen, Melchior's brother Perry, took them to see their father, but he pretended he did not know who they were.

Most of the novel consists of Dora's memories. She provides the backstory of her natural father, Melchior, her legal father, ***Peregrine Hazard****, and her guardian,* ***Grandma Chance****. Dora describes key events of her life including her early theatre performances, how she and her sister deal with being rejected by their father, as well as the time that she spent in Hollywood, producing a film version of A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Dora and Nora attend Melchior's 100th birthday party. The date is Shakespeare's supposed birthday, April, 23. There Melchior acknowledges they are his children for the first time in their lives.

The novel ends with Dora and Nora being presented with twin babies to look after – a gift from Peregrine. The magic element in Hazard-Chance family is that children are always born in pairs. Dora and Nora realise that they "can't afford"to die until they've seen their children grow up. The final line of the story is a message constantly conveyed throughout the novel: "What a joy it is to dance and sing!"

Text

from **The Lord of the Flies, by William Golding. Chapter 8. Gift for the Darkness**

Simon had passed through the area of fruit trees but today the littluns had been too busy with the fire on the beach and they had not pursued him there. He went on among the creepers until he reached the great mat that was woven by the open space and crawled inside. Beyond the screen of leaves the sunlight pelted down and the butterflies danced in the middle their unending dance. He knelt down and the arrow of the sun fell on him. That other time the air had seemed to vibrate with heat; but now it threatened. Soon the sweat was running from his long coarse hair. He shifted restlessly but there was no avoiding the sun. Presently he was thirsty, and then very thirsty. He continued to sit.

Far off along the beach, Jack was standing before a small group of boys. He was looking brilliantly happy.

"Hunting, " he said. He sized them up. Each of them wore the remains of a black cap and ages ago they had stood in two demure rows and their voices had been the song of angels.

"We'll hunt. I'm going to be chief. "

They nodded, and the crisis passed easily.

"And then--about the beast. "

They moved, looked at the forest.

"I say this. We aren't going to bother about the beast. "

He nodded at them.

"We're going to forget the beast. "

"That's right!"

"Yes!"

"Forget the beast!"

If Jack was astonished by their fervor he did not show it.

"And another thing. We shan't dream so much down here. This is near the end of the island. "

They agreed passionately out of the depths of their tormented private lives.

"Now listen. We might go later to the castle rock. But now I'm going to get more of the biguns away from the conch and all that. We'll kill a pig and give a feast. " He paused and went on more slowly. "And about the beast. When we kill we'll leave some of the kill for it. Then it won't bother us, maybe. "

He stood up abruptly.

"We'll go into the forest now and hunt. "

He turned and trotted away and after a moment they followed him obediently.

They spread out, nervously, in the forest. Almost at once Jack found the dung and scattered roots that told of pig and soon the track was fresh. Jack signaled the rest of the hunt to be quiet and went forward by himself. He was happy and wore the damp darkness of the forest like his old clothes. He crept down a slope to rocks and scattered trees by the sea.

The pigs lay, bloated bags of fat, sensuously enjoying the shadows under the trees. There was no wind and they were unsuspicious; and practice had made Jack silent as the shadows. He stole away again and instructed his hidden hunters. Presently they all began to inch forward sweating in the silence and heat. Under the trees an ear flapped idly. A little apart from the rest, sunk in deep maternal bliss, lay the largest sow of the lot. She was black and pink; and the

great bladder of her belly was fringed with a row of piglets that slept or burrowed and squeaked.

Fifteen yards from the drove Jack stopped, and his arm, straightening, pointed at the sow. He looked round in inquiry to make sure that everyone understood and the other boys nodded at him. The row of right arms slid back.

"Now!"

The drove of pigs started up; and at a range of only ten yards the wooden spears with fire-hardened points flew toward the chosen pig. One piglet, with a demented shriek, rushed into the sea trailing Roger's spear behind it. The sow gave a gasping squeal and staggered up, with two spears sticking in her fat flank. The boys shouted and rushed forward, the piglets scattered and the sow burst the advancing line and went crashing away through the forest.

"After her!"

They raced along the pig-track, but the forest was too dark and tangled so that Jack, cursing, stopped them and cast among the trees. Then he said nothing for a time but breathed fiercely so that they were awed by him and looked at each other in uneasy admiration. Presently he stabbed down at the ground with his finger.

"There – "

Before the others could examine the drop of blood, Jack had swerved off, judging a trace, touching a bough that gave. So he followed, mysteriously right and assured, and the hunters trod behind him.

He stopped before a covert.

"In there. "

They surrounded the covert but the sow got away with the sting of another spear in her flank. The trailing butts hindered her and the sharp, cross-cut points were a torment. She blundered into a tree, forcing a spear still deeper; and after that any of the hunters could follow her easily by the drops of vivid blood. The afternoon wore on, hazy and dreadful with damp heat; the sow staggered her way ahead of them, bleeding and mad, and the hunters followed, wedded to her in lust, excited by the long chase and the dropped blood. They could see her now, nearly got up with her, but she spurted with her last strength and held ahead of them again. They were just behind her when she staggered into an open space where bright flowers grew and butterflies danced round each other and the air was hot and still.

Here, struck down by the heat, the sow fell and the hunters hurled themselves at her. This dreadful eruption from an unknown world made her frantic; she squealed and bucked and the air was full of sweat and noise and blood and terror. Roger ran round the heap, prodding with his spear whenever pigflesh appeared. Jack was on top of the sow, stabbing downward with his knife. Roger found a lodgment for his point and began to push till he was leaning with his whole weight. The spear moved forward inch by inch and the terrified squealing became a highpitched scream. Then Jack found the throat and the hot blood spouted over his hands.

The sow collapsed under them and they were heavy and fulfilled upon her. The butterflies still danced, preoccupied in the center of the clearing.

At last the immediacy of the kill subsided. The boys drew back, and Jack stood up, holding out his hands.

"Look. "

He giggled and flicked them while the boys laughed at his reeking palms. Then Jack grabbed Maurice and rubbed the stuff over hischeeks. Roger began to withdraw his spear and boys noticed it for the first time. Robert stabilized the thing in a phrase which was received uproariously.

"Right up her ass!"

"Did you hear?"

"Did you hear what he said?"

"Right up her ass!"

This time Robert and Maurice acted the two parts; and Maurice's acting of the pig's efforts to avoid the advancing spear was so funny that the boys cried with laughter.

At length even this palled. Jack began to clean his bloody hands on the rock. Then he started work on the sow and paunched her, lugging out the hot bags of colored guts, pushing them into a pile on the rock while the others watched him. He talked as he worked.

"We'll take the meat along the beach. I'll go back to the platform and invite them to a feast. That should give us time. "

Roger spoke.

"Chief – "

"Uh – ?"

"How can we make a fire?"

Jack squatted back and frowned at the pig.

"We'll raid them and take fire. There must be four of you; Henry and you, Robert and Maurice. We'll put on paint and sneak up; Roger can snatch a branch while I say what I want. The rest of you can get this back to where we were. We'll build the fire there. And after that--"

He paused and stood up, looking at the shadows under the trees. His voice was lower when he spoke again.

"But we'll leave part of the kill for . . . "

He knelt down again and was busy with his knife. The boys crowded round him. He spoke over his shoulder to Roger.

"Sharpen a stick at both ends. "

Presently he stood up, holding the dripping sow's head in his hands.

"Where's that stick?"

"Here. "

"Ram one end in the earth. Oh – it's rock. Jam it in that crack. There. "

Jack held up the head and jammed the soft throat down on the pointed end of the stick which pierced through into the mouth. He stood back and the head hung there, a little blood dribbling down the stick.

Instinctively the boys drew back too; and the forest was very still. They listened, and the loudest noise was the buzzing of flies over the spilled guts.

Jack spoke in a whisper.

"Pick up the pig. "

Maurice and Robert skewered the carcass, lifted the dead weight, and stood ready. In the silence, and standing over the dry blood, they looked suddenly furtive.

Jack spoke loudly.

"This head is for the beast. It's a gift. "

The silence accepted the gift and awed them. The head remained there, dim-eyed, grinning faintly, blood blackening between the teeth. All at once they were running away, as fast as they could, through the forest toward the open beach.

Simon stayed where he was, a small brown image, concealed by the leaves. Even if he shut his eyes the sow's head still remained like an after-image. The half-shut eyes were dim with the infinite cynicism of adult life. They assured Simon that everything was a bad business.

"I know that. "

Simon discovered that he had spoken aloud. He opened his eyes quickly and there was the head grinning amusedly in the strange daylight, ignoring the flies, the spilled guts, even ignoring the indignity of being spiked on a stick.

He looked away, licking his dry lips.

A gift for the beast. Might not the beast come for it? The head, he thought, appeared to agree with him. Run away, said the head silently, go back to the others. It was a joke really--why should you bother? You were just wrong, that's all. A little headache, something you ate, perhaps. Go back, child, said the head silently.

Simon looked up, feeling the weight of his wet hair, and gazed at the sky. Up there, for once, were clouds, great bulging towers that sprouted away over the island, grey and cream and copper-colored. The clouds were sitting on the land; they squeezed, produced moment by

moment this close, tormenting heat. Even the butterflies deserted the open space where the obscene thing grinned and dripped. Simon lowered his head, carefully keeping his eyes shut, then sheltered them with his hand. There were no shadows under the trees but everywhere a pearly stillness, so that what was real seemed illusive and without definition. The pile of guts was a black blob of flies that buzzed like a saw. After a while these flies found Simon. Gorged, they alighted by his runnels of sweat and drank. They tickled under his nostrils and played leapfrog on his thighs. They were black and iridescent green and without number; and in front of Simon, the Lord of the Flies hung on his stick and grinned. At last Simon gave up and looked back; saw the white teeth and dim eyes, the blood--and his gaze was held by that ancient, inescapable recognition. In Simon's right temple, a pulse began to beat on the brain.

Why did Simon, being a secret observer of the hunt, recognise the happening as a bad business?
What was the mysterious force that turned innocent children into cruel monsters?
Explain the symbolic role of nature description.

from **The Power and the Glory, by Graham Greene. Part II. Chapter 1**

Over by the door the mestizo was uneasily asleep.

How little his pride had to feed on-he had celebrated only four Masses this year, and he had heard perhaps a hundred confessions. It seemed to him that the dunce of any seminary could have done as well ... or better. He raised himself very carefully and began to move on his naked toes across the floor. He must get to Carmen and away again quickly before this man … the mouth was open, showing the pale hard toothless gums: in his sleep he was grunting and struggling; then he collapsed upon the floor and lay still.

There was a sense of abandonment, as if he had given up every struggle from now on and lay there a victim of some power. ... The priest had only to step over his legs and push the door-it opened outwards.

He put one leg over the body and a hand gripped his ankle. The mestizo stared up at him, "Where are you going?"

"I want to relieve myself," the priest said.

The hand still held his ankle. "Why can't you do it here?" the man whined at him. "What's preventing you, father? You are a father, aren't you?"

"I have a child", the priest said, "If that's what you mean."

"You know what I mean. You understand about God, don't you?" The hot hand clung. "Perhaps you've got him there – in a pocket. You carry him around, don't you, in case there's anybody sick. … Well, I'm sick. Why don't you give him to me? Or do you think he wouldn't have anything to do with me ... if he knew?"

"You're feverish."

But the man wouldn't stop. The priest was reminded of an oil-gusher which some prospectors had once struck near Concepcion – it wasn't a good enough field apparently to justify further operations, but there it had stood for forty-eight hours against the sky, a black fountain spouting out of the marshy useless soil and flowing away to waste fifty thousand gallons an hour. It was like the religious sense in man, cracking suddenly upwards, a black pillar of fumes and impurity, running to waste. "Shall I tell you what I've done – it's your business to listen. I've taken money from women to do you know what, and I've given money to boys ..."

"I don't want to hear."

"It's your business."

"You're mistaken."

"Oh, no, I'm not. You can't take me in. Listen. I've given money to boys – you know what I mean. And I've eaten meat on Fridays." The awful jumble of the gross, the trivial, and the grotesque shot up between the two yellow fangs, and the hand on the priest's ankle shook and shook with the fever. "I've told lies. I haven't fasted in Lent for I don't know how many years. Once I had two women-I'll tell you what I did ..." He had an immense self-importance: he was unable to picture a world of which he was only a typical part – a world of treachery, violence, and lust in which his shame was altogether insignificant. How often the priest had heard the same confession – Man was so limited: he hadn't even the ingenuity to invent a new vice: the animals knew as much. It was for this world that Christ had died: the more evil you saw and heard about you, the greater glory lay around the death; it was too easy to die for what was good or beautiful, for home or children or a civilization – it needed a God to die for the half-hearted and the corrupt. He said: "Why do you tell me all this?"

The man lay exhausted, saying nothing: he was beginning to sweat, his hand loosed its hold on the priest's ankle. He pushed the door open and went outside – the darkness was complete. How to find the mule? He stood listening – something howled not very far away. He was frightened. Back in the hut the candle burned – there was an odd bubbling sound: the man was weeping. Again he was reminded of oil land, the little black pools and the bubbles blowing slowly up and breaking and beginning again.

The priest struck a match and walked straight forward – one, two, three paces into a tree. A match in that immense darkness was of no more value than a firefly. He whispered: "Mula, mula" , afraid to call out in case the half-caste heard him; besides, it was unlikely that the stupid beast would make any reply. He hated it – the lurching mandarin head, the munching greedy mouth, the smell of blood and ordure. He struck another match and set off again, and again after a few paces he met a tree. Inside the hut the gaseous sound of grief went on. He had got to get to Carmen and away before that man found a means of communicating with the police. He began again, quartering the clearing – one, two, three, four – and then a tree. Something moved under his foot, and he thought of scorpions. One, two, three-and suddenly the grotesque cry of the mule came out of the dark; it was hungry, or perhaps it smelt some animal.

It was tethered a few yards behind the hut – the candle-flame swerved out of sight. His matches were running low, but after two more attempts he found the mule. The half-caste had stripped it and hidden the saddle: he couldn't waste time looking any more. He mounted, and only then realized how impossible it was to make it move without even a piece of rope round the neck-he tried twisting at its ears, but they had no more sensitivity than door-handles: it stood planted there like an equestrian status. He struck a match and held the flame against its side – it struck up suddenly with its back hoofs and he dropped the match: then it was still again, with drooping sullen head and great antediluvian haunches. A voice said accusingly: "You are leaving me here – to die."

"Nonsense," the priest said. "I am in a hurry. You will be all right in the morning, but I can't wait."

There was a scuffle in the darkness and then a hand gripped his naked foot. "Don't leave me alone," the voice said. "I appeal to you – as a Christian."

"You won't come to any harm here."

"How do you know, with the gringo somewhere about?"

"I don't know anything about the gringo. I've met nobody who has seen him. Besides, he's only a man – like one of us."

"I won't be left alone. I have an instinct ..."

"Very well," the priest said wearily, "find the saddle." When they had saddled the mule they set off again, the mestizo holding the stirrup. They were silent – sometimes the half-caste stumbled, and the grey false dawn began; a small coal of cruel satisfaction glowed at the back of the priest's mind – this was Judas sick and unsteady and scared in the dark. He had only to beat the mule on to leave him stranded in the forest – once he dug in the point of his stick and forced it forward at a weary trot and he could feel the pull, pull of the half-caste's arm on the stirrup, holding him back. There was a groan – it sounded like Mother of God, and he let the mule slacken its pace. He prayed silently: God forgive me: Christ had died for this man too: how could he pretend with his pride and lust and cowardice to be any more worthy of that death than this half-caste? This man intended to betray him for money which he needed, and he had betrayed God not even for real lust. He said: "Are you sick?" and there was no reply. He dismounted and said: "Get up. I'll walk for a while."

"I'm all right," the man said in a tone of hatred.

"Better get up.'

"You think you're very fine," the man said. "Helping your enemies. That's Christian, isn't it?"

"Are you my enemy?"

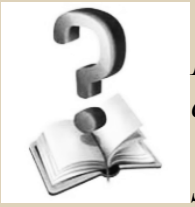
"That's what you think. You think I want seven hundred pesos – that's the reward. You think a poor man like me can't afford not to tell the police. …"

"You're feverish."

The man said in a sick voice of cunning: "You're right, of course."

"Better mount." The man nearly fell: he had to shoulder him up. He leant hopelessly down from the mule with his mouth almost on a level with the priest's, breathing bad air into the other's face. He said: "A poor man has no choice, father. Now if I was a rich man – only a little rich – I should be good."

The priest suddenly – for no reason – thought of the Children of Mary eating pastries. He giggled and said: "I doubt it – If that were goodness ..."



What metaphor does the author use to describe people's sins?
Interpret the priest's thoughts about God dying for the half-hearted and the corrupt.
Why did the priest finally help the mestizo? What does it have to do with Good Samaritan idea?
What does the mestizo mean saying "A poor man has no choice, father. Now if I was a rich man – only a little rich – I should be good."?

from **Under the Net, by Iris Murdoch**

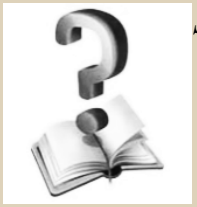
Events stream past us like these crowds and the face of each is seen only for a minute. What is urgent is not urgent forever, but only ephemerally. All work, and all love, the search for wealth and fame, the search for truth, life itself, are all made up of moments which pass and become nothing. Yet through this shaft of nothings we drive onward with that miraculous vitality that creates our precarious habitations in the past and the future. So we live; a spirit that broods and hovers over the continual death of time, the lost meaning, the unrecaptured moment, the unremembered face, until the final chop that ends all our moments and plunges that spirit back into the void from which it came.

"I hate solitude, but I'm afraid of intimacy. The substance of my life is a private conversation with myself which to turn into a dialogue would be equivalent to self-destruction. The company which I need is the company which a pub or a cafe will provide. I have never wanted a communion of souls. It's already hard enough to tell the truth to oneself."

"All the time when I speak to you, even now, I'm saying not precisely what I think, but what will impress you and make you respond. That's so even between us - and how much more it's so where there are stronger motives for deception. In fact, one's so used to this one hardly sees it. The whole language is a machine for making falsehoods."

"When does one ever know a human being? Perhaps only after one has realized the

impossibility of knowledge and renounced the desire for it and finally ceased to feel even the need of it. But then what one achieves is no longer knowledge, it is simply a kind of co-existence; and this too is one of the guises of love."



Select a quote for your commentary.

from **The Collector, by John Fowles**

The first time I went to look for Miranda it was a few days after I went down to Southampton to see off Aunt Annie; May loth, to be exact. I was back in London. I hadn't got any real plan, and I told Aunt Annie and Mabel I might go abroad, but I didn't truly know. Aunt Annie was scared, really, the night before they went she had a solemn talk with me about how I wasn't to marry, she hoped–that is, without her meeting the bride. She said a lot about it being my money and my life and how generous I was and all that, but I could see she was really scared I might marry some girl and they'd lose all the money they were so ashamed of, anyway. I don't blame her, it was natural, especially with a daughter who's a cripple. I think people like Mabel should be put out painlessly, but that's beside the point.

What I thought I would do (I already, in preparation, bought the best equipment in London) was to go to some of the localities where there were rare species and aberrations and get proper series. I mean turn up and stay somewhere for as long as I liked, and go out and collect and photograph. I had driving lessons before they went and I got a special van. There were a lot of species I wanted–the Swallowtail for instance, the Black Hairstreak and the Large Blue, rare Fritil-laries like the Heath and the Glanville. Things most collectors only get a go at once a lifetime. There were moths too. I thought I might take them up.

What I'm trying to say is that having her as my guest happened suddenly, it wasn't something I planned the moment the money came.

Well, of course with Aunt Annie and Mabel out of the way I bought all the books I wanted, some of them I didn't know such things existed, as a matter of fact I was disgusted, I thought here I am stuck in a hotel room with this stuff and it's a lot different from what I used to dream of about Miranda and me. Suddenly I saw I'd thought myself into thinking her completely gone out of my life, as if we didn't live within a few miles of each other (I was moved into the hotel in Paddington then) and I hadn't anyhow got all the time in the world to find out where she lived. It was easy, I looked up the Slade School of Art in the telephone directory, and I waited outside one morning in the van. The van was the one really big luxury I gave myself. It had a special fitting in the back compartment, a camp bed you could let down and sleep in; I bought it to carry all my equipment for when I moved round the country, and also I thought if I got a van I wouldn't always have to be taking Aunt Annie and Mabel around when they came back. I didn't buy it for the reason I did use it for. The whole idea was sudden, like a stroke of genius almost.

The first morning I didn't see her, but the next day at last I did. She came out with a lot of other students, mostly young men. My heart beat very fast and I felt sick. I had the camera all ready, but I couldn't dare use it. She was just the same; she had a light way of walking and she always wore flat heels so she didn't have that mince like most girls. She didn't think at all about the men when she moved. Like a bird. All the time she was talking to a young man with black hair, cut very short with a little fringe, very artistic-looking. There were six of them, but then she and the young man crossed the street. I got out of the van and followed them. They didn't go far, into a coffee-bar.

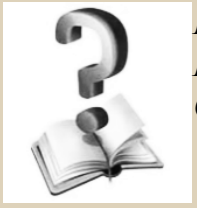
I went into that coffee-bar, suddenly, I don't know why, like I was drawn in by something else, against my will almost. It was full of people, students and artists and such-like; they mostly had that beatnik look. I remember there were weird faces and things on the walls. It was supposed to be African, I think.

There were so many people and the noise and I felt so nervous I didn't see her at first. She was sitting in a second loom at the back. I sat on a stool at the counter where I could watch. I didn't dare look very often and the light in the other room wasn't very good.

Then she was standing right next me. I was pretending to read a newspaper so I didn't see her get up. I felt my face was red, I stared at the words but I couldn't read, I daren't look the smallest look–she was there almost touching me. She was in a check dress, dark blue and white it was, her arms brown and bare, her hair all loose down her back.

She said, "Jenny, we're absolutely broke, be an angel and let us have two cigarettes." The girl behind the counter said, "Not again," or something, and she said, "Tomorrow, I swear," and then, "Bless you," when the girl gave her two. It was all over in five seconds, she was back with the young man, but hearing her voice turned her from a sort of dream person to a real one. I can't say what was special in her voice. Of course it was very educated, but it wasn't la-di-da, it wasn't slimy, she didn't beg the cigarettes or like demand them, she just asked for them in an easy way and you didn't have any class feeling. She spoke like she walked, as you might say.

I paid as quick as possible and went back to the van and the Cremorne and my room. I was really upset. It was partly that she had to borrow cigarettes because she had no money and I had sixty thousand pounds (I gave Aunt Annie ten) ready to lay at her feet–because that is how I felt. I felt I would do anything to know her, to please her, to be her friend, to be able to watch her openly, not spy on her. To show how I was, I put five five-pound notes I had on me in an envelope and addressed it to Miss Miranda Grey, the Slade School of Art . . . only of course I didn't post it. I would have if I could have seen her face when she opened it.



How does the author present Frederick's feelings?
Do you recognise a maniac or a man in love in him?
Can you tell one from the other?

Development of Poetry

Modernism and Experimentation of the beginning of the 20th century continued in the richly metaphorical poetry of the Welsh author **Dylan Thomas (1914–1953)**, whose almost mystical love of life and understanding of death were expressed in some of the most beautiful verse of the middle of the century. His sensual imagery and complex poetic technique contrasted favourably with the more common, socially oriented verse of his contemporaries. Thomas was much influenced by *the Bible*, *Metphysical Poetry, William Blake, Freud* and *Jung*, creating symbolic poems ful of Christian allusions, biological and bodily imagery.

Carl Gustav Jung (1875–1961), often referred to as **C. G. Jung**, was a Swiss psychiatrist and psychotherapist who founded *analytical psychology.* Jung proposed and developed the concepts of *extraversion* and *introversion*; *archetypes,* and the *collective unconscious*. His work has been influential in psychiatry and in the study of religion, philosophy, archeology, anthropology, literature, and related fields. He was a prolific writer, many of whose works were not published until after his death.

After Thomas's death in 1953, a new generation of British poets emerged, some influenced by him and some reacting against his influence. These poets became known as *The Movement* and sought to appeal to the common reader with a nonsentimental poetry of the everyday, written in colloquial language.

The Movement was a term coined in 1954 by J. D. Scott, literary editor of The Spectator, to describe a group of writers including *Philip Larkin, Ted Hughes, Kingsley Amis, Donald Davie, D. J. Enright, John Wain, Elizabeth Jennings, Thom Gunn,* and *Robert Conquest.* The Movement The Movement poets were considered anti-romantic, however Larkin and Hughes used romantic elements. They rejected the Neo-Romanticism of Dylan Thomas's poetry and the experimentation of Modernists. To these poets, good poetry meant simple, traditional content and dignified form.

Philip Larkin (1922–1985) often wrote of deprivation and absence. His recurrent theme is unfulfilled ambitions. Reality betrays expectation and produces disappointment. A mood of defeat, pessimism and boredom pervades Larkin's works. Flashes of ironic, often dark humour are the only source of relief in his grim universe.

Ted Hughes (1930–1998), whose poetry is noted for its depiction of the cruelty of life, became one of England's most significant poets and was made *Poet Laureate* in 1984. Hughes is considered to be a difficult poet. His original stress patterns, peculiar use of symbols and the boldness and stricking quality of his language recall the *Metaphysical Poets*. He has been described as a poet of pessimism and violence who, with blunt imagery, explores the darker side of human nature and the condition of man trapped by God and Nature.

Prominent British poets of the late 20th century included **Craig Raine (born 1944), Wendy Cope (born 1945), James Fenton (born 1949),** and **Seamus Heaney (1939–2013).** Raine's early collection, *A Martian Sends a Postcard Home (1979),* brings a fresh viewpoint to many topics. Wendy Cope's witty insights appear in *Making Cocoa for Kingsley Amis (1986).* Fenton's collection *Out of Danger (1994)* covers love, war, and the political violence he encountered as a war correspondent in southeast Asia.

Seamus Heaney (1939–2013) won the 1995 *Nobel Prize* in Literature. In his early collections of poems *Death of a Naturalist (1966)* and *Door into the Dark (1969)* Heaney portrays rural life in simple lyrical language. He celebrates common people, their daily routines and the rhythms of seasonal life.

In his later works Heaney analyses the violent past and troubled present of Ireland, his motherland. His main message is peace, his main attitude is compassion.

Although Heaney's poetry appears simple in its language and rhythm, its structure and references are often complex.

Text

Do not go gentle into that good night, by Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

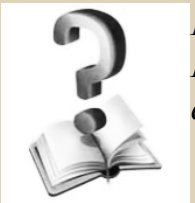
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on that sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.



How do you interpret the message of the repeated lines in the poem?
Do you like the author's idea about the resistance a man should put up to death?

Best Society, by Philip Larkin0

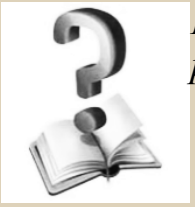
When I was a child, I thought,
Casually, that solitude
Never needed to be sought.
Something everybody had,
Like nakedness, it lay at hand,
Much better stay in company!
To love you must have someone else,
Giving requires a legatee,
Good neighbours need whole parishfuls
Of folk to do it on - in short,

Not specially right or specially wrong,
A plentiful and obvious thing
Not at all hard to understand.

Then, after twenty, it became
At once more difficult to get
And more desired - though all the same
More undesirable; for what
You are alone has, to achieve
The rank of fact, to be expressed
In terms of others, or it's just
A compensating make-believe.

Our virtues are all social; if,
Deprived of solitude, you chafe,
It's clear you're not the virtuous sort.

Viciously, then, I lock my door.
The gas-fire breathes. The wind outside
Ushers in evening rain. Once more
Uncontradicting solitude
Supports me on its giant palm;
And like a sea-anemone
Or simple snail, there cautiously
Unfolds, emerges, what I am.



How does the concept of solitude develop with age? Can you think of another phase in its development unmentioned in the poem?

Old Age Gets Up, by Ted Hughes

Stirs its ashes and embers, its burnt sticks

An eye powdered over, half melted and solid again
Ponders
Ideas that collapse
At the first touch of attention

The light at the window, so square and so same
So full-strong as ever, the window frame
A scaffold in space, for eyes to lean on

Supporting the body, shaped to its old work
Making small movements in gray air
Numbed from the blurred accident
Of having lived, the fatal, real injury
Under the amnesia

Something tries to save itself-searches
For defenses-but words evade
Like flies with their own notions

Old age slowly gets dressed
Heavily dosed with death's night

Sits on the bed's edge

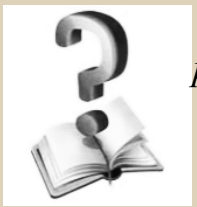
Pulls its pieces together
Loosely tucks in its shirt

Compare this poem with the poem by Dylan Thomas about old age and death. What do they tell us about the authors' outlooks?

When all the others were away at Mass, by Seamus Heaney

When all the others were away at Mass
I was all hers as we peeled potatoes.
They broke the silence, let fall one by one
Like solder weeping off the soldering iron:
Cold comforts set between us, things to share
Gleaming in a bucket of clean water.
And again let fall. Little pleasant splashes
From each other's work would bring us to our senses.

So while the parish priest at her bedside
Went hammer and tongs at the prayers for the dying
And some were responding and some crying
I remembered her head bent towards my head,
Her breath in mine, our fluent dipping knives-
Never closer the whole rest of our lives.



Who are the characters of the poem? What are these moment when we feel particularly close to friends or loved ones? Give you own examples.

Development of Drama

Beginning in the 1950s the so-called **Angry Young Men** became a new conspicuous movement in English drama. The plays of such dramatists as **John Osborne (1929–1994), Allan Sillitoe (1928–2010), Colin Wilson (1931–2013), Arnold Wesker (born 1932) , Shelagh Delaney (1938–2011),** and **John Arden (1930–2012)** became extremely popular as they reflected the moods of post-war middle class young people.

It was in the 1950s when *"the angry young men"* were graduating from new democratic universities. Having received their degrees, they were thrown into empty boring existence with no promise of change. They either started running small stores, or became teachers at schools and provincial universities. At their homes there was dull monotony. They had a lot of prejudices and no dreams. The only pleasure after a long hard day was a mug of cold beer. Young people declared themselves *"lost"* and *"betrayed,"* which made them angry and exasperated, and they poured their hate and curses on each and every one.

The one thing that unites the writers of the *Angry Young Men* is the hero. No matter how different the heroes of those works looked, all of them are young people belonging to middle class intellectuals. Their life is made up of actions, not quite honest and decent, and it is always determined by the infinite boredom, the sense of emptiness. Nothing thrills and excites them.

The main characters of Osborn's ***Look Back in Anger (1956)*** *Jimmy Porter "is a tall, thin young man of about 25; wearing a very worn tweed jacket and flannels. He is a disconcerting mixture of sincerity and cheerful malice, of tenderness and freebooting cruelty; restless, importunate, full of pride, a combination which alienates the sensitive and insensitive alike. To many he may seem sensitive to the point of vulgarity. To others he is simply a loudmouth."*

The plot of the play is not important. It is one of Osborne's new devices in dramatic art. *Look Back in Anger* is a play in which the personal theme of Jimmy Porter stands above action. The events take place in Porter's one-room flat in a large Midland town. Jimmy is sitting in an armchair reading a paper. Alison, his wife, is ironing in the middle of the room. The picture is ordinary and quite familiar. There are a lot of Jimmy's monologues in the play, revealing his attitude to life. Jimmy's speeches are full of irritation. Often his anger takes the form of swearing: *"God, how I hate Sundays! It is always so depressing, always the same. We never seem to get any further, do we? Always the same ritual. Reading the papers, drinking tea, ironing. A few more hours, and another week is gone. Our youth is slipping away… let's pretend we are human beings , and that we are actually alive."* ... *"Oh, brother, it's such a long time since I was with anyone who got enthusiastic about anything. ... nobody thinks, nobody cares. No beliefs, no convictions and no enthusiasm. Just another Sunday evening."*

Jimmy's speeches disclose the development of the main idea which permeates the whole play. Jimmy hates the established order of things, but proposes no way out. Jimmy's retreat into his own inner world makes him a self-pitying egoist. Jimmy protests against religion, against H-bomb, but achieves nothing. His bitterness and cruelty come from his demand for recognition. That is why much of his anger is turned against Alison, his wife. His life becomes

a continuous attack on Alison, because of their misunderstanding. As a result, he ruins their love, and she leaves him.

Alison's friend, Helena, appears to be fascinated by Jimmy. But with Helena life seems to take a very similar pattern. Nevertheless, at the end of the play Alison returns to Jimmy. They are together again. They invent an amusing game: he is a bear, and she is a squirrel. It helps them to escape from reality into their own lonely world.

The forthright language and strong emotions in Osborn's play shocked the audience who had been used to genteel conversation and refined behaviour.

Outside the literary mainstream was the Irish-born dramatist **Samuel Beckett (1906–1989)**, recipient in 1969 of the *Nobel Prize* in literature. Long a resident in France, he wrote his laconic, ambiguously symbolic works in French and translated them himself into English.

Beckett followed the example of *Eugene Ionesco*, who was one of the representatives of the **Theatre of the Absurd**.

Eugène Ionesco (1909–1994) was a Romanian playwright who wrote mostly in French, and one of the foremost figures of the French *Avant-garde* theatre. Beyond ridiculing the most banal situations, Ionesco's plays in a tangible way depict the *solitude* and *insignificance* of human existence.

The term *absurd* stands for the unreasonable and illogical. The playwrights describe the absurd elements of the human condition: *"Cut off from religious roots, man is lost: all his actions have become senseless, absurd, useless."*

The idea that life was basically inexplicable gave dramatists great freedom to use the stage and language as they pleased. The plays were absurd because they did not have a plot and the dialogues were often dull and difficult to follow. Beckett in his most famous play *Waiting for Godot (1953)* gives up traditional plot and setting and leaves his characters on a stage which is completely bare except for a tree. Thus the audience is not distracted by the surroundings and can concentrate on the dialogue.

In the play two homeless men are waiting for the enigmatic *Godot*. To pass the time they tell jokes, play games, eat, sleep and speculate about God. When it is clear that *Godot* will not arrive they consider suicide, but then simply decide to leave. The play ends with the two characters motionless as they stare vacantly into the emptiness of the audience.

Beckett reduces down to the minimum relations, systems of thoughts and language in human existence. The meaning of people's lives is unknown to Beckett's characters, but they continue to fight, argue, love and consider existence and God. They speak in such bare terms that Beckett, as he himself declared, shows us the absurdity even of speaking in our modern world, each word being *"an unnecessary stain on silence and nothingness."*

In his later works Beckett continued to push the boundaries of playwriting. In his works there is almost no characterization, or plot, or final solution. They have dark and recurring themes: man's struggle against the futility of life, his sense of loneliness and boredom, and the impossibility of establishing communication with others. People's alienation is expressed in such a language that does not help them to achieve meaningful communication.

Beckett's experimental plays greatly influenced such British playwrights Harold Pinter and Tom Stoppard.

The new ground that was broken by playwrights such as Beckett and Osborne opened the way for one of the greatest periods in the history of English drama. The abolition of censorship and the building of a National Theatre were just two steps on the road to the creation of a theatre industry. Thanks to television and films, leading writers could make their works known to very large audiences.

Both English and American audiences have enthusiastically received the plays of **Joe Orton (1933–1967)** and **Tom Stoppard (born 1937)**.

Orton's *Entertaining Mr. Sloane (1964), Loot (1967),* and *What the Butler Saw (1969)* are farces dealing with the perverseness of modern morality.

Dazzling verbal ingenuity distinguishes Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead (1966)*. He took two minor characters from Hamlet and turned them into the protagonists of a highly modern tragicomedy in which the language ranges from Shakespearian to music hall banter. The portrayal of the city of Zurich and the lives of some of its famous inhabitants in *Travesties (1974)* also achieved critical acclaim, as did the screenplay for the oscar-winning film, *Shakespeare in Love (1998)*. Stoppard's inventiveness continued in his later plays that explore such ideas as *quantum mechanics, entropy, nature's tendency toward disorder: Hapgood (1988)* and *Arcadia (1993)*. Stoppard's trilogy, *The Coast of Utopia (2002),* chronicled conflicting views among radicals in 19th-century tsarist Russia.

Harold Pinter (1930–2008) along with Tom Stoppard is generally recognised as the leading playwright of his day. His plays are characterised by a unique form of dialogue which is based on simple staightforward colloquial speech. The dialogue often reveals how difficult it is for characters to communicate with one another. This is evident in one of Pinter's finest plays, *The Caretaker (1959),* in which three slightly mentally unstable men indulge in irrational conversations, as they argue about who of the three should leave their very small flat. Ponter also wrote widely and very successfully for radio, television and film.

Michael Frayn (born 1933), best-known for his comedy *Noises Off (1981)* about the theater, based the play *Copenhagen (1998)* on a 1941 meeting between two physicists involved in atom-bomb research on opposite sides during World War II.

Alan Bennett (born 1934) has achieved popularity through the medium of television, in particular thanks to the success of a series of six monologues called *Talking Heads (1990)*. Of his plays, two of the most successful centre around the world of espionage during the Cold War. Both *The Old Country (1978)* and *An Englishman Abroad (1983)* are about British

spies in the Soviet Union. Much of Bennett's appeal to contemporary audiences lies in his use of clever satirical comedy in plays like *The Madness of George III (1994)*.

Other important British dramatists of the late century included **Alan Ayckbourn (born 1939), Caryl Churchill (born 1938),** and **David Hare (1947)**.

Ayckbourn wrote farcical dramas about middle-class anxieties, including *Absurd Person Singular (1973)* and *Communicating Doors (1995)*. His comedies, set in middle-class suburbia, take a very sarcastic look at supposedly normal lifestyles.

Churchill focused on gender and economics in provocative plays such as *Cloud 9 (1979)* and *Serious Money (1987)* and presented a bleak future of barbarism in *Far Away (2000)*. Churchill is known for her use of non-naturalistic techniques and feminist themes, dramatisation of the abuses of power, and exploration of sexual politics.

Hare's politically engaged plays include *Plenty (1978),* a satire about postwar Britain, and *The Judas Kiss (1998)* about the downfall of playwright Oscar Wilde.

Text

from **Waiting for Godot, by Samuel Beckett. Act II.**

Estragon and Vladimir are two tramps waiting for the arrival of a certain Godot. They give no reason why they are waiting. Even their staying together does not seem to be based on any impelling reason: are they friends, or are they just together out of habit, or because they can think of nothing else to do?

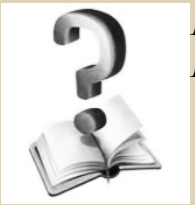
A boy appears in the play as a messenger of Godot.

BOY: Mister . . . (Vladimir turns.) Mister Albert . . .
VLADIMIR: Off we go again. (Pause.) Do you not recognize me?
BOY: No Sir.
VLADIMIR: It wasn't you came yesterday.
BOY: No Sir.
VLADIMIR: This is your first time.
BOY: Yes Sir.
Silence.
VLADIMIR: You have a message from Mr. Godot.
BOY: Yes Sir.
VLADIMIR: He won't come this evening.
BOY: No Sir.
VLADIMIR: But he'll come tomorrow.
BOY: Yes Sir.
VLADIMIR: Without fail.
BOY: Yes Sir.

Silence.
VLADIMIR: Did you meet anyone?
BOY: No Sir.
VLADIMIR: Two other . . . (he hesitates) . . . men?
BOY: I didn't see anyone, Sir.
Silence.
VLADIMIR: What does he do, Mr. Godot? (Silence.) Do you hear me?
BOY: Yes Sir.
VLADIMIR: Well?
BOY: He does nothing, Sir.
Silence.
VLADIMIR: How is your brother?
BOY: He's sick, Sir.
VLADIMIR: Perhaps it was he came yesterday.
BOY: I don't know, Sir.
Silence.
VLADIMIR: (softly). Has he a beard, Mr. Godot?
BOY: Yes Sir.
VLADIMIR: Fair or . . . (he hesitates) . . . or black?
BOY: I think it's white, Sir.
Silence.
VLADIMIR: Christ have mercy on us!
Silence.
BOY: What am I to tell Mr. Godot, Sir?
VLADIMIR: Tell him . . . (he hesitates) . . . tell him you saw me and that . . . (he hesitates) . . . that you saw me. (Pause. Vladimir advances, the Boy recoils. Vladimir halts, the Boy halts. With sudden violence.) You're sure you saw me, you won't come and tell me tomorrow that you never saw me! (Silence. Vladimir makes a sudden spring forward, the Boy avoids him and exits running. Silence. The sun sets, the moon rises. As in Act 1. Vladimir stands motionless and bowed. Estragon wakes, takes off his boots, gets up with one in each hand and goes and puts them down center front, then goes towards Vladimir.)
ESTRAGON: What's wrong with you?
VLADIMIR: Nothing.
ESTRAGON: I'm going.
VLADIMIR: So am I.
ESTRAGON: Was I long asleep?
VLADIMIR: I don't know.
Silence.
ESTRAGON: Where shall we go?
VLADIMIR: Not far.
ESTRAGON: Oh yes, let's go far away from here.
VLADIMIR: We can't.

ESTRAGON: Why not?
VLADIMIR: We have to come back tomorrow.
ESTRAGON: What for?
VLADIMIR: To wait for Godot.
ESTRAGON: Ah! (Silence.) He didn't come?
VLADIMIR: No.
ESTRAGON: And now it's too late.
VLADIMIR: Yes, now it's night.
ESTRAGON: And if we dropped him? (Pause.) If we dropped him?
VLADIMIR: He'd punish us. (Silence. He looks at the tree.) Everything's dead but the tree.
ESTRAGON: (looking at the tree). What is it?
VLADIMIR: It's the tree.
ESTRAGON: Yes, but what kind?
VLADIMIR: I don't know. A willow.
Estragon draws Vladimir towards the tree. They stand motionless before it. Silence.
ESTRAGON: Why don't we hang ourselves?
VLADIMIR: With what?
ESTRAGON: You haven't got a bit of rope?
VLADIMIR: No.
ESTRAGON: Then we can't.
Silence.
VLADIMIR: Let's go.
ESTRAGON: Wait, there's my belt.
VLADIMIR: It's too short.
ESTRAGON: You could hang onto my legs.
VLADIMIR: And who'd hang onto mine?
ESTRAGON: True.
VLADIMIR: Show me all the same. (Estragon loosens the cord that holds up his trousers which, much too big for him, fall about his ankles. They look at the cord.) It might do in a pinch. But is it strong enough?
ESTRAGON: We'll soon see. Here.
They each take an end of the cord and pull. It breaks. They almost fall.
VLADIMIR: Not worth a curse.
Silence.
ESTRAGON: You say we have to come back tomorrow?
VLADIMIR: Yes.
ESTRAGON: Then we can bring a good bit of rope.
VLADIMIR: Yes.
Silence.
ESTRAGON: Didi?
VLADIMIR: Yes.
ESTRAGON: I can't go on like this.

VLADIMIR: That's what you think.
ESTRAGON: If we parted? That might be better for us.
VLADIMIR: We'll hang ourselves tomorrow. (Pause.) Unless Godot comes.
ESTRAGON: And if he comes?
VLADIMIR: We'll be saved.
Vladimir takes off his hat (Lucky's), peers inside it, feels about inside it, shakes it, knocks on the crown, puts it on again.
ESTRAGON: Well? Shall we go?
VLADIMIR: Pull on your trousers.
ESTRAGON: What?
VLADIMIR: Pull on your trousers.
ESTRAGON: You want me to pull off my trousers?
VLADIMIR: Pull ON your trousers.
ESTRAGON: (realizing his trousers are down). True.
He pulls up his trousers.
VLADIMIR: Well? Shall we go?
ESTRAGON: Yes, let's go.
They do not move.
Curtain.



Find elements of the absurd in the passage.
Does the author mean Godot to be God?
What is the message of the play?

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