

Плани практичних занять з курсу «Література Англії та США» (22 години)

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Practical assignment # 1

Early and Middle English literature (ca 700-1480), Renaissance Literature (1480-1600), Cavalier and Puritan Literature (1600 – 1660).

I. Critical Reading on Early and Middle English literature

1) Read the extract from “Beowulf”

“The Battle with Grendel” (from Beowulf, translated by Burton Raffel)

Out from the marsh, from the foot of misty
 Hills and bogs, bearing God’s hatred,
 Grendel came, hoping to kill
 395 Anyone he could trap on this trip to high Herot.
 He moved quickly through the cloudy night,
 Up from his swampland, sliding silently
 Toward that gold-shining hall. He had visited Hrothgar’s
 Home before, knew the way—
 400 But never, before nor after that night,
 Found Herot defended so firmly, his reception
 So harsh. He journeyed, forever joyless,
 Straight to the door, then snapped it open,
 Tore its iron fasteners with a touch,
 405 And rushed angrily over the threshold.
 He strode quickly across the inlaid
 Floor, snarling and fierce: His eyes
 Gleamed in the darkness, burned with a gruesome
 Light. Then he stopped, seeing the hall
 410 Crowded with sleeping warriors, stuffed
 With rows of young soldiers resting together.
 And his heart laughed, he relished the sight,
 Intended to tear the life from those bodies
 By morning; the monster’s mind was hot
 415 With the thought of food and the feasting his belly
 Would soon know. But fate, that night, intended
 Grendel to gnaw the broken bones
 Of his last human supper. Human
 Eyes were watching his evil steps,
 420 Waiting to see his swift hard claws.
 Grendel snatched at the first Geat
 He came to, ripped him apart, cut
 His body to bits with powerful jaws,
 Drank the blood from his veins, and bolted

425 Him down, hands and feet; death
 And Grendel's great teeth came together,
 Snapping life shut. Then he stepped to another
 Still body, clutched at Beowulf with his claws,
 Grasped at a strong-hearted wakeful sleeper
 430 —And was instantly seized himself, claws
 Bent back as Beowulf leaned up on one arm.
 That shepherd of evil, guardian of crime,
 Knew at once that nowhere on earth
 Had he met a man whose hands were harder;
 435 His mind was flooded with fear—but nothing
 Could take his talons and himself from that tight
 Hard grip. Grendel's one thought was to run
 From Beowulf, flee back to his marsh and hide there:
 This was a different Herot than the hall he had emptied.
 440 But Higlac's follower remembered his final
 Boast and, standing erect, stopped
 The monster's flight, fastened those claws
 In his fists till they cracked, clutched Grendel
 Closer. The infamous killer fought
 445 For his freedom, wanting no flesh but retreat,
 Desiring nothing but escape; his claws
 Had been caught, he was trapped. That trip to Herot
 Was a miserable journey for the writhing monster!
 The high hall rang, its roof boards swayed,
 450 And Danes shook with terror. Down
 The aisles the battle swept, angry
 And wild. [...]

- *When was the poem written? What events does it refer to?*
- *The cited passage is quite dynamic. By what means is this quality achieved?*
- *What is the setting of this poem? How does it enhance the theme of this epic?*
- *Find examples of alliteration. How instrumental is it in the narrative?*
- *Identify examples of kenning. What does it introduce into poem? How is the dignified tone achieved in this poem?*
- *The German dramatist and poet Bertold Brecht (1898 – 1956) gave his characters in the play “Lebel des Galilei” (1939) such words:*
ANDRE: Unhappy the land that has no heroes! [...]
GALILEO: No. Unhappy the land that needs heroes.
Which of these utterances seem true to you and why?

2) Read “The Pardoner’s Tale” from “The Canterbury Tales” by Geoffrey Chaucer:

It's of three rioters I have to tell

Who, long before the morning service bell,

Were sitting in a tavern for a drink.
 And as they sat, they heard the hand-bell clink
 Before a coffin going to the grave;
 One of them called the little tavern-knave¹³
 And said "Go and find out at once—look spry!—
 Whose corpse is in that coffin passing by;
 And see you get the name correctly too."
 "Sir," said the boy, "no need, I promise you;
 Two hours before you came here I was told.
 He was a friend of yours in days of old,
 And suddenly, last night, the man was slain,
 Upon his bench, face up, dead drunk again.
 There came a privy thief, they call him Death,
 Who kills us all round here [...]
 The publican joined in with, "By St. Mary,
 What the child says is right; you'd best be wary." [...]
 The rioter said, "Is he so fierce to meet?
 I'll search for him, by Jesus, street by street.
 God's blessed bones! I'll register a vow!
 Here, chaps! The three of us together now,
 Hold up your hands, like me, and we'll be brothers
 In this affair and each defend the others,
 And we will kill this traitor Death, I say! " [...]
 Many and grisly were the oaths they swore,
 Tearing Christ's blessed body to a shred;
 "If we can only catch him, Death is dead!"
 When they had gone not fully half a mile,
 Just as they were about to cross a stile,
 They came upon a very poor old man
 Who humbly greeted them and thus began,
 "God look to you, my lords, and give you quiet!"
 To which the proudest of these men of riot
 Gave back the answer, "What, old fool? Give place!
 Why are you all wrapped up except your face?
 Why live so long? Isn't it time to die?"
 The old, old fellow looked him in the eye
 And said, "Because I never yet have found,
 Though I have walked to India, searching round
 Village and city on my pilgrimage,
 One who would change his youth to have my age." [...]
 "I heard you mention, just a moment gone,
 A certain traitor Death who singles out
 And kills the fine young fellows hereabout.
 And you're his spy, by God! You wait a bit.

Say where he is or you shall pay for it [...]”
 “Well, sirs,” he said, “if it be your design
 To find out Death, turn up this crooked way
 Towards that grove, I left him there today . [...]

You see that oak? He won’t be far to find.
 And God protect you that redeemed mankind,
 Aye, and amend you!” Thus that ancient man.
 At once the three young rioters began
 To run, and reached the tree, and there they found
 A pile of golden florins on the ground,
 New-coined, eight bushels of them as they thought.
 No longer was it Death those fellows sought [...]

The wickedest spoke first after a while.
 “Brothers,” he said, “you listen to what I say.
 I’m pretty sharp although I joke away.
 It’s clear that Fortune has bestowed this treasure
 To let us live in jollity and pleasure.
 Light come, light go! We’ll spend it as we ought.
 God’s precious dignity! Who would have thought
 This morning was to be our lucky day?

“If one could only get the gold away,
 Back to my house, or else to yours, perhaps
 For as you know, the gold is ours, chaps—
 We’d all be at the top of fortune, hey?
 But certainly it can’t be done by day.
 People would call us robbers—a strong gang,
 So our own property would make us hang.
 No, we must bring this treasure back by night
 Some prudent way, and keep it out of sight.
 And so as a solution I propose
 We draw for lots and see the way it goes;
 The one who draws the longest, lucky man,
 Shall run to town as quickly as he can
 To fetch us bread and wine—but keep things dark—
 While two remain in hiding here to mark
 Our heap of treasure. If there’s no delay,
 When night comes down we’ll carry it away.” [...]

It fell upon the youngest of them all,
 And off he ran at once towards the town.
 As soon as he had gone, the first sat down
 And thus began a parley with the other:
 “You know that you can trust me as a brother;
 Now let me tell you where your profit lies;
 You know our friend has gone to get supplies

And here's a lot of gold that is to be
 Divided equally amongst us three.
 Nevertheless, if I could shape things thus
 So that we shared it out—the two of us—
 Wouldn't you take it as a friendly act?"
 "But how?" the other said. "He knows the fact
 that all the gold was left with me and you;
 What can we tell him? What are we to do?"
 "Is it a bargain," said the first, "or no?
 For I can tell you in a word or so
 What's to be done to bring the thing about."
 "Trust me," the other said, "you needn't doubt
 My word. I won't betray you, I'll be true."
 "Well," said his friend, "you see that we are two,
 And two are twice as powerful as one.
 Now look; when he comes back, get up in fun
 To have a wrestle; then, as you attack,
 I'll up and put my dagger through his back
 While you and he are struggling, as in game;
 Then draw your dagger too and do the same.
 Then all this money will be ours to spend,
 Divided equally of course, dear friend." [...]

The youngest, as he ran towards the town,
 Kept turning over, rolling up and down
 Within his heart the beauty of those bright
 New florins, saying, "Lord, to think I might
 Have all that treasure to myself alone!
 Could there be anyone beneath the throne
 Of God so happy as I then should be?"
 And so the Fiend, our common enemy,
 Was given power to put it in his thought
 That there was always poison to be bought,
 And that with poison he could kill his friends. [...]

And on he ran, he had no thought to tarry ,
 Came to the town, found an apothecary
 And said, "Sell me some poison if you will,
 I have a lot of rats I want to kill ." [...]

This cursed fellow grabbed into his hand
 The box of poison and away he ran
 Into a neighboring street, and found a man
 Who lent him three large bottles, He withdrew
 And deftly poured the poison into two.
 He kept the third one clean, as well he might,
 For his own drink, meaning to work all night

Stacking the gold and carrying it away.
 And when this rioter, this devil's clay,
 Had filled his bottles up with wine, all three,
 Back to rejoin his comrades sauntered he. [...]
 They fell on him and slew him, two to one.
 Then said the first of them when this was done,
 "Now for a drink. Sit down and let's be merry,
 For later on there'll be the corpse to bury."
 And, as it happened, reaching for a sup,
 He took a bottle full of poison up
 And drank and his companion, nothing loth,
 Drank from it also, and they perished both. [...]
 Thus these two murderers received their due,
 So did the treacherous young poisoner too.

- *Were you surprised by the fate of the rioters? Why or why not?*
- *When the story opens, what are the rioters doing, and what captures their attention? What sort of people are they? Explain how you know.*
- *What pledge do the rioters make to one another? Do the rioters try to keep that pledge? Explain.*
- *What do the rioters find under the tree? The old man has said that death is under the tree. In what sense is his statement accurate?*
- *What reason does the young rioter give the apothecary for needing the poison? In what sense is he lying? In what sense is he telling the truth?*
- *The Pardoner is quite open about the manipulative use to which he puts the tale. Do the Pardoner's reasons for telling the story detract from its moral truth? Explain.*
- *The tale refers to the time of the plague. What does the tale suggest about the effects of such a disaster on society? Support your answer. Can stories such as this one encourage people to behave well even in times of crisis? Explain.*
- *Do you think the desire for gain is ultimately destructive, as the Pardoner's tale suggests, or can it lead to positive consequences? Explain.*

II. Critical Reading on Renaissance Literature

1) "Amoretti, Sonnet 75" by Edmund Spenser

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
 But came the waves and washed it away:
 Again I wrote it with a second hand,
 But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
 "Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain assay,
 A mortal thing so to immortalize;
 For I myself shall like to this decay,
 And eke my name be wiped out likewise."
 "Not so," (quod I) "let baser things devise
 To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:

My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
 And in the heavens write your glorious name:
 Where when as death shall all the world subdue,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew."

- *Interpret the symbolic importance of the TIDE for the narrative.*
- *What is the theme of the sonnet 75? How different is it from the Petrarchan and Shakespearean one?*
- *What opposing forces act in the poem? Which expressions stand for each of them?*
- *Comment on the Spenser's use of alliteration. Find examples of assonance and define its role in the sonnet.*
- *Apart from its clear denotative meaning, what connotation of the word DUST can be felt?*

- *The English playwright John Webster (ca 1580 – ca 1625) wrote in his play "The Devil's Law-Case" (1623):*

*Vain the ambition of kings
 Who seek by trophies and dead things,
 To leave a living name behind,
 And weave but nets to catch the wind.*

How do these words echo the ideas of the sonnet? What would people nowadays do to get their names into history books?

2) "Astrophil and Stella, Sonnet 1" by Sir Philip Sidney:

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
 That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,—
 Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
 Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,—
 I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;
 Studying inventions fine her wits to entertain,
 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
 Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburn'd brain.
 But words came halting forth, wanting invention's stay;
 Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
 And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.
 Thus great with child to speak and helpless in my throes,
 Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,
 "Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart, and write."

- *What is the general idea of the sonnet? Where does the truth lie according to the author?*
- *Which sensory words help us create a more vivid picture of the author's inner state (of mind)? What senses do they appeal to?*
- *What does the epithet TRUANT suggest in line 13? Identify other examples of epithets and state their role in the sonnet. What antithesis can be found in line 2?*

- *What image is created in lines 7-8? What does the metaphor SHOWERS refer to?*

- *Who is the sonnet addressed to? How important the words of the Muse?*

- *“Better is the mess of pottage with love, than a fat ox with evil will,” Matthew’s Bible says in Proverbs 15.17. How does this sonnet respond to this everlasting idea? Would men nowadays listen to such simple truth?*

3) Learn by heart “Sonnet 130” by William Shakespeare:

My mistress’ eyes are nothing like the sun;
 Coral is far more red than her lips’ red;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;
 My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

Сонет 130

Моя кохана — не сяйна, як сонце,
 Не схожі на корал її уста,
 її коса — не злотне волоконце,
 А чорнодроту плетінка густа.
 В коханої не білосніжні груди,
 І щоки — не троянди запашні,
 Моя кохана дихає, як люди,
 А не пахтить, мов квітка навесні.
 Люблю я голос милої своєї,
 Хоч то й не музика, що серце рве;
 Живуть на небі божественні феї,
 Моя кохана на землі живе.
 Та найвродливіша вона між тими,
 Кого влещаять віршами пустими.

Переклад Дмитра Павличка

Сонет 130

Не схожі на сонце коханої очі;
 Корал за палкі червоніший вуста;
 І груди – не сніг – радше видиво ночі;
 Волосся, як дріт, – смоляна чорнота.

Не бачив троянд ні червоних, ні білих

В єднанні чудовнім на юних щоках.
 І подих не пахне, і тіло, як тіло, –
 Не хвиля парфумів бентежно-пахка.

Я б слухав весь вік її мову чудесну,
 Хоч музики звуки для серця миліш.
 Не знаю, як ходять богині небесні, –
 Ступає владарка моя по землі.

Та я присягатися небом готовий,
 Що цих порівнянь не потрібно любові.

Переклад Наталі Бутук

- *Compare the original text and its two Ukrainian translations. What differences may be pointed out?*

- *In contrast to the Petrarchan tradition, with this sonnet Shakespeare aims a blow at the poets, who eulogized their beloved ones beyond any limits, and draws a kind of parody on their sonnets. What ethical issues are raised in this sonnet?*

- *In this sonnet Shakespeare uses a negative simile, which consists in comparing one object, e.g. MISTRESS' EYES, to another, e.g. THE SUN. The features they both have in common serve a GROUND for such a comparison. What is the ground for this one? Find other similes in the sonnet and define their grounds.*

III. Critical Reading on Cavalier and Puritan Literature

1) Read the extract from “The Holy Bible, King James Version”, Matthew 1.18-25, 2.1-12:

The Birth of Jesus Christ

18 Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

19 Then Joseph her husband, being a just *man*, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily.

20 But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.

21 And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins.

22 Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

23 Behold, a virgin shall be with child,
 and shall bring forth a son,
 and they shall call his name Immanuel,
 which being interpreted is, God with us.

24 Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had

bidden him, and took unto him his wife:

25 and knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son: and he called his name JESUS.

The Visit of the Wise Men

1 Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

2 saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

3 When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

4 And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

5 And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet,

6 And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah,
art not the least among the princes of Judah:
for out of thee shall come a Governor,
that shall rule my people Israel.

7 Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

8 And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

9 When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

10 When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

11 And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

12 And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

- *The text relates to a well-known story of Christ's nativity. Which archaic expressions help us realize the events took place long ago?*

- *What is the history of the English Bible? Define the style of this writing.*

2) "A Hymn to God the Father" by John Donne:

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,

Which was my sin, though it were done before?

Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I run,

And do run still, though still I do deplore?

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,

For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
 Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
 Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
 A year or two, but wallow'd in, a score?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
 But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
 And, having done that, thou hast done;
 I fear no more. 1633

- *What is the author grieving about? How does he evaluate his sins? Which vocabulary items help us realize the consequences of his sinning?*
- *What is the larger meaning of the poem? Interpret the symbolic importance of the LAST THREAD for the narrative.*
- *What symbols does the poet use in lines 13-14? What do they mean? Could they be defined as universal or contextual? Which lines could contain the literary device called CONCEIT (an extended metaphor with a complex logic that governs a poetic passage or entire poem. By juxtaposing, usurping and manipulating images and ideas in surprising ways, a conceit invites the reader into a more sophisticated understanding of an object of comparison)?*
- *What is the main idea of the poem? What images does the poem employ?*
- *In his work "A Certain World" (1970) the English poet Wystan Hugh Auden (1907 – 1973) wrote: "All sin tends to be addictive, and the terminal point of addiction is what is called damnation." How do these words echo the idea of Donne's poem?*

3) "Of Studies" by Francis Bacon:

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment, and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best, from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning, by study; and studies themselves, do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find

talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit: and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know, that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtile; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend.

- *Find Ukrainian equivalents to the underlined words in the context. How does the author treat TEXT? What is its primary function as seen in this essay?*

- *This is one of the pioneering essays in English literature. What is its historical and literary value? What is its purpose?*

- *According to Bacon, what are studies for? How do wise men use studies? What branches of knowledge does Bacon lay a stress on?*

- *The British statesman and novelist Benjamin Disraeli (1804 – 1881) once wrote: “Experience is the child of Thought, and Thought is the child of Action. We cannot learn men from book.” (Vivian Grey, 1826) What contradictory issues does he put forward?*

4) “Paradise Lost” by John Milton:

“What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.”
 "He ended, or I heard no more; for now
 My earthly, by his heavenly overpowered,
 Which it had long stood under, strained to the hight
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,
 As with an object that excels the sense,
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, called
 By Nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
 Of fancy, my internal sight; by which,
 Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the Shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
 Who, stooping, opened my left side, and took
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed.

The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands;
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,
 Man-like, but different sex, so lovely fair
 That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now
 Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained
 And in her looks, which from that time infused
 Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
 And into all things from her air inspired
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 She disappeared, and left me dark; I waked
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all adjure:
 When, out of hope, behold her not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable. On she came,
 Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen
 And guided by his voice, nor uninformed
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites.
 Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud:—
 "This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfilled
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
 Giver of all things fair-but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts!-nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my Self
 Before me. Woman is her name, of Man
 Extracted; for this cause he shall forgo
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere,
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.'
 "She heard me thus; and, though divinely brought,
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be wooed, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
 The most desirable-or, to say all,
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought—
 Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turned.
 I followed her; she what was honour knew,
 And with obsequious majesty approved
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
 I led her blushing like the Morn; all Heaven,
 And happy constellations, on that hour

Shed their selectest influence; the Earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the Evening-star
 On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp.

- *This extract is full of epithets. Find their larger meaning in such collocations: FIT HELP (line 2), CELESTIAL COLLOQUY SUBLIME (7), CORDIAL SPIRITS (18), AMOROUS DELIGHT (29), NUPTIAL SANCTITY (39), SELECTED INFLUENCE (65).*
- *Find examples of alliteration and state their function.*
- *How did Nature respond to what had happened? Find examples of personification. What is its role in the closing lines of the extract?*
- *What universal symbols can be singled out in this episode? What is their role in the story and in the formation of our outlook?*

Practical assignment # 2

The Restoration and the Enlightenment Literature (1660 – 1780), The Romantic Literature (1780 - 1830)

I. Critical Reading on the Restoration and the Enlightenment Literature

1) Robinson Crusoe (Chapter IV. First weeks on the Island) by Daniel Defoe:

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship.

And here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for I saw evidently that if we had kept on board we had been all safe - that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company as I now was.

This forced tears to my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes - for the weather was hot to extremity - and took the water.

But when I came to the ship my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for, as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of.

I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hung down by the fore-chains so low, as that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope I got up into the fore-castle of the ship.

Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or, rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low, almost to the water.

By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search, and to see what was spoiled and what was free.

And, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread room and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose.

I also found some rum in the great cabin, of which I took a large dram, and which I had, indeed, need enough of to spirit me for what was before me.

Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me. It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had; and this extremity roused my application.

We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship; I resolved to fall to work with these, and I flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away.

When this was done I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light.

So I went to work, and with a carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labour and pains.

But the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to have done upon another occasion. [...]

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols. These I secured first, with some powder-horns and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements - 1st, a smooth, calm sea; 2ndly, the tide rising, and setting in to the shore; 3rdly, what little wind there was blew me towards the land.

And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat - and, besides the tools which were in the chest, I found two saws, an axe, and a hammer; with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before; by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and consequently I

hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo. [...]

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me up the rest of that day.

What to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest, for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for those fears.

However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chest and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures like hares run out of the wood where I shot the fowl. [...]

I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft; and, having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy, nor loaded it so hard, but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as first, in the carpenters stores I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder more; a large bagful of small shot, and a great roll of sheet-lead; but this last was so heavy, I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side.

Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-topsail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort. [...]

I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring; though I believe verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece. But preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind began to rise: however, at low water I went on board, and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually that nothing more could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks: in another I found about thirty-six pounds value in money - some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold, and some silver. I smiled to myself at the sight of this money: "O drug!" said I, aloud, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me - no, not the taking off the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap; I have no manner of use for thee - e'en remain where thou art, and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saying." [...]

I now began to consider seriously my condition, and the circumstances I was reduced to; and I drew up the state of my affairs in writing, not so much to leave them to any that were to come after me - for I was likely to have but few heirs - as to deliver my thoughts from daily poring over them, and afflicting my mind; and as my reason began now to master my despondency, I began to comfort myself as

well as I could, and to set the good against the evil, that I might have something to distinguish my case from worse; and I stated very impartially, like debtor and creditor, the comforts I enjoyed against the miseries I suffered, thus:

Evil: I am cast upon a horrible, desolate island, void of all hope of recovery.

Good: But I am alive; and not drowned, as all my ship's company were.

Evil: I am singled out and separated, as it were, from all the world, to be miserable.

Good: But I am singled out, too, from all the ship's crew, to be spared from death; and He that miraculously saved me from death can deliver me from this condition.

Evil: I am divided from mankind - a solitaire; one banished from human society.

Good: But I am not starved, and perishing on a barren place, affording no sustenance.

Evil: I have no clothes to cover me.

Good: But I am in a hot climate, where, if I had clothes, I could hardly wear them.

Evil: I am without any defence, or means to resist any violence of man or beast.

Good: But I am cast on an island where I see no wild beasts to hurt me, as I saw on the coast of Africa; and what if I had been shipwrecked there?

Evil: I have no soul to speak to or relieve me.

Good: But God wonderfully sent the ship in near enough to the shore, that I have got out as many necessary things as will either supply my wants or enable me to supply myself, even as long as I live.

Upon the whole, here was an undoubted testimony that there was scarce any condition in the world so miserable but there was something negative or something positive to be thankful for in it; and let this stand as a direction from the experience of the most miserable of all conditions in this world: that we may always find in it something to comfort ourselves from, and to set, in the description of good and evil, on the credit side of the account.

- Why is Defoe called the Father of the English novel?

- What problems are raised in the novel? How topical are they nowadays?

- What did Crusoe do first and why? Does he consider himself lucky? What were his fears?

- Robinson thought in a practical way. How does he assess his situation? Comment on his thoughts concerning money.

- The protagonist of the novel is also the narrator. Why do you think the author chose the first-person narrative?

- The book is a story of survival. What could its significance be in a larger historical context?

2) Jonathan Swift "Gulliver's Travels" (Part 1. A Voyage to Lilliput. Chapter 2.)

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of

half a stang, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre. [...]

The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on its hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept beyond the length of my chain. [...]

He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. [...]

He desired "I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person." I said, "His majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him." This I delivered part in words, and part in signs. He replied, "that, by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me, should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them." [...]

I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper, about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is, word for word, as follows:

"Imprimis: In the right coat-pocket of the great man-mountain" (for so I interpret the words *quinbus flestrin*.) "after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse-cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be

opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the pallisados before your majesty's court: wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket, on the right side of his middle cover" (so I translate the word *ranfulo*, by which they meant my breeches,) "we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar, were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped: we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece: but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter: these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by the lucid substance. He put this engine into our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us, (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did any thing without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said, it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and requiring a strong hand to lift them: the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man–mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty–ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign". 1726

- *Swift uses satire to describe the Lilliputians. Does he mock or sympathize with them?*

- *What did Swift-satirist intend to show in his novel?*

- *In his satirical pamphlet "The Battle of the Books" (1704) Swift wrote that "Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own". What truth about humans does it bring out?*

3) *"An Essay on Criticism" (Part 2) by Alexander Pope:*

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind;
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense!
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day;
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,

Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind,
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
 New, distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first, the tow'ring Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
 But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise! [...]

- *Comment on the epithets.*
- *Identify the examples of antithesis. What do they introduce in the poem?*
- *What problems does the poem raise?*
- *Why is pride dangerous? How does Pope explain its existence? Does your experience support Pope's statement that little learning is a dangerous thing?*
- *Interpret the symbolic meaning of the mountainous imagery for the narrative.*

II. Critical Reading on the Romantic Literature

1) Learn by heart "The Tyger" by William Blake:

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

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?

- *The poem is full of questions. Whom are they directed to? Why are there no answers? How would you answer these rhetorical questions?*
- *Consider the metaphor in line 6. Why is the fire so important for the poem? Find other metaphorical expressions and state their functions.*
- *What symbols can be deduced from the poem? What sphere, good or evil, do they belong to?*
- *Why is the first stanza repeated? Find examples of eye rhyme – графічна, неточна рима (it occurs when words use the same spelling for a portion of the word, but the pronunciations are different).*
- *What is the main conflict in the poem?*

2) “Lines Written in Early Spring” by William Wordsworth:

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man?

- *What makes the author grieve? He does not mention his sad thoughts. What is his chief concern?*
- *Which personifications are used in stanzas 3 and 5? Analyze the personification of Nature in stanzas 2 and 5. What pictures do they create?*
- *How does the joyful mood develop in stanzas 4 and 5? How does the last stanza contrast with the previous one?*

3) "Afton Water" by Robert Burns:

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
 There oft, as mild Ev'ning sweeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides,
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flowrets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

- *What epithets are referred to Mary and the river Afton? What epithets help sustain the calm and meditative mood?*

- *What could the river symbolize? Why does the poet choose this particular setting for Mary's image?*
- *What is the theme of the poem? What picture is created by the first stanza?*
- *Compare this poem's structure and mood to Blake's "Tyger". Through what means did both poets achieve so strikingly different effects?*

4) *"Ivanhoe" (Chapter 29) by Sir Walter Scott:*

A moment of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those, which, at more tranquil periods, our prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even at a time when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse, and enquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her the sensations which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible; and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well, and better than he could have expected – "Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me DEAR Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse – his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of those men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now dispatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front -de-Boeuf – If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Boeuf, were commanders within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. She added, that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest!" said the knight, joyfully; "fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst – say a sick man desires his ghostly counsel – say what thou wilt, but

bring him – something I must do or attempt, but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?" [...]

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The heavy, yet hasty step of the men-at-arms, traversed the battlements or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text, – "The quiver rattleth – the glittering spear and the shield – the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go – If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! – It is in vain – it is in vain – I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden – it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfred, impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the instant muttering of the storm – it will burst anon in all its fury. – Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not – you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft –"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime--- do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself,

could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. [...]

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Boeuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife--- Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!-- he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness – "But no – but no !– the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!-- he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm – His sword is broken – he snatches an axe from a yeoman – he presses Front-de-Boeuf with blow on blow – The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman – he falls – he falls!"

"Front-de-Boeuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Boeuf!" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar – their united force compels the champion to pause – They drag Front-de-Boeuf within the walls." [...]

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying, or endeavouring to fortify her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.
1819.

- *Comment on the very first sentence of the chapter. Does it predict the subsequent events?*

- *What does Rebecca think of Ivanhoe? Why does the author call her feelings "treacherous"? What connotations may be attached to this word?*

- *What testifies the restless nature of Ivanhoe? What is his only wish now?*

5) Learn by heart "She Walks in Beauty" by George Gordon Byron:

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 mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

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.

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!

- *What is the theme of the poem? What does the initial simile imply? Comment on the choice of epithets.*
- *Find examples of alliteration. How does it combine with the rhythm and syntax?*
- *Stanza 3 is full of parallelisms. What is their function?*
- *Francis Bacon wrote in his "Essays": "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." How do you find this idea? Can Byron's poem prove Bacon's truth?*

6) "Ozymandias" by Percy Bysshe Shelley:

I met a traveller from an antique land,
 Who said—"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
 And on the pedestal, these words appear:
 My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
 Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away."

- *Ozymandias was the Greek name for Ramses II, the pharaoh of Egypt in the 13th century BC. He built extensively and initiated the largest statue in Egypt, inscribed: "I am Ozymandias, king of kings; if anyone wishes to know what I am and where I lie, let him surpass me in some of my exploits." As seen from the poem, what kind of ruler was Ramses II?*
- *Identify examples of alliteration. What does it add to the poem?*
- *What do sands symbolize in the poem?*
- *What could the last lines signify? What is ironic about the powerful ruler?*
- *The Irish statesman and writer Edmund Burke (1729 – 1797) wrote in his "Letter to a Member of the National Assembly" (1791): "Those who have been once intoxicated with power, and have derived any kind of emolument from it, even though for but one year, can never willingly abandon it." Why is power so difficult to abandon?*

Practical assignment # 3

The Realistic Period in English Literature: the Victorian Era (1837-1901) Twentieth-century English literature (Modernism: 1901– 1965) Postmodernism in English Literature (the late-20th century)

I. Critical Reading on the Realistic Period in English Literature

1) The Victorian Novel as the dominating literary form of the Victorian Age: main characteristics.

H. G. Wells wrote his essay “The Contemporary Novel” in 1911. He presented there the theories of the novel as a literary genre. Read these excerpts from the essay and answer the following questions:

(1) Which of them refer to the Victorian period of the novel?

(2) Which of the viewpoints below do you support? Why?

1. There is, I am aware, the theory that the novel is wholly and solely a means of relaxation. The reader wants to forget the troublesome realities of life. He wants to be taken out of himself, to be cheered, consoled, amused — above all amused. He doesn't want ideas, he doesn't want facts above all, he doesn't want — Problems. He wants romance without its defiance, and humour without its sting; and the business of the novelists, he holds, is to supply this cooling refreshment.

2. Good is good and bad is bad; the world is made up of good characters whom you have to love, help and admire, and of bad characters to whom one might, in the interests of goodness, even lie, and whom one had to foil, defeat and triumph over shamelessly at every opportunity. The novel reflects this quality of assurance, and its utmost charity is to unmask an apparent villain, and show that he or she is really profoundly and correctly good; or unmask an apparent saint and show the hypocrite.

3. The novelist undertakes to present you people and things as real as any that you can meet in an omnibus. It might amuse you as one is amused by looking out of a window into a street. But almost always the novel is something more than that, and produces more effect than that. The novel has inseparable moral consequences. Even if the novelist attempts and affects to be impartial, he still cannot avoid, as people say, putting ideas into his readers' heads.

4. The novelist is to set up as a teacher, as a sort of priest with a pen who will make men and women believe and do this or that.

5. The novelist does not teach, but he discusses, points out, pleads, and displays.

(3) Read the following. Interpret H. Wells' statements and say whether you agree or disagree with them.

The novel is to be

- the social mediator,
- the vehicle of understanding,
- the instrument of self-examination,

- the parade of morals,
- the criticism of laws and institutions and of social dogmas and ideas,
- the novelist must be free in his choice of topic and incident and in his method of treatment.

(4) Discuss the formal and technical development of the Victorian novel. How does the Victorian novel develop? Name the main representatives and discuss their work. How are the social, political and cultural issues reflected in the Victorian novel? Take two novelists and discuss their main topics and their technique.

(5) Who are the main Victorian poets? What are the typical formal and thematic features of Victorian poetry? Discuss the importance of Lord Tennyson and Gerard Manley Hopkins.

(6) Late Victorian drama: Who was G. B. Shaw? What are the main features of Shaw's dramas? Discuss the importance of Oscar Wilde for the development of English drama.

II. I. Critical Reading on the Twentieth-century English literature:

(1) Modernist theory: Discuss the development of the theory at the end of the 19th and 20th century, namely the work of Bradley, James and Dewey and its outcome in modernism.

(2) Modernist poetry: Who were the chief representatives of English modernist poetry? Outline the modernist poetics and identify its main features. Assess the impact of modernism on future development of literature.

(3) Modernist novel: Identify the main representatives of the modernist novel and specify the characteristics of the genre, namely key concepts and motifs. Set the modernist novel in the context of English literature.

III. Critical Reading on English Postmodernism:

Chapter 1. The Stowaway (from the "History on the World in 10 ½ chapters" (1989) by Julian Barnes).

1. Discuss the following questions.

- What do you anticipate to read about in the chapter judging by its title?

- What do you know about the story of Noah's Ark? The Deluge?

Read the story of Noah's Ark (Bible: Genesis Chapters 6–9) and find out.

2. Read the text of Chapter 1

THEY PUT THE BEHEMOTS in the hold along with the rhinos, the hippos and the elephants. It was a sensible decision to use them as ballast; but you can imagine the stench. And there was no-one to muck out. The men were overburdened with the feeding rota, and their women, who beneath those leaping fire-tongues of scent no doubt reeked as badly as we did, were far too delicate. So if any mucking-out was to happen, we had to do it ourselves. Every few months

they would winch back the thick hatch on the aft deck and let the cleaner-birds in. Well, first they had to let the smell out (and there weren't too many volunteers for winch-work); then six or eight of the less fastidious birds would flutter cautiously around the hatch for a minute or so before diving in. I can't remember what they were all called - indeed, one of those pairs no longer exists - but you know the sort I mean. You've seen hippos with their mouths open and bright little birds pecking away between their teeth like distraught dental hygienists? Picture that on a larger, messier scale. I am hardly squeamish, but even I used to shudder at the scene below decks: a row of squinting monsters being manicured in a sewer.

There was strict discipline on the Ark: that's the first point to make. It wasn't like those nursery versions in painted wood which you might have played with as a child - all happy couples peering merrily over the rail from the comfort of their well-scrubbed stalls. Don't imagine some Mediterranean cruise on which we played languorous roulette and everyone dressed for dinner; on the Ark only the penguins wore tailcoats. Remember: this was a long and dangerous voyage - dangerous even though some of the rules had been fixed in advance. Remember too that we had the whole of the animal kingdom on board: would you have put the cheetahs within springing distance of the antelope?

A certain level of security was inevitable, and we accepted double-peg locks, stall inspections, a nightly curfew. But regrettably there were also punishments and isolation cells. Someone at the very top became obsessed with information gathering; and certain of the travellers agreed to act as stool pigeons. I'm sorry to report that ratting to the authorities was at times widespread. It wasn't a nature reserve, that Ark of ours; at times it was more like a prison ship. Now, I realize that accounts differ. Your species has its much repeated version, which still charms even sceptics; while the animals have a compendium of sentimental myths. But they're not going to rock the boat, are they? Not when they've been treated as heroes, not when it's become a matter of pride that each and every one of them can proudly trace its family tree straight back to the Ark. They were chosen, they endured, they survived: it's normal for them to gloss over the awkward episodes, to have convenient lapses of memory. But I am not constrained in that way. I was never chosen. In fact, like several other species, I was specifically not chosen. I was a stowaway; I too survived; I escaped (getting off was no easier than getting on); and I have flourished. I am a little set apart from the rest of animal society, which still has its nostalgic reunions: there is even a Sealegs Club for species which never once felt queasy.

When I recall the Voyage, I feel no sense of obligation; gratitude puts no smear of Vaseline on the lens. My account you can trust. You presumably grasped that the 'Ark' was more than just a single ship? It was the name we gave to the whole flotilla (you could hardly expect to cram the entire animal kingdom into something a mere three hundred cubits long). It rained for forty days and forty nights? Well, naturally it didn't - that would have been no more than a routine English summer. No, it rained for about a year and a half, by my reckoning. And the waters were upon the earth for a hundred and fifty days? Bump that up to about

four years. And so on. Your species has always been hopeless about dates. I put it down to your quaint obsession with multiples of seven.

In the beginning, the Ark consisted of eight vessels: Noah's galleon, which towed the stores ship, then four slightly smaller boats, each captained by one of Noah's sons, and behind them, at a safe distance (the family being superstitious about illness) the hospital ship. The eighth vessel provided a brief mystery: a darting little sloop with filigree decorations in sandalwood all along the stern, it steered a course sycophantically close to that of Ham's ark. If you got to leeward you would sometimes be teased with strange perfumes; occasionally, at night, when the tempest slackened, you could hear jaunty music and shrill laughter - surprising noises to us, because we had assumed that all the wives of all the sons of Noah were safely ensconced on their own ships. However, this scented, laughing boat was not robust: it went down in a sudden squall, and Ham was pensive for several weeks thereafter. The stores ship was the next to be lost, on a starless night when the wind had dropped and the lookouts were drowsy. In the morning all that trailed behind Noah's flagship was a length of fat hawser which had been gnawed through by something with sharp incisors and an ability to cling to wet ropes. There were serious recriminations about that, I can tell you; indeed, this may have been the first occasion on which a species disappeared overboard. Not long afterwards the hospital ship was lost. There were murmurings that the two events were connected, that Ham's wife - who was a little short on serenity - had decided to revenge herself upon the animals. Apparently her lifetime output of embroidered blankets had gone down with the stores ship. But nothing was ever proved. Still, the worst disaster by far was the loss of Varadi.

You're familiar with Ham and Shem and the other one, whose name began with a J; but you don't know about Varadi, do you? He was the youngest and strongest of Noah's sons; which didn't, of course, make him the most popular within the family. He also had a sense of humour - or at least he laughed a lot, which is usually proof enough for your species. Yes, Varadi was always cheerful. He could be seen strutting the quarterdeck with a parrot on each shoulder; he would slap the quadrupeds affectionately on the rump, which they'd acknowledge with an appreciative bellow; and it was said that his ark was run on much less tyrannical lines than the others.

But there you are: one morning we awoke to find that Varadi's ship had vanished from the horizon, taking with it one fifth of the animal kingdom. You would, I think, have enjoyed the simurgh, with its silver head and peacock's tail; but the bird that nested in the Tree of Knowledge was no more proof against the waves than the brindled vole. Varadi's elder brothers blamed poor navigation; they said Varadi had spent far too much time fraternizing with the beasts; they even hinted that God might have been punishing him for some obscure offence committed when he was a child of eighty-five. But whatever the truth behind Varadi's disappearance, it was a severe loss to your species. His genes would have helped you a great deal.

As far as we were concerned the whole business of the Voyage began when we were invited to report to a certain place by a certain time. That was the first we heard of the scheme. We didn't know anything of the political background. God's wrath with his own creation was news to us; we just got caught up in it willy-nilly. *We* weren't in any way to blame (you don't really believe that story about the serpent, do you? - it was just Adam's black propaganda), and yet the consequences for us were equally severe: every species wiped out except for a single breeding pair, and that couple consigned to the high seas under the charge of an old rogue with a drink problem who was already into his seventh century of life.

So the word went out; but characteristically they didn't tell us the truth. Did you imagine that in the vicinity of Noah's palace (oh, he wasn't poor, that Noah) there dwelt a convenient example of every species on earth? Come, come. No, they were obliged to advertise, and then select the best pair that presented itself. Since they didn't want to cause a universal panic, they announced a competition for twosomes - a sort of beauty contest cum brains trust cum Darby-and-Joan event - and told contestants to present themselves at Noah's gate by a certain month.

You can imagine the problems. For a start, not everyone has a competitive nature, so perhaps only the grabbiest turned up. Animals who weren't smart enough to read between the lines felt they simply didn't need to win a luxury cruise for two, all expenses paid, thank you very much. Nor had Noah and his staff allowed for the fact that some species hibernate at a given time of year; let alone the more obvious fact that certain animals travel more slowly than others. There was a particularly relaxed sloth, for instance - an exquisite creature; I can vouch for it personally - which had scarcely got down to the foot of its tree before it was wiped out in the great wash of God's vengeance.

What do you call that - natural selection? I'd call it professional incompetence. The arrangements, frankly, were a shambles. Noah got behind with the building of the arks (it didn't help when the craftsmen realized there weren't enough berths for them to be taken along as well); with the result that insufficient attention was given to choosing the animals. The first normally presentable pair that came along was given the nod - this appeared to be the system; there was certainly no more than the scantiest examination of pedigree. And of course, while they *said* they'd take two of each species, when it came down to it ...

Some creatures were simply Not Wanted On Voyage. That was the case with us; that's why we had to stow away. And any number of beasts, with a perfectly good legal argument for being a separate species, had their claims dismissed. No, we've got two of you already, they were told. Well, what difference do a few extra rings round the tail make, or those bushy tufts down your backbone? We've got *you*. Sorry.

There were splendid animals that arrived without a mate and had to be left behind; there were families which refused to be separated from their offspring and chose to die together; there were medical inspections, often of a brutally intrusive nature; and all night long the air outside Noah's stockade was heavy with the wailings of the rejected.

Can you imagine the atmosphere when the news finally got out as to why we'd been asked to submit to this charade of a competition? There was much jealousy and bad behaviour, as you can imagine. Some of the nobler species simply padded away into the forest, declining to survive on the insulting terms offered them by God and Noah, preferring extinction and the waves. Harsh and envious words were spoken about fish; the amphibians began to look distinctly smug; birds practiced staying in the air as long as possible. Certain types of monkey were occasionally seen trying to construct crude rafts of their own. One week there was a mysterious outbreak of food poisoning in the Compound of the Chosen, and for some of the less robust species the selection process had to start all over again.

There were times when Noah and his sons got quite hysterical. That doesn't tally with your account of things? You've always been led to believe that Noah was sage, righteous and God-fearing, and I've already described him as a hysterical rogue with a drink problem? The two views aren't entirely incompatible. Put it this way: Noah was pretty bad, but *you should have seen the others*.

It came as little surprise to us that God decided to wipe the slate clean; the only puzzle was that he chose to preserve anything at all of this species whose creation did not reflect particularly well on its creator. [...]

By some unhappy chance, our species had managed to smuggle seven members on board. Not only were we stowaways (which some resented), not only were we unclean (which some had already begun to despise), but we had also mocked those clean and legal species by mimicking their sacred number. We quickly decided to lie about how many of us there were - and we never appeared together in the same place. We discovered which parts of the ship were welcoming to us, and which we should avoid. So you can see that it was an unhappy convoy from the beginning. Some of us were grieving for those we had been forced to leave behind; others were resentful about their status; others again, though notionally favoured by the title of cleanness, were rightly apprehensive about the oven. And on top of it all, there was Noah and his family [...]

I mean, that God of his was a really oppressive role-model. Noah couldn't do anything without first wondering what *He* would think. Now that's no way to go on. Always looking over your shoulder for approval - it's not adult, is it? And Noah didn't have the excuse of being a young man, either. He was six hundred-odd; by the way your species reckons these things. Six hundred years should have produced some flexibility of mind, some ability to see both sides of the question. Not a bit of it. Take the construction of the Ark. What does he do? He builds it in gopher-wood. *Gopher*-wood? Even Shem objected, but no, that was what he wanted and that was what he had to have. The fact that not much gopher-wood grew nearby was brushed aside. No doubt he was merely following instructions from his role-model; but even so [...]

There was something a bit sinister about Noah's devotion to God; creepy, if you know what I mean. Still, he certainly knew which side his bread was buttered; and I suppose being selected like that as the favoured survivor,

knowing that your dynasty is going to be the only one on earth - it must turn your head, mustn't it? As for his sons - Ham, Shem, and the one beginning with J - it certainly didn't do much good for their egos. Swanking about on deck like the Royal Family. You see, there's one thing I want to make quite clear [...] He got us together because his role-model told him to, but also out of self-interest, even cynicism. *He wanted to have something to eat after the Flood had subsided.* Five and a half years under water and most of the kitchen gardens were washed away, I can tell you; only rice prospered. And so most of us knew that in Noah's eyes we were just future dinners on two, four or however many legs. If not now, then later; if not us, then our offspring. That's not a nice feeling, as you can imagine. An atmosphere of paranoia and terror held sway on that Ark of Noah's. Which of us would he come for next? [...]

When the Ark landed on the mountaintop (it was more complicated than that, of course, but we'll let details pass), Noah sent out a raven and a dove to see if the waters had retreated from the face of the earth. Now, in the version that has come down to you, the raven has a very small part; it merely flutters hither and thither, to little avail, you are led to conclude. The dove's three journeys, on the other hand, are made a matter of heroism. We weep when she finds no rest for the sole of her foot; we rejoice when she returns to the Ark with an olive leaf. You have elevated this bird, I understand, into something of symbolic value. So let me just point this out: the raven always maintained that he found the olive tree; that he brought a leaf from it back to the Ark; but that Noah decided it was 'more appropriate' to say that the dove had discovered it. Personally, I always believed the raven, who apart from anything else was much stronger in the air than the dove; and it would have been just like Noah (modelling himself on that God of his again) to stir up a dispute among the animals. Noah had it put about that the raven, instead of returning as soon as possible with evidence of dry land, had been malingering, and had been spotted (by whose eye? not even the upwardly mobile dove would have demeaned herself with such a slander) gourmandizing on carrion.

The raven, I need hardly add, felt hurt and betrayed at this instant rewriting of history, and it is said - by those with a better ear than mine - that you can hear the sad croak of dissatisfaction in his voice to this day. The dove, by contrast, began sounding unbearably smug from the moment we disembarked. She could already envisage herself on postage stamps and letterheads [...]

And of course, what did Noah actually deliver in his famous Disembarkation Treaty with God? What did he get in return for the sacrifices and loyalty of his tribe (let alone the more considerable sacrifices of the animal kingdom)? God said - and this is Noah putting the best possible interpretation on the matter - that He promised not to send another Flood and that as a sign of His intention He was creating for us the rainbow. The rainbow! Ha! It's a very pretty thing, to be sure, and the first one he produced for us, an iridescent semi-circle with a paler sibling beside it, the pair of them glittering in an indigo sky, certainly made a lot of us look up from our grazing. You could see the idea behind it: as the rain gave reluctant way to the sun, this flamboyant symbol would remind us each time that

the rain wasn't going to carry on and turn into a Flood. But even so. It wasn't much of a deal. And was it legally enforceable? Try getting a rainbow to stand up in court [...]

Getting off the Ark, I think I told you, wasn't much easier than getting on. There had, alas, been a certain amount of ratting by some of the chosen species, so there was no question of Noah simply flinging down the ramps and crying 'Happy land' [...]

Quite a few stowaways were discovered: some of the more conspicuous beetles, a few rats who had unwisely gorged themselves during the Voyage and got too fat, even a snake or two. We got off - I don't suppose it need be a secret any longer - in the hollowed tip of a ram's horn. It was a big, surly, subversive animal, whose friendship we had deliberately cultivated for the last three years at sea. It had no respect for Noah, and was only too happy to help outsmart him after the Landing.

When the seven of us climbed out of that ram's horn, we were euphoric. We had survived. We had stowed away, survived and escaped - all without entering into any fishy covenants with either God or Noah. We had done it by ourselves. We felt ennobled as a species. That might strike you as comic, but we did: we felt ennobled. That Voyage taught us a lot of things, you see, and the main thing was this: that man is a very unevolved species compared to the animals. We don't deny, of course, your cleverness, your considerable potential. But you are, as yet, at an early stage of your development. We, for instance, are always ourselves: that is what it means to be evolved. We are what we are, and we know what that is. You don't expect a cat suddenly to start barking, do you, or a pig to start lowing? But this is what, in a manner of speaking, those of us who made the Voyage on the Ark learned to expect from your species. One moment you bark, one moment you mew; one moment you wish to be wild, one moment you wish to be tame [...]

There were seven of us stowaways, but had we been admitted as a seaworthy species only two boarding-passes would have been issued; and we would have accepted that decision. Now, it's true Noah couldn't have predicted how long his Voyage was going to last, but considering how little we seven ate in five and a half years, it surely would have been worth the risk letting just a pair of us on board. And after all, it's not our fault for being woodworm.

3. Answer the questions below:

1) What or who does WE refer to in the following sentence: 'The men were overburdened with the feeding Rota, and their women, who beneath those leaping fire-tongues of scent no doubt reeked as badly as WE did, were far too delicate.' Who narrates the story? What effect does the author want to achieve entrusting this character with the narrative?

2) How many vessels were there initially?

3) Describe the process of choosing the animals for the Ark. How does the narrator explain the gap in the diversity of wildlife?

4) Why was it more appropriate to say that the dove discovered the land?

5) The ideas of clean and unclean animals, cross-breeds and purity of species penetrate the story. What do they stand for? What political and social practices do they allude to?

6) The new version of the story is a metaphor for characteristic social and political behaviour. What are the parallels between events in the chapter and political and social practices in modern society?

Practical assignment # 4

Early American Literature (1600-1750), A New Free Nation (1750-1820)

I. Critical Reading on Early American Literature

1) Summarize the message of “Christian Charity” by John Winthrop (1630). What does “a city upon a hill” allude to?

John Winthrop's *City upon a Hill*, 1630

Now the onely way to avoyde this shipwracke and to provide for our posterity is to followe the Counsell of Micah, to doe Justly, to love mercy, to walke humbly with our God, for this end, wee must be knitt together in this worke as one man, wee must entertaine each other in brotherly Affeccion, wee must be willing to abridge our selves of our superfluities, for the supply of others necessities, wee must uphold a familiar Commerce together in all meekenes, gentlenes, patience and liberallity, wee must delight in eache other, make others Condictions our owne rejoyce together, mourne together, labour, and suffer together, allwayes haveing before our eyes our Commission and Community in the worke, our Community as members of the same body, soe shall wee keepe the unitie of the spirit in the bond of peace, the Lord will be our God and delight to dwell among us, as his owne people and will commaund a blessing upon us in all our wayes, soe that wee shall see much more of his wisdom power goodnes and truthe then formerly wee have bene acquainted with, wee shall finde that the God of Israell is among us, when tenn of us shall be able to resist a thousand of our enemies, when hee shall make us a prayse and glory, that men shall say of succeeding plantacions: the lord make it like that of New England: *for wee must Consider that wee shall be as a Citty upon a Hill*, the eies of all people are uppon us; soe that if wee shall deale falsely with our god in this worke wee have undertaken and soe cause him to withdrawe his present help from us, wee shall be made a story and a byword through the world, wee shall open the mouthes of enemies to speake evill of the wayes of god and all professours for Gods sake; wee shall shame the faces of many of gods worthy servants, and cause their prayers to be turned into Cursses upon us till wee be consumed out of the good land whether wee are going: And to shutt upp this discourse with that exhortacion of Moses that faithfull servant of the Lord in his last farewell to Israell Deut. 30. Beloved there is now sett before us life, and good, deathe and evill in that wee are Commaunded this day to love the Lord our God,

and to love one another to walke in his wayes and to keepe his Commaundements and his Ordinance, and his lawes, and the Articles of our Covenant with him that wee may live and be multiplyed, and that the Lord our God may blesse us in the land whether wee goe to possesse it: But if our heartes shall turne away soe that wee will not obey, but shall be seduced and worshipp other Gods our pleasures, and proffitts, and serve them, it is propounded unto us this day, wee shall surely perishe out of the good Land whether wee passe over this vast Sea to possesse it;

Therefore lett us choose life,
that wee, and our Seede,
may live; by obeyeing his
voyce, and cleaveing to him,
for hee is our life, and
our prosperity.

2) Read the poem “The Author to Her Book” by Anne Bradstreet:

The Author to Her Book

Anne Bradstreet, 1612 - 1672

Thou ill-formed offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after birth didst by my side remain,
Till snatched from thence by friends, less wise than true,
Who thee abroad, exposed to public view,
Made thee in rags, halting to th' press to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened (all may judge).
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat (in print) should mother call,
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
The visage was so irksome in my sight;
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could.
I washed thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot still made a flaw.
I stretched thy joints to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou run'st more hobbling than is meet;
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But nought save homespun cloth i' th' house I find.
In this array 'mongst vulgars may'st thou roam.
In critic's hands beware thou dost not come,
And take thy way where yet thou art not known;
If for thy father asked, say thou hadst none;
And for thy mother, she alas is poor,
Which caused her thus to send thee out of door.(1678)

**- The metaphor OFFSPRING refers to Anne Bradstreet's books as children.
Why does she use such an image?**

- *What is the meaning of line 7?*
- *In the prolonged metaphor, lines 13 – 24, what particular defects of a book might be seen?*
- *Clarify the meaning of line 9.*
- *Pick out archaisms and describe how they function in the poem.*

**3) Read the poem “To My Dear and Loving Husband” by Anne Bradstreet:
“To My Dear and Loving Husband”**

If ever two were one, then surely we.
 If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
 If ever wife was happy in a man,
 Compare with me, ye women, if you can.
 I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold
 Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
 My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
 Nor ought but love from thee, give recompense.
 Thy love is such I can no way repay,
 The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
 Then while we live, in love let's so persevere
 That when we live no more, we may live ever.

- *Notice how the first three lines begin with “if”. How does this add to the meaning of the lines? What does the “if” do to the meter and iambic rhythm of the piece?*
- *For whom is this poem intended? Pay your attention to the phrase “ye women”.*
- *What does she mean by the line: “Or all the riches that the East doth hold.”?*
- *Examine the paradox Bradstreet proposes in “we may live ever”. How does this connect to the Puritan idea of predestination? Does she use any other paradoxes in other poems? What effect is achieved by this device?*
- *In some of her pieces, Bradstreet employs great irony. Why does she use this device and whom is she often mocking?*

4) Read the poem “Meditation 22 (First Series)” by Edward Taylor:

When thy Bright Beams, my Lord, do strike mine Eye,
 Methinkes I then could truely Chide out right
 My Hide bound Soule that stands so niggardly
 That scarce a thought gets glorified by't.
 My Quaintest Metaphors are ragged Stuff,
 Making the Sun seem like a Mullipuff.

Its my desire, thou shouldst be glorifi'de:
 But when thy Glory shines before mine eye,
 I pardon Crave, lest my desire be Pride.
 Or bed thy Glory in a Cloudy Sky.
 The Sun grows wan; and Angells palefac'd shrinke,

Before thy Shine, which I besmeere with Inke.

But shall the Bird sing forth thy Praise, and shall
 The little Bee present her thankfull Hum?
 But I who see thy shining Glory fall
 Before mine Eyes, stand Blockish, Dull, and Dumb?
 Whether I speake, or speechless stand, I spy,
 I faile thy Glory: therefore pardon Cry.

But this I finde; My Rhymes do better suite
 Mine own Dispraise than tune forth praise to thee.
 Yet being Chid, whether Consonant, or Mute,
 I force my Tongue to tattle, as you see.
 That I thy glorious Praise may Trumpet right,
 Be thou my Song, and make Lord, mee thy Pipe.

This shining Sky will fly away space,
 When thy bright Glory splits the same to make
 Thy Majesty a Pass, whose Fairest Face
 Too foule a Path is for thy Feet to take.
 What Glory then, shall tend thee through the Sky
 Draining the Heaven much of Angells dry?

What Light then flame will in thy Judgment Seate,
 'Fore which all men, and angells shall appeare?
 How shall thy Glorious Righteousness them treat,
 Rend'ring to each after his Works done here?
 Then Saints With Angells thou wilt glorify:
 And burn Lewd Men, and Divells Gloriously.

One glimps, my Lord, of thy bright Judgment day,
 And Glory piercing through, like fiery Darts,
 All Divells, doth me make for Grace to pray,
 For filling Grace had I ten thousand Hearts.
 I'de through ten Hells to see thy Judgment Day
 Wouldst thou but guild my Soule with thy bright Ray. (1687)

- Find archaisms. How do they influence our perception of a poem that is several hundred years old? Compare those with the similar examples in Milton, Shakespeare, etc.?

- What stylistic devices is line 16 rich in? How do they enhance its meaning?

- identify epithets. What do epithets help to highlight?

- In line 20 Taylor contrasts two notions, assessing his poetic skill as humble. This is known as antithesis. Does this statement change our perception of his poetic mastery or personality?

- Taylor compares *GLORY PIERCING THROUGH* to *FIERY DARTS* in line 38. What additional shades of meaning does this simile imply?
- What similar traits does this poem share with that of Anne Bradstreet? How does it differ?

II. Critical Reading on American Literature of “A New Free Nation”:

1) Read the extract from the sermon “Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God” by Jonathan Edwards:

In this verse is threatened the vengeance of God on the wicked unbelieving Israelites, who were God's visible people, and who lived under the means of grace; but who, notwithstanding all God's wonderful works towards them, remained (as ver. 28.) void of counsel, having no understanding in them. Under all the cultivations of heaven, they brought forth bitter and poisonous fruit; as in the two verses next preceding the text [...]

Therefore, let every one that is out of Christ, now awake and fly from the wrath to come. The wrath of Almighty God is now undoubtedly hanging over a great part of this congregation. Let every one fly out of Sodom: "Haste and escape for your lives, look not behind you, escape to the mountain, lest you be consumed."

- What did Edwards want to achieve with his sermon? Who did he write it for?
- What might this sermon's role have been in the pre-Newtonian age? How different might it be nowadays?

2) Read “The Ballad of Nathan Hale”:

THE BREEZES went steadily through the tall pines,
 A-saying “oh! hu-ush!” a-saying “oh! hu-ush!”
 As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
 For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

“Keep still!” said the thrush as she nestled her young, 5
 In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.
 “For the tyrants are near, and with them appear
 What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good.”

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home 10
 In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the brook.
 With mother and sister and memories dear,
 He so gayly forsook; he so gayly forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
 The tattoo had beat; the tattoo had beat.
 The noble one sprang from his dark lurking-place, 15
 To make his retreat; to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
 As he passed through the wood; as he passed through the wood;

And silently gained his rude launch on the shore,
As she played with the flood; as she played with the flood. 20

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will; had a murderous will.
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill; to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer, 25
In that little stone cell; in that little stone cell.
But he trusted in love, from his Father above.
In his heart, all was well; in his heart, all was well.

An ominous owl, with his solemn bass voice,
Sat moaning hard by; sat moaning hard by: 30
“The tyrant’s proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die; for he must soon die.”

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrained,—
The cruel general! the cruel general!—
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gained, 35
And said that was all; and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,
Down the hill’s grassy side; down the hill’s grassy side.
’Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,
His cause did deride; his cause did deride. 40

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent; for him to repent.
He prayed for his mother, he asked not another,
To Heaven he went; to Heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy showed, 45
As he trod the last stage; as he trod the last stage.
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale’s blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

“Thou pale king of terrors, thou life’s gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave; 50
Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they owe.
No fears for the brave; no fears for the brave.”

- *What artistic merits is this ballad rich in? What mood prevails here?*
- *When are the repetitions important? How often do we come across them in folk songs or ballads?*
- *Find eye rhymes. What do you think their origin is?*
- *Find other examples of figurative language and specify their function.*

3) Read the extract from “AMERICANISM” by H. L. Mencken:

AMERICANISM, a term first used by John Witherspoon, president of Princeton University, in 1781, designates (a) any word or combination of words which taken into the English language in the United States, has not gained acceptance in England, or, if accepted, has retained its sense of foreignness; and (b) any word or combination of words which, becoming archaic in England, has continued in good usage in the United States. The first class is the larger and has the longer history. The earliest settlers in Virginia and New England, confronted by plants and animals that were unfamiliar to them, either borrowed the Indian names or invented names of their own.

Examples are afforded by *raccoon* (1608), *chinkapin* (1608), *opossum* (1610) and *squash* (1642) among Indian words and by *bull-frog*, *canvas-back*, *cat-bird* and *live-oak* among inventions. The former tended to take anglicised forms. Thus the Indian *isquontersquash* (at least, that is how the early chroniclers recorded it) became *squanterquash* and was then reduced to *squash*, and *otchock* became *woodchuck*. Many other words came in as the pioneers gained familiarity with the Indian life. Such words as *hominy*, *moccasin*, *pone*, *tapioca* and *succotash* remain everyday Americanisms.

The archaisms, of course, showed themselves more slowly. They had to go out of use in England before their survival in America was noticeable. But by the beginning of the 18th century there was already a considerable body of them, and all through that century they increased. The English language in Great Britain, chiefly under the influence of pedantry in the age of Anne, was changing rapidly, but in America it was holding to its old forms. There was very little fresh emigration to the colonies, and their own people seldom visited England. Thus by the end of the century “*I guess*” was already an Americanism, though it had been in almost universal use in England in Shakespeare’s day. So, too, with many other verbs: *to wilt*, *to whittle*, *to fellowship* and *to approbate*. And with not a few adjectives: *burly*, *catty-cornered*, *likely* and *clever* (in the sense of amiable). And with multitudes of nouns: *cesspool*, *greenhorn*, *cordwood*, *jeans*, *flap-jack*, *bay-window*, *swingle-tree*, *muss* (in the sense of a row), *stock* (for cattle) and *fall* (for autumn).

Meanwhile, American English had begun to borrow words, chiefly nouns, from the non-English settlers, and to develop many new words of its own. To the former class the Dutch contributed *cruller*, *cold-slaw*, *cockey*, *scow*, *boss*, *smearcase* and *Santa Claus*, and the French contributed *gopher*, *prairie*, *chowder*, *carry-all* and *bureau* (a chest of drawers). Other contributions came from the

Germans of Pennsylvania, the Spaniards of the southwest, and negro slaves. The native coinages were large in number, and full of boldness and novelty. To this period belong, for example, *backwoods*, *hoe-cake*, *pop-corn*, *land-slide*, *shell-road*, *half-breed*, *hired-girl*, *spelling-bee*, *moss-back*, *crazy-quilt*, *stamping-ground* and *cat-boat*. These words were all made of the common materials of English, but there was something in them that was redolent of a pioneer people and a new world. In their coinage the elegances were disdained; the thing aimed at was simply vividness. At the same time, verbs were made out of nouns, nouns out of verbs and adjectives out of both.

In 1789 Benjamin Franklin, who had lived in England, denounced *to advocate*, *to progress* and *to oppose* as barbarisms, but all of them are good American to-day, and even good English. Noah Webster, the lexicographer, gave his imprimatur to *to appreciate* (in value); *to eventuate* was popularised by Gouverneur Morris; and no less a hero than Washington is said to have launched *to derange*. Many inventions of that daring era have succumbed to pedagogical criticism, e.g., *to happify*, *to compromit* and *to homologise*. But others equally harsh have gradually gained acceptance, e.g., *to placate* and *to deputise*. And with them have come in a vast number of characteristic American nouns, e.g., *breadstuffs*, *mileage*, *balance* (in the sense of remainder) and *elevator* (a place for storing grain).

Divergent meanings of words

It was during the same period that a number of important words, in daily use, began to show different meanings in England and America. Some familiar examples are *store*, *rock*, *lumber* and *corn*. What Englishmen call a *shop* was called a *store* by Americans as early as 1770, and long before that time *corn*, in American, had come to signify, not grains in general, but only maize. The use of *rock* to designate any stone, however small, goes back still further, and so does the use of *lumber* for *timber*. Many of these differences were produced by changes in English usage. Thus *cracker*, in England, once meant precisely what it now means in the United States. When the English abandoned it for *biscuit* the Americans stuck to *cracker*, and used *biscuit* to designate something else. How *shoe* came to be substituted in America for the English *boot* has yet to be determined. There is indeed much that remains obscure in the early history of such Americanisms. Until very lately, American philologists kept aloof from the subject, which they apparently regarded as low. Until George P. Krapp, of Columbia University, took it up, there was not even any serious investigation of the history of American pronunciation.

Thus the American dialect of English was firmly established by the time the Republic was well started, and in the half-century following it departed more and more from standard English. The settlement of the West, by taking large numbers of young men beyond the pale of urbane society, made for grotesque looseness in speech. Neologisms of the most extravagant sorts arose by the thousand, and many of them worked their way back to the East. During the two decades before the Civil War everyday American became almost unintelligible to an Englishman;

every English visitor marked and denounced its vagaries. It was bold and lawless in its vocabulary, careless of grammatical niceties, and further disfigured by a drawling manner of speech. The congressional debates of the time were full of its phrases; soon they were to show themselves in the national literature.

Policing the language

After the Civil War there was an increase of national self-consciousness, and efforts were made to police the language. Free schools multiplied in the land, and the schoolmarm revealed all her immemorial preciousness. A clan of professional grammarians arose, led by Richard Grant White; it got help from certain of the literati, including Lowell. The campaign went to great lengths. “*It is me*” was banned as barbarous, though it is perfectly sound historically; *eye-ther* was substituted in polite usage for *ee-ther*, though the latter is correct and the former is on the part of an American an absurd affectation.

But the spirit of the language, and of the American people no less, was against such reforms. They were attacked on philological grounds by such iconoclasts as Thomas R. Lounsbury; they were reduced to vanity by the unconquerable speech habits of the folk. Under the very noses of the purists a new and vigorous American slang came into being, and simultaneously the common speech began to run amok. That common speech is to-day almost lawless. As Ring Lardner reports it—and he reports it very accurately—it seems destined in a few generations to dispose altogether of the few inflections that remain in English. “Me and her woulda went” will never, perhaps, force its way into the grammar-books, but it is used daily, or something like it, by a large part of the people of the United States, and the rest know precisely what it means.

1923

- *Which two types of Americanisms does Mencken single out? Who first use this term?*
- *What circumstances contributed to the appearance of archaisms in New England?*
- *How peculiar are the newly created words?*
- *What ideas about the life of a language can you gather from this excerpt?*
- *What efforts were made to systemize American English?*
- *Define the meanings of STORE, CORN, ROCK, JOB-HOLDER, LUMBER, BISCUIT in American English.*
- *Find British and Ukrainian equivalents to the listed Americanisms in the text.*

4) Read the extract from “The Autobiography” by Benjamin Franklin:

It was about this time I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into [...]. While my care was employed in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another; habit took the advantage of inattention; inclination was sometimes too strong for reason. I concluded, at length, that the mere speculative

conviction that it was our interest to be completely virtuous was not sufficient to prevent our slipping, and that the contrary habits must be broken, and good ones acquired and established, before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct. For this purpose I therefore contrived the following method.

In the various enumerations of the moral virtues I met in my reading, I found the catalogue more or less numerous, as different writers included more or fewer ideas under the same name. Temperance, for example, was by some confined to eating and drinking, while by others it was extended to mean the moderating every other pleasure, appetite, inclination, or passion, bodily or mental, even to our avarice and ambition. I proposed to myself, for the sake of clearness, to use rather more names, with fewer ideas annexed to each, than a few names with more ideas; [...]

These names of virtues, with their precepts were:

1. Temperance

Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

2. Silence

Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. Order

Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. Resolution

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5. Frugality

Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself, i.e., waste nothing.

6. Industry

Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. Sincerity.

Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. Justice

Wrong none by doing injuries or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. Moderation

Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. Cleanliness

Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

11. Tranquillity

Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. Chastity

Rarely use venery but for health or offspring, never to dullness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation.

13. Humility

Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

My intention being to acquire the *habitude* of all these virtues, I judged it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to

fix it on one of them at a time, and, when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another, and so on, till I should have gone thro' the thirteen; and, as the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arranged them with that view, as they stand above. Temperance first, as it tends to procure that coolness and clearness of head which is so necessary where constant vigilance was to be kept up, and guard maintained against the unremitting attraction of ancient habits and the force of perpetual temptations. This being acquired and established, Silence would be more easy; and my desire being to gain knowledge at the same time that I improved in virtue, and considering that in conversation it was obtained rather by the use of the ears than of the tongue, and therefore wishing to break a habit I was getting into prattling, punning, and joking, which only made me acceptable to trifling company, I gave *Silence* the second place. This and the next, *Order*, I expected would allow me more time for attending to my project and my studies. Resolution, once because habitual, would keep me firm in my endeavors to obtain all the subsequent virtues; *Frugality* and *Industry*, freeing me from my remaining debt, and producing affluence and independence, would make more easy the practice of *Sincerity* and *Justice*, etc., Conceiving, then, that, agreeably to the advice of Pythagoras in his Garden Verses, daily examination would be necessary, I contrived the following method for conducting that examination.

I made a little book, in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I ruled each page with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I crossed these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each line with the first letter of one of the virtues, on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day. I determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively. Thus, in the first week, my great guard was to avoid every the least offense against *Temperance*, leaving the other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day. Thus, if in the first week I could keep my first line, marked T, clear of spots, I supposed the habit of that virtue so much strengthened, and its opposite weakened, that I might venture extending my attention to include the next, and for the following week keep both lines clear of spots. Proceeding thus to the last, I could go thro' a course complete in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a years. And like him who, having a garden to weed, does not attempt to eradicate all the bad herbs at once, which would exceed his reach and his strength, but works on one of the beds at a time, and, having accomplished the first, proceeds to a second, so I should have, I hoped, the encouraging pleasure of seeing on my pages the progress I made in virtue, by clearing successively my lines of their spots, till in the end, by a number of courses, I should be happy in viewing a clean book, after a thirteen weeks' daily examination. [...]

I entered upon the execution of this plan for self-examination, and continued it, with occasional intermissions, for some time. I was surprised to find myself so

much fuller of faults than I had imagined; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish. To avoid the trouble of renewing now and then my little book, which, by scraping out the marks on the paper of old faults to make room for new ones in a new course, became full of holes, I transferred my tables and precepts to the ivory leaves of a memorandumbook, on which the lines were drawn with red ink, that made a durable strain, and on those lines I marked my faults with a black leading pencil, which marks I could easily wipe out with a wet sponge. After a while I went thro' one course only in a year, and afterward only one in several years, till at length I omitted them entirely, being employed in voyages and business abroad, with a multiplicity of affairs that interfered; but I always carried my little book with me. [...]

In reality, there is, perhaps, no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as *pride*. Disguise it, struggle with it, beat it down, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself; you will see it, perhaps, often in this history; for, even if I could conceive that I had completely overcome it, I should probably be proud of my humility.

1784

- *“The Autobiography” is an example of a non-fictional narrative. How would you picture the protagonist?*

- *It is a kind of instructive writing flourishing in the 18th century and closely interwoven into the Puritan literary tradition. What features distinguish “The Autobiography” from the work of Jonathan Edwards?*

- *The project of self-improvement joins the Enlightenment belief in perfectibility with the Puritan habit of moral self-scrutiny. Which side, if any, prevails here?*

- *“The Autobiography” also fulfills a didactic function. How does Franklin avoid moralizing and preaching?*

5) Read the extract from “The American Crisis” by Thomas Paine:

December 23, 1776

THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands by it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (not only to TAX) but "to BIND us in ALL CASES WHATSOEVER" and if being bound in that manner, is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the independence of the continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier, it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter, neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing for this month past, is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys, a year ago, would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me, as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: a common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker, has as good a pretence as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them. Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat-bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth [fifteenth] century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that heaven might inspire some Jersey maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows through them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light, which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors, which an imaginary apparition would have upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a disguised Tory has lately shown his head, that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware. [...]

- How do you regard the statement that *THE HARDER THE CONFLICT, THE MORE GLORIOUS THE TRIUMPH*? Find proofs in everyday life.

- Which other sentences would you choose as a memorable quotation?

- Which Americans are criticized by Paine? Which are praised?

- Who is the King of Britain compared to? Find more examples of hyperbole.

- What connection does Paine see between the panic in European history and the challenge America was facing?

6) Read the extract from “The Declaration of Independence” by Thomas Jefferson:

IN CONGRESS, July 4, 1776.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America.

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. - That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, - That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to affect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. [...]The history of the present King of Great Britain (*King George III 1738 – 1820*) is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations [...] To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world. [...]

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. [...]

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people. [...]

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands. [...]

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harrass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures. [...]

We, therefore, the Representatives of the united States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

1776

- *What does Jefferson refer to in OPINION OF MANKIND?*
- *List some anti-American acts by the British Parliament.*
- *What could the effect of “The Declaration” have been on the people at large? What is its central message?*
- *What do the signers of “The Declaration” promise? What could be said about their commitment to the cause?*

Practical assignment # 5

Romanticism and the American Renaissance (1820-1865)

I. Critical Reading on Romanticism and the American Renaissance

1) Washington Irving “Rip Van Winkle”:

[...] Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just

where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, with lattice windows, gable fronts surmounted with weathercocks, and built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. [...]

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's so often going astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs; he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener by constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. [...]

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, while I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's

face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reechoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. [...]

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, “Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!” He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: “Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!”—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master’s side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. [...]

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long! [...]

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rung for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence. He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the little village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree which used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was stuck in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none whom Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy,

bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker’s Hill—heroes of ’76—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle. [...]

At this critical moment a fresh, likely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. “Hush, Rip,” cried she, “hush, you little fool, the old man won’t hurt you.” The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. “What is your name, my good woman?” asked he.

“Judith Gardenier.”

“And your father’s name?”

“Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it’s twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.”

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

“Where’s your mother?”

“Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.”

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer.—He caught his daughter and her child in his arms.—“I am your father!” cried he—“Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!” [...]

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Dr. Doolittle’s hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon, about the Catskills, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle’s flagon. [...]

1829

- *What epithets are chosen for Kaatskill mountains description?*

- *The author masterfully “descends” from the heights into the inhabited landscapes. How does he achieve the effect of gradual transition?*
 - *What is ironic about Rip Van Winkle? Do you sympathize with, criticize or feel otherwise toward him?*
 - *How did Rip respond to his wife nagging?*
 - *How important is the portrait of King George III?*
 - *What was the first surprise on approaching the village? What did Rip think had happened?*
 - *How did Rip Van Winkle’s family change over the years?*
 - *What details tie the story to a certain historical period?*
- 2) Walt Whitman “Leaves of Grass” from *Song of Myself*:

1

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
 And what I assume you shall assume,
 For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
 I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form’d from this soil, this air,
 Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,
 I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
 Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
 Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
 I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
 Nature without check with original energy.

- *What mood does the poet celebrate? What makes him so enthusiastic?*
- *How does Whitman view himself in relation to nature and other people?*
- *How do you understand the ORIGINAL ENERGY of Nature?*
- *Find examples of alliteration. Comment on their function.*

6

A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands;
 How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
 A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
 Bearing the owner’s name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark,
 and say *Whose?*

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegetation.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
 And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,
 Growing among black folks as among white,
 Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you curling grass,
 It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,
 It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,
 It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken soon out of their mothers' laps,
 And here you are the mothers' laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers,
 Darker than the colorless beards of old men,
 Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.

O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues,
 And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths for nothing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women,
 And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old men?
 And what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere,
 The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
 And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
 And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
 And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

1891 – 1892

- *What episode from his past comes to light?*
- *What metaphors are used in reference to grass?*
- *How does the poet view death? What kind of personal attitude towards life does he hold? What philosophical questions are raised here?*

- *In answering the child's question, Whitman accumulates many images into what is termed extended metaphor. How does it differ from a usual one? What is its power?*

3) Walt Whitman "When I Heard a Learnt Astronomer" from *By the Roadside*:

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
 When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,
 When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
 How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
 Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
 In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

1865

- *How do the astronomer and the poet get information? What are their respective techniques and approaches?*

- *The space taken by Whitman's poetic proposition is relatively small – just two last lines. Does it seem less convincing than the astronomer's figures?*

- *What is implied about the poet's values?*

- *Whitman often uses parallelism. How does it agree with the idea of simplicity?*

4) Walt Whitman "Beat! Beat! Drums!" from *Drum-Taps*:

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
 Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
 Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
 Into the school where the scholar is studying,
 Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,
 Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain,
 So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
 Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
 Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
 No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?
 Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
 Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
 Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
 Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
 Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
 Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
 Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,

Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

1867

- *What are the drum and bugle usually associated with?*
- *How are peaceful activities seen against the loud call of these military instruments?*
- *What is the message of the poem?*
- *What is the author's attitude towards war?*
- *Single out internal rhymes. What do they highlight in the poem?*
- *What figures of speech can you identify in the poem? How instrumental are they for the overall poetic effect?*

5) Learn by heart the poem "Success is Counted Sweetest" by Emily Dickinson:

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple Host
Who took the Flag today
Can tell the definition
So clear of victory

As he defeated – dying –
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Burst agonized and clear!

1859

- *What conclusion can we draw from this thought?*
- *Who understands success better – the victor or the defeated?*
- *Sometimes Dickinson uses slant rhyme. Identify such examples. Do they add to or detract the poetic from the poem?*

6) "There's a Certain Slant of Light" by Emily Dickinson:

There's a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons –
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes –

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us –
We can find no scar,
But internal difference –
Where the Meanings, are –

None may teach it – Any –

'Tis the seal Despair –
 An imperial affliction
 Sent us of the Air –

When it comes, the Landscape listens –
 Shadows – hold their breath –
 When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
 On the look of Death –

1861

- *What is the effect of the light on Dickinson?*
- *What could it symbolize? How does the authoress feel towards it?*
- *What other common phenomena would be turned into poems?*

7) “The Brain – Is Wider Than the Sky” by Emily Dickinson:

The Brain — is wider than the Sky —
 For — put them side by side —
 The one the other will contain
 With ease — and You — beside —

The Brain is deeper than the sea —
 For — hold them — Blue to Blue —
 The one the other will absorb —
 As Sponges — Buckets — do —

The Brain is just the weight of God —
 For — Heft them — Pound for Pound —
 And they will differ — if they do —
 As Syllable from Sound —

1862

- *The idea of the unlimitedness of human brain is supported by Dickinson’s two examples. Find proofs that brain is wider than the sky.*
- *in the third stanza Dickinson retreats her idea before God’s omnipotence. What inner beliefs could have led the poetess?*
- *What are the substitutes for the word CONTAIN in the poem?*

Practical assignment # 6

Realism and Local Colors (1865 - 1910)

I. Critical Reading on American Realism and Local Colors

1) Kate Chopin “The Story of an Hour”:

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She

knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills.

1894

- Is there anything that struck you in the story?

- What does Mrs. Mallard's first reaction seem to tell of her feelings towards her husband?

- Go over what happens while she is in her room. What does the scene disclose about her previous life? Why does she fear the change at first?

- Note how Chopin describes Mrs. Mallard leaving her room. What contrast to the previous passage have you noticed?

2) William Sydney Porter (O.Henry) "Buried Treasure":

There are many kinds of fools. Now, will everybody please sit still until they are called upon specifically to rise?

I had been every kind of fool except one. I had expended my patrimony, pretended my matrimony, played poker, lawn-tennis, and bucket-shops--parted soon with my money in many ways. But there remained one rule of the wearer of cap and bells that I had not played. That was the Seeker after Buried Treasure. To few does the delectable furor come. But of all the would-be followers in the hoof-prints of King Midas none has found a pursuit so rich in pleasurable promise.

But, going back from my theme a while--as lame pens must do - I was a fool of the sentimental soft. I saw May Martha Mangum, and was hers. She was eighteen, the color of the white ivory keys of a new piano, beautiful, and possessed by the exquisite solemnity and pathetic witchery of an unsophisticated angel doomed to live in a small, dull, Texas prairie-town. She had a spirit and charm that could have enabled her to pluck rubies like raspberries from the crown of Belgium or any other sporty kingdom, but she did not know it, and I did not paint the picture for her.

You see, I wanted May Martha Mangum for to have and to hold. I wanted her to abide with me, and put my slippers and pipe away every day in places where they cannot be found of evenings.

May Martha's father was a man hidden behind whiskers and spectacles. He lived for bugs and butterflies and all insects that fly or crawl or buzz or get down your back or in the butter. He was an etymologist, or words to that effect. He spent his life seining the air for flying fish of the June-bug order, and then sticking pins through 'em and calling 'em names. [...]

There was another besides myself who thought May Martha Mangum one to be desired. That was Goodloe Banks, a young man just home from college. He had all the attainments to be found in books - Latin, Greek, philosophy, and especially the higher branches of mathematics and logic.

If it hadn't been for his habit of pouring out this information and learning on every one that he addressed, I'd have liked him pretty well. But, even as it was, he and I were, you would have thought, great pals.

We got together every time we could because each of us wanted to pump the other for whatever straws we could to find which way the wind blew from the heart of May Martha Mangum - rather a mixed metaphor; Goodloe Banks would never have been guilty of that. That is the way of rivals. [...]

As I said, old man Mangum was absentminded. After a long time he found out one day - a little butterfly must have told him--that two young men were trying to throw a net over the head of the young person, a daughter, or some such technical appendage, who looked after his comforts.

I never knew scientists could rise to such occasions. Old Mangum orally labelled and classified Goodloe and myself easily among the lowest orders of the vertebrates; and in English, too, without going any further into Latin than the simple references to Orgetorix, Rex Helvetii - which is as far as I ever went,

myself. And he told us that if he ever caught us around his house again he would add us to his collection.

Goodloe Banks and I remained away five days, expecting the storm to subside. When we dared to call at the house again May Martha Mangum and her father were gone. Gone! The house they had rented was closed. Their little store of goods and chattels was gone also.

And not a word of farewell to either of us from May Martha - not a white, fluttering note pinned to the hawthorn-bush; not a chalk-mark on the gate-post nor a post-card in the post-office to give us a clew.

For two months Goodloe Banks and I - separately - tried every scheme we could think of to track the runaways. We used our friendship and influence with the ticket-agent, with livery-stable men, railroad conductors, and our one lone, lorn constable, but without results. [...]

In talking things over one afternoon he said to me:

"Suppose you do find her, Ed, whereby would you profit? Miss Mangum has a mind. Perhaps it is yet uncultured, but she is destined for higher things than you could give her. I have talked with no one who seemed to appreciate more the enchantment of the ancient poets and writers and the modern cults that have assimilated and expended their philosophy of life. Don't you think you are wasting your time looking for her?"

"My idea," said I, "of a happy home is an eight-room house in a grove of live-oaks by the side of a charco on a Texas prairie. A piano," I went on, "with an automatic player in the sitting-room, three thousand head of cattle under fence for a starter, a buckboard and ponies always hitched at a post for 'the missus '--and May Martha Mangum to spend the profits of the ranch as she pleases, and to abide with me, and put my slippers and pipe away every day in places where they cannot be found of evenings. That," said I, "is what is to be; and a fig - a dried, Smyrna, dago-stand fig - for your curriculums, cults, and philosophy."

"She is meant for higher things," repeated Goodloe Banks.

"Whatever she is meant for," I answered, just now she is out of pocket. And I shall find her as soon as I can without aid of the colleges."

"The game is blocked," said Goodloe, putting down a domino and we had the beer.

Shortly after that a young farmer whom I knew came into town and brought me a folded blue paper. He said his grandfather had just died. I concealed a tear, and he went on to say that the old man had jealously guarded this paper for twenty years. He left it to his family as part of his estate, the rest of which consisted of two mules and a hypotenuse of non-arable land.

The sheet of paper was of the old, blue kind used during the rebellion of the abolitionists against the secessionists. It was dated June 14, 1863, and it described the hiding-place of ten burro-loads of gold and silver coin valued at three hundred thousand dollars. Old Rundle - grandfather of his grandson, Sam - was given the information by a Spanish priest who was in on the treasure-burying, and who died

many years before - no, afterward - in old Rundle's house. Old Rundle wrote it down from dictation.

"Why didn't your father look this up?" I asked young Rundle.

"He went blind before he could do so," he replied.

"Why didn't you hunt for it yourself?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "I've only known about the paper for ten years. First there was the spring ploughin' to do, and then choppin' the weeds out of the corn; and then come takin' fodder; and mighty soon winter was on us. It seemed to run along that way year after year." [...]

So, Lee Rundle and I fitted out a two-horse wagon team with all the accessories, and drove a hundred and forty-nine miles to Chico, the nearest town to the point we wished to reach. [...]

I and the grandson of the treasure examined those cedar-covered hills with the care of a lady hunting for the wicked flea. We explored every side, top, circumference, mean elevation, angle, slope, and concavity of every one for two miles up and down the river. We spent four days doing so. Then we hitched up the roan and the dun, and hauled the remains of the coffee and bacon the one hundred and forty-nine miles back to Concho City.

Lee Rundle chewed much tobacco on the return trip. I was busy driving, because I was in a hurry.

As shortly as could be after our empty return Goodloe Banks and I forgathered in the back room of Snyder's saloon to play dominoes and fish for information. I told Goodloe about my expedition after the buried treasure.

"If I could have found that three hundred thousand dollars," I said to him, "I could have scoured and sifted the surface of the earth to find May Martha Mangum."

"She is meant for higher things," said Goodloe. "I shall find her myself. But, tell me how you went about discovering the spot where this unearthed increment was imprudently buried."

I told him in the smallest detail. I showed him the draughtsman's sketch with the distances marked plainly upon it.

After glancing over it in a masterly way, he leaned back in his chair and bestowed upon me an explosion of sardonic, superior, collegiate laughter.

"Well, you are a fool, Jim," he said, when he could speak.

"It's your play," said I, patiently, fingering my double-six.

"Twenty," said Goodloe, making two crosses on the table with his chalk.

"Why am I a fool?" I asked. "Buried treasure has been found before in many places."

"Because," said he, "in calculating the point on the river where your line would strike you neglected to allow for the variation. The variation there would be nine degrees west. Let me have your pencil."

Goodloe Banks figured rapidly on the back of an envelope.

"The distance, from north to south, of the line run from the Spanish mission," said he, "is exactly twenty-two miles. It was run by a pocket-compass,

according to your story. Allowing for the variation, the point on the Alamito River where you should have searched for your treasure is exactly six miles and nine hundred and forty-five varas farther west than the place you hit upon. Oh, what a fool you are, Jim!"

"What is this variation that you speak of?" I asked. "I thought figures never lied."

"The variation of the magnetic compass," said Goodloe, "from the true meridian."

He smiled in his superior way; and then I saw come out in his face the singular, eager, consuming cupidity of the seeker after buried treasure.

"Sometimes," he said with the air of the oracle, "these old traditions of hidden money are not without foundation. Suppose you let me look over that paper describing the location. Perhaps together we might -"

The result was that Goodloe Banks and I, rivals in love, became companions in adventure. We went to Chico by stage from Huntersburg, the nearest railroad town. [...]

The next morning was a bright June one. We were up early and had breakfast. Goodloe was charmed. He recited - Keats, I think it was, and Kelly or Shelley - while I broiled the bacon. [...]

We were getting ready to cross the river, which was little more than a shallow creek there, and explore the many sharp-peaked cedar-covered hills on the other side.

"My good Ulysses," said Goodloe, slapping me on the shoulder while I was washing the tin breakfast-plates, "let me see the enchanted document once more. I believe it gives directions for climbing the hill shaped like a pack-saddle. I never saw a pack-saddle. What is it like, Jim?"

"Score one against culture," said I. "I'll know it when I see it."

Goodloe was looking at old Rundle's document when he ripped out a most uncollegiate swear-word.

"Come here," he said, holding the paper up against the sunlight. "Look at that," he said, laying his finger against it.

On the blue paper - a thing I had never noticed before - I saw stand out in white letters the word and figures: "Malvern, 1898."

"What about it?" I asked.

"It's the water-mark," said Goodloe. "The paper was manufactured in 1898. The writing on the paper is dated 1863. This is a palpable fraud."

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "The Rundles are pretty reliable, plain, uneducated country people. Maybe the paper manufacturers tried to perpetrate a swindle."

And then Goodloe Banks went as wild as his education permitted. He dropped the glasses off his nose and glared at me.

"I've often told you you were a fool," he said. "You have let yourself be imposed upon by a clodhopper. And you have imposed upon me."

"How," I asked, "have I imposed upon you?"

"By your ignorance," said he. "Twice I have discovered serious flaws in your plans that a common-school education should have enabled you to avoid. And," he continued, "I have been put to expense that I could ill afford in pursuing this swindling quest. I am done with it." [...]

He gathered his personal traps, climbed into the mail-wagon, adjusted his glasses nervously, and flew away in a cloud of dust.

After I had washed the dishes and staked the horses on new grass, I crossed the shallow river and made my way slowly through the cedar-brakes up to the top of the hill shaped like a pack-saddle.

It was a wonderful June day. Never in my life had I seen so many birds, so many butter-flies, dragon-flies, grasshoppers, and such winged and stinged beasts of the air and fields.

I investigated the hill shaped like a pack-saddle from base to summit. I found an absolute absence of signs relating to buried treasure. There was no pile of stones, no ancient blazes on the trees, none of the evidences of the three hundred thousand dollars, as set forth in the document of old man Rundle.

I came down the hill in the cool of the afternoon. Suddenly, out of the cedar-brake I stepped into a beautiful green valley where a tributary small stream ran into the Alamito River.

And there I was started to see what I took to be a wild man, with unkempt beard and ragged hair, pursuing a giant butterfly with brilliant wings.

"Perhaps he is an escaped madman," I thought; and wondered how he had strayed so far from seats of education and learning.

And then I took a few more steps and saw a vine-covered cottage near the small stream. And in a little grassy glade I saw May Martha Mangum plucking wild flowers.

She straightened up and looked at me. For the first time since I knew her I saw her face - which was the color of the white keys of a new piano - turn pink. I walked toward her without a word. She let the gathered flowers trickle slowly from her hand to the grass.

"I knew you would come, Jim," she said clearly. "Father wouldn't let me write, but I knew you would come.

What followed you may guess - there was my wagon and team just across the river.

I've often wondered what good too much education is to a man if he can't use it for himself. If all the benefits of it are to go to others, where does it come in?

For May Martha Mangum abides with me. There is an eight-room house in a live-oak grove, and a piano with an automatic player, and a good start toward the three thousand head of cattle is under fence.

And when I ride home at night my pipe and slippers are put away in places where they cannot be found.

But who cares for that? Who cares--who cares?

- *The story could pretty well go for a fantasy. What constituents should be removed or added for it to read like a tale? What changes would affect its language and structure?*
- *What kind of character is Jim? Goodloe Banks? May Martha Magnum?*
- *Humor is an indispensable part of O. Henry's craft. Find humorous passages and try to see through the author's technique. What is ironic about the story?*
- *Which two worlds are contrasted in the story? Which is to your liking?*
- *Goodloe Banks got into a paradoxical situation. How does one feel on such unexpected discoveries?*
- *What is the conflict of the story?*

3) Jack London "The Law of Life":

OLD KOSKOOSH listened greedily. Though his sight had long since faded, his hearing was still acute, and the slightest sound penetrated to the glimmering intelligence which yet abode behind the withered forehead, but which no longer gazed forth upon the things of the world. Ah! that was Sit-cum-to-ha, shrilly anathematizing the dogs as she cuffed and beat them into the harnesses. Sit-cum-to-ha was his daughter's daughter, but she was too busy to waste a thought upon her broken grandfather, sitting alone there in the snow, forlorn and helpless. Camp must be broken. The long trail waited while the short day refused to linger. Life called her, and the duties of life, not death. And he was very close to death now.

The thought made the old man panicky for the moment, and he stretched forth a palsied hand which wandered tremblingly over the small heap of dry wood beside him. Reassured that it was indeed there, his hand returned to the shelter of his mangy furs, and he again fell to listening. The sulky crackling of half-frozen hides told him that the chief's moose-skin lodge had been struck, and even then was being rammed and jammed into portable compass. The chief was his son, stalwart and strong, head man of the tribesmen, and a mighty hunter. As the women toiled with the camp luggage, his voice rose, chiding them for their slowness. Old Koskoosh strained his ears. It was the last time he would hear that voice. [...]

What was that? Oh, the men lashing the sleds and drawing tight the thongs. He listened, who would listen no more. The whip-lashes snarled and bit among the dogs. Hear them whine! How they hated the work and the trail! They were off! Sled after sled churned slowly away into the silence. They were gone. They had passed out of his life, and he faced the last bitter hour alone. No. The snow crunched beneath a moccasin; a man stood beside him; upon his head a hand rested gently. His son was good to do this thing. He remembered other old men whose sons had not waited after the tribe. But his son had. He wandered away into the past, till the young man's voice brought him back.

"Is it well with you?" he asked.

And the old man answered, "It is well."

"There be wood beside you," the younger man continued, "and the fire burns bright. The morning is gray, and the cold has broken. It will snow presently. Even now is it snowing."

"My voice is become like an old woman's."

"Ay, even now is it snowing."

"The tribesmen hurry. Their bales are heavy, and their bellies flat with lack of feasting. The trail is long and they travel fast. go now. It is well?"

"It is well. I am as a last year's leaf, clinging lightly to the stem. The first breath that blows, and I fall. My voice is become like an old woman's. My eyes no longer show me the way of my feet, and my feet are heavy, and I am tired. It is well."

He bowed his head in content till the last noise of the complaining snow had died away, and he knew his son was beyond recall. Then his hand crept out in haste to the wood. It alone stood between him and the eternity that yawned in upon him. At last the measure of his life was a handful of fagots. One by one they would go to feed the fire, and just so, step by step, death would creep upon him. When the last stick had surrendered up its heat, the frost would begin to gather strength. First his feet would yield, then his hands; and the numbness would travel, slowly, from the extremities to the body. His head would fall forward upon his knees, and he would rest. It was easy. All men must die.

He did not complain. It was the way of life, and it was just. He had been born close to the earth, close to the earth had he lived, and the law thereof was not new to him. It was the law of all flesh. Nature was not kindly to the flesh. She had no concern for that concrete thing called the individual. Her interest lay in the species, the race. This was the deepest abstraction old Koskoosh's barbaric mind was capable of, but he grasped it firmly. He saw it exemplified in all life. The rise of the sap, the bursting greenness of the willow bud, the fall of the yellow leaf - in this alone was told the whole history. But one task did Nature set the individual. Did he not perform it, he died. Did he perform it, it was all the same, he died. Nature did not care; there were plenty who were obedient, and it was only the obedience in this matter, not the obedient, which lived and lived always. The tribe of Koskoosh was very old. The old men he had known when a boy, had known old men before them. Therefore it was true that the tribe lived, that it stood for the obedience of all its members, way down into the forgotten past, whose very resting-places were unremembered. They did not count; they were episodes. They had passed away like clouds from a summer sky. He also was an episode, and would pass away. Nature did not care. To life she set one task, gave one law. To perpetuate was the task of life, its law was death. A maiden was a good creature to look upon, full-breasted and strong, with spring to her step and light in her eyes. But her task was yet before her. The light in her eyes brightened, her step quickened, she was now bold with the young men, now timid, and she gave them of her own unrest. And ever she grew fairer and yet fairer to look upon, till some hunter, able no longer to withhold himself, took her to his lodge to cook and toil for him and to become the mother of his children. And with the coming of her

offspring her looks left her. Her limbs dragged and shuffled, her eyes dimmed and bleared, and only the little children found joy against the withered cheek of the old squaw by the fire. Her task was done. But a little while, on the first pinch of famine or the first long trail, and she would be left, even as he had been left, in the snow, with a little pile of wood. Such was the law. [...]

Koskoosh placed another stick on the fire and harked back deeper into the past. There was the time of the Great Famine, when the old men crouched empty-bellied to the fire, and let fall from their lips dim traditions of the ancient day when the Yukon ran wide open for three winters, and then lay frozen for three summers. He had lost his mother in that famine. In the summer the salmon run had failed, and the tribe looked forward to the winter and the coming of the caribou. Then the winter came, but with it there were no caribou. Never had the like been known, not even in the lives of the old men. But the caribou did not come, and it was the seventh year, and the rabbits had not replenished, and the dogs were naught but bundles of bones. And through the long darkness the children wailed and died, and the women, and the old men; and not one in ten of the tribe lived to meet the sun when it came back in the spring. That was a famine!

But he had seen times of plenty, too, when the meat spoiled on their hands, and the dogs were fat and worthless with overeating - times when they let the game go unkilld, and the women were fertile, and the lodges were cluttered with sprawling men-children and women-children. Then it was the men became high-stomached, and revived ancient quarrels, and crossed the divides to the south to kill the Pellys, and to the west that they might sit by the dead fires of the Tananas. He remembered, when a boy, during a time of plenty, when he saw a moose pulled down by the wolves. Zing-ha lay with him in the snow and watched - Zing-ha, who later became the craftiest of hunters, and who, in the end, fell through an air-hole on the Yukon. They found him, a month afterward, just as he had crawled halfway out and frozen stiff to the ice.

But the moose. Zing-ha and he had gone out that day to play at hunting after the manner of their fathers. On the bed of the creek they struck the fresh track of a moose, and with it the tracks of many wolves. "An old one," Zing-ha, who was quicker at reading the sign, said - "an old one who cannot keep up with the herd. The wolves have cut him out from his brothers, and they will never leave him." And it was so. It was their way. By day and by night, never resting, snarling on his heels, snapping at his nose, they would stay by him to the end. How Zing-ha and he felt the blood-lust quicken! The finish would be a sight to see! [...]

For long he pondered on the days of his youth, till the fire died down and the frost bit deeper. He replenished it with two sticks this time, and gauged his grip on life by what remained. If Sit-cum-to-ha had only remembered her grandfather, and gathered a larger armful, his hours would have been longer. It would have been easy. But she was ever a careless child, and honored not her ancestors from the time the Beaver, son of the son of Zing-ha, first cast eyes upon her. Well, what mattered it? Had he not done likewise in his own quick youth? For a while he listened to the silence. Perhaps the heart of his son might soften, and he would

come back with the dogs to take his old father on with the tribe to where the caribou ran thick and the fat hung heavy upon them.

He strained his ears, his restless brain for the moment stilled. Not a stir, nothing. He alone took breath in the midst of the great silence. It was very lonely. Hark! What was that? A chill passed over his body. The familiar, long-drawn howl broke the void, and it was close at hand. [...]

A cold muzzle thrust against his cheek, and at its touch his soul leaped back to the present. His hand shot into the fire and dragged out a burning faggot. Overcome for the nonce by his hereditary fear of man, the brute retreated, raising a prolonged call to his brothers; and greedily they answered, till a ring of crouching, jaw-slobbered gray was stretched round about. The old man listened to the drawing in of this circle. He waved his brand wildly, and sniffs turned to snarls; but the panting brutes refused to scatter. Now one wormed his chest forward, dragging his haunches after, now a second, now a third; but never a one drew back. Why should he cling to life? he asked, and dropped the blazing stick into the snow. It sizzled and went out. The circle grunted uneasily, but held its own. Again he saw the last stand of the old bull moose, and Koskoosh dropped his head wearily upon his knees. What did it matter after all? Was it not the law of life?

1901

- *Do you justify the simile MY VOICE HAS BECOME LIKE AN OLD WOMAN'S?*
- *How are Nature and individual contrasted?*
- *Old Koskoosh goes back into the past recollecting two events – the Great Famine and times of plenty. What does these choice tell of him?*
- *Can you draw a parallel between the moose and Old Koskoosh?*
- *Expand on HIS GRIP ON LIFE.*

Practical assignment # 7

American Modernism (1910 - 1950)

I. Critical Reading on American Modernism

1) Francis Scott Fitzgerald “The Jelly-Bean”:

Jim Powell was a Jelly-bean. Much as I desire to make him an appealing character, I feel that it would be unscrupulous to deceive you on that point. He was a bred-in-the-bone, dyed-in-the-wool, ninety-nine three-quarters per cent Jelly-bean and he grew lazily all during Jelly-bean season, which is every season, down in the land of the Jelly-beans well below the Mason-Dixon line.

Now if you call a Memphis man a Jelly-bean he will quite possibly pull a long sinewy rope from his hip pocket and hang you to a convenient telegraph-pole. If you Call a New Orleans man a Jelly-bean he will

probably grin and ask you who is taking your girl to the Mardi Gras ball. The particular Jelly-bean patch which produced the protagonist of this history lies somewhere between the two - a little city of forty thousand that has dozed sleepily for forty thousand years in southern Georgia occasionally stirring in its slumbers and muttering something about a war that took place sometime, somewhere, and that everyone else has forgotten long ago.

Jim was a Jelly-bean. I write that again because it has such a pleasant sound - rather like the beginning of a fairy story - as if Jim were nice. It somehow gives me a picture of him with a round, appetizing face and all sort of leaves and vegetables growing out of his cap. But Jim was long and thin and bent at the waist from stooping over pool-tables, and he was what might have been known in the indiscriminating North as a corner loafer. "Jelly-bean" is the name throughout the undissolved Confederacy for one who spends his life conjugating the verb to idle in the first person singular - I am idling, I have idled, I will idle. [...]

He became fifteen, went to high school, wore his hair in black snarls, and was afraid of girls. He hated his home where four women and one old man prolonged an interminable chatter from summer to summer about what lots the Powell place had originally included and what sorts of flowers would be out next. Sometimes the parents of little girls in town, remembering Jim's mother and fancying a resemblance in the dark eyes and hair, invited him to parties, but parties made him shy and he much preferred sitting on a disconnected axle in Tilly's Garage, rolling the bones or exploring his mouth endlessly with a long straw. For pocket money, he picked up odd jobs, and it was due to this that he stopped going to parties. At his third party little Marjorie Haight had whispered indiscreetly and within hearing distance that he was a boy who brought the groceries sometimes. So instead of the two-step and polka, Jim had learned to throw, any number he desired on the dice and had listened to spicy tales of all the shootings that had occurred in the surrounding country during the past fifty years.

He became eighteen. The war broke out and he enlisted as a gob and polished brass in the Charleston Navy-yard for a year. Then, by way of variety, he went North and polished brass in the Brooklyn Navy-yard for a year.

When the war was over he came home, He was twenty-one, has trousers were too short and too tight. His buttoned shoes were long and narrow. His tie was an alarming conspiracy of purple and pink marvellously scrolled, and over it were two blue eyes faded like a piece of very good old cloth, long exposed to the sun. [...]

Back in the days when all the boys had detested all the girls, Clark Darrow and Jim had sat side by side in school. But, while Jim's social

aspirations had died in the oily air of the garage, Clark had alternately fallen in and out of love, gone to college, taken to drink, given it up, and, in short, become one of the best beaux of the town. Nevertheless Clark and Jim had retained a friendship that, though casual, was perfectly definite. That afternoon Clark's ancient Ford had slowed up beside Jim, who was on the sidewalk and, out of a clear sky, Clark invited him to a party at the country club. [...]

When the dusk had thickened into a blue setting for the moon, he walked through the hot, pleasantly pungent town to Jackson Street. The stores were closing and the last shoppers were drifting homeward, as if borne on the dreamy revolution of a slow merry-go-round. A street-fair farther down a brilliant alley of varicolored booths and contributed a blend of music to the night - an oriental dance on a calliope, a melancholy bugle in front of a freak show, a cheerful rendition of "Back Home in Tennessee" on a hand-organ.

The Jelly-bean stopped in a store and bought a collar. Then he sauntered along toward Soda Sam's, where he found the usual three or four cars of a summer evening parked in front and the little darkies running back and forth with sundaes and lemonades.

"Hello, Jim."

It was a voice at his elbow - Joe Ewing sitting in an automobile with Marylyn Wade. Nancy Lamar and a strange man were in the back seat.

The Jelly-bean tipped his hat quickly.

"Hi Ben - " then, after an almost imperceptible pause - "How y' all?"

Passing, he ambled on toward the garage where he had a room up-stairs. His "How y'all" had been said to Nancy Lamar, to whom he had not spoken in fifteen years.

Nancy had a mouth like a remembered kiss and shadowy eyes and blue-black hair inherited from her mother who had been born in Budapest. Jim passed her often on the street, walking small-boy fashion with her hands in her pockets and he knew that with her inseparable Sally Carrol Hopper she had left a trail of broken hearts from Atlanta to New Orleans. [...]

II

At nine-thirty, Jim and Clark met in front of Soda Sam's and started for the Country Club in Clark's Ford. "Jim," asked Clark casually, as they rattled through the jasmine-scented night, "how do you keep alive?"

The Jelly-bean paused, considered.

"Well," he said finally, "I got a room over Tilly's garage. I help him some with the cars in the afternoon an' he gives it to me free. Sometimes I drive one of his taxis and pick up a little thataway. I get fed up doin' that regular though."

"That all?"

"Well, when there's a lot of work I help him by the day--Saturdays usually - and then there's one main source of revenue I don't generally mention. Maybe you don't recollect I'm about the champion crap-shooter of this town. They make me shoot from a cup now because once I get the feel of a pair of dice they just roll for me."

Clark grinned appreciatively,

"I never could learn to set 'em so's they'd do what I wanted. Wish you'd shoot with Nancy Lamar some day and take all her money away from her. She will roll 'em with the boys and she loses more than her daddy can afford to give her. I happen to know she sold a good ring last month to pay a debt."

The Jelly-bean was noncommittal.

"The white house on Elm Street still belong to you?"

Jim shook his head.

"Sold. Got a pretty good price, seein' it wasn't in a good part of town no more. Lawyer told me to put it into Liberty bonds. But Aunt Mamie got so she didn't have no sense, so it takes all the interest to keep her up at Great Farms Sanitarium.

"Hm."

"I got an old uncle up-state an' I reckon I kin go up there if ever I get sure enough pore. Nice farm, but not enough niggers around to work it. He's asked me to come up and help him, but I don't guess I'd take much to it. Too doggone lonesome - " He broke off suddenly. "Clark, I want to tell you I'm much obliged to you for askin' me out, but I'd be a lot happier if you'd just stop the car right here an' let me walk back into town."

"Shucks!" Clark grunted. "Do you good to step out. You don't have to dance - just get out there on the floor and shake."

"Hold on," exclaimed Jim uneasily, "Don't you go leadin' me up to any girls and leavin' me there so I'll have to dance with 'em."

Clark laughed.

"'Cause," continued Jim desperately, "without you swear you won't do that I'm agoin' to get out right here an' my good legs goin' carry me back to Jackson street."

They agreed after some argument that Jim, unmolested by females, was to view the spectacle from a secluded settee in the corner where Clark would join him whenever he wasn't dancing. [...]

So Nancy Lamar was going to marry. This toast of a town was to become the private property of an individual in white trousers - and all because white trousers' father had made a better razor than his neighbor. As they descended the stairs Jim found the idea inexplicably depressing. For the first time in his life he felt a vague and romantic yearning. A picture of her began to form in his imagination - Nancy walking boylike and debonnaire along the street,

taking an orange as tithes from a worshipful fruit-dealer, charging a dope on a mythical account, at Soda Sam's, assembling a convoy of beaux and then driving off in triumphal state for an afternoon of splashing and singing.

The Jelly-bean walked out on the porch to a deserted corner, dark between the moon on the lawn and the single lighted door of the ballroom. There he found a chair and, lighting a cigarette, drifted into the thoughtless reverie that was his usual mood. Yet now it was a reverie made sensuous by the night and by the hot smell of damp powder puffs, tucked in the fronts of low dresses and distilling a thousand rich scents, to float out through the open door. The music itself, blurred by a loud trombone, became hot and shadowy, a languorous overtone to the scraping of many shoes and slippers.

Suddenly the square of yellow light that fell through the door was obscured by a dark figure. A girl had come out of the dressing-room and was standing on the porch not more than ten feet away. Jim heard a low-breathed "doggone" and then she turned and saw him. It was Nancy Lamar.

Jim rose to his feet.

"Howdy?"

"Hello - " she paused, hesitated and then approached. "Oh, it's - Jim Powell."

He bowed slightly, tried to think of a casual remark.

"Do you suppose," she began quickly, "I mean - do you know anything about gum?"

"What?" "I've got gum on my shoe. Some utter ass left his or her gum on the floor and of course I stepped in it."

Jim blushed, inappropriately.

"Do you know how to get it off?" she demanded petulantly. "I've tried a knife. I've tried every damn thing in the dressing-room. I've tried soap and water - and even perfume and I've ruined my powder-puff trying to make it stick to that."

Jim considered the question in some agitation.

"Why - I think maybe gasolene - "

The words had scarcely left his lips when she grasped his hand and pulled him at a run off the low veranda, over a flower bed and at a gallop toward a group of cars parked in the moonlight by the first hole of the golf course.

"Turn on the gasolene," she commanded breathlessly.

"What?"

"For the gum of course. I've got to get it off. I can't dance with gum on." [...]

- *What is the connotation of the Jelly-bean? Does Fitzgerald sympathize with Jim? How is he treated by a former fellow-student?*
 - *How did Jim mature? What does he dream of?*
 - *Jim grew up as a social outcast. How does he feel about re-entering society?*
 - *The author presents Jim under a certain angle, i.e. showing a bias toward Jim. With what means does he support such a tone?*
 - *What method of characterization does the narrator use?*
 - *Characterizing Nancy Lamar's fiancée, Fitzgerald calls him **WHITE TROUSERS**. What stylistic device does he use? What is brought to light by it?*
- 2) Read the poem "The Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost:

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
 And sorry I could not travel both
 And be one traveler, long I stood
 And looked down one as far as I could
 To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
 And having perhaps the better claim,
 Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
 Though as for that the passing there
 Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
 In leaves no step had trodden black.
 Oh, I kept the first for another day!
 Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
 I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
 Somewhere ages and ages hence:
 Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
 I took the one less traveled by,
 And that has made all the difference.

1916

- *What reasons does Frost give for not traveling the other road?*
- *Describe the road **LESS TRAVELED BY**. What difference does it make later in his life?*
- *What is the theme of the poem?*
- *Because of its poetic context **THE ROAD** acquires a multiple meaning, accounting for literary ambiguity. What are other contextual meanings of **THE ROAD**?*

3) Read the poem "Fire and Ice" by Robert Frost:

Some say the world will end in fire,
 Some say in ice.
 From what I've tasted of desire
 I hold with those who favor fire.
 But if it had to perish twice,
 I think I know enough of hate
 To say that for destruction ice
 Is also great
 And would suffice.

1923

- *What is ironic about the poem?*

- *By contrasting fire and ice Frost brings into play antithesis. How effective is it? What hidden meanings could they obtain?*

- *Find examples of alliteration and consonance. State their poetic weight in the poem.*

4) Read the poem "Chicago" by Carl Sandburg:

Hog Butcher for the World,

Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,

Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;

Stormy, husky, brawling,

City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted
 women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the
 gunman kill and go free to kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and
 children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I
 give them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and
 coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold
 slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against
 the wilderness,

Bareheaded,

Shoveling,

Wrecking,

Planning,

Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,

Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart
of the people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating,
proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads
and Freight Handler to the Nation.

1916

- *What names does Sandburg give to Chicago? Which traits of the city are exposed here?*

- *What do we learn about the city?*

- *What can be said about the city dweller? How are they described?*

5) Read the poem “A Pact” by Ezra Pound:

I make a pact with you, Walt Whitman -

I have detested you long enough.

I come to you as a grown child

Who has had a pig-headed father;

I am old enough now to make friends.

It was you that broke the new wood,

Now is a time for carving.

We have one sap and one root -

Let there be commerce between us.

1913

- *What could Pound have meant by BREAKING and CARVING new wood?*

- *What place did Whitman occupy in Pound’s evolution?*

- *What changes in Pound’s attitude towards Whitman can you trace?*

5) Read the poem “The Rest” by Ezra Pound:

O helpless few in my country, remnant enslaved!

Artists broken against her,

A-stray, lost in the villages,

Mistrusted, spoken-against,

Lovers of beauty, starved,

Thwarted with systems,

Helpless against the control;

You who can not wear yourselves out

By persisting to successes,

You who can only speak,

Who can not steel yourselves into reiteration;

You of the finer sense,
 Broken against false knowledge,
 You who can know at first hand,
 Hated, shut in, mistrusted:

Take thought:
 I have weathered the storm,
 I have beaten out my exile.
 1916

- *What is your response to this poem?*
- *What concrete images does he engage?*
- *What could be said about Pound's vocabulary choice?*

6) Read the poem "The Cambridge Ladies Who Live in Furnished Souls" by Edward Estlin Cummings:

the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls
 are unbeautiful and have comfortable minds
 (also, with the church's protestant blessings
 daughters, unscented shapeless spirited)
 they believe in Christ and Longfellow, both dead,
 are invariably interested in so many things—
 at the present writing one still finds
 delighted fingers knitting for the is it Poles?
 perhaps. While permanent faces coyly bandy
 scandal of Mrs. N and Professor D
 ... the Cambridge ladies do not care, above
 Cambridge if sometimes in its box of
 sky lavender and cornerless, the
 moon rattles like a fragment of angry candy
 1923

- *What is Cumming's attitude towards the ladies? How is their inner world pictured in the poem?*
- *Characterize them from the poet's point of view. What is his discontent?*
- *By what means does Cummings keep his line melodious and smooth?*
- *Find examples of enjambment (Enjambment, derived from a French word enjambment, means to step over or put legs across. In poetry it means moving over from one line to another without a terminating punctuation mark. It can be defined as a thought or sense, phrase or clause in a line of poetry that does not come to an end at the line break but moves over to the next line. In simple words, it is the running on of a sense from one couplet or line to the next without a major pause or syntactical break). What does it help to highlight?*
- *The poet chose for his bitter criticism a traditional form of a sonnet. What additional connotations does it introduce?*
- *What reasons could guide him in changing the sonnet form beyond recognition?*

7) Eugene O'Neill "Long Day's Journey into Night":

A) Watch Act 1, Scene 1 from "The Long Day's Journey Into Night" – The mode of access: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nu2Y83aQAIA>

B) Read the extract from the play "Long Day's Journey into Night, act one" by Eugene O'Neill

CHARACTERS:

JAMES TYRONE

MARY CAVAN TYRONE, his wife

JAMESTYRONE, JR., their elder son

EDMUND TYRONE, their younger son

CATHLEEN, second girl

ACT ONE

SCENE—*Living room of JAMES TYRONE'S summer home on a morning in August, 1912. At rear are two double doorways with portieres.*

The one at right leads into a front parlor with the formally arranged, set appearance of a room rarely occupied. The other opens on a dark, windowless back parlor, never used except as a passage from living room to dining room. Against the wall between the doorways is a small bookcase, with a picture of Shakespeare above it, containing novels by Balzac, Zola, Stendhal, philosophical and sociological works by Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Marx, Engels, Kropotkin, Max Sterner, plays by Ibsen, Shaw, Strindberg, poetry by Swinburne, Rossetti, Wilde, Ernest Dowson, Kipling, etc. [...]

MARY is fifty-four, about medium height. She still has a young, graced figure, a trifle plump, but showing little evidence of middle-aged waist and hips, although she is not tightly corseted. Her face is distinctly Irish in type. It must once have been extremely pretty, and is still striking. It does not match her healthy figure but is thin and pale with the bone structure prominent. Her nose is long and straight, her mouth wide with full, sensitive lips. She uses no rouge or any sort of make-up. Her high forehead is framed by thick, pure white hair. Accentuated by her pallor and white hair, her dark brown eyes appear black. They are unusually large and beautiful, with black brows and long curling lashes. What strikes one immediately is her extreme nervousness. Her hands are never still. [...] She is dressed simply but with a sure sense of what becomes her. Her hair is arranged with fastidious care. Her voice is soft and attractive. When she is merry, there is a touch of Irish lilt in it. Her most appealing quality is the simple, unaffected charm of a shy conventgirlyouthfulnessshehasneverlost—aninnateunworldlyinnocence.

JAMES TYRONE is sixty-five but looks ten years younger. About five feet eight, broad shouldered and deep-chested, he seems taller and slenderer because of his bearing, which has a soldierly quality of head up, chest out, stomach in, shoulders squared. His face has begun to break down but he is still remarkably good

looking—a big, finely shaped head, a handsome profile, deep-set light-brown eyes. His grey hair is thin with a bald spot like a monk's tonsure.

The stamp of his profession is unmistakably on him. Not that he indulges in any of the deliberate temperamental posturings of the stage star. He is by nature and preference a simple, unpretentious man, whose inclinations are still close to his humble beginnings and his Irish farmer forebears. But the actor shows in all his unconscious habits of speech, movement and gesture. These have the quality of belonging to a studied technique. His voice is remarkably fine, resonant and flexible, and he takes great pride in it.

His clothes, assuredly, do not costume any romantic part. He wears a threadbare, readymade, grey sack suit and shineless black shoes, a collar-less shirt with a thick white handkerchief knotted loosely around his throat. There is nothing picturesquely careless about this get-up. It is commonplace shabby. He believes in wearing his clothes to the limit of usefulness, is dressed now for gardening, and doesn't give a damn how he looks. [...]

TYRONE'S arm is around his wife's waist as they appear from the back parlor. Entering the living room he gives her a playful hug.

TYRONE: You're a fine armful now, Mary, with those twenty pounds you've gained.

MARY: *[smiles affectionately]* I've gotten too fat, you mean, dear. I really ought to reduce. TYRONE: None of that, my lady! You're just right. We'll have no talk of reducing. Is that why you ate so little breakfast?

MARY: So little? I thought I ate a lot.

TYRONE: You didn't. Not as much as I'd like to see, anyway.

MARY *[teasingly]* Oh you! You expect everyone to eat the enormous breakfast you do. No one else in the world could without dying of indigestion. *[She comes forward to stand by the right of table.]*

TYRONE: *[following her]* I hope I'm not as big a glutton as that sounds. *[With hearty satisfaction]* But thank God, I've kept my appetite and I've the digestion of a young man of twenty, if I am sixty-five.

MARY: You surely have, James. No one could deny that. *[She laughs and sits in the wicker armchair at right rear of table. He comes around in back of her and selects a cigar from a box on the table and cuts off the end with a little clipper. From the dining room JAMIE'S and EDMUND'S voices are heard. Mary turns her head that way.]* Why did the boys stay in the dining room, I wonder? Cathleen must be waiting to clear the table.

TYRONE: *[jokingly but with an undercurrent of resentment]* It's a secret confab they don't want me to hear, I suppose. I'll bet they're cooking up some new scheme to touch the Old Man. *[She is silent on this, keeping her head turned toward their voices. Her hands appear on the table top, moving restlessly. He lights his cigar and sits down in the rocker at right of table, which is his chair, and puffs contentedly.]* There's nothing like the first after-breakfast cigar, if it's a good one,

and this new lot has the right mellow flavor. They're a great bargain, too. I got them dead cheap. It was McGuire put me on to them.

MARY: [*a trifle acidly*] I hope he didn't put you on to any new piece of property at the same time. His real estate bargains don't work out so well.

TYRONE: [*defensively*] I wouldn't say that, Mary. After all, he was the one who advised me to buy that place on Chestnut Street and I made a quick turn over on it for a fine profit.

MARY: [*smile now with teasing affection*] I know. The famous one stroke of good luck. I'm sure McGuire never dreamed—[*Then she pats his hand.*] Never mind, James. I know it's a waste of breath trying to convince you you're not a cunning real estate speculator.

TYRONE: [*huffily*] I've no such idea. But land is land, and it's safer than the stocks and bonds of Wall Street swindlers, [*then placatingly*] But let's not argue about business this early in the morning. [*A pause. The boys' voices are again heard and one of them has a fit of coughing, MARY listens worriedly. Her fingers play nervously on the table top.*]

MARY: James, it's Edmund you ought to scold for not eating enough. He hardly touched anything except coffee. He needs to eat to keep up his strength. I keep telling him that but he says he simply has no appetite. Of course, there's nothing takes away your appetite like a bad summer cold.

TYRONE: Yes, it's only natural. So don't let yourself get worried —

MARY: [*quickly*] Oh, I'm not. I know he'll be all right in a few days if he takes care of himself, [*as if she wanted to dismiss the subject but can't*] But it does seem a shame he should have to be sick right now.

TYRONE: Yes, it is bad luck. [*He gives her a quick, worried look.*] But you mustn't let it upset you, Mary. Remember, you've got to take care of yourself, too.

MARY: [*quickly*] I'm not upset. There's nothing to be upset about. What makes you think I'm upset?

TYRONE: Why, nothing, except you've seemed a bit high-strung the past few days.

MARY: [*forcing a smile*] I have? Nonsense, dear. It's your imagination; [*with sudden tenseness*] You really must not watch me all the time, James. I mean, it makes me self-conscious.

TYRONE: [*putting a hand over one of her nervously playing ones*] Now, now, Mary. That's your imagination. If I've watched you it was to admire how fat and beautiful you looked. [*His voice is suddenly moved by deep feeling.*] I can't tell you the deep happiness it gives me, darling, to see you as you've been since you came back to us, your dear old self again. [*He leans over and kisses her cheek impulsively—then turning back adds with a constrained air*] So keep up the good work, Mary.

MARY: [*has turned her head away*] I will, dear. [*She gets up restlessly and goes to the windows at right.*] Thank heavens, the fog is gone. [*She turns back.*] I do feel out of sorts this morning. I wasn't able to get much sleep with that awful fog horn going all night long.

TYRONE: Yes, it's like having a sick whale in the back yard. It kept me awake, too.

MARY: [*affectionately amused*] Did it? You had a strange way of showing your restlessness. You were snoring so hard I couldn't tell which the fog horn was! [*She comes to him, laughing, and pats his cheek playfully.*] Ten foghorns couldn't disturb you. You haven't a nerve in you. You've never had.

TYRONE: [*his vanity piqued—testily*] Nonsense. You always exaggerate about my snoring.

MARY: I couldn't. If you could only hear yourself once—[*A burst of laughter comes from the dining room. She turns her head, smiling.*] What's the joke, I wonder?

TYRONE:[*grumpily*] It's on me. I'll bet that much. It's always on the Old Man.

MARY: [*teasingly*] Yes, it's terrible the way we all pick on you, isn't it? You're so abused! [*She laughs—then with a pleased, relieved air*] Well, no matter what the joke is about, it's a relief to hear Edmund laugh. He's been so down in the mouth lately.

TYRONE: [*ignoring this—resentfully*] Some joke of Jamie's, I'll wager. He's forever making sneering fun of somebody, that one.

MARY: Now don't start in on poor Jamie, dear, [*without conviction*] He'll turn out all right in the end, you wait and see.

TYRONE: He'd better start soon, then. He's nearly thirty-four.

MARY: [*ignoring this*] Good heavens, are they going to stay in the dining room all day? [*She goes to the back parlor doorway and calls*] Jamie! Edmund! Come in the living room and give Cathleen a chance to clear the table. [*EDMUND calls back, "We're coming, Mama." She goes back to the table.*]

TYRONE:[*grumbling*] You'd find excuses for him no matter what he did.

MARY:[*sitting down beside him, pats his hand*] Shush. [...]

- ***What could this metaphorical tile of the play stand for?***

- ***What is the source of the tension between Mary and James Tyron? What is the cause of uneasiness for Tyron?***

- ***Who do you sympathize with in the play?***

- ***The elaborate stage directions provide a very detailed account of the way the characters look, speak, behave. Analyze them and say what makes them so indispensable in the play.***

- ***What do the props tell about the Tyrons and their outlook?***

- ***It is only the part of the exposition of the play. But what do we already know about the characters?***

- ***How would you characterize colloquial language of the play? How does it differ from that of the other prost genres?***

- ***How idiomatic is the language of the play? Find idioms and comment on them. How does their use affect the characters' speech?***

Practical assignment # 8

American Post-Modernism (since 1950s)

I. Critical Reading on American Post-Modernism

1) William Saroyan “The Hummingbird That Lived Through Winter”

Read the extract from the story:

[...] There was a hummingbird once which in the wintertime did not leave our neighborhood in Fresno, California.

I'll tell you about it.

Across the street lived old Dikran, who was almost blind. He was past eighty and his wife was only a few years younger. They had a little house that was as neat inside as it was ordinary outside—except for old Dikran's garden, which was the best thing of its kind in the world. Plants, bushes, trees—all strong, in sweet black moist earth whose guardian was old Dikran. All things from the sky loved this spot in our poor neighborhood, and old Dikran loved *them*.

One freezing Sunday, in the dead of winter, as I came home from Sunday School I saw old Dikran standing in the middle of the street trying to distinguish what was in his hand. Instead of going into our house to the fire, as I had wanted to do, I stood on the steps of the front porch and watched the old man. He would turn around and look upward at his trees and then back to the palm of his hand. He stood in the street at least two minutes and then at last he came to me. He held his hand out, and in Armenian he said, “What is this in my hand?”

I looked.

“It is a hummingbird,” I said half in English and half in Armenian. Hummingbird I said in English because I didn't know its name in Armenian.

“What is that?” old Dikran asked.

“The little bird,” I said. “You know. The one that comes in the summer and stands in the air and then shoots away. The one with the wings that beat so fast you can't see them. It's in your hand. It's dying.”

“Come with me,” the old man said. “I can't see, and the wife's at church. I can feel its heart beating. Is it in a bad way? Look again, once.”

I looked again. It was a sad thing to behold. This wonderful little creature of summertime in the big rough hand of the old peasant. Here it was in the cold of winter, absolutely helpless and pathetic, not suspended in a shaft of summer light, not the most alive thing in the world, but the most helpless and heartbreaking.

“It's dying,” I said.

The old man lifted his hand to his mouth and blew warm breath on the little thing in his hand which he could not even see. “Stay now,” he said in Armenian. “It is not long till summer. Stay, swift and lovely.”

We went into the kitchen of his little house, and while he blew warm breath on the bird he told me what to do.

“Put a tablespoon of honey over the gas fire and pour it into my hand, but be sure it is not too hot.”

This was done.

After a moment the hummingbird began to show signs of fresh life. The warmth of the room, the vapor of the warm honey—and, well, the will and love of the old man. Soon the old man could feel the change in his hand, and after a moment or two the hummingbird began to take little dabs of the honey.

“I will live,” the old man announced. “Stay and watch.”

The transformation was incredible. The old man kept his hand generously open, and I expected the helpless bird to shoot upward out of his hand, suspend itself in space, and scare the life out of me—which is exactly what happened. The new life of the little bird was magnificent. It spun about in the little kitchen, going to the window, coming back to the heat, suspending, circling as if it were summertime and it had never felt better in its whole life.

The old man sat on the plain chair, blind but attentive. He listened carefully and tried to see, but of course he couldn’t. He kept asking about the bird, how it seemed to be, whether it showed signs of weakening again, what its spirit was, and whether or not it appeared to be restless; and I kept describing the bird to him.

When the bird was restless and wanted to go, the old man said, “Open the window and let it go.”

“Will it live?” I asked.

“It is alive now and wants to go,” he said. “Open the window.”

I opened the window, the hummingbird stirred about here and there, feeling the cold from the outside, suspended itself in the area of the open window, stirring this way and that, and then it was gone.

“Close the window,” the old man said.

We talked a minute or two and then I went home.

The old man claimed the hummingbird lived through that winter, but I never knew for sure. I saw hummingbirds again when summer came, but I couldn’t tell one from the other.

One day in the summer I asked the old man.

“Did it live?”

“The little bird?” he said.

“Yes,” I said. “That we gave the honey to. You remember. The little bird that was dying in the winter. Did it live?”

“Look about you,” the old man said. “Do you see the bird?”

“I see hummingbirds,” I said.

“Each of them is our bird,” the old man said. “Each of them, each of them,” he said swiftly and gently.

1941

- *What does hummingbird symbolize to you?*
- *Who is the protagonist of the story?*

- *Why should necessarily an old blind man help the hummingbird? What do they have in common?*
- *What do the last words of Old Dikran mean?*
- *Which point of view did the author choose? Why?*
- *What is the theme of the story? Who/What is the antagonist of the story?*
- *The story holds a strong moral point. How would you define it?*

2) Bernard Malamud "The Magic Barrel":

Read the extract from the story –

Not long ago there lived in uptown New York, in a small, almost meager room, though crowded with books, Leo Finkle, a rabbinical student in the Yeshivah University (*This University in New York City offers courses in theological as well as secular disciplines*). Finkle, after six years of study, was to be ordained in June and had been advised by an acquaintance that he might find it easier to win himself a congregation if he were married. Since he had no present prospects of marriage, after two tormented days of turning it over in his mind, he called in Pinye Salzman, a marriage broker whose two-line advertisement he had read in *the Forward* (*a Yiddish-language daily newspaper published in New York City*).

The matchmaker appeared one night out of the dark fourth-floor hallway of the graystone rooming house where Finkle lived, grasping a black, strapped portfolio that had been worn thin with use. Salzman, who had been long in the business, was of slight but dignified build, wearing an old hat, and an overcoat too short and tight for him. He smelled frankly of fish, which he loved to eat, and although he was missing a few teeth, his presence was not displeasing, because of an amiable manner curiously contrasted with mournful eyes. His voice, his lips, his wisp of beard, his bony fingers were animated, but give him a moment of repose and his mild blue eyes revealed a depth of sadness, a characteristic that put Leo a little at ease although the situation, for him, was inherently tense.

He at once informed Salzman why he had asked him to come, explaining that his home was in Cleveland, and that but for his parents, who had married comparatively late in life, he was alone in the world. He had for six years devoted himself almost entirely to his studies, as a result of which, understandably, he had found himself without time for a social life and the company of young women. Therefore he thought it the better part of trial and error-of embarrassing fumbling - to call in an experienced person to advise him on these matters.[...]

Salzman eagerly unstrapped his portfolio and removed a loose rubber band from a thin packet of muchhandled cards. As he flipped through them, a gesture and sound that physically hurt Leo, the student pretended not to see and gazed steadfastly out the window. Although it was still February, winter was on its last legs, signs of which he had for the first time in years begun to notice. He now observed the round white moon, moving high in the sky through a cloud menagerie, and watched with half-open mouth as it penetrated a huge hen, and dropped out of her like an egg laying itself. [...]

When Leo's eyes fell upon the cards, he counted six spread out in Salzman's hand.

"So few?" he asked in disappointment.

"You wouldn't believe me how much cards I got in my office," Salzman replied. "The drawers are already filled to the top, so I keep them now in a barrel, but is every girl good for a new rabbi?"

Leo blushed at this, regretting all he had revealed of himself in a curriculum vitae he had sent to Salzman. He had thought it best to acquaint him with his strict standards and specifications, but in having done so, felt he had told the marriage broker more than was absolutely necessary. [...]

"Ruth K. Nineteen years. Honor student. Father offers thirteen thousand cash to the right bridegroom. He is a medical doctor. Stomach specialist with marvelous practice. Brother in law owns garment business. Particular people."

Salzman looked as if he had read his trump card.

"Did you say nineteen?" Leo asked with interest.

"On the dot."

"Is she attractive?" He blushed. "Pretty?"

Salzman kissed his finger tips. "A little doll. On this I give you my word. Let me call the father tonight and you will see what means pretty."

But Leo was troubled. "You're sure she's that young?"

"This I am positive. The father will show you the birth certificate."

"Are you positive there isn't something wrong with her?" Leo insisted.

"Who says there is wrong?"

"I don't understand why an American girl her age should go to a marriage broker."

A smile spread over Salzman's face.

"So for the same reason you went, she comes."

Leo flushed. "I am passed for time."

Salzman, realizing he had been tactless, quickly explained. "The father came, not her. He wants she should have the best, so he looks around himself. When we will locate the right boy he will introduce him and encourage. This makes a better marriage than if a young girl without experience takes for herself. I don't have to tell you this."

"But don't you think this young girl believes in love?" Leo spoke uneasily.

Salzman was about was about to guffaw but caught himself and said soberly, "Love comes with the right person, not before." [...]

Late Saturday afternoon, conscious of Salzman, Leo Finkle walked with Lily Hirschorn along Riverside Drive. He walked briskly and erectly, wearing with distinction the black fedora he had that morning taken with trepidation out of the dusty hat box on his closet shelf, and the heavy black Saturday coat he had throughly whisked clean. Leo also owned a walking stick, a present from a distant relative, but quickly put temptation aside and did not use it.

Lily, petite and not unpretty, had on something signifying the approach of spring. She was au courant, animatedly, with all sorts of subjects, and he weighed

her words and found her surprisingly sound - score another for Salzman, whom he uneasily sensed to be somewhere around, hiding perhaps high in a tree along the street, flashing the lady signals with a pocket mirror; or perhaps a cloven-hoofed Pan, piping nuptial ditties as he danced his invisible way before them, strewing wild buds on the walk and purple grapes in their path, symbolizing fruit of a union, though there was of course still none.

Lily startled Leo by remarking, "I was thinking of Mr. Salzman, a curious figure, wouldn't you say?"

Not certain what to answer, he nodded.

She bravely went on, blushing, "I for one am grateful for his introducing us. Aren't you?"

He courteously replied, "I am."

"I mean," she said with a little laugh - and it was all in good taste, to at least gave the effect of being not in bad - "do you mind that we came together so?"

He was not displeased with her honesty, recognizing that she meant to set the relationship aright, and understanding that it took a certain amount of experience in life, and courage, to want to do it quite that way. One had to have some sort of past to make that kind of beginning.

He said that he did not mind. Salzman's function was traditional and honorable - valuable for what it might achieve, which, he pointed out, was frequently nothing. Lily agreed with a sigh. They walked on for a while and she said after a long silence, again with a nervous laugh, "Would you mind if I asked you something a little bit personal? Frankly, I find the subject fascinating." Although Leo shrugged, she went on half embarrassedly, "How was it that you came to your calling? I mean was it a sudden passionate inspiration?"

Leo, after a time, slowly replied, "I was always interested in the Law."

"You saw revealed in it the presence of the Highest?"

He nodded and changed the subject. "I understand that you spent a little time in Paris, Miss Hirschorn?"

"Oh, did Mr. Salzman tell you, Rabbi Finkle?" Leo winced but she went on, "It was ages ago and almost forgotten. I remember I had to return for my sister's wedding."

And Lily would not be put off. "When," she asked in a trembly voice, "did you become enamored of God?"

He stared at her. Then it came to him that she was talking not about Leo Finkle, but of a total stranger, some mystical figure, perhaps even passionate prophet that Salzman had dreamed up for her - no relation to the living or dead. Leo trembled with rage and weakness. The trickster had obviously sold her a bill of goods, just as he had him, who'd expected to become acquainted with a young lady of twenty-nine, only to behold, the moment he laid eyes upon her strained and anxious face, a woman past thirty-five and aging rapidly. Only his self-control had kept him this long in her presence. [...]

One morning Leo toiled up the stairs to his room and stared out the window at the city. Although the day was bright his view of it was dark. For some time he watched the people in the street below hurrying along and then turned with a heavy heart to his little room. On the table was the packet. With a sudden relentless gesture he tore it open. For a half-hour he stood by the table in a state of excitement, examining the photographs of the ladies Salzman had included. Finally, with a deep sigh he put them down. There were six, of varying degree of attractiveness, but look at them long enough and they all became Lily Hirschorn: all past their prime, all starved behind bright smiles, not a true personality in the lot.

Life, despite their frantic yoo-hooings, had passed them by; they were pictures in a brief case that stank of fish. After a while, however, as Leo attempted to return the photographs into the envelope, he found in it another, a snapshot of the type taken by a machine for a quarter. He gazed at it a moment and let out a cry.

Her face deeply moved him. Why, he could at first not say. It gave him the impression of youth - spring flowers, yet age - a sense of having been used to the bone, wasted; this came from the eyes, which were hauntingly familiar, yet absolutely strange. He had a vivid impression that he had met her before, but try as he might he could not place her although he could almost recall her name, as he had read it in her own handwriting. No, this couldn't be; he would have remembered her. It was not, he affirmed, that she had an extraordinary beauty - no, though her face was attractive enough; it was that something about her moved him. Feature for feature, even some of the ladies of the photographs could do better; but she lapsed forth to this heart - had lived, or wanted to - more than just wanted, perhaps regretted how she had lived - had somehow deeply suffered: it could be seen in the depths of those reluctant eyes, and from the way the light enclosed and shone from her, and within her, opening realms of possibility: this was her own. Her he desired. His head ached and eyes narrowed with the intensity of his gazing, then as if an obscure fog had blown up in the mind, he experienced fear of her and was aware that he had received an impression, somehow, of evil. He shuddered, saying softly, it is thus with us all. Leo brewed some tea in a small pot and sat sipping it without sugar, to calm himself. But before he had finished drinking, again with excitement he examined the face and found it good: good for Leo Finkle. Only such a one could understand him and help him seek whatever he was seeking. She might, perhaps, love him. How she had happened to be among the discards in Salzman's barrel he could never guess, but he knew he must urgently go find her. [...]

The building he sought was less than a block from the subway, but it was not an office building, nor even a loft, nor a store in which one could rent office space. It was a very old tenement house. Leo found Salzman's name in pencil on a soiled tag under the bell and climbed three dark flights to his apartment. When he knocked, the door was opened by a thin, asthmatic, gray-haired woman in felt slippers.

"Yes?" she said, expecting nothing. She listened without listening. He could have sworn he had seen her, too, before but knew it was an illusion.

"Salzman - does he live here? Pinye Salzman," he said, "the matchmaker?"

She stared at him a long minute. "Of course."

He felt embarrassed. "Is he in?"

"No." Her mouth, thought left open, offered nothing more.

"The matter is urgent. Can you tell me where his office is?"

"In the air." She pointed upward.

"You mean he has no office?" Leo asked.

"In his socks."

He peered into the apartment. It was sunless and dingy, one large room divided by a half-open curtain, beyond which he could see a sagging metal bed. The near side of the room was crowded with rickety chairs, old bureaus, a three-legged table, racks of cooking utensils, and all the apparatus of a kitchen. But there was no sign of Salzman or his magic barrel, probably also a figment of the imagination. An odor of frying fish made weak to the knees.

"Where is he?" he insisted. "I've got to see your husband."

At length she answered, "So who knows where he is? Every time he thinks a new thought he runs to a different place. Go home, he will find you."

"Tell him Leo Finkle."

She gave no sign she had heard.

He walked downstairs, depressed. But Salzman, breathless, stood waiting at his door. Leo was astounded and overjoyed.

"How did you get here before me?"

"I rushed."

"Come inside."

They entered. Leo fixed tea, and a sardine sandwich for Salzman. As they were drinking he reached behind him for the packet of pictures and handed them to the marriage broker.

Salzman put down his glass and said expectantly, "You found somebody you like?"

"Not among these."

The marriage broker turned away.

"Here is the one I want." Leo held forth the snapshot. Salzman slipped on his glasses and took the picture into his trembling hand. He turned ghastly and let out a groan.

"What's the matter?" cried Leo. "Excuse me. Was an accident this picture. She isn't for you?"

Salzman frantically shoved the manila packet into his portfolio. He thrust the snapshot into his pocket and fled down the stairs. Leo, after momentary paralysis, gave chase and cornered the marriage broker in the vestibule. The landlady made hysterical out cries but neither of them listened.

"Give me back the picture, Salzman."

"No." The pain in his eyes was terrible.

"Tell me who she is then."

"This I can't tell you. Excuse me." He made to depart, but Leo, forgetting himself, seized the matchmaker by his tight coat and shook him frenziedly.

"Please," sighed Salzman. "Please."

Leo ashamedly let him go. "Tell me who she is," he begged. "It's very important to me to know."

"She is not for you. She is a wild one - wild, without shame. This is not a bride for a rabbi."

"What do you mean wild?"

"Like an animal. Like a dog. For her to be poor was a sin. This is why to me she is dead now."

"In God's name, what do you mean?"

"Her I can't introduce to you," Salzman cried.

"Why are you so excited?"

"Why, he asks," Salzman said, bursting into tear. "This is my baby, my Stella, she should burn in hell."

Leo hurried up to bed and hid under the covers. Under the covers he thought his life through. Although he soon fell asleep he could not sleep her out of his mind. He woke, beating his breast. Though he prayed to be rid of her, his prayers went unanswered. Through days of torment he endlessly struggled not to love her; fearing success, he escaped it. He then concluded to convert her to goodness, himself to God. The idea alternately nauseated and exalted him. He perhaps did not know that he had come to a final decision until he encountered Salzman in a Broadway cafeteria. He was sitting alone at a rear table, sucking the bony remains of a fish. The marriage broker appeared haggard, and transparent to the point of vanishing. Salzman looked up at first without recognizing him. Leo had grown a pointed beard and his eyes were weighted with wisdom.

"Salzman," he said, "love has at last come to my heart."

"Who can love from a picture?" mocked the marriage broker.

"It is not impossible."

"If you can love her, then you can love anybody. Let me show you some new clients that they just sent me their photographs. One is a little doll."

"Just her I want," Leo murmured.

"Don't be a fool, doctor Don't bother with her."

"Put me in touch with her, Salzman," Leo said humbly. "Perhaps I can be of service."

Salzman had stopped eating and Leo understood with emotion that it was now arranged. Leaving the cafeteria, he was, however, afflicted by a tormenting suspicion that Salzman had planned it all to happen this way. Leo was informed by better that she would meet him on a certain corner, and she was there one spring night, waiting under a street lamp. He appeared carrying a small bouquet of violets and rosebuds. Stella stood by the lamp post, smoking. She wore white with red shoes, which fitted his expectations, although in a troubled moment he had imagined the dress red, and only the shoes white. She waited uneasily and shyly.

From afar he saw that her eyes - clearly her father's – were filled with desperate innocence. He pictured, in her, his own redemption. Violins and lit candles revolved in the sky. Leo ran forward with flowers out-thrust.

Around the corner, Salzman, leaning against a wall, chanted prayers for the dead.

1958

- *Why is there such harsh contrast between Leo Finkle and Piney Salzman?*
- *Why does Leo decide to turn to a marriage broker? How does Leo react to the women described? What does consulting the broker represent for Finkle?*
- *What discoveries did Leo make after meeting Lily Hirschorn?*
- *How does Leo feel towards Salzman at the end of the story? Do you think his suspicion about Salzman at the end is tight?*
- *How does the setting of Salzman's apartment add to the characterization of the matchmaker? What details did you notice? What does the barrel symbolize?*
- *Salzman speaks in a dialect influenced by Yiddish grammar and syntax. What atmosphere does it create?*

3) Learn by heart the poem "Mirror" by Sylvia Plath:

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.

Whatever I see I swallow immediately

Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.

I am not cruel, only truthful,

The eye of a little god, four-cornered.

Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.

It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long

I think it is part of my heart. But it flickers.

Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,

Searching my reaches for what she really is.

Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.

I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.

She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.

I am important to her. She comes and goes.

Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.

In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman

Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

- *How important is the metaphor A LITTLE GOD, FOUR-CORNERED. How does the mirror describe itself? What is its connection to the wall?*
- *Interpret line THEN SHE TURNS TO THOSE LIARS, THE CANDLES OR THE MOON. Is it a fair comparison? What can they offer that the mirror can't? How does the mirror comment it?*
- *How does the woman feel about aging?*

Practical assignment # 9

American Post-Modernism (since 1950s)

I. James Baldwin “The Rockpile” (See the file “Reading_Packet_with_Text_-_The_Rockpile_by_James_Baldwin” and do the tasks).

II. Toni Morrison “Thoughts on the African-American novel” (See the file “aa Morrison” and do the tasks).

III. Allen Ginsberg “A Supermarket in California”

Read the poem:

What thoughts I have of you tonight Walt Whitman, for I walked down the sidestreets under the trees with a headache self-conscious looking at the full moon.

In my hungry fatigue, and shopping for images, I went into the neon fruit supermarket, dreaming of your enumerations!

What peaches and what penumbras! Whole families shopping at night! Aisles full of husbands! Wives in the avocados, babies in the tomatoes!—and you, Garcia Lorca, what were you doing down by the watermelons?

I saw you, Walt Whitman, childless, lonely old grubber, poking among the meats in the refrigerator and eyeing the grocery boys.

I heard you asking questions of each: Who killed the pork chops? What price bananas? Are you my Angel?

I wandered in and out of the brilliant stacks of cans following you, and followed in my imagination by the store detective.

We strode down the open corridors together in our solitary fancy tasting artichokes, possessing every frozen delicacy, and never passing the cashier.

Where are we going, Walt Whitman? The doors close in an hour. Which way does your beard point tonight?

(I touch your book and dream of our odyssey in the supermarket and feel absurd.)

Will we walk all night through solitary streets? The trees add shade to shade, lights out in the houses, we'll both be lonely.

Will we stroll dreaming of the lost America of love past blue automobiles in driveways, home to our silent cottage?

Ah, dear father, graybeard, lonely old courage-teacher, what America did you have when Charon quit poling his ferry and you got out on a smoking bank and stood watching the boat disappear on the black waters of Lethe? (*1*)

Berkeley, 1955

(*1*) *forgetfulness* – in Greek mythology, one of the rivers of Hades; Charon was the boatman who ferried the dead to hell.

- 1) How does Ginsberg imagine Whitman in the poem? Did he expect to see Whitman in such a situation?
- 2) In what terms does Ginsberg describe America?
- 3) Comment on the question in the third verse paragraph.
- 4) How does the surrealist poem differ from the previously covered poetry of the 20th century?
- 5) How might the theme of the poem be defined?

- 6) Why do you think Ginsberg's choice fell on a supermarket as a setting?
- 7) What is the source of absurdity in the third verse paragraph? Interpret the *odyssey in the supermarket*.
- 8) Which areas of human experience is Ginsberg's concrete language from? What is the relative weight of abstract language in the poem?
- 9) Express your ideas through a personal essay on the impact of mass culture on a creative individual.

Practical assignment # 10

A Game of Thrones by George R.R. Martin

Read the summary of the novel – The mode of access:

<https://www.shmoop.com/game-of-thrones-book/summary.html>

or you can read online Book One of A Song of Ice and Fire By George R.R.

Martin – The mode of access:

<https://www.nothuman.net/images/files/discussion/2/1815b71a2e633176b1c509f3a186605b.pdf>

Answer the questions:

1. Though “A Game of Thrones” is a book of fantasy, it lacks the clear moral boundaries between good and evil found in many classic stories of the genre. Who is the most morally virtuous character, and who is the most morally despicable?
2. In Greek drama, a tragic hero is a virtuous protagonist who falls from prosperity to adversity as a result of undeserved misfortune and a tragic flaw. If viewed as a tragic hero, what is Ned Stark's tragic flaw?
3. Daenerys Targaryen undergoes a radical character transition over the course of the book. In her journey from a scared girl to a confident khaleesi, does she become more or less like her brother Viserys?
4. Another narrator question: what might we find out if there were chapters narrated by other characters, like Jaime Lannister or Varys? Would it ruin the effect of this book to get a chapter from the perspective of a schemer like Varys? How does it affect your reading when you return over and over again to the same few characters?
5. There is a lot of violence and sex in this book: enough, actually, that it has led to some criticism of the work itself. Issues of sexual violence are extremely sensitive

and shouldn't be treated lightly: do you think George R.R. Martin considered this when writing? Do you think his treatment of violence is sensitive or did he take advantage of his fantasy setting to brush aside the tougher stuff? What scenes in particular help you decide?

6. In the second chapter, a stag kills a direwolf and one of the characters says that this is a sign. After reading the book, you know that the Stark family symbol is a direwolf and the Baratheon family symbol is a stag. So does this early scene count as foreshadowing? Does it seem like this is a warning to us that Robert Baratheon will lead to the death of Eddard Stark? Or is this scene misleading since Ned Stark is actually killed by Joffrey (who is a Lannister in truth)? The first time you read this passage, were you nervous? Are there any other signs in the book that serve as foreshadowing?

7. What's the deal with the dragon eggs? Did you feel that the ending was satisfying? Cheesy? Random? Exciting?

8. Since this is the first book in a series, Martin has to teach us all about the history of this world he has created. How do you think he did? Were you confused? What about the history of various individuals? Did you ever want to hear more about Eddard's history with Robert or more about how Jaime Lannister joined the Kingsguard?

9. How does this book compare to other fantasies that you've read? Imagine what it would be like for a character from this novel to wander into a different fantasy world: how would Eddard Stark deal with the world of *The Lion, The Witch, and the Wardrobe*? Or how would Harry Potter deal with life in Westeros? How do these different books treat fantasy?

10. If you've seen the HBO series, what did the Hollywood execs change when they adapted this book? How did they deal with the rotating narrators of the book? Did seeing anything in the TV show change how you felt about what happened in the book?

Write your essay on the suggested topics:

1. Throughout the story, Jorah's loyalties are unclear. Analyze his motives, and if his loyalty changes at some point in the story, explain when and why. Does he serve the Targaryen children, or himself?
2. Right before Robert reinstates Ned as Hand, he tells Ned that Rhaegar seems to have won the war after all. Why does Robert feel this way, and are his emotions justified?
3. Commander Mormont tells Jon that the things people love destroy them. His meaning seems clear enough with regards to Jorah, Robert, and even Jon. Is Commander Mormont's observation accurate in the world of A Game of Thrones, or are there counterexamples that run contrary to his point?
4. Ultimately, Ned chooses to confess to a crime he did not commit, presumably because he believes his confession will save Sansa's life. Considering Ned's commitment to honor and duty, is his confession morally just?
5. Cersei says that the game of thrones is a win-or-die competition, since there is no middle ground. Yet some characters appear to participate without choosing a side, such as Varys, Littlefinger, and even Illyrio. Do you agree with Cersei that the game of thrones is an all-or-nothing proposition, or do there exist potential terms for peace or compromise?

Practical assignment # 11

“Olio” by Tyehimba Jess –

the 2017 Pulitzer Prize Winner in American Poetry

“Olio” by Tyehimba Jess (Тайхімба Джесс) has won the 2017 Pulitzer Prize for a distinguished volume of original verse by an American author.

The depths Jess went to produce this 200+ page artifact of American History gives us critic's vertigo — just so much to unpack from page to page. Jess doesn't hide or hesitate: Olio's cast of freed slaves is the first thing you encounter in this deliberately built piece of literary architecture, this monumental excavation of lives stolen, buried & forgotten. The book makes you hyperbolic just looking at it, makes you want to teach the thing for a semester. Here's what Jess does: he

stretches sonnets past their breaking point with precision and subtlety; he carries a larger vision in every detail; he uses variety of form not just to play, but to push themes and create satisfying pacing; he connects the work of language with the work of human beings, pushes poetry to be good; he creates an artifact of beauty, a physical object that lifts poetry beyond any usual confines of page; & more.

As the Pulitzer folks say, “a distinctive work that melds performance art with the deeper art of poetry to explore collective memory and challenge contemporary notions of race and identity.”

I. Read the interviews with Tyehimba Jess – The mode of access: <http://lightboxpoetry.com/?p=686>

Jess: The syncopated, contrapuntal poems were written with two basic purposes in mind, always focusing on critical events, decisions or themes in a subject’s life.

1. To provide a voice for those who have been left out of the dialog of history. In some cases, a quote is provided from a public figure or outlet, and I have written an adjoining or complimentary voice that adds the subject’s point of view. In these cases, the objective is generally to create a syllabically symmetrical counterpoint to the quote, to inform the historical record in a way that is matched breath for breath with the original quote. Such is the case with Irving Berlin, John Berryman, and various newspaper quotes on the coon song craze of the early 20th century.

2. To imagine a conversation between two historical figures that are otherwise silent. In this case, the two figures may be in accord with each other (McKoy Twins, Williams/Walker) or in opposition with each other (Charity Wiggins v. Bethune). In these cases, the dialog opens up a host of issues that are germane both to the individuals and ourselves – issues of freedom, choice, morality, love, courage and cowardice.

Some of the poems in Tyehimba Jess’s collection of poems “Olio” are printed on perforated pages so that readers might tear them from the books to give them greater flexibility in folding and reading them in unexpected ways. Let’s reflect on how this practice relates to intellectual and aesthetic elements of his project as a whole, as described in his Lightbox interview.

*Confused about how exactly to read **syncopated sonnets**? Don't worry, you're not alone. Fortunately, Jess took the stage at TEDx Nashville to read from his series about the McCoy twins. It's an impressive performance, and useful, with a lot to gain from listening to his four-way reading. - The mode of access:*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OmtH0A5mVnA>

II. Read a few of the poems from Tyehimba Jess's collection "Olio". You might begin with the poem "Hagar in the Wilderness" – The mode of access:

https://www.pw.org/content/olio_by_tyehimba_jess

Hagar in the Wilderness

My God is the living God,
 God of the impertinent exile.
 An outcast who carved me
 into an outcast carved
 by sheer and stony will
 to wander the desert
 in search of deliverance
 the way a mother hunts
 for her wayward child.
 God of each eye fixed to heaven,
 God of the fallen water jug,
 of all the hope a vessel holds
 before spilling to barren sand.
 God of flesh hewn from earth
 and hammered beneath a will
 immaculate with the power
 to bear life from the lifeless
 like a well in a wasteland.
 I'm made in the image of a God
 that knows flight but stays me
 rock still to tell a story ancient
 as slavery, old as the first time
 hands clasped together for mercy
 and parted to find only their own
 salty blessing of sweat.
 I have been touched by my God
 in my creation, I've known her caress
 of anointing callus across my face.
 I know the lyric of her pulse
 across these lips... and yes,
 I've kissed the fingertips
 of my dark and mortal God.
 She has shown me the truth
 behind each chiseled blow

that's carved me into this life,
 the weight any woman might bear
 to stretch her mouth toward her
 one true God, her own
 beaten, marble song.

What's the author's interpretation of the image of a God?

III. Read Tyehimba Jess's answer to question 2 in his Lightbox interview about new possibilities for reading his poem "Mark Twain vs. Blind Tom".

Mark Twain v. Blind Tom***

Some archangel, cast out of upper Heaven like another Satan, inhabits this coarse casket; and he comforts himself and makes his prison beautiful with thoughts and dreams and memories of another time and another existence that fire this dull clod with impulses and inspirations it no more comprehends than does the stupid worm the stirring of the spirit within her of the gorgeous captive whose wings she feters and whose flight she stays	I'm sent from above- like rain on blue prayers. blessed with Gabriel's lost notes, I can see up to God's throne, yes, while he plays this soul of flesh free- makes me the music of piano, the breath and burn in the stormcloud's roar from when sound called up, first made me whole. sounds like <i>love</i> . weighted in my chest -it finds freedom after hurt. I hear Earth's tremble harsher -better than the soil itself. When land and tree sing to me, I hear notes wildly blooming inside- a spirit shadows across my face, breaking free unloosed. I play the wind in my blood.
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** Left side is original quote from Mark Twain's Special Letters to the *San Francisco Alta California* August 1, 1869

*Blind Tom was a highly popular autistic and blind pianist who performed throughout the US from 1860's until his death in 1908

Take one paper copy of "Mark Twain vs. Blind Tom" and fold it to see how many new ways of experiencing Jess's work we can discover. Reflect of this unique

function of Tyehimba Jess's poetry in "Olio". *What does this say about language as a material? What does this say about our traditional ways of reading? How does this connect to Jess's interest in uncovering and making available "hidden histories" within his work?*

Питання до екзамену з курсу «Література Англії та США»

Англосаксонська та середньовічна поезія. Головні жанри.

Американське Відродження. Філософія трансценденталізму. Політика аболіціонізму.

Вірш У. Блейка “The Tiger” містить питання. Чому у тексті не наводяться відповіді на ці питання? Які відповіді на ці питання можете Ви запропонувати?

Драматургія періоду правління королеви Єлизавети. Відомі драматурги даного періоду та їх твори.

Історія виникнення поеми “Beowulf”, тема, ідея, сюжет та персонажі даного твору. Характеристика ефекту, досягнутого за допомогою алітерації.

Перекажіть сюжет з позиції Гренделя.

Які спільні риси має вірш Едварда Тейлора “Meditation 22 (First Series)” з поезією Анни Бредстріт?

Періодизація англійської літератури 20 століття. Головні жанри.

Американське Відродження. Філософія трансценденталізму. Політика аболіціонізму.

Характеристика твору Френсіса Бекона “Of studies” як першого прикладу есе в літературі Англії.

Історичне та політичне підґрунтя Вікторіанської епохи. Його вплив на розвиток літератури даного періоду. Головні жанри.

Соціальні проблеми та зміни в Америці у 19 столітті, що вплинули на розвиток літератури.

Аналіз віршів Р. Фроста “Fire and ice” та К. Сендберга “Chicago”.

Творчість Джона Донна, Френсіса Бекона, Бена Джонсона, Джона Мільтона.

Характеристика літературного стилю письменників. Жанри та головні твори.

Зародження американської літератури. Специфіка становлення головних літературних канонів американської літератури.

Характеристика використання прийому сатири на матеріалі уривку з роману Дж. Свіфта «Подорож Гулівера».

Давньоанглійська та середньовічна проза. Творчість Джефрі Чосера.

Характеристика романтизму як літературної течії. Специфіка американського романтизму. Доктрина Монро.

Тема та ідея сонету Sir Philip Sidney “Astrophil and Stella, Sonnet 1”.

Англійська поезія та проза періоду Відродження.

Поезія періоду американського Романтизму та Відродження.

Прочитайте напам'ять сонет У. Шекспіра Sonnet 130 та проаналізуйте варіанти його перекладу українською мовою Дмитра Павличка та Наталі Бутук.

Розвиток англійської драматургії у 17 столітті.

Зародження американської літератури.

Прочитайте напам'ять вірш С. Плат “Mirror”.

Творчість Вільяма Шекспіра.

Народні американські міфи та легенди.

Прочитайте напам'ять вірш У. Блейка “The Tyger”.

Філософія натуралізму в американській літературі.

Порівняльний аналіз уривку з твору Дж. Мілтона «Втрачений рай» та перекладу українською мовою Олександра Жомніра *(для самостійного опрацювання)*.

Прочитайте напам'ять вірш Дж. Г. Байрона “She Walks in Beauty”.

Поезія, проза та драматургія періоду Романтизму в літературі Англії.

Характеристика літературного стилю уривка з Декларації незалежності Томаса Джефферсона.

Характеристика творчості американських драматургів 20 століття.

Поезія американського постмодернізму.

Англійська література початку 20 століття. Продовження впливу філософії Вікторіанської епохи.

Наведіть приклад використання прийому драматичної іронії (dramatic irony) на матеріалі уривку з «Ромео та Джульєтта» В.Шекспіра. Який ефект досягається автором твору? *(для самостійного опрацювання)*.

Філософія бітників. Нью-Йоркська школа.

Характеристика літературного стилю Дж. Лондона на матеріалі оповідання “The Law of Life”.

Які соціальні проблеми розглядаються у творі Дж. Чосера “The Pardoner’s Tale”?

Поезія імажизму.

Творчість Чарльза Діккенса, Вільяма Теккерея, Роберта Льюїса Стівенсона, Оскара Уайльда.

Характеристика драматургічного стилю на матеріалі уривку п’єси відомого американського драматурга Eugene O’Neill “Long day’s journey into night”.

Чартизм в літературі.

Проза американського постмодернізму. Головні жанри та тематика.

Характерні риси американської народної казки “The deceived blind man” *(для самостійного опрацювання)*.

Соціальні та економічні зміни у період між першою та другою світовими війнами, які вплинули на розвиток американської літератури.

Автобіографія Бенджаміна Франкліна, Томаса Пейна, Томаса Джефферсона.

Відомі драматурги та найпоширеніші жанри американського театрального мистецтва 20 століття.

Характеристика творчості Марка Твена, Генрі Джеймса, Вільяма Сіднея Портера (О. Генрі), Едвіна Арлінгтона Робінсона, Стефана Крейна, Джека Лондона.

Прочитайте напам’ять вірш В. Блейка “The Tyger”.

Характеристика модернізму як літературної течії.

Аналіз оповідання О. Генрі “Buried Treasure”.

Проаналізуйте поетичний твір Е. Дікінсон “The brain – is wider than the sky”.

Народні американські міфи та легенди *(для самостійного опрацювання)*.

Лінгвостилістичного аналізу уривку з роману Д. Дефо «Робінзон Крузо».

Проаналізуйте поетичний твір Е. Е. Камінгса “The Cambridge ladies who lived in furnished soles” .

- Періодизація літератури Англії: головні жанри та літературна термінологія.
- Проаналізуйте твір Дж. Апдайка “Son” *(для самостійного опрацювання)*.
- Аналіз віршів В. Вітмена “Leaves of Grass”, “Beat! Beat! Drums!”
- Періодизація літератури США: головні жанри.
- Аналіз оповідання Б. Маламуда “The magic barrel”.
- Характеристика зразків середньовічної англійської літератури: англійська балада “Robin Hood and Maid Marian” *(для самостійного опрацювання)*.
- Періодизація літератури Англії: головні жанри.
- Критичний реалізм в літературі Англії.
- Аналіз есе Френсіса Бекона “Of studies”.
- Рання та середньовічна література Англії.
- Специфіка розвитку романтизму в літературі Англії та США (порівняльний аналіз).
- Аналіз поетичного твору Е. Дікінсон «There’s a certain slant of light».
- Період реалізму в американській літературі (1865-1910 р.р.).
- Аналіз уривку твору В. Скотта «Айвенго».
- Аналіз поетичного твору В. Вітмена «When I heard the learn’d astronomer».
- Постмодернізм в літературі США (з 1950х років 20 століття).
- Сюрреалістична та модерністична поезія.
- Аналіз твору В. Сарояна “The hummingbird that lived through winter”.
- Аналіз поетичного твору Е. Паунд “The Rest”.
- Період «нової вільної нації» в літературі США. Колоніальна література (1750-1820).
- Розвиток жанру народної американської легенди.
- Аналіз твору Дж. Болдвина “The rockpile” *(для самостійного опрацювання)*.
- Драматургія американського модернізму.
- Аналіз уривку з Декларації незалежності Томаса Джефферсона.
- Аналіз вірша Е. Дікінсон “Success is counted sweetest”.
- Періодизація літератури Англії та США.
- Аналіз тексту оповідання В. Ірвінга “Rip Van Winkle”.

Аналіз вірша Дж. Г. Байрона “She Walks in Beauty”.

Поезія, проза та драматургія періоду Романтизму в літературі Англії та США (порівняльний аналіз).

Аналіз вірша Анни Бредстріт “The Author To Her Book”.

Аналіз твору Т. Моррісон “Thoughts on the African-American novel” *(для самостійного опрацювання)*.

Давньоанглійська та середньовічна проза. Творчість Джефрі Чосера.

Аналіз поетичного твору Е. Паунд “The Pact”.

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