# Anglophone Literature Ph.D. Exam

1. **Working Definition ------ ( MANDATORY READING- DR, JEKYLL & MR.HYDE)**

Taken literally, “Anglophone literature” refers to literatures written in English; however, in literary studies the term has many inflections, hence the need for a working definition. For the purpose of this examination, we define “Anglophone literature” as literatures in English produced by writers from nations that are former colonies of Britain, excluding the United States. The term “Anglophone" highlights the linguistic commonality of these writings. However, Anglophone literary critical discourse recognizes that the shared historical experience of British colonial rule and contemporary forms of imperialism forge other forms of connectedness of these writings besides the use of English. In addition, the discourse takes into serious account disparate historical, cultural and political contexts within which these literatures are produced. Finally, it should be noted that as a field of study, Anglophone literature has much in common with Commonwealth literature, Postcolonial literature and New Literatures in English.

1. **Time Frame & Geographical Areas**

We will cover writings produced from 1850 to the present, and initially by writers from Anglophone Africa, South Asia, and the Caribbean, including those from these areas in postcolonial Diasporas.

1. **Expectations**

Students who wish to specialize in the field of Anglophone literature are expected to:

* 1. Understand the historical development of this field of study.

2. Demonstrate in-depth knowledge of major literary writings (primary texts) from all of the Anglophone areas identified above.

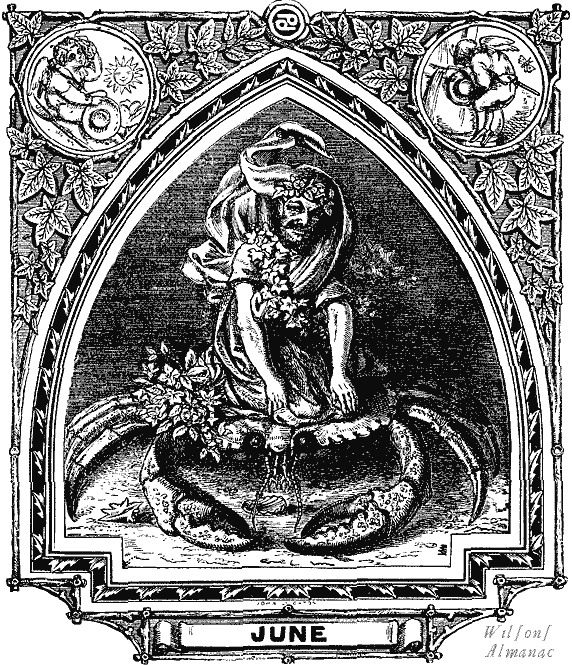
3. Be familiar with social, cultural, and historical particularities of the Anglophone areas identified above. For example, students should be conversant with slavery in the Caribbean, the partition of India, independence movements in Anglophone Africa, apartheid in South Africa, and postcolonial migrations.

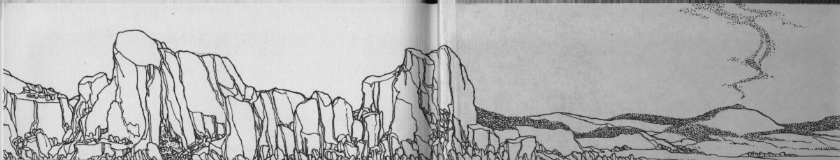
4. Be familiar with critical theories that have been used to interpret Anglophone literature and be able to apply insights gained to produce theoretically informed analyses of primary texts.

5. Understand transnational and trans-cultural dimensions of Anglophone literature.

**CHAPTER I**

Anglo-Saxon literature, the literary writings in Old English English language, member of the West Germanic group of the Germanic subfamily of the Indo-European family of languages (see Germanic languages). Spoken by about 470 million people throughout the world, English is the official language of about 45 nations. composed between c.650 and c.1100.





# OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE

### LITERARY BACKGROUND

**Introduction:**

The Anglo-Saxon or Old English period goes from the invasion of Celtic England by the Angles, Saxons and Jutes in the first half of the fifth century up till the conquest in 1066 by William of Normandy.

Many Anglo-Saxon poems, in the form they are extant, were not written down until perhaps two and one-half centuries after their compositions, since scribal effort had been spent on Latin, the new language of culture. This was possible thanks to the further development of the programs of King Alfred in the late tenth century and the Benedictine Revival of the early eleventh century. After their conversion to Christianity in the seventh century the Anglo-Saxons began to develop a written literature; before that period it had been oral. The Church and the Benedictine monastic foundations and their Latin culture played an important part in the development of Anglo-Saxon England cultural life, literacy and learning. No poetry surely pre-Christian in composition survives. The survival of poetry was due to the Church: it was the result of the tenth-century monastic revival. The Benedictine Revival was the crowning of a process that had begun in the sixth century and had produced a large body of English prose by the time of the Norman Conquest in 1066. Anglo-Saxon England is thought to have been rich in poetry, but very little of it survives. Most of the available corpus of Anglo-Saxon literature, little more than 30,000 lines in all, survives in just four manuscript books.

From the Anglo-Saxon period dates what is known as Old English literature, composed in the vernacular Anglo-Saxon. It includes early national poetry: Pagan Epic Poetry and Pagan Elegies,Old English Christian Poetry,Latin Writings and Old English Prose.

**1. Pagan Epic Poetry.**

**BEOWULF** is the chief Anglo-Saxon epic poem. It is wholly mysterious. No one knows who wrote it, or when, or where, or why. Beowulf is a narrative poem of 3,182 lines, transmitted in a manuscript written between the tenth and the twelfth centuries, but much older. To some it is the symbol of the antiquity and continuity of English poetry. But it never mentions people who are known to have lived in Britain. All its allusions are Continental or Scandinavian. Apart from Beowulf, the only surviving remains of early national epic poetry are a fragment, **Deor's Lament**, **The Finnesburgh Fragment**, (50 lines), and two short fragments (63 lines together) of **Waldere**, **The Battle of Maldon**, **The Battle of Brunanburh**.

**2. Pagan Lyrical and Elegiac Poems.**

There is little else surviving of Anglo-Saxon literature which makes direct contact with the older heroic view. Deor's Lament, an interesting poem of forty-two lines, is the complaint of a minstrel who,after years of service to his lord, has been supplanted by a rival, Heorrenda. He comfort himself by recounting the trials of Germanic heroes, all of which were eventually overcome. But the main interest of the poem lies in its combination of this kind of subject matter with a personal, elegiac note. Together with Deor's Lament, there are other Anglo-Saxon elegies: **The Wanderer**, **The Seafarer**, **The Ruin, The Wife's Lament**, **The Husband's Message**,**Wulf**, and **The Ruin Elegies** is no more than a label of convenience applied to a small group of poems not unlike each other in theme and tone. In Saxon poetry, the lyric mood is always the elegiac. The so-called elegies are poems where the topic itself is loss: loss of a lord, loss of a loved one, the loss of fine buildings fallen into decay.

**READING:**

## THE ELEGIAC MOOD

The elegiac mood wells up, then, in a great number of Old English poems. But the six so-called Elegies are poems where the topic itself is loss - loss of a lord, loss of a loved one, the loss of fine buildings fallen into decay. They are all to be found in the Exeter Book, a manuscript now in Exeter Cathedral Library.

At the heart of Anglo-Saxon society lay two key relationships. The first was that between a lord and his retainers, one of the hallmarks of any heroic society, which guaranteed the lord military and agricultural service and guaranteed the retainer protection and land. The second was the relationship, as it is today, between any man and his loved one, and the family surrounding them. So one of the most unfortunate members of this world (as for any) was the exile, the man who because of his own weakness (cowardice, for example) or through no fault of his own, was sentenced to live out his days wandering from place to place, or anchored in some alien place, far from the comforts of home. This is the situation underlying four of the elegies.

(Taken from:Kevin Crossley-Holland, **The Anglo-Saxon World. An Anthology**,Oxford University Press,1984.)

# I. RELIGIOUS POETRY

**3. Old English Christian Poetry.**

Religious poetry seems to have flourished in northern England-Northumbria-throughout the eighth century, though most of it has survived only in West Saxon transcriptions of the late tenth century. Monks produced not only manuscripts, masonry, sculpture and missionaries but also a lot of Christian poetry. Much of it consists of retellings of books and episodes from the Old Testament. Much of this religious poetry is anonymous, but the names of two poets are known: CAEDMON(d. c. 670), the first English poet known by name, and CYNEWULF(late eighth or early ninth century). They wrote on biblical and religious themes. According to Bede Caedmon became the founder of a school of Christian poetry and the he was the first to use the traditional metre diction for Christian religious poetry. This period of Old English poetry is called "Caedmonian". All the old religious poems that were not assigned to Caedmon were invariably given to Cynewulf, the poet of the second phase of Old English Christian poetry. With Cynewulf, Anglo-Saxon religious poetry moves beyond biblical paraphrase into the didactic, the devotional, and the mystical. The four Anglo-Saxon Christian poems which have the name of Cynewulf are Christ, Juliana, Elene, and The Fates of the Apostles. All these poems possess both a high degree of literary craftsmanship and a note of mystical contemplation which sometimes rises to a high level of religious passion. One of the most remarkable poems written under the influence of the school of Cynewulf is The Dream of the Rood,by some it is attributed to the same Cynewulf, Andreas, and The Phoenix. Another significant Anglo-Saxon religious poem is the fragmentary Judith. The final part of Guthlac, a poem of 1370 lies, is probably Cynewulf's.

**4.Latin Writings: Bede and Alcuin.**

The most important Anglo-Saxon Latinist Clerks were the Venerable Bede(673-735) and Alcuin (735-804); both came out of Northumbria. To them and to those like them English Literature owes the preservation of the traces of primitive poetry.

The Venerable Bede tells us that he was born in 673 and brought up in Wearmouth Abbey. A few years later he moved to the monastery of Jarrow where he spent his whole adult life. He was the most learned theologian and the best historian of Christianity of his time. He was a teacher and a scholar of Latin and Greek, and he had many pupils among the monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow. He wrote the Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum"(Ecclesiastical History of the English People) and finished in 731. By that year he had written nearly 40 works, mostly biblical commentaries. Bede died in 735.  
Alcuin was Charlemagne's collaborator from 790 onwards. He was brought up in York Alcuin left his country when the earliest civilization of the Angles was about to be destroyed, because the Danish invasions, which ruined monasteries and centres of learning, were beginning. He wrote liturgical, grammatical, hagiographical, and philosophical works, as well as numerous letters and poems in Latin, including an elegy on the **Destruction of Lindsfarne by the Danes**.

***"I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SING"***

Bede's History is the first account of Anglo-Saxon England ever written. Bede was a monk of Jarrow who worked on this book for several years before completing it in 731. Over the next fifty years it was copied in Northumbria and elsewhere, and it became widely diffused in Western Europe throughout the Middle Ages. It was first printed in 1480. The History is readable and attractive. He writes of the geography of Britain, the coming of Augustine, the Northumbrian council concerned with the acceptance of Christianity or the achievements of Abbess Hilda and the poet Caedmon. The following extract tells the story of how Caedmon discovered he possessed God's gift for poetry. [A. D. 680].

In this monastery of Streanaeshalch lived a brother singularly gifted by God's grace. So skilful was he in composing religious and devotional songs that, when any passage of Scripture was explained to him by interpreters, he could quickly turn it into delightful and moving poetry in his own English tongue. These verses of his have stirred the hearts of many folk to despise the world and aspire to heavenly things. Others after him tried to compose religious poems in English, but none could compare with him; for he did not acquire the art of poetry from men or through any human teacher but received it as a free gift from God. For this reason he could never compose any frivolous or profane verses; but only such as had a religious theme fell fittingly from his devout lips. He had followed a secular occupation until well advanced in years without ever learning anything about poetry. Indeed it sometimes happened at a feast that all the guests in turn would be invited to sing and entertain the company; then, when he saw the harp coming his way, he would get up from table and go home.

On one such occasion he had left the house in which the entertainment was being held and went out to the stable where it was his duty that night to look after the beasts. There when the time came he settled down to sleep. Suddenly in a dream he saw a man standing beside him who called him by name. "Caedmon", he said, "sing me a song." "I don't know how to sing," he replied." "It is because I cannot sing that I left the feast and came here." "What should I sing about?" he replied. "Sing about the Creation of all things," the other answered. And Caedmon immediately began to sing verses in praise of God the Creator that he had never heard before[...] When Caedmon awoke, he remembered everything that he had sung in his dream, and soon added more verses in the same style to a song truly worthy of God.

(Taken from: Bede, **Ecclesiastical History of the English People**, Chapter 24, Translated by Leo Sherley. Price, Penguin Books, 1990.

**EXERCISE**

1. Read the extract from Bede's History and write a summary of the story of Caedmon. Paraphrase Caedmon's Dialogue with the man he saw in his vision and use reporting verbs in the past tenses.

**5. Old English Prose: Alfred.**

The glory of Alfred's reign is Alfred himself(849-901) writes George Simpson. It was under his influence that the earlier poetic works, which had almost all been written in the Northumbrian dialect, were transcribed into the language of the West saxons. King Alfred played an important role in this literary movement. He surrounded himself with scholars and learned men, learnt Latin after he was grown up, and began to translate the works which seemed to him most apt to civilize his people. In this way he became the father of English prose-writers. He himself is credited with a translation of the Universal History of Orosius. He translated (or ordered to translate) Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the Angles. Much more important, and among the best of Alfred's works, is the version of Boethius De Consolatione Philosophiae. The first great book in English prose is The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, inspired though not written by Alfred. In some monasteries casual notes of important events had been made; but under Alfred's encouragement there is a systematic revision of the earlier records and a larger survey of West Saxon history. The great Anglo-Saxon Chronicle is a series of annals which start with an outline of English history from Julius Caesar's invasion to the middle of the fifth century and continues to 1154.  
Another important prose work and source of information about King Alfred's life is a short biographical work, the the Life of King Alfred,written in Latin and attributed to Asser (d. 910), Bishop of Sherborne (892-910), whom Alfred called from Wales to aid him in the re-establishing of learning. Asser also wrote a Chronicle of English History for the years 849 to 887.

# CAEDMON AND CYNEWULF

**Caedmon**, (flourished 670), entered the monastery of Streaneshalch (Whitby) between 658 and 680, when he was an elderly man. According to Bede he was an unlearned herdsman who received suddenly, in a vision, the power of song, and later put into English verses passages translated to him from the Scriptures. Bede tells us that Caedmon turned into English the story of Genesis and Exodus. The name Caedmon has been conjectured to be Celtic. The poems assumed to be Caedmon poems Caedmon are: Genesis, Exodus, Daniel, and Christ and Satan. But critical research has proved the ascription to be impossible. Perhaps the Caedmon songs were used by later singers and left their spirit in the poems that remains; but of the originals described by Bede we have no trace. The only work which can be attributed to him is the short "Hymn of Creation," quoted by Bede himself. This is all we possess of the first known English poet. It survives in several manuscripts of Bede in various dialects.

**Cynewulf:**

Cynewulf (late 8th or 9th century) was identified, not certainly, but probably, with a Cynewulf who was Bishop of Lindisfarne and lived in the middle of the eighth century. He was a wandering singer or poet who lived a gay and secular life. The accuracy of some of his battle scenes and seascapes showed that he had fought on land and sailed the seas. Finally, after a dream in which he had a vision of the Holy Rood, he changed his life, became a religious poet, sang of Christ, the apostles, and the saints. His work represents an advance in culture upon the more primitive Caedmonian poems.The poems attributed to him are: Juliana, Elene, The Fates of the Apostles, and Christ II.

**CAEDMON'S HYMN**

*The following nine lines are all of what survives that can reasonably be attributed to him. Bede quotes them in Chapter 24 of his History. Bede adds that these lines are only the general sense, not the actual words that Caedmon sang in his dream. Caedmon's gift remained an oral one and was devoted to sacred subjects.*

*"Now must we praise"*

Now must we praise of heaven's kingdom the Keeper  
Of the Lord the power and his Wisdom  
The work of the Glory-Father, as he of marvels each,  
The eternal Lord, the beginning established.  
  
He first created of earth for the sons 5  
Heaven as a roof, the holy Creator.  
Then the middle-enclosure of mankind the Protector  
The eternal Lord, thereafter made  
For men, earth the Lord almighty.

(658-680)

**EXERCISES**  
  
1. Read Caedmon's Hymn and say what the poet sings about.  
2. Look up the word caesura in your glossary and give its definition .  
3. Look at the layout of the poem and comment on the composition   
of the lines.  
4. Write a short summary of this modern translation of Caedmon's Hymn.

SOURCE- anglo saxon literature (YAHOO IMAGES)

## Beowulf

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### Lines 1-300

*So. The Spear-Danes in days gone by and the kings who ruled them had courage and greatness.*

The narrator opens the poem with a discussion of Shield Sheafson, a great king of the ancient Danes and the founder of their royal line. He began life as a foundling (an infant abandoned by his parents) but quickly rose to be strong and powerful. All of the clans had to pay him tribute, and, when he died, he was honored with an elaborate funeral ceremony. His body was put into a boat, covered with treasures and armor, and cast off to sea. Shield Sheafson’s life ended as it began, with him cast adrift on the water.

Sheafson’s son, the renowned Beow, inherited the kingdom after his father’s death. In time, Beow too passed away and Halfdane, his son, became king. After Halfdane, Hrothgar stepped forward to rule the Danes. Under Hrothgar, the kingdom prospered and enjoyed great military success, and Hrothgar decided to construct a monument to his success—a mead-hall where he would distribute booty to his retainers. The hall was called Heorot, and there the men gathered with their lord to drink mead, a beerlike beverage, and listen to the songs of the bards.

For a time, the kingdom enjoyed peace and prosperity. But, one night, Grendel, a demon descended from Cain (who, according to the Bible, slew his brother Abel), emerged from the swampy lowlands, to listen to the nightly entertainment at Heorot. The bards’ songs about God’s creation of the earth angered the monster. Once the men in the mead-hall fell asleep, Grendel lumbered inside and slaughtered thirty men. Hrothgar’s warriors were powerless against him.

The following night, Grendel struck again, and he has continued to wreak havoc on the Danes for twelve years. He has taken over Heorot, and Hrothgar and his men remain unable to challenge him. They make offerings at pagan shrines in hopes of harming Grendel, but their efforts are fruitless. The Danes endure constant terror, and their suffering is so extreme that the news of it travels far and wide.

At this time, Beowulf, nephew of the Geatish king Hygelac, is the greatest hero in the world. He lives in Geatland, a realm not far from Denmark, in what is now southern Sweden. When Beowulf hears tales of the destruction wrought by Grendel, he decides to travel to the land of the Danes and help Hrothgar defeat the demon. He voyages across the sea with fourteen of his bravest warriors until he reaches Hrothgar’s kingdom.

Seeing that the newcomers are dressed in armor and carrying shields and other equipment for combat, the watchman who guards the Danish coast stops Beowulf and his crew and demands to know their business. He admits that he has never seen outsiders come ashore so fearlessly and guesses that Beowulf is a noble hero. Beowulf explains that he is the son of Ecgtheow and owes his loyalty to Hygelac. He says that he has heard about the monster wreaking havoc on the Danes and has come to help Hrothgar. The watchman gives his consent and tells Beowulf that he believes his story. He tells the Geats to follow him, mentioning that he will order one of the Danes to watch Beowulf’s ship for him.

### Lines 301-709

#### Summary

The watchman guides Beowulf and his men from the coast to the mead-hall, Heorot, where he takes his leave. A herald named Wulfgar, who is renowned for his wisdom, stops Beowulf and asks him to state his business with Hrothgar. Beowulf introduces himself and requests to speak to the king. Wulfgar, impressed with the group’s appearance and bearing, takes Beowulf’s message immediately to Hrothgar. Hrothgar tells Wulfgar that he remembers Beowulf from when he was a young boy and recalls his friendship with Beowulf’s father, Ecgtheow. He says that he has heard tales of Beowulf’s great prowess—one story holds that the Geat has the strength of thirty men in each of his hands—and hopes that Beowulf has come to help the Danes against Grendel. He orders Wulfgar to welcome the Geats to Denmark.

Beowulf comes before Hrothgar, whom he greets solemnly. Beowulf recounts some of his past glories and offers to fight Grendel unarmed. Hrothgar recounts a feud during which Beowulf’s father killed Heatholaf, a member of the Wulfing tribe. Hrothgar sent treasure to the Wulfings to mend the feud, and Beowulf’s father pledged his allegiance to Hrothgar. Hrothgar then accepts Beowulf’s offer to fight Grendel, though he warns him that many heroes have died in the mead-hall trying to battle the monster. He invites the Geats to sit and enjoy a feast in Heorot with the Danish warriors.

At the feast, a Dane named Unferth, envious of his kinsmen’s admiration of Beowulf, begins to taunt the Geat. He claims that Beowulf once lost a swimming match against Breca and that Beowulf will meet with defeat for a second time when he faces Grendel in the mead-hall. Unruffled, Beowulf accuses Unferth of drunkenness and describes his own version of what happened in the swimming match. Carrying swords to defend themselves against sea monsters, he and Breca had struggled in icy waters for five days and five nights when suddenly Beowulf found himself pulled under by a monster. After slaying the monster and eight other sea beasts, Beowulf was washed ashore on the coast of Finland. Beowulf notes that neither Unferth nor Breca could have survived such an adventure and mocks Unferth by pointing out his obvious helplessness against Grendel.

Beowulf’s confidence cheers the whole hall, and soon the warriors are laughing and drinking happily. Wealhtheow, wife of Hrothgar and queen of the Danes, enters with the ceremonial goblet, which she offers to everyone in the room. She thanks God for sending Beowulf to fight Grendel, and Beowulf replies with a formal boast, stating that he will either distinguish himself with a heroic deed or die in the mead-hall. Pleased, Wealhtheow takes her seat next to Hrothgar.

When night falls, the Danes leave the hall to Beowulf and his men. Beowulf lays aside his weapons and removes his armor, restating his intention to fight Grendel unarmed. He says that he considers himself to be as dangerous as Grendel. Beowulf lies down to wait, while his fearful men lie awake, doubting that any of them will live to see morning. In the dark night outside the hall, Grendel approaches stealthily, creeping toward the small band of Geats.

### Lines 710-1007

#### Summary

Gleefully imagining the destruction that he will wreak, Grendel bursts into Heorot. He tears the door from its hinges with his bare hands and immediately devours a Geatish warrior while Beowulf carefully observes. When Grendel reaches out to snatch up Beowulf, he is stunned to find his arm gripped with greater strength than he knew possible. Terrified like a cornered animal, Grendel longs to run back to the safety of the swamplands. He tries to escape, but Beowulf wrestles him down. The combatants crash around the hall, rattling the walls and smashing the mead-benches. Grendel begins to shriek in pain and fear; the sound terrifies all who hear it. Beowulf’s men heroically hack at the demon as Beowulf fights with him, but no weapon on earth is capable of harming Grendel. Beowulf summons even greater strength and rips Grendel’s arm completely out of its socket. Fatally wounded, Grendel slinks back to his swampy home to die. Back in the mead-hall, Beowulf holds up his gory trophy in triumph. He proudly hangs the arm high on the wall of Heorot as proof of his victory.

The following morning, the Danish warriors are amazed at Beowulf’s accomplishment. They race around on horseback in celebration, following the tracks of Grendel’s retreat to the marshes. Beowulf’s renown begins to spread rapidly. A Danish bard sings Beowulf’s story to honor him and also recites the story of Sigemund, a great hero who slew a terrible dragon. The dragon was the guardian of a treasure hoard, which Sigemund won by slaying the dragon. The bard also sings of, and contrasts Beowulf with, Heremod, an evil Danish king who turned against his own people.

Hrothgar enters the mead-hall to see the trophy. He thanks God for finally granting him relief from Grendel. He then praises Beowulf, promises him lavish rewards, and says that he has adopted the warrior in his heart as a son. Beowulf receives Hrothgar’s gratitude with modesty, expressing disappointment that he did not kill Grendel in the hall so that all could have seen the demon’s corpse. The narrator mentions that the trophy arm, which seems to be made of “barbed steel,” has disproved Unferth’s claims of Beowulf’s weakness. Order is restored in Heorot, and all the Danes begin to repair the great hall, which has been almost completely destroyed.

### Lines 1008-1250

#### Summary

Hrothgar hosts a great banquet in honor of Beowulf. He bestows upon him weapons, armor, treasure, and eight of his finest horses. He then presents Beowulf’s men with rewards and compensates the Geats with gold for the Geatish warrior that Grendel killed.

After the gifts have been distributed, the king’s scop comes forward to sing the saga of Finn, which begins with the Danes losing a bloody battle to Finn, the king of the Frisians, a neighbor tribe to the Danes. The Danish leader, Hnaef, is killed in the combat. Recognizing their defeat, the Danes strike a truce with the Frisians and agree to live with them separately but under common rule and equal treatment. Hildeburh, a Danish princess who is married to Finn, is doubly grieved by the outcome of the battle: she orders that the corpses of her brother, the Danish leader Hnaef, and her son, a Frisian warrior, be burned on the same bier. The Danes, homesick and bitter, pass a long winter with the Frisians. When spring comes, they rise against their enemies. Finn is then defeated and slain, and his widow, Hildeburh, is returned to Denmark.

When the scop finishes recounting the saga, Wealhtheow enters, wearing a gold crown, and praises her children, Hrethric and Hrothmund. She says that when Hrothgar dies, she is certain that the children will be treated well by their older cousin, Hrothulf, until they come of age. She expresses her hope that Beowulf too will act as a friend to them and offer them protection and guidance. She presents Beowulf with a torque (a collar or necklace) of gold and a suit of mail armor, asking again that he guide her sons and treat them kindly.

That night, the warriors sleep in Heorot, unaware that a new danger lurks in the darkness outside the hall.

### Lines 1251–1491

#### Summary

*Wise sir, do not grieve. It is always betterto avenge dear ones than to indulge in mourning.*

*(See*[*Important Quotations Explained*](http://www.sparknotes.com/lit/beowulf/quotes.html#CHDHFGEB)*)*

As the warriors sleep in the mead-hall, Grendel’s mother, a horrible monster in her own right, descends on Heorot in a frenzy of grief and rage, seeking vengeance for her son’s death. When she falls upon and seizes a sleeping man, the noise wakes the others. The warriors seize their swords and rush toward her. The monster panics and flees, still carrying her victim, Hrothgar’s trusted adviser, Aeschere, in her grasp. Beowulf, having been given other sleeping quarters, is away from Heorot when Grendel’s mother makes her raid. By the time he arrives at the hall, she is gone. The warriors discover that she has stolen Grendel’s arm as well.

Devastated with grief over the loss of his friend and counselor, Hrothgar summons Beowulf and explains what has occurred. He entreats Beowulf to seek out and kill Grendel’s mother, describing the horrible, swampy wood where she keeps her lair. The place has a magical quality. The water burns and the bottom of the mere, or lake, has never

been reached. Even the animals seem to be afraid of the water there.

Hrothgar tells Beowulf that he must depend on him a second time to rid Heorot of a demon. He says that he will give him chests of gold if he rises to the challenge. Beowulf agrees to the fight, reassuring Hrothgar that Grendel’s mother won’t get away. The warriors mount up and ride into the fens, following the tracks of their enemy. When they reach a cliff’s edge, they discover Aeschere’s head lying on the ground. The scene below is horrifying: in the murky water, serpents and sea-dragons writhe and roil. Beowulf slays one beast with an arrow.

Beowulf, “indifferent to death,” prepares himself for combat by donning his armor and girding himself with weapons (1442). Unferth loans him the great and seasoned sword Hrunting, which has never failed in any battle. Beowulf speaks, asking Hrothgar to take care of the Geats and return his property to Hygelac if he, Beowulf, should be killed. He also bequeaths his own sword to Unferth.

*[His helmet] was of beaten gold,  
princely headgear hooped and hasped  
by a weapon-smith who had worked wonders*

### Lines 1492–1924

#### Summary

*Choose, dear Beowulf, the better part,  
eternal rewards. Do not give way to pride.*

*(See*[*Important Quotations Explained*](http://www.sparknotes.com/lit/beowulf/quotes.html#CHDBFBII)*)*

Beowulf swims downward for the better part of a day before he sees the bottom. As he nears the murky lake floor, Grendel’s mother senses his approach. She lunges at him and clutches him in her grip, but his armor, as predicted, prevents her from crushing him. She drags Beowulf to her court, while a mass of sea-monsters claws and bites at him. Beowulf wields Hrunting, the sword lent to him by Unferth, and lashes at Grendel’s mother’s head, but even the celebrated blade of Hrunting is unable to pierce the monster’s skin. Beowulf tries to fight the sea-witch using only his bare hands, but she matches him blow for blow. At last, he notices a sword hanging on the wall, an enormous weapon forged for giants. Beowulf seizes the huge sword and swings it in a powerful arc. The blade slices cleanly through the Grendel’s mother’s neck, and she falls dead to the floor, gushing with blood. The hero is exultant. A light appears, and Beowulf looks around, his sword held high in readiness. He spies Grendel’s corpse lying in a corner. Furious at the sight of the fiend, he decapitates Grendel as a final repayment for all of the lives that Grendel took.

On land, the Danes lose hope when they see blood well up from the depths. Sure that their champion is lost, they return to Heorot in sorrow. Only the small band of Geats, Beowulf’s kinsmen, waits on.

Back in the monster’s court, the blade of the giant’s sword begins to melt, burned by Grendel’s fiery blood. Beowulf seizes its hilt, which remains solid and, grasping Grendel’s head in his other hand, swims for the surface. He finds that the waters he passes through are no longer infested now that the demon has been destroyed. When he breaks the surface, the Geats are overjoyed as they advance to meet him and unfasten his armor.

The group returns to Heorot in triumph. Four men impale the heavy head of Grendel on a spear and lug it between them. When they arrive at the hall, the Danes gawk at the head in horror and amazement. Beowulf presents the head and the sword hilt to Hrothgar, assuring him of his future security. Hrothgar praises Beowulf’s goodness, evenness, and loyalty, contrasts him with the evil King Heremod, and predicts a great future for him. He delivers a long speech about how to be a good and wise ruler by choosing eternal rather than earthly rewards. Hrothgar then promises to shower Beowulf with treasure the following morning.

Another banquet ensues, with great feasting and revelry. Afterward, Beowulf retires to get some much-needed rest. In the morning, he has Hrunting returned to Unferth and tells Hrothgar that he and his men long to return home to Geatland. Hrothgar praises Beowulf again, saying that he has united the Geats and the Danes in ties of friendship and loyalty. He presents Beowulf with twelve treasures. Despite his urgings that Beowulf return to Denmark soon, Hrothgar knows that he will never see Beowulf again. The Geats return to the coast, where they grant a reward to the watchman who has guarded their ship. They then sail back to Geatland and return to the hall of Hygelac.

### Lines 1925–2210

#### Summary

Beowulf and his men return to the magnificent hall of King Hygelac and to Queen Hygd, who is beautiful and wise, though very young. The narrator tells the story of the legendary Queen Modthryth, who “perpetrated terrible wrongs” against her subjects, torturing and even killing many innocent people who she imagined were offending her. Modthryth’s behavior improved, we are told, once she was married to the great king of the Angles, Offa.

Beowulf and his men approach the hall, where the Geats, who have heard that their hero has returned, are preparing for his arrival. Hygelac extends a formal greeting while Hygd pours mead for the warriors. Hygelac asks Beowulf how he fared in the land of Hrothgar, recalling that he had known that Beowulf’s task would be a fearsome one and that he had advised Beowulf not to face such a dangerous foe.

Beowulf begins his tale by describing the courteous treatment that he received from Hrothgar and Wealhtheow. He then prophesies an unhappy outcome to the peace-weaving engagement of Freawaru, Hrothgar’s daughter, to Ingeld the Heathobard. He predicts that the sight of the ancestral possessions of each worn by the kin of the other (the result of many years of warring and plundering) will cause memories of the deep and lengthy feud between the Danes and the Heathobards to surface, so that they will not be able to keep themselves from continuing to fight.

Beowulf then tells the story of his encounter with Grendel. He particularly emphasizes the monster’s ferocity and the rewards that he received from Hrothgar. He relates the battle with Grendel’s mother as well. He then presents his king with a large part of the treasure given to him by Hrothgar, including suits of armor and four of the great horses. He gives Hygd a priceless necklace—the torque given him by Wealhtheow—and three horses. Beowulf is praised throughout Geatland for his valorous deeds and courteousness. Hygelac gives him a great deal of treasure and land of his own to rule.

In time, Hygelac is killed in battle with the Shylfings, and the kingdom falls to Beowulf. For fifty years he rules the Geats, becoming a great and wise king.

### Lines 2211–2515

#### Summary

Soon it is Geatland’s turn to face terror. A great dragon lurks beneath the earth, jealously guarding its treasure, until one day a thief manages to infiltrate the barrow, or mound, where the treasure lies. The thief steals a gem-covered goblet, arousing the wrath of the dragon. The intruder, a slave on the run from a hard-handed master, intends no harm by his theft and flees in a panic with the goblet.

The poet relates that many centuries earlier, the last survivor of an ancient race buried the treasure in the barrow when he realized that the treasure would be of no use to him because he, like his ancestors, was destined to die. He carefully buried the precious objects, lamenting all the while his lonely state. The defeat of his people had left the treasures to deteriorate. The dragon chanced upon the hoard and has been guarding it for the past three hundred years.

Waking up to find the goblet stolen, the dragon bursts forth from the barrow to hunt the thief, scorching the earth as it travels. Not finding the offender, the dragon goes on a rampage, breathing fire and incinerating homes and villages. It begins to emerge nightly from its barrow to torment the countryside, still seething with rage at the theft.

Soon, Beowulf’s own throne-hall becomes the target of the dragon’s fiery breath, and it is burned to the ground. Now an old king, Beowulf grieves and wonders what he might have done to deserve such punishment from God. He begins to plot his revenge. He commissions a mighty shield from the iron-smith, one that he hopes will stand up against the breath of flame. He is too proud to assemble a huge army for the fight, and, remembering how he defeated Grendel single-handedly in his youth, feels no fear of the dragon.

The poet recounts the death of King Hygelac in combat in Friesland. Hygelac fell while Beowulf survived thanks to his great strength and swimming ability. Upon returning home, Beowulf was offered the throne by the widowed Hygd, who knew that her own son was too young and inexperienced to be an effective ruler. Beowulf declined, however, not wanting to disturb the order of succession. Instead, he acted as protector and guardian to the prince and supported his rule. Only when Hygelac’s son met his end in a skirmish against the Swedes did Beowulf ascend the throne. Under Beowulf’s reign, the feuding with Sweden eventually ceased when Beowulf avenged Hygelac’s death.

Now, ready to face one last adversary, Beowulf gathers eleven men to investigate the area. They discover the thief who stole the dragon’s goblet and press him to take them to the barrow. They wish each other luck in the fight that will follow, and Beowulf has a premonition of his own death. On the cliff outside the barrow, Beowulf speaks to his men, recounting his youth as a ward in King Hrethel’s court. He tells of the accidental killing of one of Hrethel’s sons by another and attempts to characterize the king’s great grief. He describes the wars between the Geats and the Swedes after Hrethel’s death, recalling his proud days as a warrior in the service of Hygelac. He then makes his final boast: he vows to fight the dragon, if only it will abandon its barrow and face him on open ground.

### Lines 2516–2820

#### Summary

Beowulf bids farewell to his men and sets off wearing a mail-shirt and a helmet to fight the dragon. He shouts a challenge to his opponent, who emerges from the earth. Man and dragon grapple and wrestle amid sheets of fire. Beowulf hacks with his sword against the dragon’s thick scales, but his strength is clearly not what it once was. As the flames billow, Beowulf’s companions run in terror. Only one, Wiglaf, feels enough loyalty to come to the aid of his king. Wiglaf chides the other warriors, reminding them of their oaths of loyal service to Beowulf. Now the time has come when their loyalty will be tested, Wiglaf declares, and he goes by himself to assist his lord.

Beowulf strikes the dragon in the head with his great sword Naegling, but the sword snaps and breaks. The dragon lands a bite on Beowulf’s neck, and blood begins to flow. Wiglaf rushes to Beowulf’s aid, stabbing the dragon in the belly, and the dragon scorches Wiglaf’s hand. In desperation Beowulf pulls a knife from his belt and stabs it deep into the dragon’s flank. The blow is fatal, and the writhing serpent withers. But no sooner has Beowulf triumphed than the wound on his neck begins to burn and swell. He realizes that the dragon bite is venomous and that he is dying. He sends Wiglaf to inspect the dragon’s treasure and bring him a portion of it, saying that death will be easier if he sees the hoard that he has liberated. Wiglaf descends into the barrow and quickly returns to Beowulf with an armload of treasure. The old king, dying, thanks God for the treasure that he has won for his people. He tells Wiglaf that he must now look after the Geats and order his troop to build him a barrow that people will call “Beowulf’s Barrow.” After giving Wiglaf the collar from his own neck, Beowulf dies.

### Lines 2821–3182

#### Summary

Beowulf lies dead, and Wiglaf is bowed down with grief at the loss of his lord. The dragon, too, lies slain on the ground. The poet briefly commemorates the beast’s end. Slowly, the Geatish warriors who had fled from the battle straggle back to the barrow to find Wiglaf still vainly trying to revive their fallen leader. The men are ashamed, and Wiglaf rebukes them bitterly, declaring that all of Beowulf’s generosity has been wasted on them. The cost of their cowardice, he predicts, will be greater than just the life of a great ruler. He suggests that foreign warlords will be sure to attack the Geats now that Beowulf can no longer protect them.

Wiglaf sends a messenger with tidings to the Geats, who wait nervously for news of the outcome of the battle. The messenger tells them of Beowulf’s death and warns them that the hostile Franks and the Frisians will most certainly attack them. He expresses concern about the Swedes as well, who have a long-held grudge against the Geats; he relates the history of their feud and tells how the Geats secured the last victory. Without Beowulf to protect them, the messenger predicts, the Geats risk invasion by Swedes. The poet confirms that many of the messenger’s predictions will prove true.

The Geats then rise and go to Beowulf’s body. They discover also the fearsome, fifty-foot-long corpse of the dragon. It is revealed that the hoard had been under a spell, so that no person could open it except by the will of God. Wiglaf recounts Beowulf’s last requests and readies the people to build his funeral pyre. With seven of the greatest Geatish thanes, Wiglaf returns to the dragon’s bier to collect the treasure that Beowulf bought with his life. They hurl the dragon’s body into the water.

The pyre is built high and decked with armor, according to Beowulf’s wishes. The body is laid in and the fire is lit—its roar competes with the sound of weeping. A Geatish woman laments Beowulf’s death and grieves about the war-torn future that she foresees for her people. The Geats place Beowulf’s remains on a cliff high above the sea in a barrow that will be visible to all passing ships. Sorrowfully, they recount that their king was kind and generous to his people, fair-minded, and eager to earn praise.

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| http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/main_box_left.gif | [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/middleages/topic_4/illustrations/imsuttonhoohelm.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/middleages/topic_4/illustrations/imsuttonhoohelm.htm)From our point of view, it is appropriate to think of the language and literature of Anglo-Saxon England as "Old English," because the language is the remote ancestor of the English spoken today. Yet for the inhabitants of Anglo-Saxon England, the language was, of course, not old, and did not come to be referred to generally as "English" until fairly late in the period. The earliest reference given in the *Oxford English Dictionary* is 890. Bede's Latin *Ecclesiastical History of the English People* refers collectively to the people as *gens Anglorum*, which in the vernacular translation becomes *angel-cynne* (English-race). However, in Bede's time the England of today was divided into a number of petty kingdoms. Language, the Roman Church, and monastic institutions lent these kingdoms a certain cultural identity, but a political identity began to emerge only during the ninth century in response to the Danish invasions, and through King Alfred's efforts to revive learning and to make Latin religious and historical works, such as Bede's *History*, available in vernacular translations.  Most of the surviving vernacular poetry of Anglo-Saxon England consists of free translations or adaptations of Latin saints' lives and books of the Bible, such as Genesis, Exodus, and Daniel. But with the exception of *The Battle of Maldon* about the defeat of Earl Byrhtnoth and his men by Viking raiders and *The Battle of Brunanburh*, a poem celebrating an English victory over the invaders, secular heroic poetry has little or nothing to do with England or English people. *Beowulf* is set in Scandinavia; its principal characters are Danes, Geats, Swedes, and there are brief references to other pagan Germanic tribes such as the Frisians, Jutes, and Franks.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/middleages/topic_4/illustrations/imbeowulfmap.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/middleages/topic_4/illustrations/imbeowulfmap.htm)Certainly *Beowulf* is a remarkable survivor, in the Anglo-Saxon or Old English language, of a great literary tradition, but one that is by no means exclusively English. The Norman Conquest disrupted the literary culture of Anglo-Saxon England. The practice of alliterative verse continued until the fifteenth century, primarily in the north- and southwest corners of the island. But *Beowulf* disappeared from English literature until the manuscript, already singed by the fire that consumed so much of Sir Robert Cotton's library, was first noticed in the eighteenth century and was not transcribed and published until 1815 by an Icelander, Grímur Jónsson Thorkelin, at the time Royal Archivist of Denmark, under the Latin title *De Danorum Rebus Gestis: Poema Danicum Dialecto Anglosaxonica* (About the Deeds of the Danes: a Danish Poem in the Anglo-Saxon Dialect). Thorkelin believed that the poem was a Danish epic, its hero a Danish warrior, and its poet a contemporary witness of these events who was present at Beowulf's funeral. Subsequently, German scholars claimed that the poem had been originally composed in northern Germany in the homeland of the Angles, who invaded Britain in the fifth century.  Although we may dismiss these nationalistic attempts to appropriate the Anglo-Saxon *Beowulf* for other national literatures, they do point to the fact that *Beowulf* did not begin to play a role in the history of English literature before the nineteenth century. *Beowulf* along with most other Anglo-Saxon poetry was effectively lost to Chaucer and the English poets who succeeded him. They responded primarily to French, Italian, and classical literature to create an English literature rivaling these great precursors.  Therefore it is helpful for students, as it is for scholars, to see *Beowulf* and its place in literary history in the context of early Germanic literature that was little known before nineteenth-century philologists, editors, and translators, eager to establish their native traditions, made the poem available once more. *Beowulf* thus became a major text in a European revival of ancient Germanic literature, which includes, besides Anglo-Saxon, works in Old Saxon, Old and Middle High German, and Old Icelandic. We provide excerpts from several of these works, which illuminate the world of *Beowulf* and its pagan characters as well as its Christian poet and his original audience.  *Widsith* (far-traveler) is the modern title of a 142-line Anglo-Saxon poem, which takes its name from the speaker- persona, a fictional Anglo-Saxon oral poet or *scop*. Widsith is a traveling bard who presents a who's who of Germanic tribal chieftains and describes his experiences performing at their courts. Presumably, Widsith's audiences would have been able to follow his lays even if they spoke a different Germanic dialect from the bard's. Moreover, many of the characters and actions of his songs would probably have been familiar to them from poetry that is lost to us.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/middleages/topic_4/illustrations/imbegingenesis.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/middleages/topic_4/illustrations/imbegingenesis.htm)The close relationship between the language and literature of Anglo-Saxon England and other Germanic languages and literatures on the Continent may be illustrated from our second selection, a narrative poem based on the Book of Genesis in Manuscript Junius 11 now in the Bodleian Library of Oxford University. In 1875 a young German scholar, Eduard Sievers, realized that the part of this Anglo-Saxon Genesis dealing with the Fall of the Angels and the Fall of Adam and Eve must be a transcription into the West-Saxon dialect of Old English of a Genesis poem composed in Old Saxon in the ninth century. Its existence was known from allusions to it, but no copies of it were thought to have survived. Sievers entitled this section of the Junius Genesis *Genesis B* to distinguish it from the rest of the Anglo-Saxon poem, which became *Genesis A*. When the copyist of *Genesis A* came to the Fall of the Angels, he may have discovered a gap in his exemplar, which he then filled in with the story as it was told in another manuscript available to him. This manuscript, no longer extant, happened to be a copy of the Saxon Genesis. Although the spelling and language of that text would certainly have looked foreign to the Anglo-Saxon scribe, he seems to have experienced no great difficulty understanding and rendering it, with some cuts and adjustments, word for word and line by line, although leaving enough clues as to the original language of the poem for Sievers to formulate his theory about its origins.  That theory was sensationally confirmed by the discovery in 1894 of thirty-two leaves from another manuscript of the Saxon Genesis bound into the Vatican manuscript Palatinus Latinus 1447. Internal evidence enabled scholars to show that those leaves were first copied at a monastery in the German city of Mainz during the third quarter of the ninth century. The fragments of the Saxon poem preserved in the Junius and Vatican manuscripts overlap for only twenty-six lines, and, because each is a copy of older copies, their texts naturally do not correspond exactly. Nevertheless, those lines enable one to appreciate the relationship between Old Saxon and Old English that facilitated the work of the English adapter. Here are three lines from the Vatican and Junius manuscripts juxtaposed with a translation and a few notes. Adam is lamenting to Eve how their sin has changed atmospheric conditions:   |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Old Saxon: | Hu sculun uuit >> [note 1](javascript:void(0);) nu libbian |  | | Old English: | hu sculon wit >> [note 2](javascript:void(0);) nu libban | |  | how shall we two now live | | Old Saxon: | efto hu sculun uuit an thesum liahta uuesan | | Old English: | oððe on þis lande >> [note 3](javascript:void(0);) wesan | |  | or in this land be (exist) | | Old Saxon: | nu hier huuilum uuind kumit | | Old English: | gif her                   wind comth | |  | now/if here [sometimes] wind comes | | Old Saxon: | uuestan efto ostan | | Old English: | westan oððe eastan, | |  | [from] west or east | | Old Saxon: | suðan efto nordan | | Old English: | suðan oððe norðan? | |  | [from] south or north |   Thus, although *Genesis B* is preserved in Old English, it is not strictly speaking an Old English poem nor is it a translation. Rather, as the above example shows, the Anglo-Saxon scribe has recopied the Old Saxon text — here and there adding, omitting, or substituting words — into the standard written form of tenth-century Anglo-Saxon. This should not surprise us, for not only are Old English and Old Saxon related branches of the same language group but of the same culture — the Christianized Germanic culture of northern Europe. Indeed, English missionaries in the eighth century had been chiefly responsible for the conversion of the Germans on the Continent, the establishment of the Roman Church in Germany, and the reform of the Frankish Church. >> [note 4](javascript:void(0);) English monks, therefore, paved the way for Charlemagne's attempt in the ninth century to renew the ancient Roman Empire as the Holy Roman Empire, and the intellectual revival called the Carolingian Renaissance. The Saxon Genesis is a product of that movement to which the Anglo-Saxon Church had contributed so much.  From *Genesis B* we include a dramatic passage about the Creation, Rebellion, and Fall of the Angels in which Satan is cast in the role of epic anti-hero. From a fragment in the Vatican manuscript we include part of the story of Cain and Abel.  [[http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/middle/suttonhoopurse2.jpg](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/middleages/topic_4/illustrations/imsuttonhoopurse.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/middleages/topic_4/illustrations/imsuttonhoopurse.htm)Much of our knowledge of Germanic mythology and story, which was suppressed by the Church in England and on the Continent, survived in medieval Iceland where a deliberate effort was made to preserve ancient Germanic verse forms, mythology, legend, and political and family histories. Although it dates centuries after *Beowulf*, the remarkable corpus of Icelandic literature from the twelfth through the thirteenth centuries provides us with analogous stories and materials that bring us into closer contact with the kinds of materials from which *Beowulf* was fashioned. A selection from the *Prose Edda* of Snorri Sturluson (1179–1241) is an analogue of a tragic inset story of loss in *Beowulf*, which gives a keynote for the profound sadness that pervades the latter part of the poem. An episode from the fourteenth-century *Grettir's Saga* gives us a dark analogue of Beowulf's fight with Grendel. |

 QUIZ ON BEOWULF- REVIEW MOST RELEEVANT FACTS!!!- FOR EXTENDED INFORMATION, CHECK THE NORTHON ANTHOLOGY WEBSITE

http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/middleages/welcome.htm

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| http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/main_box_left.gif | [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/middleages/topic_3/illustrations/imchartes.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/middleages/topic_3/illustrations/imchartes.htm)The Middle Ages is like no other period in *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* in terms of the time span it covers. Caedmon's *Hymn*, the earliest English poem to survive as a text (*NAEL* 8, 1.25-27), belongs to the latter part of the seventh century. The morality play, *Everyman*, is dated "after 1485" and probably belongs to the early-sixteenth century. In addition, for the Middle Ages, there is no one central movement or event such as the English Reformation, the Civil War, or the Restoration around which to organize a historical approach to the period.  When did "English Literature" begin? Any answer to that question must be problematic, for the very concept of English literature is a construction of literary history, a concept that changed over time. There are no "English" characters in *Beowulf*, and English scholars and authors had no knowledge of the poem before it was discovered and edited in the nineteenth century. Although written in the language called "Anglo-Saxon," the poem was claimed by Danish and German scholars as their earliest national epic before it came to be thought of as an "Old English" poem. One of the results of the Norman Conquest was that the structure and vocabulary of the English language changed to such an extent that Chaucer, even if he had come across a manuscript of Old English poetry, would have experienced far more difficulty construing the language than with medieval Latin, French, or Italian. If a King Arthur had actually lived, he would have spoken a Celtic language possibly still intelligible to native speakers of Middle Welsh but not to Middle English speakers.  The literary culture of the Middle Ages was far more international than national and was divided more by lines of class and audience than by language. Latin was the language of the Church and of learning. After the eleventh century, French became the dominant language of secular European literary culture. Edward, the Prince of Wales, who took the king of France prisoner at the battle of Poitiers in 1356, had culturally more in common with his royal captive than with the common people of England. And the legendary King Arthur was an international figure. Stories about him and his knights originated in Celtic poems and tales and were adapted and greatly expanded in Latin chronicles and French romances even before Arthur became an English hero.  Chaucer was certainly familiar with poetry that had its roots in the Old English period. He read popular romances in Middle English, most of which derive from more sophisticated French and Italian sources. But when he began writing in the 1360s and 1370s, he turned directly to French and Italian models as well as to classical poets (especially Ovid). English poets in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries looked upon Chaucer and his contemporary John Gower as founders of *English* literature, as those who made English a language fit for cultivated readers. In the Renaissance, Chaucer was referred to as the "English Homer." Spenser called him the "well of English undefiled."  Nevertheless, Chaucer and his contemporaries Gower, William Langland, and the *Gawain* poet — all writing in the latter third of the fourteenth century — are heirs to classical and medieval cultures that had been evolving for many centuries. *Cultures* is put in the plural deliberately, for there is a tendency, even on the part of medievalists, to think of the Middle Ages as a single culture epitomized by the Great Gothic cathedrals in which architecture, art, music, and liturgy seem to join in magnificent expressions of a unified faith — an approach one recent scholar has referred to as "cathedralism." Such a view overlooks the diversity of medieval cultures and the social, political, religious, economic, and technological changes that took place over this vastly long period.  The texts included here from "The Middle Ages" attempt to convey that diversity. They date from the sixth to the late- fifteenth century. Eight were originally in Old French, six in Latin, five in English, two in Old Saxon, two in Old Icelandic, and one each in Catalan, Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic.  "The Linguistic and Literary Contexts of *Beowulf*" demonstrates the kinship of the Anglo-Saxon poem with the versification and literature of other early branches of the Germanic language group. An Anglo-Saxon poet who was writing an epic based on the book of Genesis was able to insert into his work the episodes of the fall of the angels and the fall of man that he adapted with relatively minor changes from an Old Saxon poem thought to have been lost until a fragment from it was found late in the nineteenth century in the Vatican Library. Germanic mythology and legend preserved in Old Icelandic literature centuries later than *Beowulf* provide us with better insights into stories known to the poet than anything in ancient Greek and Roman epic poetry.  "Estates and Orders" samples ideas about medieval society and some of its members and institutions. Particular attention is given to religious orders and to the ascetic ideals that were supposed to rule the lives of men and women living in religious communities (such as Chaucer's Prioress, Monk, and Friar, who honor those rules more in the breach than in the observance) and anchorites (such as Julian of Norwich) living apart. *The Rule of Saint Benedict*, written for a sixth-century religious community, can serve the modern reader as a guidebook to the ideals and daily practices of monastic life. The mutual influence of those ideals and new aristocratic ideals of chivalry is evident in the selection from the *Ancrene Riwle* (Rule for Anchoresses, *NAEL* 8, [1.157–159]) and *The Book of the Order of Chivalry*. Though medieval social theory has little to say about women, women were sometimes treated satirically as if they constituted their own estate and profession in rebellion against the divinely ordained rule of men. An outstanding instance is the "Old Woman" from the *Romance of the Rose*, whom Chaucer reinvented as the Wife of Bath. The tenth-century English Benedictine monk Aelfric gives one of the earliest formulations of the theory of three estates — clergy, nobles, and commoners — working harmoniously together. But the deep- seated resentment between the upper and lower estates flared up dramatically in the Uprising of 1381 and is revealed by the slogans of the rebels, which are cited here in selections from the chronicles of Henry Knighton and Thomas Walsingham, and by the attack of the poet John Gower on the rebels in his *Vox Clamantis*. In the late-medieval genre of estates satire, all three estates are portrayed as selfishly corrupting and disrupting a mythical social order believed to have prevailed in a past happier age.  The selections under "Arthur and Gawain" trace how French writers in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries transformed the Legendary Histories of Britain (*NAEL 8* , 1.117–128) into the narrative genre that we now call "romance." The works of Chrétien de Troyes focus on the adventures of individual knights of the Round Table and how those adventures impinge upon the cult of chivalry. Such adventures often take the form of a quest to achieve honor or what Sir Thomas Malory often refers to as "worship." But in romance the adventurous quest is often entangled, for better or for worse, with personal fulfillment of love for a lady — achieving her love, protecting her honor, and, in rare cases such as *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, resisting a lady's advances. In the thirteenth century, clerics turned the sagas of Arthur and his knights — especially Sir Lancelot — into immensely long prose romances that disparaged worldly chivalry and the love of women and advocated spiritual chivalry and sexual purity. These were the "French books" that Malory, as his editor and printer William Caxton tells us, "abridged into English," and gave them the definitive form from which Arthurian literature has survived in poetry, prose, art, and film into modern times.  "The First Crusade," launched in 1096, was the first in a series of holy wars that profoundly affected the ideology and culture of Christian Europe. Preached by Pope Urban II, the aim of the crusade was to unite warring Christian factions in the common goal of liberating the Holy Land from its Moslem rulers. The chronicle of Robert the Monk is one of several versions of Urban's address. The Hebrew chronicle of Eliezer bar Nathan gives a moving account of attacks made by some of the crusaders on Jewish communities in the Rhineland — the beginnings of the persecution of European Jews in the later Middle Ages. In the biography of her father, the Byzantine emperor Alexius I, the princess Anna Comnena provides us with still another perspective of the leaders of the First Crusade whom she met on their passage through Constantinople en route to the Holy Land. The taking of Jerusalem by the crusaders came to be celebrated by European writers of history and epic poetry as one of the greatest heroic achievements of all times. The accounts by the Arab historian Ibn Al-Athir and by William of Tyre tell us what happened after the crusaders breached the walls of Jerusalem from complementary but very different points of view.  **( MANDATORY READING- DR, JEKYLL & MR.HYDE)- DID YOU START READING?** |

# Geoffrey Chaucer Biography



(born 1342/43, London?, Eng.—died Oct. 25, 1400, London) the outstanding English poet before Shakespeare and “the first finder of our language.” His *The Canterbury Tales* ranks as one of the greatest poetic works in English. He also contributed importantly in the second half of the 14th century to the management of public affairs as courtier, diplomat, and civil servant. In that career he was trusted and aided by three successive kings—Edward III, Richard II, and Henry IV. But it is his avocation—the writing of poetry—for which he is remembered.

Perhaps the chief characteristics of Chaucer's works are their variety in subject matter, genre, tone, and style and in the complexities presented concerning the human pursuit of a sensible existence. Yet his writings also consistently reflect an all-pervasive humour combined with serious and tolerant consideration of important philosophical questions. From his writings Chaucer emerges as poet of love, both earthly and divine, whose presentations range from lustful cuckoldry to spiritual union with God. Thereby, they regularly lead the reader to speculation about man's relation both to his fellows and to his Maker, while simultaneously providing delightfully entertaining views of the frailties and follies, as well as the nobility, of mankind.

## Forebears and early years

Chaucer's forebears for at least four generations were middle-class English people whose connection with London and the court had steadily increased. John Chaucer, his father, was an important London vintner and a deputy to the king's butler; in 1338 he was a member of Edward III's expedition to Antwerp, in Flanders, now part of Belgium, and he owned property in Ipswich, in the county of Suffolk, and in London. He died in 1366 or 1367 at age 53. The name Chaucer is derived from the French word *chaussier*, meaning a maker of footwear. The family's financial success derived from wine and leather.

Although 1340 is customarily given as Chaucer's birth date, 1342 or 1343 is probably a closer guess. No information exists concerning his early education, although doubtless he would have been as fluent in French as in the Middle English of his time. He also became competent in Latin and Italian. His writings show his close familiarity with many important books of his time and of earlier times.

Chaucer first appears in the records in 1357, as a member of the household of Elizabeth, countess of Ulster, wife of Lionel, third son of Edward III. Geoffrey's father presumably had been able to place him among the group of young men and women serving in that royal household, a customary arrangement whereby families who could do so provided their children with opportunity for the necessary courtly education and connections to advance their careers. By 1359 Chaucer was a member of Edward III's army in France and was captured during the unsuccessful siege of Reims. The king contributed to his ransom, and Chaucer served as messenger from Calais to England during the peace negotiations of 1360. Chaucer does not appear in any contemporary record during 1361–65. He was probably in the king's service, but he may have been studying law—not unusual preparation for public service, then as now—since a 16th-century report implies that, while so engaged, he was fined for beating a Franciscan friar in a London street. On February 22, 1366, the king of Navarre issued a certificate of safe-conduct for Chaucer, three companions, and their servants to enter Spain. This occasion is the first of a number of diplomatic missions to the continent of Europe over the succeeding 10 years, and the wording of the document suggests that here Chaucer served as “chief of mission.

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By 1366 Chaucer had married. Probably his wife was Philippa Pan, who had been in the service of the countess of Ulster and entered the service of Philippa of Hainaut, queen consort of Edward III, when Elizabeth died in 1363. In 1366 Philippa Chaucer received an annuity, and later annuities were frequently paid to her through her husband. These and other facts indicate that Chaucer married well.

In 1367 Chaucer received an annuity for life as yeoman of the king, and in the next year he was listed among the king's esquires. Such officers lived at court and performed staff duties of considerable importance. In 1368 Chaucer was abroad on a diplomatic mission, and in 1369 he was on military service in France. Also in 1369 he and his wife were official mourners for the death of Queen Philippa. Obviously, Chaucer's career was prospering, and his first important poem— *Book of the Duchess*—seems further evidence of his connection with persons in high places.

That poem of more than 1,300 lines, probably written in late 1369 or early 1370, is an elegy for Blanche, duchess of Lancaster, John of Gaunt's first wife, who died of plague in September 1369. Chaucer's close relationship with John, which continued through most of his life, may have commenced as early as Christmas 1357 when they, both about the same age, were present at the countess of Ulster's residence in Yorkshire. For this first of his important poems, Chaucer used the dream-vision form, a genre made popular by the highly influential 13th-century French poem of courtly love, the *Roman de la rose*. Chaucer translated that poem, at least in part, probably as one of his first literary efforts, and he borrowed from it throughout his poetic career. The *Duchess* is also indebted to contemporary French poetry and to [Ovid](http://www.biography.com/search/article.do?id=9430940), Chaucer's favourite Roman poet. Nothing in these borrowings, however, will account for his originality in combining dream-vision with elegy and eulogy of Blanche with consolation for John. Also noteworthy here—as it increasingly became in his later poetry—is the tactful and subtle use of a first-person narrator, who both is and is not the poet himself. The device had obvious advantages for the minor courtier delivering such a poem orally before the high-ranking court group. In addition, the *Duchess* foreshadows Chaucer's skill at presenting the rhythms of natural conversation within the confines of Middle English verse and at creating realistic characters within courtly poetic conventions. Also, Chaucer here begins, with the Black Knight's account of his love for Good Fair White, his career as a love poet, examining in late medieval fashion the important philosophic and religious questions concerning the human condition as they relate to both temporal and eternal aspects of love.

During the decade of the 1370s, Chaucer was at various times on diplomatic missions in Flanders, France, and Italy. Probably his first Italian journey (December 1372 to May 1373) was for negotiations with the Genoese concerning an English port for their commerce, and with the Florentines concerning loans for Edward III. His next Italian journey occupied May 28 to September 19, 1378, when he was a member of a mission to Milan concerning military matters. Several times during the 1370s, Chaucer and his wife received generous monetary grants from the king and from John of Gaunt. On May 10, 1374, he obtained rent-free a dwelling above Aldgate, in London, and on June 8 of that year he was appointed comptroller of the customs and subsidy of wools, skins, and tanned hides for the Port of London. Now, for the first time, Chaucer had a position away from the court, and he and his wife had a home of their own, about a 10-minute walk from his office. In 1375 he was granted two wardships, which paid well, and in 1376 he received a sizable sum from a fine. When [Richard II](http://www.biography.com/search/article.do?id=39525) became king in June 1377, he confirmed Chaucer's comptrollership and, later, the annuities granted by Edward III to both Geoffrey and Philippa. Certainly during the 1370s fortune smiled upon the Chaucers.

So much responsibility and activity in public matters appears to have left Chaucer little time for writing during this decade. The great literary event for him was that, during his missions to Italy, he encountered the work of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, which was later to have profound influence upon his own writing. Chaucer's most important work of the 1370s was *Hous of Fame*, a poem of more than 2,000 lines, also in dream-vision form. In some ways it is a failure—it is unfinished, its theme is unclear, and the diversity of its parts seems to overshadow any unity of purpose—but it gives considerable evidence of Chaucer's advancing skill as a poet. The eight-syllable metre is handled with great flexibility; the light, bantering, somewhat ironic tone—later to become one of Chaucer's chief effects—is established; and a wide variety of subject matter is included. Further, the later mastery in creation of memorable characters is here foreshadowed by the marvelous golden eagle who carries the frightened narrator, “Geoffrey,” high above the Earth to the houses of Fame and Rumour, so that as a reward for his writing and studying he can learn “tydings” to make into love poems. Here, too, Chaucer's standard picture of his own fictional character emerges: the poet, somewhat dull-witted, dedicated to writing about love but without successful personal experience of it. The comedy of the poem reaches its high point when the pedantic eagle delivers for Geoffrey's edification a learned lecture on the properties of sound. In addition to its comic aspects, however, the poem seems to convey a serious note: like all earthly things, fame is transitory and capricious.

## The middle years: political and personal anxieties

In a deed of May 1, 1380, one Cecily Chaumpaigne released Chaucer from legal action, “both of my rape and of any other matter or cause.” Rape ( *raptus*) could at the time mean either sexual assault or abduction; scholars have not been able to establish which meaning applies here, but, in either case, the release suggests that Chaucer was not guilty as charged. He continued to work at the Customs House and in 1382 was additionally appointed comptroller of the petty customs for wine and other merchandise, but in October 1386 his dwelling in London was leased to another man, and in December of that year successors were named for both of his comptrollerships in the customs; whether he resigned or was removed from office is not clear. Between 1382 and 1386 he had arranged for deputies—permanent in two instances and temporary in others—in his work at the customs. In October 1385 he was appointed a justice of the peace for Kent, and in August 1386 he became knight of the shire for Kent, to attend Parliament in October. Further, in 1385 he probably moved to Greenwich, then in Kent, to live. These circumstances suggest that, for some time before 1386, he was planning to move from London and to leave the Customs House. Philippa Chaucer apparently died in 1387; if she had suffered poor health for some time previously, that situation could have influenced a decision to move. On the other hand, political circumstances during this period were not favourable for Chaucer and may have caused his removal. By 1386 a baronial group led by Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, had bested both Richard II and John of Gaunt—with whose parties Chaucer had long been associated—and usurped the king's authority and administration. Numerous other officeholders—like Chaucer, appointed by the king—were discharged, and Chaucer may have suffered similarly. Perhaps the best view of the matter is that Chaucer saw which way the political wind was blowing and began early to prepare to move when the necessity arrived.

The period 1386–89 was clearly difficult for Chaucer. Although he was reappointed justice of the peace for 1387, he was not returned to Parliament after 1386. In 1387 he was granted protection for a year to go to Calais, in France, but seems not to have gone, perhaps because of his wife's death. In 1388 a series of suits against him for debts began, and he sold his royal pension for a lump sum. Also, from February 3 to June 4, 1388, the Merciless Parliament, controlled by the barons, caused many leading members of the court party—some of them Chaucer's close friends—to be executed. In May 1389, however, the 23-year-old King Richard II regained control, ousted his enemies, and began appointing his supporters to office. Almost certainly, Chaucer owed his next public office to that political change. On July 12, 1389, he was appointed clerk of the king's works, with executive responsibility for repair and maintenance of royal buildings, such as the Tower of London and Westminster Palace, and with a comfortable salary.

Although political events of the 1380s, from the Peasants' Revolt of 1381 through the Merciless Parliament of 1388, must have kept Chaucer steadily anxious, he produced a sizable body of writings during this decade, some of very high order. Surprisingly, these works do not in any way reflect the tense political scene. Indeed, one is tempted to speculate that during this period Chaucer turned to his reading and writing as escape from the difficulties of his public life. *The Parlement of Foules*, a poem of 699 lines, is a dream-vision for St. Valentine's Day, making use of the myth that each year on that day the birds gathered before the goddess Nature to choose their mates. Beneath its playfully humorous tone, it seems to examine the value of various kinds of love within the context of “common profit” as set forth in the introductory abstract from the *Somnium Scipionis* ( *The Dream of Scipio*) of Cicero. The narrator searches unsuccessfully for an answer and concludes that he must continue his search in other books. For this poem Chaucer also borrowed extensively from Boccaccio and Dante, but the lively bird debate from which the poem takes its title is for the most part original. The poem has often been taken as connected with events at court, particularly the marriage in 1382 of Richard II and Anne of Bohemia. But no such connection has ever been firmly established. The *Parlement* is clearly the best of Chaucer's earlier works.

The *Consolation of Philosophy*, written by the Roman philosopher Boethius (early 6th century), a Christian, was one of the most influential of medieval books. Its discussion of free will, God's foreknowledge, destiny, fortune, and true and false happiness—in effect, all aspects of the manner in which the right-minded individual should direct his thinking and action to gain eternal salvation—had a deep and lasting effect upon Chaucer's thought and art. His prose translation of the *Consolation* is carefully done, and in his next poem— *Troilus and Criseyde*—the influence of Boethius's book is pervasive. Chaucer took the basic plot for this 8,239-line poem from Boccaccio's *Filostrato*.

Some critics consider *Troilus and Criseyde* Chaucer's finest work, greater even than the far more widely read *Canterbury Tales*. But the two works are so different that comparative evaluation seems fruitless. The state of the surviving manuscripts of *Troilus* shows Chaucer's detailed effort in revising this poem. Against the background of the legendary Trojan War, the love story of Troilus, son of the Trojan king Priam, and Criseyde, widowed daughter of the deserter priest Calkas, is recounted. The poem moves in leisurely fashion, with introspection and much of what would now be called psychological insight dominating many sections. Aided by Criseyde's uncle Pandarus, Troilus and Criseyde are united in love about halfway through the poem; but then she is sent to join her father in the Greek camp outside Troy. Despite her promise to return, she gives her love to the Greek Diomede, and Troilus, left in despair, is killed in the war. These events are interspersed with Boethian discussion of free will and determinism. At the end of the poem, when Troilus's soul rises into the heavens, the folly of complete immersion in sexual love is viewed in relation to the eternal love of God. The effect of the poem is controlled throughout by the direct comments of the narrator, whose sympathy for the lovers—especially for Criseyde—is ever present.

*The Canterbury Tales*

Chaucer's great literary accomplishment of the 1390s was *The Canterbury Tales*. In it a group of about 30 pilgrims gather at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, across the Thames from London, and agree to engage in a storytelling contest as they travel on horseback to the shrine of Thomas à Becket in Canterbury, Kent, and back. Harry Bailly, host of the Tabard, serves as master of ceremonies for the contest. The pilgrims are introduced by vivid brief sketches in the General Prologue. Interspersed between the 24 tales told by the pilgrims are short dramatic scenes presenting lively exchanges, called links and usually involving the host and one or more of the pilgrims. Chaucer did not complete the full plan for his book: the return journey from Canterbury is not included, and some of the pilgrims do not tell stories. Further, the surviving manuscripts leave room for doubt at some points as to Chaucer's intent for arranging the material. The work is nevertheless sufficiently complete to be considered a unified book rather than a collection of unfinished fragments. Use of a pilgrimage as a framing device for the collection of stories enabled Chaucer to bring together people from many walks of life: knight, prioress, monk; merchant, man of law, franklin, scholarly clerk; miller, reeve, pardoner; wife of Bath and many others. Also, the pilgrimage and the storytelling contest allowed presentation of a highly varied collection of literary genres: courtly romance, racy fabliau, saint's life, allegorical tale, beast fable, medieval sermon, alchemical account, and, at times, mixtures of these genres. Because of this structure, the sketches, the links, and the tales all fuse as complex presentations of the pilgrims, while at the same time the tales present remarkable examples of short stories in verse, plus two expositions in prose. In addition, the pilgrimage, combining a fundamentally religious purpose with its secular aspect of vacation in the spring, made possible extended consideration of the relationship between the pleasures and vices of this world and the spiritual aspirations for the next, that seeming dichotomy with which Chaucer, like Boethius and many other medieval writers, was so steadily concerned.

For this crowning glory of his 30 years of literary composition, Chaucer used his wide and deep study of medieval books of many sorts and his acute observation of daily life at many levels. He also employed his detailed knowledge of medieval astrology and subsidiary sciences as they were thought to influence and dictate human behaviour. Over the whole expanse of this intricate dramatic narrative, he presides as Chaucer the poet, Chaucer the civil servant, and Chaucer the pilgrim: somewhat slow-witted in his pose and always intrigued by human frailty but always questioning the complexity of the human condition and always seeing both the humour and the tragedy in that condition. At the end, in the Retractation with which *The Canterbury Tales* closes, Chaucer as poet and pilgrim states his conclusion that the concern for this world fades into insignificance before the prospect for the next; in view of the admonitions in The Parson's Tale, he asks forgiveness for his writings that concern “worldly vanities” and remembrance for his translation of the *Consolation* and his other works of morality and religious devotion. On that note he ends his finest work and his career as poet.

**( MANDATORY READING- DR, JEKYLL & MR.HYDE) Are you finished yet?**

From *The Canterbury Tales*:  
**The Miller's Prologue**   
**lines 1-11: The judgement of the Knight's tale**

#### Heere folwen the wordes bitwene the Hoost and the Millere

(AUDIO-NORTON)

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| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Whan that the [Knyght](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#knyght) had thus his tale ytoold, | |  | In al the [route](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#route) ne was ther yong ne oold | |  | That he ne seyde it was a noble storie, | |  | And [worthy](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#worthy) for to [drawen to memorie](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#drawen%20to%20memorie); | | 5 | And namely the gentils [everichon](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#everichon). | |  | Oure Hooste [lough](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#lough), and swoor, "So moot I gon, | |  | This [gooth](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#gooth) [aright](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#aright); unbokeled is the male, | |  | Lat se now who shal telle another tale, | |  | For [trewely](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#trewely) the game is wel bigonne. | | 10 | Now telleth on, sir Monk, if that ye konne | |  | Somwhat to quite with the Knyghtes tale." | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Now when the knight had thus his story told, | |  | In all the rout there was nor young nor old | |  | But said it was a fine and noble story | |  | Worthy to be kept in memory; | | 5 | And specially the gentle folk, each one. | |  | Our host, he laughed and swore, "So may I run, | |  | But this goes well; unbuckled is the mail; | |  | Let's see now who can tell another tale: | |  | For certainly the game has well begun. | | 10 | Now shall you tell, sir monk, if't can be done, | |  | Something with which to pay for the knight's tale." | |

**The Miller's Prologue**  
**lines 12-23: The Miller offers to tell a tale**

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| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | The Millere that for dronken was al pale, | |  | So that [unnethe](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#unnethe) upon his hors he sat, | |  | He nolde [avalen](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#avalen) neither hood ne hat, | | 15 | Ne [abyde](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#abyde) no man for his curteisie, | |  | But in Pilates voys he gan to crie, | |  | And swoor, "By armes and by blood and bones, | |  | I kan a noble tale for the [nones](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#nones), | |  | With which I wol now quite the Knyghtes tale." | | 20 | Oure Hooste [saugh](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#saugh) that he was dronke of ale, | |  | And seyde, "[Abyd](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#abyde), Robyn, my [leeve](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#leeve) brother, | |  | Som bettre man shal telle us first another, | |  | Abyd, and lat us werken [thriftily](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#thriftily)." | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | The miller, who of drinking was all pale, | |  | So that unsteadily on his horse he sat, | |  | He would not take off either hood or hat, | | 15 | Nor wait for any man, in courtesy, | |  | But all in Pilate's voice began to cry, | |  | And "By the arms and blood and bones," he swore, | |  | "I have a noble story in my store, | |  | With which I will requite the good knight's tale." | | 20 | Our host saw, then, that he was drunk with ale, | |  | And said to him: "Wait, Robin, my dear brother, | |  | Some better man shall tell us first another: | |  | Submit and let us work on profitably." | |

From *The Canterbury Tales*:  
**The Miller's Prologue**  
**lines 24-58: The Miller insists on telling a tale**

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| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | "By Goddes soule," [quod](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#quod) he, "that wol nat I, | | 25 | For I wol speke, or elles go my wey." | |  | Oure Hoost answerde, "Tel on, a devel wey! | |  | Thou art a fool, thy [wit](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#wit) is overcome! | |  | "Now [herkneth](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#herkneth)," [quod](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#quod) the Miller, "[alle and some](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#alle%20and%20some), | |  | But first I make a protestacioun | | 30 | That I am dronke, I knowe it by my soun; | |  | And therfore, if that I mysspeke or seye, | |  | Wyte it the ale of Southwerk I you preye. | |  | For I wol telle a legende and a lyf | |  | Bothe of a carpenter and of his [wyf](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#wyf), | | 35 | How that a [clerk](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#clerk) hath set the wrightes cappe." | |  | The Reve answerde and seyde, "Stynt thy clappe, | |  | Lat be thy [lewed](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#lewed) dronken [harlotrye](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#harlotrie), | |  | It is a [synne](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#synne) and [eek](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#eek) a greet folye | |  | To apeyren any man or hym defame, | | 40 | And [eek](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#eek) to bryngen wyves in swich fame; | |  | Thou mayst ynogh of othere thynges seyn." | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | "Now by God's soul," cried he, "that will not I! | | 25 | For I will speak, or else I'll go my way." | |  | Our host replied: "Tell on, then, till doomsday! | |  | You are a fool, your wit is overcome." | |  | "Now hear me," said the miller, "all and some! | |  | But first I make a protestation round | | 30 | That I'm quite drunk, I know it by my sound: | |  | And therefore, if I slander or mis-say, | |  | Blame it on ale of Southwark, so I pray; | |  | For I will tell a legend and a life | |  | Both of a carpenter and of his wife, | | 35 | And how a scholar set the good wright's cap." | |  | The reeve replied and said: "Oh, shut your tap, | |  | Let be your ignorant drunken ribaldry! | |  | It is a sin, and further, great folly | |  | To asperse any man, or him defame, | | 40 | And, too, to bring upon a man's wife shame. | |  | There are enough of other things to say." | |

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| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | This dronke Millere spak [ful](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#ful) soone ageyn, | |  | And seyde, "Leve brother Osewold, | |  | Who hath no [wyf](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#wyf), he is no [cokewold](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#cokewold). | | 45 | But I sey nat therfore that thou art [oon](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#oon), | |  | Ther been [ful](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#ful) goode wyves many oon, | |  | And evere a thousand goode ayeyns oon badde; | |  | That knowestow wel thyself, but if thou madde. | |  | Why artow angry with my tale now? | | 50 | I have a wyf, [pardee](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#pardee), as wel as thow, | |  | Yet nolde I for the oxen in my plogh | |  | Take upon me moore than [ynogh](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#ynogh), | |  | As demen of myself that I were oon; | |  | I wol bileve wel, that I am noon. | | 55 | An housbonde shal nat been inquisityf | |  | Of Goddes [pryvetee](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#pryvetee), nor of his [wyf](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#wyf). | |  | So he may fynde Goddes foysoun there, | |  | Of the remenant nedeth nat enquere." | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | This drunken miller spoke on in his way, | |  | And said: "Oh, but my dear brother Oswald, | |  | The man who has no wife is no cuckold. | | 45 | But I say not, thereby, that you are one: | |  | Many good wives there are, as women run, | |  | And ever a thousand good to one that's bad, | |  | As well you know yourself, unless you're mad. | |  | Why are you angry with my story's cue? | | 50 | I have a wife, begad, as well as you, | |  | Yet I'd not, for the oxen of my plow, | |  | Take on my shoulders more than is enow, | |  | By judging of myself that I am one; | |  | I will believe full well that I am none. | | 55 | A husband must not be inquisitive | |  | Of God, nor of his wife, while she's alive. | |  | So long as he may find God's plenty there, | |  | For all the rest he need not greatly care." | |

From *The Canterbury Tales*:  
**The Miller's Prologue**  
**lines 59-78: Chaucer's comments on the Miller's tale**

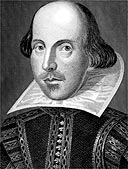
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| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | What sholde I moore seyn, but this Millere | | 60 | He nolde his wordes for no man forbere, | |  | But tolde his cherles tale in his manere; | |  | Me thynketh that I shal [reherce](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#reherce) it heere. | |  | And therfore every [gentil](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#gentil) [wight](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#wight) I preye, | |  | For Goddes love, demeth nat that I seye | | 65 | Of yvel [entente](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#entente), but that I moot [reherce](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#reherce) | |  | Hir tales alle, be they bettre or werse, | |  | Or elles falsen som of my mateere. | |  | And therfore who-so [list](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#list) it nat yheere, | |  | Turne over the leef, and [chese](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#ches) another tale; | | 70 | For he shal fynde ynowe, grete and smale, | |  | Of storial thyng that toucheth gentillesse, | |  | And [eek](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#eek) moralitee, and hoolynesse. | |  | Blameth nat me if that ye [chese](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#ches) amys; | |  | The Millere is a cherl, ye knowe wel this, | | 75 | So was the Reve, and othere manye mo, | |  | And [harlotrie](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#harlotrie) they tolden bothe two. | |  | Avyseth yow, and put me out of blame, | |  | And [eek](http://www.librarius.com/gy.htm#eek) men shal nat maken ernest of game. | | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | What should I say, except this miller rare | | 60 | He would forgo his talk for no man there, | |  | But told his churlish tale in his own way: | |  | I think I'll here re-tell it, if I may. | |  | And therefore, every gentle soul, I pray | |  | That for God's love you'll hold not what I say | | 65 | Evilly meant, but that I must rehearse, | |  | All of their tales, the better and the worse, | |  | Or else prove false to some of my design. | |  | Therefore, who likes not this, let him, in fine, | |  | Turn over page and choose another tale: | | 70 | For he shall find enough, both great and small, | |  | Of stories touching on gentility, | |  | And holiness, and on morality; | |  | And blame not me if you do choose amiss. | |  | The miller was a churl, you well know this; | | 75 | So was the reeve, and many another more, | |  | And ribaldry they told from plenteous store. | |  | Be then advised, and hold me free from blame; | |  | Men should not be too serious at a game. | |

(source) <http://www.librarius.com/canttran/mttrfs.htm>

http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/16c_topics_title.gifhttp://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/16c_intro_title.gif

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| http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/main_box_left.gif | [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/16century/topic_3/illustrations/imallegory.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/16century/topic_3/illustrations/imallegory.htm)Literary works in sixteenth-century England were rarely if ever created in isolation from other currents in the social and cultural world. The boundaries that divided the texts we now regard as aesthetic from other texts were porous and constantly shifting. It is perfectly acceptable, of course, for the purposes of reading to redraw these boundaries more decisively, treating Renaissance texts as if they were islands of the autonomous literary imagination. One of the greatest writers of the period, Sir Philip Sidney, defended poetry in just such terms; the poet, Sidney writes in *The Defence of Poetry* (*NAEL* 8, 1.953–74), is not constrained by nature or history but freely ranges "only within the zodiac of his own wit." But Sidney knew well, and from painful personal experience, how much this vision of golden autonomy was contracted by the pressures, perils, and longings of the brazen world. And only a few pages after he imagines the poet orbiting entirely within the constellations of his own intellect, he advances a very different vision, one in which the poet's words not only imitate reality but also actively change it.  We have no way of knowing to what extent, if at all, this dream of literary power was ever realized in the world. We do know that many sixteenth-century artists, such as Christopher Marlowe, Edmund Spenser, and William Shakespeare, brooded on the magical, transforming power of art. This power could be associated with civility and virtue, as Sidney claims, but it could also have the demonic qualities manifested by the "pleasing words" of Spenser's enchanter, Archimago (*NAEL* 8, 1.714–902), or by the incantations of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* (*NAEL* 8, 1.1022–1057). It is significant that Marlowe's great play was written at a time in which the possibility of sorcery was not merely a theatrical fantasy but a widely shared fear, a fear upon which the state could act — as the case of Doctor Fian vividly shows — with horrendous ferocity. Marlowe was himself the object of suspicion and hostility, as indicated by the strange report filed by a secret agent, Richard Baines, professing to list Marlowe's wildly heretical opinions, and by the gleeful (and factually inaccurate) report by the Puritan Thomas Beard of Marlowe's death.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/16century/topic_1/illustrations/imdemon.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/16century/topic_1/illustrations/imdemon.htm)Marlowe's tragedy emerges not only from a culture in which bargains with the devil are imaginable as real events but also from a world in which many of the most fundamental assumptions about spiritual life were being called into question by the movement known as the Reformation. Catholic and Protestant voices struggled to articulate the precise beliefs and practices thought necessary for the soul's salvation. One key site of conflict was the Bible, with Catholic authorities trying unsuccessfully to stop the circulation of the unauthorized Protestant translation of Scripture by William Tyndale, a translation in which doctrines and institutional structures central to the Roman Catholic church were directly challenged. Those doctrines and structures, above all the interpretation of the central ritual of the eucharist, or Lord's Supper, were contested with murderous ferocity, as the fates of the Protestant martyr Anne Askew and the Catholic martyr Robert Aske make painfully clear. The Reformation is closely linked to many of the texts printed in the sixteenth-century section of the Norton Anthology: Book 1 of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (*NAEL* 8, 1.719–856), for example, in which a staunchly Protestant knight of Holiness struggles against the satanic forces of Roman Catholicism, or the Protestant propagandist Foxe's account of Lady Jane Grey's execution (*NAEL* 8, 1.674-75), or the Catholic Robert Southwell's moving religious lyric, "The Burning Babe" (*NAEL* 8, 1.640-41).  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/16century/topic_2/illustrations/imsink.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/16century/topic_2/illustrations/imsink.htm)If these windows on the Reformation offer a revealing glimpse of the inner lives of men and women in Tudor England, the subsection entitled "The Wider World" provides a glimpse of the huge world that lay beyond the boundaries of the kingdom, a world that the English were feverishly attempting to explore and exploit. Ruthless military expeditions and English settlers (including the poet Edmund Spenser) struggled to subdue and colonize nearby Ireland, but with very limited success. Farther afield, merchants from cities such as London and Bristol established profitable trading links to markets in North Africa, Turkey, and Russia. And daring seamen such as Drake and Cavendish commanded voyages to still more distant lands. The texts collected here, which supplement the selections from Ralegh's *Discoverie of Guiana* (*NAEL* 8, 1.923-26) and Hariot's *Brief and True Report* (*NAEL* 1.938-43) in the Norton Anthology, are fascinating, disturbing records of intense human curiosity, greed, fear, wonder, and intelligence. And lest we imagine that the English were only the observers of the world and never the observed, "The Wider World" includes a sample of a foreign tourist's description of London. The tourist, Thomas Platter, had the good sense to go to the theater and to see, as so many thousands of visitors to England have done since, a play by Shakespeare. |

# William Shakespeare Biography



(baptized April 26, 1564, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, England—died April 23, 1616, Stratford-upon-Avon) English poet, dramatist, and actor, often called the English national poet and considered by many to be the greatest dramatist of all time.

Shakespeare occupies a position unique in world literature. Other poets, such as [Homer](http://www.biography.com/search/article.do?id=9342775) and [Dante](http://www.biography.com/search/article.do?id=9265912), and novelists, such as [Leo Tolstoy](http://www.biography.com/search/article.do?id=9508518) and [Charles Dickens](http://www.biography.com/search/article.do?id=9274087), have transcended national barriers; but no writer's living reputation can compare to that of Shakespeare, whose plays, written in the late 16th and early 17th centuries for a small repertory theatre, are now performed and read more often and in more countries than ever before. The prophecy of his great contemporary, the poet and dramatist [Ben Jonson](http://www.biography.com/search/article.do?id=40950), that Shakespeare “was not of an age, but for all time,” has been fulfilled.

It may be audacious even to attempt a definition of his greatness, but it is not so difficult to describe the gifts that enabled him to create imaginative visions of pathos and mirth that, whether read or witnessed in the theatre, fill the mind and linger there. He is a writer of great intellectual rapidity, perceptiveness, and poetic power. Other writers have had these qualities, but with Shakespeare the keenness of mind was applied not to abstruse or remote subjects but to human beings and their complete range of emotions and conflicts. Other writers have applied their keenness of mind in this way, but Shakespeare is astonishingly clever with words and images, so that his mental energy, when applied to intelligible human situations, finds full and memorable expression, convincing and imaginatively stimulating. As if this were not enough, the art form into which his creative energies went was not remote and bookish but involved the vivid stage impersonation of human beings, commanding sympathy and inviting vicarious participation. Thus Shakespeare's merits can survive translation into other languages and into cultures remote from that of Elizabethan England.

## Shakespeare the man

### Life

Although the amount of factual knowledge available about Shakespeare is surprisingly large for one of his station in life, many find it a little disappointing, for it is mostly gleaned from documents of an official character. Dates of baptisms, marriages, deaths, and burials; wills, conveyances, legal processes, and payments by the court—these are the dusty details. There are, however, many contemporary allusions to him as a writer, and these add a reasonable amount of flesh and blood to the biographical skeleton.

#### Early life in Stratford

The parish register of Holy Trinity Church in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, shows that he was baptized there on April 26, 1564; his birthday is traditionally celebrated on April 23. His father, John Shakespeare, was a burgess of the borough, who in 1565 was chosen an alderman and in 1568 bailiff (the position corresponding to mayor, before the grant of a further charter to Stratford in 1664). He was engaged in various kinds of trade and appears to have suffered some fluctuations in prosperity. His wife, Mary Arden, of Wilmcote, Warwickshire, came from an ancient family and was the heiress to some land. (Given the somewhat rigid social distinctions of the 16th century, this marriage must have been a step up the social scale for John Shakespeare.)

Stratford enjoyed a grammar school of good quality, and the education there was free, the schoolmaster's salary being paid by the borough. No lists of the pupils who were at the school in the 16th century have survived, but it would be absurd to suppose the bailiff of the town did not send his son there. The boy's education would consist mostly of Latin studies—learning to read, write, and speak the language fairly well and studying some of the Classical historians, moralists, and poets. Shakespeare did not go on to the university, and indeed it is unlikely that the scholarly round of logic, rhetoric, and other studies then followed there would have interested him.

Instead, at age 18 he married. Where and exactly when are not known, but the episcopal registry at Worcester preserves a bond dated November 28, 1582, and executed by two yeomen of Stratford, named Sandells and Richardson, as a security to the bishop for the issue of a license for the marriage of William Shakespeare and “Anne Hathaway of Stratford,” upon the consent of her friends and upon once asking of the banns. (Anne died in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare. There is good evidence to associate her with a family of Hathaways who inhabited a beautiful farmhouse, now much visited, 2 miles [3.2 km] from Stratford.) The next date of interest is found in the records of the Stratford church, where a daughter, named Susanna, born to William Shakespeare, was baptized on May 26, 1583. On February 2, 1585, twins were baptized, Hamnet and Judith. (Hamnet, Shakespeare's only son, died 11 years later.)

#### Private life

Shakespeare had little contact with officialdom, apart from walking—dressed in the royal livery as a member of the King's Men—at the coronation of King James I in 1604. He continued to look after his financial interests. He bought properties in London and in Stratford. In 1605 he purchased a share (about one-fifth) of the Stratford tithes—a fact that explains why he was eventually buried in the chancel of its parish church. For some time he lodged with a French Huguenot family called Mountjoy, who lived near St. Olave's Church in Cripplegate, London. The records of a lawsuit in May 1612, resulting from a Mountjoy family quarrel, show Shakespeare as giving evidence in a genial way (though unable to remember certain important facts that would have decided the case) and as interesting himself generally in the family's affairs.

#### Sexuality

Like so many circumstances of Shakespeare's personal life, the question of his sexual nature is shrouded in uncertainty. At age 18, in 1582, he married Anne Hathaway, a woman who was eight years older than he. Their first child, Susanna, was born on May 26, 1583, about six months after the marriage ceremony. A license had been issued for the marriage on November 27, 1582, with only one reading (instead of the usual three) of the banns, or announcement of the intent to marry in order to give any party the opportunity to raise any potential legal objections. This procedure and the swift arrival of the couple's first child suggest that the pregnancy was unplanned, as it was certainly premarital. The marriage thus appears to have been a “shotgun” wedding. Anne gave birth some 21 months after the arrival of Susanna to twins, named Hamnet and Judith, who were christened on February 2, 1585. Thereafter William and Anne had no more children. They remained married until his death in 1616.

COMPLETE BIOGRAPHY AT – 1) <http://www.biography.com/articles/William-Shakespeare-9480323?part=0>

2)<http://www.shakespeare-literature.com/l_biography.html>

3) http://students.roanoke.edu/t/tnunez/shakesdone.html

# http://students.roanoke.edu/t/tnunez/willycolor.gif  Short Biography

        William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, in England in 1564. While his exact birth date is unknown, it is most often celebrated on April 23, the feast of St. George. He was the third of seven children born to John and Mary Arden Shakespeare.    Shakespeare's father was a tanner and glove maker. He was also a fairly prominent political figure, being an alderman of Stratford for years, and serving a term as "high bailiff" (mayor). He died in 1601, leaving little land to William. Not much is known of Mary Shakespeare, except that she had a wealthier family than John.

William Shakespeare attended a very good grammar school in Stratford-upon- Avon, though the time period during which he attended school is not known. His instructors were all Oxford graduates, and his studies were primarily in Latin. Little else is known of his boyhood.     In 1582 at 18 years of age, Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, a lady seven or eight years older than he from Shottery, a village a mile from Stratford. Their first daughter, Susanna, was born in 1583, followed by twins in 1585, Hamnet and Judith. By 1592, Shakespeare was an established playwright in London.  The plague kept the theaters closed most of the time, and it was during this time that Shakespeare wrote his earliest sonnets and poems.     Shakespeare did most of his theater work in a district northeast of London, in two theaters owned by James Burbage, called the Theatre and the Curtain. In 1598, Burbage moved to Bankside and built the famous Globe Theatre, in which Shakespeare owned stock. Around this time, Shakespeare applied for and got a coat of arms, with the motto: Non sanz droict (not without right). This gave him the standing of a gentleman, something that was not generally associated with actors, who were considered to be in the same class with vagrants and criminals.     In 1603, Shakespeare's theatrical company was taken under the patronage of King James I, and became known as the King's Company. In 1608, the company acquired the Blackfriars Theatre.  Shakespeare soon joined the group of the now famous writers who gathered at Mermaid Tavern, located on Bread Street in Cheapside. Among others, some of the writers who frequented the Tavern were Sir Walter Raleigh (the founder), and Ben Jonson.      Shakespeare retired from theatre in 1610 and returned to Stratford.  In 1613 the Globe Theatre burned down, but Shakespeare remained quite wealthy and contributed to the building of the new Globe Theatre . Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616 and was buried in the chancel of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Stratford. A monument to Shakespeare was set up on the north wall of the chancel, with a bust of Shakespeare. The bust and the engraving by Droeshout that prefixed the First Folio are the only renderings of Shakespeare that are considered to be accurate.  In Shakespeare's will, he left most of his property to Susanna and her daughter, except for his "second-best bed," which he left to his wife.

## sonnetXVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,  
   So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
   So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

This is one of the most famous of all the sonnets, justifiably so. But it would be a mistake to take it entirely in isolation, for it links in with so many of the other sonnets through the themes of the descriptive power of verse; the ability of the poet to depict the fair youth adequately, or not; and the immortality conveyed through being hymned in these 'eternal lines'. It is noticeable that here the poet is full of confidence that his verse will live as long as there are people drawing breath upon the earth, whereas later he apologises for his poor wit and his humble lines which are inadequate to encompass all the youth's excellence. Now, perhaps in the early days of his love, there is no such self-doubt and the eternal summer of the youth is preserved forever in the poet's lines. The poem also works at a rather curious level of achieving its objective through dispraise. The summer's day is found to be lacking in so many respects (too short, too hot, too rough, sometimes too dingy), but curiously enough one is left with the abiding impression that 'the lovely boy' is in fact like a summer's day at its best, fair, warm, sunny, temperate, one of the darling buds of May, and that all his beauty has been wonderfully highlighted by the comparison.

## The 1609 Quarto Version



SHall I compare thee to a Summers day?   
Thou art more louely and more temperate:   
Rough windes do ſhake the darling buds of Maie,   
And Sommers leaſe hath all too ſhorte a date:   
Sometime too hot the eye of heauen ſhines,   
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,   
And euery faire from faire ſome-time declines,   
By chance,or natures changing courſe vntrim'd:   
But thy eternall Sommer ſhall not fade,   
Nor looſe poſſeſſion of that faire thou ow'ſt,   
Nor ſhall death brag thou wandr'ſt in his ſhade,   
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'ſt,   
   So long as men can breathe or eyes can ſee,   
   So long liues this,and this giues life to thee,

## Commentary

1. Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

This is taken usually to mean 'What if I were to compare thee etc?' The stock comparisons of the loved one to all the beauteous things in nature hover in the background throughout. One also remembers Wordsworth's lines:   
*We'll talk of sunshine and of song,  
And summer days when we were young,   
Sweet childish days which were as long  
As twenty days are now.*

Such reminiscences are indeed anachronistic, but with the recurrence of words such as 'summer', 'days', 'song', 'sweet', it is not difficult to see the permeating influence of the Sonnets on Wordsworth's verse.

2. Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

The youth's beauty is more perfect than the beauty of a summer day. *more temperate* - more gentle, more restrained, whereas the summer's day might have violent excesses in store, such as are about to be described.

3. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

May was a summer month in Shakespeare's time, because the calendar in use lagged behind the true sidereal calendar by at least a fortnight.   
*darling buds of May* - the beautiful, much loved buds of the early summer; favourite flowers.

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

Legal terminology. The summer holds a lease on part of the year, but the lease is too short, and has an early termination (date).

5. Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

*Sometime* = on occasion, sometimes;   
*the eye of heaven* = the sun.

6. And often is his gold complexion dimmed,

*his gold complexion* = his (the sun's) golden face. It would be dimmed by clouds and on overcast days generally.

7. And every fair from fair sometime declines,

All beautiful things (*every fair*) occasionally become inferior in comparison with their essential previous state of beauty (*from fair*). They all decline from perfection.

8. By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:

By chance accidents, or by the fluctuating tides of nature, which are not subject to control, *nature's changing course untrimmed*.   
*untrimmed -* this can refer to the ballast (trimming) on a ship which keeps it stable; or to a lack of ornament and decoration. The greater difficulty however is to decide which noun this adjectival participle should modify. Does it refer to nature, or chance, or every fair in the line above, or to the effect of nature's changing course? KDJ adds a comma after *course*, which probably has the effect of directing the word towards all possible antecedents. She points out that *nature's changing course* could refer to women's monthly courses, or menstruation, in which case *every fair* in the previous line would refer to every fair woman, with the implication that the youth is free of this cyclical curse, and is therefore more perfect.

9. But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Referring forwards to the eternity promised by the ever living poet in the next few lines, through his verse.

10. Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,

Nor shall it (your eternal summer) lose its hold on that beauty which you so richly possess. *ow'st* = ownest, possess.   
By metonymy we understand 'nor shall you lose any of your beauty'.

11. Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,

Several half echoes here. The biblical ones are probably '*Oh death where is thy sting? Or grave thy victory*?' implying that death normally boasts of his conquests over life. And Psalms 23.3.: '*Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil* ' In classical literature the shades flitted helplessly in the underworld like gibbering ghosts. Shakespeare would have been familiar with this through Virgil's account of Aeneas' descent into the underworld in Aeneid Bk. VI.

12. When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,

*in eternal lines* = in the undying lines of my verse. Perhaps with a reference to progeny, and lines of descent, but it seems that the procreation theme has already been abandoned.   
*to time thou grow'st* - you keep pace with time, you grow as time grows.

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

For as long as humans live and breathe upon the earth, for as long as there are seeing eyes on the eart.

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

That is how long these verses will live, celebrating you, and continually renewing your life. But one is left with a slight residual feeling that perhaps the youth's beauty will last no longer than a summer's day, despite the poet's proud boast.

## sonnetCXLVI (AUDIO-NORTON)

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,   
... ... ... these rebel powers that thee array  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
Then soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
   So shall thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
   And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SOURCE- <http://www.shakespeares-sonnets.com/sonnet/index.php>

<http://www.shakespeares-sonnets.com/Archive/Index.htm>

**( MANDATORY READING- DR, JEKYLL & MR.HYDE) Are you finished yet?**

http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/17c_intro_title.gif

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| http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/main_box_left.gif | [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/17century/topic_1/illustrations/impoly.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/17century/topic_1/illustrations/impoly.htm)The earlier seventeenth century, and especially the period of the English Revolution (1640–60), was a time of intense ferment in all areas of life — religion, science, politics, domestic relations, culture. That ferment was reflected in the literature of the era, which also registered a heightened focus on and analysis of the self and the personal life. However, little of this seems in evidence in the elaborate frontispiece to Michael Drayton's long "chorographical" poem on the landscape, regions, and local history of Great Britain (1612), which appeared in the first years of the reign of the Stuart king James I (1603–1625). The frontispiece appears to represent a peaceful, prosperous, triumphant Britain, with England, Scotland, and Wales united, patriarchy and monarchy firmly established, and the nation serving as the great theme for lofty literary celebration. Albion (the Roman name for Britain) is a young and beautiful virgin wearing as cloak a map featuring rivers, trees, mountains, churches, towns; she carries a scepter and holds a cornucopia, symbol of plenty. Ships on the horizon signify exploration, trade, and garnering the riches of the sea. In the four corners stand four conquerors whose descendants ruled over Britain: the legendary Brutus, Julius Caesar, Hengist the Saxon, and the Norman William the Conqueror, "whose line yet rules," as Drayton's introductory poem states.  Yet this frontispiece also registers some of the tensions, conflicts, and redefinitions evident in the literature of the period and explored more directly in the topics and texts in this portion of the NTO Web site. It is Albion herself, not King James, who is seated in the center holding the emblems of sovereignty; her male conquerors stand to the side, and their smaller size and their number suggest something unstable in monarchy and patriarchy. Albion's robe with its multiplicity of regional features, as well as the "Poly" of the title, suggests forces pulling against national unity. Also, *Poly-Olbion* had no successors: instead of a celebration of the nation in the vein of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* or *Poly-Olbion* itself, the great seventeenth-century heroic poem, *Paradise Lost,* treats the Fall of Man and its tragic consequences, "all our woe."  The first topic here, "Gender, Family, Household: Seventeenth-Century Norms and Controversies," provides important religious, legal, and domestic advice texts through which to explore cultural assumptions about gender roles and the patriarchal family. It also invites attention to how those assumptions are modified or challenged in the practices of actual families and households; in tracts on transgressive subjects (cross-dressing, women speaking in church, divorce); in women's texts asserting women's worth, talents, and rights; and especially in the upheavals of the English Revolution.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/17century/topic_2/illustrations/imdurer.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/17century/topic_2/illustrations/imdurer.htm)"*Paradise Lost* in Context," the second topic for this period, surrounds that radically revisionist epic with texts that invite readers to examine how it engages with the interpretative traditions surrounding the Genesis story, how it uses classical myth, how it challenges orthodox notions of Edenic innocence, and how it is positioned within but also against the epic tradition from Homer to Virgil to Du Bartas. The protagonists here are not martial heroes but a domestic couple who must, both before and after their Fall, deal with questions hotly contested in the seventeenth century but also perennial: how to build a good marital relationship; how to think about science, astronomy, and the nature of things; what constitutes tyranny, servitude, and liberty; what history teaches; how to meet the daily challenges of love, work, education, change, temptation, and deceptive rhetoric; how to reconcile free will and divine providence; and how to understand and respond to God's ways.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/17century/topic_3/illustrations/imbehead.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/17century/topic_3/illustrations/imbehead.htm)The third topic, "Civil Wars of Ideas: Seventeenth-Century Politics, Religion, and Culture," provides an opportunity to explore, through political and polemical treatises and striking images, some of the issues and conflicts that led to civil war and the overthrow of monarchical government (1642–60). These include royal absolutism vs. parliamentary or popular sovereignty, monarchy vs. republicanism, Puritanism vs. Anglicanism, church ritual and ornament vs. iconoclasm, toleration vs. religious uniformity, and controversies over court masques and Sunday sports. The climax to all this was the highly dramatic trial and execution of King Charles I (January 1649), a cataclysmic event that sent shock waves through courts, hierarchical institutions, and traditionalists everywhere; this event is presented here through contemporary accounts and graphic images.  JOHN MILTON BIOGRAPHY    John Milton was born on 9 December 1608 on Bread Street in London, England to Sarah Jeffrey (1572-1637) and John Milton (1562-1647), scrivener in legal and financial matters. He had an older sister Anne and younger brother Christopher. John was born with poor eyesight which increasingly worsened over time. A life-long student, his schooling started at home under tutor Thomas Young before he went to read the works of [Homer](http://www.online-literature.com/homer/) and [Virgil](http://www.online-literature.com/virgil/) in Greek and Latin at St Paul's School in London. He entered Christ's College, Cambridge in 1625 with the intent to become a minister. However, upon graduation in 1632 with a Master of Arts degree, Milton was disenchanted with the Church, did not take his orders, and decided to further his studies in languages including Hebrew. He also learned French and Italian, countries he travelled through extensively in the late 1630s where he immersed himself in their history and culture, and met many prominent learned men of the time including Galileo Galilei (1564-1642). Upon his return to England from the continent in 1639 he moved to his parent's home in Horton, Buckinghamshire to focus on further study and writing. Some of his earliest pieces were metrical psalms and poems such as "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" (1629), "An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet [William Shakespeare](http://www.online-literature.com/shakespeare/)" (1630), and "Il Penseroso" (1631) and its companion piece "L'Allegro" (1631).  He also wrote the masques *Arcades* (c.1630-4) and *Comus* (1634), and his eloquent elegy "Lycidas" (1637) to his friend and fellow pupil from Christ's College, Edward King, who had drowned while on a voyage to Ireland. Around this time Milton began teaching and joined the Presbyterian cause to reform the Church and wrote several pamphlets including "Of Reformation (1641), "The Reason of Church Government Urged Against Prelaty" (1642). *Poems* was published in 1645. In 1643 he married Mary Powell (1626-1652) with whom he would have three daughters and one son; Anne, Mary, John, and Deborah. It was a troublesome marriage and they were estranged for a time, causing Milton to pen "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" (1644). In 1656 he married Catharine Woodcock who died two years later in childbirth along with Milton's fourth daughter, Catharine. In 1663 he married Elizabeth Minshull (1638-1727).  In 1649, after the regicide of King Charles I, Milton was appointed Cromwell's Latin secretary of foreign affairs and wrote many pamphlets in defense of the Commonwealth. The intense work of translating and writing created much strain on his eyes and he resorted to a secretary. By 1652 he was entirely blind and relied on the assistance of Andrew Marvell (1621-1678), but it seems that Milton was not unduly grieved by his loss of sight. After the death of Cromwell and the Restoration of King Charles II in 1660 Milton retired from public life; as staunch defender of the Commonwealth, he first had to hide entirely from King Charles's loyalists and some of his books were burned. The Great Fire of London in 1666 destroyed the Bread Street house where he was born and that he had inherited from his father. During the plague years he left London for surrounding areas; his cottage in the village of Chalfont St Giles, Buckinghamshire and its gardens are now a museum housing many of his works. It was here that Milton prepared for publication *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, which also includes his poetic drama wherein he reflects on his own life once again under the monarchy, *Samson Agonistes* (1671);  Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver!; Ask for this great Deliverer now, and find him Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves, Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.  John Milton died on 12 November 1674 in Artillery Row, London, and now rests with his father in the church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, London, England. His *On Christian Doctrine* was published in 1823.  When I consider how my light is spent Ere half my days in this dark world and wide, And that one Talent which is death to hide Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent To serve therewith my Maker, and present My true account, lest He returning chide, "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?" I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed, And post o'er land and ocean without rest; They also serve who only stand and wait."--Sonnet XIX  Biography written by C. D. Merriman for Jalic Inc. Copyright Jalic Inc. 2008. All  **( MANDATORY READING- DR, JEKYLL & MR.HYDE) Are you finished yet?** |

PARADISE LOST ~ A BRIEF SUMMARY

BY JOHN MILTON

An epic poem in blank verse, considered by many scholars to be one of the greatest poems of the English language. *Paradise Lost* tells the biblical story of the fall from grace of Adam and Eve (and, by extension, all humanity) in language that is a supreme achievement of rhythm and sound. The main characters in the poem are God, Lucifer (Satan), Adam, and Eve. Much has been written about Milton's powerful and sympathetic characterization of Satan. The Romantic poets William Blake and Percy Bysshe Shelley saw Satan as the real hero of the poem and applauded his rebellion against the tyranny of Heaven. Many other works of art have been inspired by *Paradise Lost*, notably Joseph Haydn's oratorio *The Creation* (1798) and John Keats's long poem "Endymion" (1818). Milton's *Paradise Regained* (1671) dramatizes the temptation of Christ.

SOURCE- online-literature.com (find the full version of Paradise Lost on this site)

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| INTRODUCTION  Paradise Lost is about Adam and Eve—how they came to be created and how they came to lose their place in the Garden of Eden, also called Paradise. It's the same story you find in the first pages of Genesis, expanded by Milton into a very long, detailed, narrative poem. It also includes the story of the origin of Satan. Originally, he was called Lucifer, an angel in heaven who led his followers in a war against God, and was ultimately sent with them to hell. Thirst for revenge led him to cause man's downfall by turning into a serpent and tempting Eve to eat the forbidden fruit.  PARADISE LOST SUMMARY  The story opens in hell, where Satan and his followers are recovering from defeat in a war they waged against God. They build a palace, called Pandemonium, where they hold council to determine whether or not to return to battle. Instead they decide to explore a new world prophecied to be created, where a safer course of revenge can be planned. Satan undertakes the mission alone. At the gate of hell, he meets his offspring, Sin and Death, who unbar the gates for him. He journeys across chaos till he sees the new universe floating near the larger globe which is heaven. God sees Satan flying towards this world and foretells the fall of man. His Son, who sits at his right hand, offers to sacrifice himself for man's salvation. Meanwhile, Satan enters the new universe. He flies to the sun, where he tricks an angel, Uriel, into showing him the way to man's home.  Satan gains entrance into the Garden of Eden, where he finds Adam and Eve and becomes jealous of them. He overhears them speak of God's commandment that they should not eat the forbidden fruit. Uriel warns Gabriel and his angels, who are guarding the gate of Paradise, of Satan's presence. Satan is apprehended by them and banished from Eden. God sends Raphael to warn Adam and Eve about Satan. Raphael recounts to them how jealousy against the Son of God led a once favored angel to wage war against God in heaven, and how the Son, Messiah, cast him and his followers into hell. He relates how the world was created so mankind could one day replace the fallen angels in heaven.  Satan returns to earth, and enters a serpent. Finding Eve alone he induces her to eat the fruit of the forbidden tree. Adam, resigned to join in her fate, eats also. Their innocence is lost and they become aware of their nakedness. In shame and despair, they become hostile to each other. The Son of God descends to earth to judge the sinners, mercifully delaying their sentence of death. Sin and Death, sensing Satan's success, build a highway to earth, their new home. Upon his return to hell, instead of a celebration of victory, Satan and his crew are turned into serpents as punishment. Adam reconciles with Eve. God sends Michael to expel the pair from Paradise, but first to reveal to Adam future events resulting from his sin. Adam is saddened by these visions, but ultimately revived by revelations of the future coming of the Savior of mankind. In sadness, mitigated with hope, Adam and Eve are sent away from the Garden of Paradise. |

SOURCES -http://www.paradiselost.co.uk & <http://www.paradiselost.org/novel.html>

http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/18c_topics_title.gifhttp://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/18c_intro_title.gif

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| http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/main_box_left.gif | The period between 1660 and 1785 was a time of amazing expansion for England — or for "Great Britain," as the nation came to be called after an Act of Union in 1707 joined Scotland to England and Wales. Britain became a world power, an empire on which the sun never set. But it also changed internally. The world seemed different in 1785. A sense of new, expanding possibilities — as well as modern problems — transformed the daily life of the British people, and offered them fresh ways of thinking about their relations to nature and to each other. Hence literature had to adapt to circumstances for which there was no precedent. The topics in this Restoration and Eighteenth Century section of Norton Topics Online review crucial departures from the past — alterations that have helped to shape our own world.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/18century/topic_1/illustrations/imenraged.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/18century/topic_1/illustrations/imenraged.htm)One lasting change was a shift in population from the country to the town. "A Day in Eighteenth-Century London" shows the variety of diversions available to city-dwellers. At the same time, it reveals how far the life of the city, where every daily newspaper brought new sources of interest, had moved from traditional values. Formerly the tastes of the court had dominated the arts. In the film *Shakespeare in Love*, when Queen Elizabeth's nod decides by itself the issue of what can be allowed on the stage, the exaggeration reflects an underlying truth: the monarch stands for the nation. But the eighteenth century witnessed a turn from palaces to pleasure gardens that were open to anyone with the price of admission. New standards of taste were set by what the people of London wanted, and art joined with commerce to satisfy those desires. Artist William Hogarth made his living not, as earlier painters had done, through portraits of royal and noble patrons, but by selling his prints to a large and appreciative public. London itself — its beauty and horror, its ever-changing moods — became a favorite subject of writers.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/18century/topic_3/illustrations/immilkyway3.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/18century/topic_3/illustrations/immilkyway3.htm)The sense that everything was changing was also sparked by a revolution in science. In earlier periods, the universe had often seemed a small place, less than six thousand years old, where a single sun moved about the earth, the center of the cosmos. Now time and space exploded, the microscope and telescope opened new fields of vision, and the "plurality of worlds," as this topic is called, became a doctrine endlessly repeated. The authority of Aristotle and Ptolemy was broken; their systems could not explain what Galileo and Kepler saw in the heavens or what Hooke and Leeuwenhoek saw in the eye of a fly. As discoveries multiplied, it became clear that the moderns knew things of which the ancients had been ignorant. This challenge to received opinion was thrilling as well as disturbing. In *Paradise Lost*, Book 8, the angel Raphael warns Adam to think about what concerns him, not to dream about other worlds. Yet, despite the warning voiced by Milton through Raphael, many later writers found the new science inspiring. It gave them new images to conjure with and new possibilities of fact and fiction to explore.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/18century/topic_2/illustrations/imblakeslave.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/18century/topic_2/illustrations/imblakeslave.htm)Meanwhile, other explorers roamed the earth, where they discovered hitherto unknown countries and ways of life. These encounters with other peoples often proved vicious. The trade and conquests that made European powers like Spain and Portugal immensely rich also brought the scourge of racism and colonial exploitation. In the eighteenth century, Britain's expansion into an empire was fueled by slavery and the slave trade, a source of profit that belied the national self-image as a haven of liberty and turned British people against one another. Rising prosperity at home had been built on inhumanity across the seas. This topic, "Slavery and the Slave Trade in Britain," looks at the experiences of African slaves as well as at British reactions to their suffering and cries for freedom. At the end of the eighteenth century, as many writers joined the abolitionist campaign, a new humanitarian ideal was forged. The modern world invented by the eighteenth century brought suffering along with progress. We still live with its legacies today. |

### BIOGRAPHY OF Thomas Gray (1716-1771)- <http://www.thomasgray.org/materials/bio.shtml> ( FULL VERSION)

SUMMARY OF BIOGRAPHY:



The English poet Thomas Gray (1716-1771) expressed deep and universal human feelings in forms derived from Greek and Roman literature. Although his output was small, he introduced new subject matter for poetry.

Thomas Gray was born on Dec. 26, 1716, of middle-class parents. He was the only one of 12 children to survive infancy. In 1727 Thomas became a pupil at Eton, where he met several bookish friends, who included Richard West (his death, in 1742, was to reinforce the melancholy that Gray often felt and expressed in his poems) and Horace Walpole, son of England's first modern-style prime minister and later an important man of letters.

Gray attended Cambridge University from 1734 to 1738 and after leaving the university without a degree undertook the grand tour of Europe with Walpole from 1739 to 1741. During this tour the two friends quarreled, but the quarrel was made up in 1745, and Walpole was to be a significant influence in the promulgation of Gray's poems in later years. In 1742 Gray returned to Cambridge and took a law degree the next year, although he was in fact much more interested in Greek literature than in law. For the most part, the rest of Gray's life, except for an occasional sojourn in London or trip to picturesque rural spots, was centered in Cambridge, where he was a man of letters and a scholar.

Gray's poetry, almost all of which he wrote in the years after he returned to Cambridge, is proof that personal reserve in poetry and careful imitation of ancient modes do not rule out depth of feeling. (He was one of the great English letter writers; in his letters his emotions appear more unreservedly.) The charge of artificiality brought against him later by men as different in their poetic principles as Samuel Johnson and William Wordsworth is true, but there is room in poetry for artifice, and while spontaneity has its merits so also does the Virgilian craftsmanship that Gray generally practiced.

The "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" (1747) certainly inflates its subject when it describes schoolboy swimmers as those who "delight to cleave/With pliant art [the Thames's] glassy wave," but it concludes with a memorably classic sentiment that deserves its lapidary expression: "where ignorance is bliss,/ 'Tis folly to be wise." Even so playful a poem as the "Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes" (1748) concludes with the chiseled wisdom, "Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes ... is lawful prize;/Nor all that glisters, gold."

In his greatest poem (and one of the most popular in English), the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" (1751), Gray achieves a perfect fusion of the dignity of his subject and the habitual elevatedness of his poetics. His style and his melancholy attitude toward life are perfectly adapted to the expression of the somber, time-honored verities of human experience. In the two famous Pindaric odes "The Progress of Poetry" and "The Bard" (published with Walpole's help in 1757) Gray seems to anticipate the rhapsodies of the romantic poets. Some readers in Gray's time found the odes obscure, but they are not so by modern standards. Much of Gray's energy in his later years was devoted to the study of old English and Norse poetry, a preoccupation that reveals itself in his odes.

Gray declined the poet laureateship in 1757. He died on July 30, 1771.

SOURCE- http://www.bookrags.com/biography/thomas-gray/

### Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard (AUDIO –NORTON)

[1](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#1)The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

              2      The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,

              3The plowman homeward plods his weary way,

              4      And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

              5Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,

              6      And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

              7Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,

[8](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#8)      And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

[9](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#9)Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r

            10      The moping owl does to the moon complain

            11Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,

            12      Molest her ancient solitary reign.

            13Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,

            14      Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,

            15Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,

[16](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#16)      The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

[17](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#17)The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,

            18      The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,

[19](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#19)The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,

            20      No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

            21For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,

            22      Or busy housewife ply her evening care:

            23No children run to lisp their sire's return,

            24      Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

            25Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,

[26](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#26)      Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;

            27How jocund did they drive their team afield!

            28      How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

            29Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,

[30](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#30)      Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

            31Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile

[32](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#32)      The short and simple annals of the poor.

            33The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,

            34      And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

[35](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#35)Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.

[36](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#36)      The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

            37Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,

[38](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#38)      If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

[39](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#39)Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault

            40      The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

[41](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#41)Can storied urn or animated bust

            42      Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

[43](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#43)Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

            44      Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

            45Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

            46      Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

            47Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,

            48      Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

            49But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page

            50      Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;

[51](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#51)Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,

            52      And froze the genial current of the soul.

            53Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

            54      The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:

            55Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,

            56      And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

[57](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#57)Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast

            58      The little tyrant of his fields withstood;

[59](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#59)Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,

            60      Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

            61Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,

            62      The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

            63To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

            64      And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

            65Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone

            66      Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;

            67Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,

            68      And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

[69](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#69)The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,

            70      To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,

            71Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride

[72](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#72)      With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

[73](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#73)Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,

            74      Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;

            75Along the cool sequester'd vale of life

            76      They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

            77Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,

            78      Some frail memorial still erected nigh,

            79With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,

            80      Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

            81Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,

            82      The place of fame and elegy supply:

            83And many a holy text around she strews,

            84      That teach the rustic moralist to die.

            85For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,

            86      This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,

            87Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,

            88      Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

            89On some fond breast the parting soul relies,

            90      Some pious drops the closing eye requires;

            91Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,

[92](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#92)      Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

            93For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead

            94      Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;

            95If chance, by lonely contemplation led,

            96      Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

            97Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,

            98      "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn

            99Brushing with hasty steps the dews away

[100](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#100)      To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

          101"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech

          102      That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

          103His listless length at noontide would he stretch,

          104      And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

          105"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,

          106      Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,

          107Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,

          108      Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

          109"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,

          110      Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;

          111Another came; nor yet beside the rill,

          112      Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

[113](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#113)"The next with dirges due in sad array

          114      Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.

          115Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,

[116](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#116)      Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

[117](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#117)*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth*

[118](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#118)     *A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.*

[119](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#119)*Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,*

          120     *And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

          121*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,*

          122     *Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:*

          123*He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,*

          124     *He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.*

          125*No farther seek his merits to disclose,*

          126     *Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,*

[127](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html#127) *(There they alike in trembling hope repose)*

          128     *The bosom of his Father and his God.*

SOURCE- <http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/882.html>

**( MANDATORY READING- DR, JEKYLL & MR.HYDE) Are you finished yet?**

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| http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/main_box_left.gif | [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/romantic/topic_3/illustrations/imjerusalem.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/romantic/topic_3/illustrations/imjerusalem.htm)In a letter to Byron in 1816, Percy Shelley declared that the French Revolution was "the master theme of the epoch in which we live" — a judgment with which many of Shelley's contemporaries concurred. As one of this period's topics, "The French Revolution: Apocalyptic Expectations," demonstrates, intellectuals of the age were obsessed with the concept of violent and inclusive change in the human condition, and the writings of those we now consider the major Romantic poets cannot be understood, historically, without an awareness of the extent to which their distinctive concepts, plots, forms, and imagery were shaped first by the promise, then by the tragedy, of the great events in neighboring France. And for the young poets in the early years of 1789–93, the enthusiasm for the Revolution had the impetus and high excitement of a religious awakening, because they interpreted the events in France in accordance with the apocalyptic prophecies in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures; that is, they viewed these events as fulfilling the promise, guaranteed by an infallible text, that a short period of retributive and cleansing violence would usher in an age of universal peace and blessedness that would be the equivalent of a restored Paradise. Even after what they considered to be the failure of the revolutionary promise, these poets did not surrender their hope for a radical reformation of humankind and its social and political world; instead, they transferred the basis of that hope from violent political revolution to a quiet but drastic revolution in the moral and imaginative nature of the human race.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/romantic/topic_2/illustrations/imgp8.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/romantic/topic_2/illustrations/imgp8.htm)"The Gothic," another topic for this period, is also a prominent and distinctive element in the writings of the Romantic Age. The mode had originated in novels of the mid-eighteenth century that, in radical opposition to the Enlightenment ideals of order, decorum, and rational control, had opened to literary exploration the realm of nightmarish terror, violence, aberrant psychological states, and sexual rapacity. In the first Gothic novel, Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1764), the ominous hero-villain had embodied aspects of Satan, the fallen archangel in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. This satanic strain was developed by later writers and achieved its apotheosis in the creation of a new and important cultural phenomenon, the compulsive, grandiose, heaven-and-hell-defying Byronic hero. In many of its literary products, the Gothic mode manifested the standard setting and events, creaky contrivances, and genteel aim of provoking no more than a pleasurable shudder — a convention Jane Austen satirized in *Northanger Abbey*. Literary Gothicism also, however, produced enduring classics that featured such demonic, driven, and imaginatively compelling protagonists as Byron's Manfred (*NAEL* 8, 2.636–68), Frankenstein's Creature in Mary Shelley's novel, Heathcliff in Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*, and, in America, Captain Ahab in Melville's *Moby-Dick*.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/romantic/topic_1/illustrations/impassgegddrd.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/romantic/topic_1/illustrations/impassgegddrd.htm)The topic "*Tintern Abbey*, Tourism, and Romantic Landscape" represents a very different mode, but one that is equally prominent in the remarkably diverse spectrum of Romantic literature. *Tintern Abbey*, written in 1798, is Wordsworth's initial attempt, in the short compass of a lyric poem, at a form he later expanded into the epic-length narrative of *The Prelude*. That is, it is a poem on the growth of the poet's mind, told primarily in terms of an evolving encounter between subject and object, mind and nature, which turns on an anguished spiritual crisis (identified in *The Prelude* as occasioned by the failure of the French Revolution) and culminates in the achievement of an integral and assured maturity (specified in *The Prelude* as the recognition by Wordsworth of his vocation as a poet for his crisis-ridden era). In this aspect, *Tintern Abbey* can be considered the succinct precursor, in English literature, of the genre known by the German term *Bildungsgeschichte* — the development of an individual from infancy through psychological stresses and breaks to a coherent maturity. This genre came to include such major achievements as Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Aurora Leigh* in verse (*NAEL* 8, 2.1092–1106) and James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in prose.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/romantic/topic_1/illustrations/imwye.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/romantic/topic_1/illustrations/imwye.htm)However innovative, in historical retrospect, the content and organization of *Tintern Abbey* may be, a contemporary reader would have approached it as simply one of a great number of descriptive poems that, in the 1790s, undertook to record a tour of picturesque scenes and ruins. There is good evidence, in fact, that, on the walking tour of the Wye valley during which Wordsworth composed *Tintern Abbey*, the poet and his sister carried with them William Gilpin's best-selling tour guide, *Observations on the River Wye . . . Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty*. As Gilpin and other travelers point out, the ruined abbey, however picturesque, served as a habitat for beggars and the wretchedly poor; also the Wye, in the tidal portion downstream from the abbey, had noisy and smoky iron-smelting furnaces along its banks, while in some places the water was oozy and discolored. These facts, together with the observation that Wordsworth dated his poem July 13, 1798, one day before the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille, have generated vigorous controversy about *Tintern Abbey*. Some critics read it as a great and moving meditation on the human condition and its inescapable experience of aging, loss, and suffering. (Keats read it this way — as a wrestling with "the Burden of the Mystery," an attempt to develop a rationale for the fact that "the World is full of Misery and Heartbreak, Pain, Sickness and oppression"; see *NAEL* 8, 2.945–47.) Others, however, contend that in the poem, Wordsworth suppresses any reference to his earlier enthusiasm for the French Revolution, and also that — by locating his vantage point in the pristine upper reaches of the Wye and out of sight of the abbey — he avoids acknowledging the spoliation of the environment by industry, and evades a concern with the social realities of unemployment, homelessness, and destitution.  "The Satanic and Byronic Hero," another topic for this period, considers a cast of characters whose titanic ambition and outcast state made them important to the Romantic Age's thinking about individualism, revolution, the relationship of the author—the author of genius especially—to society, and the relationship of poetical power to political power.  The fallen archangel Satan, as depicted in Milton's *Paradise Lost*; Napoleon Bonaparte, self-anointed Emperor of the French, Europe's "greatest man" or perhaps, as Coleridge insisted, "the greatest proficient in human destruction that has ever lived"; Lord Byron, or at least Lord Byron in the disguised form in which he presented himself in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, *Manfred*, and his Orientalist romances; these figures were consistently grouped together in the public imagination of the Romantic Age.  Prompted by radical changes in their systems of political authority and by their experience of a long, drawn-out war in which many of the victories felt like pyrrhic ones, British people during this period felt compelled to rethink the nature of heroism. One way that they pursued this project was to ponder the powers of fascination exerted by these figures whose self-assertion and love of power could appear both demonic and heroic, and who managed both to incite beholders' hatred and horror and to prompt their intense identifications. In the representations surveyed by this topic the ground is laid, as well, for the satanic strain of nineteenth-century literature and so for some of literary history's most compelling protagonists, from Mary Shelley's creature in *Frankenstein* to Emily Brontë's Heathcliff, to Herman Melville's Captain Ahab. |

## Samuel Taylor Coleridge: A Brief Biography



#### [Glenn Everett](http://www.victorianweb.org/misc/ge.html), Associate Professor of English, University of Tennessee at Martin

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born October 21, 1772, at Ottery St. Mary's, Devonshire, the youngest of 14 children. His father, John Coleridge, the parish vicar, died in 1781 just before Coleridge's ninth birthday. He was then sent to a boarding school, Christ's Hospital, as a charity scholar. A brilliant student, he went up to Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1791, on a small allowance provided by his brother George. Although he won a college medal in his first year for a long poem in Greek and was one of four finalists for a scholarship in his second, he was at the same time going through an adolescent crisis, experimenting with alcohol, opium, and sex, and falling in love with Mary Evans, the sister of a friend

In December 1793 he left school and joined the Dragoons (under the alias Silas Tomkyn Comerbacke), but kept falling off his horse. By the following April his brothers had found out where he was, bailed him out, and convinced him to return to Cambridge. That summer (1794) he left school again and met the poet Robert Southey, with whom he planned a utopian "Pantisocracy" to be established on the banks of the Susquehanna. The plan required that each participant be married, and Southey married Edith Fricker and Coleridge married her younger sister Sara. When the plans for the Pantisocracy fell through, the two of them were trapped in an uncongenial marriage.

By now Coleridge, who was earning his keep partly as a [Unitarian](http://www.victorianweb.org/religion/unitarian.html) preacher, had begun seriously to write poetry. He became close friends to [William Wordsworth](http://www.victorianweb.org/previctorian/ww/wwov.html) and his sister Dorothy, who moved to Alfoxden in 1797 to be near the Coleridges at Nether Stowey, and the two poets planned Lyrical Ballads, which appeared in 1798. Coleridge's most important contribution was "[The Rime of the Ancient Mariner](http://www.victorianweb.org/previctorian/stc/mariner.html)." That same September the three of them visited Germany, a visit much more important to Coleridge than to Wordsworth. In Germany, Coleridge discovered Kant, Schiller, Schelling, A.W. Schlegel, and he came back to England imbued with the spirit of German Romantic thought.

In 1799 Coleridge joined the Wordsworths, who were staying at the Hutchinson farm in Durham. Wordsworth was waiting for an inheritance to be settled so he could wed Mary Hutchinson; and Coleridge fell in love with her sister Sara, who appears in his journals and poems as "Asra."

From the time of his marriage on, Coleridge was searching for a vocation that would pay the rent, although the annuity of £150 from the Wedgwoods eased these concerns after 1798 and meant that he did not need to take up a career as a Unitarian minister. It is interesting to speculate if he would have later returned to the Church of England without that timely annuity (see ["Coleridge's religion"](http://www.victorianweb.org/previctorian/stc/religion1.html)).

Perhaps because he conceived such grand projects, he had difficulty carrying them through to completion, and he berated himself for his "indolence."  It is unclear whether his growing use of opium was a symptom or a cause of his growing depression. "[Dejection: An Ode](http://www.victorianweb.org/previctorian/stc/dejection.html)," written in 1802, expresses his despair at the loss of his creative powers. In 1804 he travelled to Sicily and Malta, working for a time as Acting Public Secretary of Malta under the Commissioner, Alexander Ball. He gave this up and returned to England in 1806; Dorothy Wordsworth was shocked at his condition upon his return. His opium addiction (he was using as much as two quarts of laudanum a week) now began to take over his life: he separated from his wife in 1808, quarrelled with Wordworth in 1810, lost part of his annuity in 1811, put himself under the care of Dr. Daniel in 1814, and finally moved in with Dr. Gilman in Highgate, London, where the doctor and his family managed for the next 18 years to keep his demon under control.

At this same time he was establishing himself as the most intellectual of the English Romantics, delivering an influential series of lectures on Shakespeare in the winter of 1811-12 and bringing out his Biographia Literaria in 1817. Among his contemporaries, he was best known as a talker, in the tradition of [Samuel Johnson](http://www.victorianweb.org/previctorian/johnson/sjov.html): his "Highgate Thursdays" became famous. He died July 25, 1834.

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| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | **Kubla Khan** (AUDIO-NORTON) | |

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| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | *In Xanadu did Kubla Khan A stately pleasure-dome decree : Where Alph, the sacred river, ran Through caverns measureless to man Down to a sunless sea. So twice five miles of fertile ground With walls and towers were girdled round : And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills, Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ; And here were forests ancient as the hills, Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.  But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover ! A savage place ! as holy and enchanted As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted By woman wailing for her demon-lover ! And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething, As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing, A mighty fountain momently was forced : Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail, Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail : And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever It flung up momently the sacred river. Five miles meandering with a mazy motion Through wood and dale the sacred river ran, Then reached the caverns measureless to man, And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean : And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far Ancestral voices prophesying war ! The shadow of the dome of pleasure Floated midway on the waves ; Where was heard the mingled measure From the fountain and the caves. It was a miracle of rare device, A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !  A damsel with a dulcimer In a vision once I saw : It was an Abyssinian maid, And on her dulcimer she played, Singing of Mount Abora. Could I revive within me Her symphony and song, To such a deep delight 'twould win me, That with music loud and long, I would build that dome in air, That sunny dome ! those caves of ice ! And all who heard should see them there, And all should cry, Beware ! Beware ! His flashing eyes, his floating hair ! Weave a circle round him thrice, And close your eyes with holy dread, For he on honey-dew hath fed, And drunk the milk of Paradise.* | |

**( MANDATORY READING- DR, JEKYLL & MR.HYDE) Are you finished yet?**

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| http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/main_box_left.gif | [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_1/illustrations/imvictoria.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_1/illustrations/imvictoria.htm)In 1897 Mark Twain was visiting London during the Diamond Jubilee celebrations honoring the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's coming to the throne. "British history is two thousand years old," Twain observed, "and yet in a good many ways the world has moved farther ahead since the Queen was born than it moved in all the rest of the two thousand put together." Twain's comment captures the sense of dizzying change that characterized the Victorian period. Perhaps most important was the shift from a way of life based on ownership of land to a modern urban economy based on trade and manufacturing. By the beginning of the Victorian period, the Industrial Revolution, as this shift was called, had created profound economic and social changes, including a mass migration of workers to industrial towns, where they lived in new urban slums. But the changes arising out of the Industrial Revolution were just one subset of the radical changes taking place in mid- and late-nineteenth-century Britain — among others were the democratization resulting from extension of the franchise; challenges to religious faith, in part based on the advances of scientific knowledge, particularly of evolution; and changes in the role of women.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_2/illustrations/immine.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_2/illustrations/immine.htm)All of these issues, and the controversies attending them, informed Victorian literature. In part because of the expansion of newspapers and the periodical press, debate about political and social issues played an important role in the experience of the reading public. The Victorian novel, with its emphasis on the realistic portrayal of social life, represented many Victorian issues in the stories of its characters. Moreover, debates about political representation involved in expansion both of the franchise and of the rights of women affected literary representation, as writers gave voice to those who had been voiceless.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_2/illustrations/imprint.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_2/illustrations/imprint.htm)The section in *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* entitled "Victorian Issues" (*NAEL* 8, 2.1538–1606) contains texts dealing with four controversies that concerned the Victorians: evolution, industrialism, what the Victorians called "The Woman Question", and Great Britain's identity as an imperial power. Norton Topics Online provides further texts on three of these topics: the debate about the benefits and evils of the Industrial Revolution, the debate about the nature and role of women, and the myriad issues that arose as British forces worked to expand their global influence. The debates on both industrialization and women's roles in society reflected profound social change: the formation of a new class of workers — men, women, and children — who had migrated to cities, particularly in the industrial North, in huge numbers, to take jobs in factories, and the growing demand for expanded liberties for women. The changes were related; the hardships that the Industrial Revolution and all its attendant social developments created put women into roles that challenged traditional ideas about women's nature. Moreover, the rate of change the Victorians experienced, caused to a large degree by advances in manufacturing, created new opportunities and challenges for women. They became writers, teachers, and social reformers, and they claimed an expanded set of rights.  [[[Click on image to enlarge]](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_2/illustrations/imtea.htm)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_2/illustrations/imtea.htm)In the debates about [industrialism](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_1/welcome.htm) and about the [Woman Question](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_2/welcome.htm), voices came into print that had not been heard before. Not only did women writers play a major role in shaping the terms of the debate about the Woman Question, but also women from the working classes found opportunities to describe the conditions of their lives. Similarly, factory workers described their working and living conditions, in reports to parliamentary commissions, in the encyclopedic set of interviews journalist Henry Mayhew later collected as *London Labor and the London Poor*, and in letters to the editor that workers themselves wrote. The world of print became more inclusive and democratic. At the same time, novelists and even poets sought ways of representing these new voices. The novelist Elizabeth Gaskell wrote her first novel, *Mary Barton*, in order to give voice to Manchester's poor, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning tried to find ways in poetry of giving voice to the poor and oppressed.  The third section of this Web site, "[The Painterly Image in Victorian Poetry](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_3/welcome.htm)," investigates the rich connection in the Victorian period between visual art and literature. Much Victorian aesthetic theory makes the eye the most authoritative sense and the clearest indicator of truth. Victorian poetry and the Victorian novel both value visual description as a way of portraying their subjects. This emphasis on the visual creates a particularly close connection between poetry and painting. Books of fiction and poetry were illustrated, and the illustrations amplified and intensified the effects of the text. The texts, engravings, and paintings collected here provide insight into the connection between the verbal and the visual so central to Victorian aesthetics.  Britain’s identity as an imperial power with considerable global influence is explored more comprehensively in the fourth topic section. For Britain, the Victorian period witnessed a renewed interest in the empire’s overseas holdings. British opinions on the methods and justification of imperialist missions overseas varied, with some like author Joseph Conrad throwing into sharp relief the brutal tactics and cold calculations involved in these missions, while others like politician [Joseph Chamberlain](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_4/chamberlain.htm) considered the British to be the “great governing race” with a moral obligation to expand its influence around the globe. Social evolutionists, such as [Benjamin Kidd](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/victorian/topic_4/kidd.htm), likewise supported the British dominion through their beliefs about the inherent developmental inferiority of the subject peoples, thus suggesting that Europeans had a greater capacity for ruling—a suggestion that many took as complete justification of British actions overseas. Regardless of dissenting voices, British expansion pushed forward at an unprecedented rate, ushering in a new era of cultural exchange that irreversibly altered the British worldview.    **Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892)**, English poet often regarded as the chief representative of the Victorian age in poetry. Tennyson succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate in 1850.  **Alfred, Lord Tennyson was born on August 5, 1809 in Somersby, Lincolnshire. His father, George Clayton Tennyson, a clergyman and rector, suffered from depression and was notoriously absentminded. Alfred began to write poetry at an early age in the style of Lord Byron. After spending four unhappy years in school he was tutored at home. Tennyson then studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he joined the literary club 'The Apostles' and met Arthur Hallam, who became his closest friend. Tennyson published *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, in 1830, which included the popular "Mariana".  His next book, *Poems* (1833), received unfavorable reviews, and Tennyson ceased to publish for nearly ten years. Hallam died suddenly on the same year in Vienna. It was a heavy blow to Tennyson. He began to write "In Memoriam", an elegy for his lost friend - the work took seventeen years. "The Lady of Shalott", "The Lotus-eaters" "Morte d'Arthur" and "Ulysses" appeared in 1842 in the two-volume *Poems* and established his reputation as a writer.**  **After marrying Emily Sellwood, whom he had already met in 1836, the couple settled in Farringford, a house in Freshwater on the Isle of Wight in 1853. From there the family moved in 1869 to Aldworth, Surrey. During these later years he produced some of his best poems.**  Among Tennyson's major poetic achievements is the elegy mourning the death of his friend Arthur Hallam, "In Memoriam" (1850). The patriotic poem "Charge of the Light Brigade", published in Maud (1855), is one of Tennyson's best known works, although at first "Maud" was found obscure or morbid by critics ranging from [George Eliot](http://www.online-literature.com/george_eliot/) to Gladstone. Enoch Arden (1864) was based on a true story of a sailor thought drowned at sea who returned home after several years to find that his wife had remarried. *Idylls Of The King* (1859-1885) dealt with the Arthurian theme.  In the 1870s Tennyson wrote several plays, among them the poetic dramas *Queen Mary* (1875) and *Harold* (1876). In 1884 he was created a baron.  Tennyson died at Aldwort on October 6, 1892 and was buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.  **SOURCE-ONLINE-LITERATURE.COM** |

# Ulysses (NORTON AUDIO)

***It little profits that an idle king,***

***By this still hearth, among these barren crags,***

***Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole***

***Unequal laws unto a savage race,***

***That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.***

***I cannot rest from travel: I will drink***

***Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd***

***Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those***

***That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when***

***Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades [1]***

***Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;***

***For always roaming with a hungry heart***

***Much have I seen and known; cities of men***

***And manners, climates, councils, governments, [2]***

***Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;***

***And drunk delight of battle with my peers,***

***Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.***

***I am a part of all that I have met;***

***Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'***

***Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades***

***For ever and for ever when I move.***

***How dull it is to pause, to make an end, [3]***

***To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!***

***As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life***

***Were all too little, and of one to me***

***Little remains: but every hour is saved***

***From that eternal silence, something more,***

***A bringer of new things; and vile it were***

***For some three suns to store and hoard myself,***

***And this gray spirit yearning in desire***

***To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,***

***Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.***

***This is my son, mine own Telemachus, [4]***

***To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle--***

***Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil***

***This labour, by slow prudence to make mild***

***A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees***

***Subdue them to the useful and the good.***

***Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere***

***Of common duties, decent not to fail***

***In offices of tenderness, and pay***

***Meet adoration to my household gods,***

***When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.***

***There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:***

***There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,***

***Souls that have toil'd and wrought, and thought with me--***

***That ever with a frolic welcome took***

***The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed***

***Free hearts, free foreheads--you and I are old;***

***Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;***

***Death closes all; but something ere the end,***

***Some work of noble note, may yet be done,***

***Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.***

***The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:***

***The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep***

***Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,***

***'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.***

***Push off, and sitting well in order smite***

***The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds***

***To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths***

***Of all the western stars, until I die.***

***It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:***

***It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles, [5]***

***And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.***

***Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'***

***We are not now that strength which in old days***

***Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;***

***One equal temper of heroic hearts,***

***Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will***

***To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.***

**SOURCE-ONLINE-LITERATURE.COM**

http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/20c_topics_title.gifhttp://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/20c_intro_title.gif

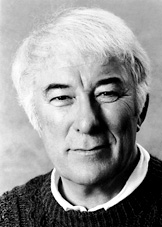
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| http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/images/main_box_left.gif | [[Click to Enlarge](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/20century/topic_1_05/illustrations/ww1_4.html)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/20century/topic_1_05/illustrations/ww1_4.html)Global war is one of the defining features of twentieth-century experience, and the first global war is the subject of one of this period’s topics, “Representing the Great War.” Masses of dead bodies strewn upon the ground, plumes of poison gas drifting through the air, hundreds of miles of trenches infested with rats—these are but some of the indelible images that have come to be associated with World War I (1914-18). It was a war that unleashed death, loss, and suffering on an unprecedented scale. How did recruiting posters, paintings, memoirs, and memorials represent the war? Was it a heroic occasion, comparable to a sporting event, eliciting displays of manly valor and courage? Or was it an ignominious waste of human life, with little gain to show on either side of the conflict, deserving bitterly ironic treatment? What were the differences between how civilians and soldiers, men and women, painters and poets represented the war? How effective or inadequate were memorials, poems, or memoirs in conveying the enormous scale and horror of the war? These are among the issues explored in this topic about the challenge to writers and artists of representing the unrepresentable.  [[Red Stone Dancer](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/20century/topic_1_05/illustrations/MOEX3.html)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/20century/topic_1_05/illustrations/MOEX3.html)Another of the twentieth century’s defining features is radical artistic experiment. The boundary-breaking art, literature, and music of the first decades of the century are the subject of the topic “Modernist Experiment.” Among the leading aesthetic innovators of this era were the composer Igor Stravinsky, the cubist Pablo Picasso, and the futurist F. T. Marinetti. [[Electricity](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/20century/topic_1_05/illustrations/MOEX1.html)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/20century/topic_1_05/illustrations/MOEX1.html)The waves of artistic energy in the avant-garde European arts soon crossed the English Channel, as instanced by the abstraction and dynamism of *Red Stone Dancer* (1913-14)by the London-basedvorticist sculptor Henri Gaudier-Brzeska. Other vorticists and modernists include such English-language writers as Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis, and Mina Loy, who also responded to the stimulus and challenge of the European avant-garde with manifestos, poems, plays, and other writings. This topic explores the links between Continental experiment and the modernist innovations of English-language poets and writers during a period of extraordinary ferment in literature and the arts.  [[Damage in Dublin](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/20century/topic_1_05/illustrations/IRE_6.html)](http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/20century/topic_1_05/illustrations/IRE_6.html)Another of the defining features of the twentieth century was the emergence of new nations out of European colonial rule. Among these nations, Ireland was the oldest of Britain’s colonies and the first in modern times to fight for independence. The topic “Imagining Ireland” explores how twentieth-century Irish writers fashioned new ideas about the Irish nation. It focuses on two periods of crisis, when the violent struggle for independence put the greatest pressure on literary attempts to imagine the nation: in the aftermath of the Easter Rising of 1916 and the later outbreaks of sectarian violence from 1969 (known as the Troubles) in Northern Ireland. How do poems, plays, memoirs, short stories, and other literary works represent the bloodshed and yet the potential benefits of these violent political upheavals? Do they honor or lament, idealize or criticize, these political acts? And how do these literary representations compare with political speeches and treaties that bear on these defining moments in modern Irish history? “Imagining Ireland” considers these and other questions about literature and the making of Irish nationality, which continue to preoccupy contemporary writers of Ireland, Northern Ireland, and the Irish diaspora. |

**CASUALTY:** He would drink by himself   
And raise a weathered thumb   
Towards the high shelf,   
Calling another rum   
And blackcurrant, without   
Having to raise his voice,   
Or order a quick stout   
By a lifting of the eyes   
And a discreet dumb-show   
Of pulling off the top;   
At closing time would go   
In waders and peaked cap   
Into the showery dark,   
A dole-kept breadwinner   
But a natural for work.   
I loved his whole manner,   
Sure-footed but too sly,   
His deadpan sidling tact,   
His fisherman's quick eye   
And turned observant back.   
  
Incomprehensible   
To him, my other life.   
Sometimes on the high stool,   
Too busy with his knife   
At a tobacco plug   
And not meeting my eye,   
In the pause after a slug   
He mentioned poetry.   
We would be on our own   
And, always politic   
And shy of condescension,   
I would manage by some trick   
To switch the talk to eels   
Or lore of the horse and cart   
Or the Provisionals.   
  
But my tentative art   
His turned back watches too:   
He was blown to bits   
Out drinking in a curfew   
Others obeyed, three nights   
After they shot dead   
The thirteen men in Derry.   
PARAS THIRTEEN, the walls said,   
BOGSIDE NIL. That Wednesday   
Everyone held   
His breath and trembled.   
  
II   
  
  
It was a day of cold   
Raw silence, wind-blown   
Surplice and soutane:   
Rained-on, flower-laden   
Coffin after coffin   
Seemed to float from the door   
Of the packed cathedral   
Like blossoms on slow water.   
The common funeral   
Unrolled its swaddling band,   
Lapping, tightening   
Till we were braced and bound   
Like brothers in a ring.   
  
But he would not be held   
At home by his own crowd   
Whatever threats were phoned,   
Whatever black flags waved.   
I see him as he turned   
In that bombed offending place,   
Remorse fused with terror   
In his still knowable face,   
His cornered outfaced stare   
Blinding in the flash.   
  
He had gone miles away   
For he drank like a fish   
Nightly, naturally   
Swimming towards the lure   
Of warm lit-up places,   
The blurred mesh and murmur   
Drifting among glasses   
In the gregarious smoke.   
How culpable was he   
That last night when he broke   
Our tribe's complicity?   
'Now, you're supposed to be   
An educated man,'   
I hear him say. 'Puzzle me   
The right answer to that one.'   
  
III   
  
  
I missed his funeral,   
Those quiet walkers   
And sideways talkers   
Shoaling out of his lane   
To the respectable   
Purring of the hearse...   
They move in equal pace   
With the habitual   
Slow consolation   
Of a dawdling engine,   
The line lifted, hand   
Over fist, cold sunshine   
On the water, the land   
Banked under fog: that morning   
I was taken in his boat,   
The screw purling, turning   
Indolent fathoms white,   
I tasted freedom with him.   
To get out early, haul   
Steadily off the bottom,   
Dispraise the catch, and smile   
As you find a rhythm   
Working you, slow mile by mile,   
Into your proper haunt   
Somewhere, well out, beyond...   
  
Dawn-sniffing revenant,   
Plodder through midnight rain,   
Question me again.

**SOURCE** [**http://www.ibiblio.org/ipa/heaney.php**](http://www.ibiblio.org/ipa/heaney.php)

[**http://www.ibiblio.org/ipa/heaney.php**](http://www.ibiblio.org/ipa/heaney.php) **Complet Bio.** Seamus Heaney

# Biography- short summary source- http://nobelprize.org/nobel\_prizes/literature/laureates/1995/heaney-bio.html



**Seamus Heaney** was born in April 1939, the eldest member of a family which would eventually contain nine children. His father owned and worked a small farm of some fifty acres in County Derry in Northern Ireland, but the father's real commitment was to cattle-dealing. There was something very congenial to Patrick Heaney about the cattle-dealer's way of life to which he was introduced by the uncles who had cared for him after the early death of his own parents. The poet's mother came from a family called McCann whose connections were more with the modern world than with the traditional rural economy; her uncles and relations were employed in the local linen mill and an aunt had worked "in service" to the mill owners' family. The poet has commented on the fact that his parentage thus contains both the Ireland of the cattle-herding Gaelic past and the Ulster of the Industrial Revolution; indeed, he considers this to have been a significant tension in his background, something which corresponds to another inner tension also inherited from his parents, namely that between speech and silence. His father was notably sparing of talk and his mother notably ready to speak out, a circumstance which Seamus Heaney believes to have been fundamental to the "quarrel with himself" out of which his poetry arises.

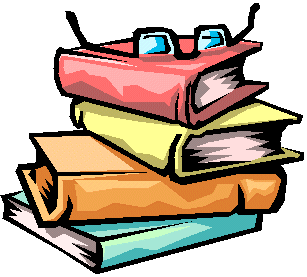
When he was twelve years of age, Seamus Heaney won a scholarship to St. Columb's College, a Catholic boarding school situated in the city of Derry, forty miles away from the home farm, and this first departure from Mossbawn was the decisive one. It would be followed in years to come by a transfer to Belfast where he lived between 1957 and 1972, and by another move from Belfast to the Irish Republic where Heaney has made his home, and then, since 1982, by regular, annual periods of teaching in America. All of these subsequent shifts and developments were dependent, however, upon that original journey from Mossbawn which the poet has described as a removal from "the earth of farm labour to the heaven of education." It is not surprising, then, that this move has turned out to be a recurrent theme in his work, from "Digging", the first poem in his first book, through the much more orchestrated treatment of it in "Alphabets"(*The Haw Lantern,* 1987), to its most recent appearance in "A Sofa in the Forties" which was published this year in *The Spirit Level*.

At St. Columb's College, Heaney was taught Latin and Irish, and these languages, together with the Anglo-Saxon which he would study while a student of Queen's University, Belfast, were determining factors in many of the developments and retrenchments which have marked his progress as a poet. The first verses he wrote when he was a young teacher in Belfast in the early 1960s and many of the best known poems in *North*, his important volume published in 1975, are linguistically tuned to the Anglo-Saxon note in English. His poetic line was much more resolutely stressed and packed during this period than it would be in the eighties and nineties when the "Mediterranean" elements in the literary and linguistic heritage of English became more pronounced. *Station Island* (1984) reveals Dante, for example, as a crucial influence, and echoes of Virgil - as well as a translation from Book VI of *The Aeneid* - are to be found in *Seeing Things* (1991). Heaney's early study of Irish bore fruit in the translation of the Middle Irish story of Suibhne Gealt in *Sweeney Astray* (1982) and in several other translations and echoes and allusions: the Gaelic heritage has always has been part of his larger keyboard of reference and remains culturally and politically central to the poet and his work.  
  
Heaney's poems first came to public attention in the mid-1960s when he was active as one of a group of poets who were subsequently recognized as constituting something of a "Northern School" within Irish writing. Although Heaney is stylistically and temperamentally different from such writers as Michael Longley and Derek Mahon (his contemporaries), and Paul Muldoon, Medbh McGuckian and Ciaran Carson (members of a younger Northern Irish generation), he does share with all of them the fate of having be en born into a society deeply divided along religious and political lines, one which was doomed moreover to suffer a quarter-century of violence, polarization and inner distrust. This had the effect not only of darkening the mood of Heaney's work in the 1970s, but also of giving him a deep preoccupation with the question of poetry's responsibilities and prerogatives in the world, since poetry is poised between a need for creative freedom within itself and a pressure to express the sense of social obligation felt by the poet as citizen. The essays in Heaney's three main prose collections, but especially those in *The Government of the Tongue* (1988) and *The Redress of Poetry* (1995), bear witness to the seriousness which this question assumed for him as he was coming into his own as a writer.

Heaney's beginnings as a poet coincided with his meeting the woman whom he was to marry and who was to be the mother of his three children. Marie Devlin, like her husband, came from a large family, several of whom are themselves writers and artists, including the poet's wife who has recently published an important collection of retellings of the classic Irish myths and legends (*Over Nine Waves,* 1994). Marie Heaney has been central to the poet's life, both professionally and imaginatively, appearing directly and indirectly in individual poems from all periods of his oeuvre right down to the most recent, and making it possible for him to travel annually to Harvard by staying on in Dublin as custodian of the growing family and the family home.

In the course of his career, Seamus Heaney has always contributed to the promotion of artistic and educational causes, both in Ireland and abroad. While a young lecturer at Queen's University, he was active in the publication of pamphlets of poetry by the rising generation and took over the running of an influential poetry workshop which had been established there by the English poet, Philip Hobsbaum, when Hobsbaum left Belfast in 1966. He also served for five years on The Arts Council in the Republic of Ireland (1973-1978) and over the years has acted as judge and lecturer for countless poetry competitions and literary conferences, establishing a special relationship with the annual [W.B. Yeats](http://nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/literature/laureates/1923/index.html) International Summer School in Sligo. In recent years, he has been the recipient of several honorary degrees; he is a member of Aosdana, the Irish academy of artists and writers, and a Foreign Member of The American Academy of Arts and Letters. In 1996, subsequent to his winning the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1995, he was made a Commandeur de L'Ordre des Arts et Lettres by the French Ministry of Culture.

**SHORT STORIES**

SHORT STORY ELEMENTS 

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| [**SETTING**](http://hrsbstaff.ednet.ns.ca/engramja/elements.html#SETTING) | [**PLOT**](http://hrsbstaff.ednet.ns.ca/engramja/elements.html#PLOT) |
| [**CONFLICT**](http://hrsbstaff.ednet.ns.ca/engramja/elements.html#CONFLICT) | [**CHARACTER**](http://hrsbstaff.ednet.ns.ca/engramja/elements.html#CHARACTER) |
| [**POINT OF VIEW**](http://hrsbstaff.ednet.ns.ca/engramja/elements.html#POINT%20OF%20VIEW) | [**THEME**](http://hrsbstaff.ednet.ns.ca/engramja/elements.html#THEME) |

**SETTING** -- The time and location in which a story takes place is called the setting.  For some stories the setting is very important, while for others it is not.  There are several aspects of a story's setting to consider when examining how setting contributes to a story (some, or all, may be present in a story):

a)  **place** - geographical location.  Where is the action of the story taking place?

b)  **time** - When is the story taking place? (historical period, time of day, year, etc)

c)  **weather conditions** - Is it rainy, sunny, stormy, etc?

d)  **social conditions** - What is the daily life of the characters like? Does the story contain local colour (writing that focuses on the speech, dress, mannerisms, customs, etc. of a particular place)?

e)  **mood or atmosphere** - What feeling is created at the beginning of the story?  Is it bright and cheerful or dark and frightening?

[BACK TO TOP](http://hrsbstaff.ednet.ns.ca/engramja/elements.html#SHORT)

**PLOT** -- The plot is how the author arranges events to develop his basic idea;  It is the sequence of events in a story or play.  The plot is a planned, logical series of events having a beginning, middle, and end.  The short story usually has one plot so it can be read in one sitting.  There are five essential parts of plot:

a)  **Introduction** - The beginning of the story where the characters and the setting is revealed.

b)  **Rising Action** - This is where the events in the story become complicated and the conflict in the story is revealed (events between the introduction and climax).

c)  **Climax** - This is the highest point of interest and the turning point of the story.  The reader wonders what will happen next; will the conflict be resolved or not?

d)  **Falling action** - The events and complications begin to resolve themselves.  The reader knows what has happened next and if the conflict was resolved or not (events between climax and denouement).

e)  **Denouement** - This is the final outcome or untangling of events in the story.

It is helpful to consider climax as a three-fold phenomenon:  1)  the main character receives new information  2)  accepts this information (realizes it but does not necessarily agree with it) 3)  acts on this information (makes a choice that will determine whether or not he/she gains his objective).

**CONFLICT**--   Conflict is essential to plot.  Without conflict there is no plot.  It is the opposition of forces which ties one incident to another and makes the plot move.  Conflict is not merely limited to open arguments, rather it is any form of opposition that faces the main character. Within a short story there may be only one central struggle, or there may be one dominant struggle with many minor ones.

There are two *types* of conflict:

1)  **External** - A struggle with a force outside one's self.

2)  **Internal** - A struggle within one's self; a person must make some decision, overcome pain, quiet their temper, resist an urge, etc.

There are four *kinds* of conflict:

1)  **Man vs. Man** (physical) - The leading character struggles with his physical strength against other men, forces of nature, or animals.

2)  **Man vs. Circumstances** (classical) - The leading character struggles against fate, or the circumstances of life facing him/her.

3)  **Man vs. Society** (social) - The leading character struggles against ideas, practices, or customs of other people.

4)  **Man vs. Himself/Herself** (psychological) -  The leading character struggles with himself/herself; with his/her own soul, ideas of right or wrong, physical limitations, choices, etc.

**CHARACTER** -- There are two meanings for the word character:   
1)  The person in a work of fiction.   
2)  The characteristics of a person.

***Persons in a work of fiction*** - ***Antagonist and Protagonist***

Short stories use few characters.  One character is clearly central to the story with all major events having some importance to this character - he/she is the PROTAGONIST.  The opposer of the main character is called the ANTAGONIST.

***The Characteristics of a Person -*** In order for a story to seem real to the reader its characters must seem real.  Characterization is the information the author gives the reader about the characters themselves.  The author may reveal a character in several ways:

a)  his/her physical appearance

b)  what he/she says, thinks, feels and dreams

c)  what he/she does or does not do

d)  what others say about him/her and how others react to him/her

Characters are convincing if they are:  consistent, motivated, and life-like (resemble real people)

***Characters are...***

1.  **Individual** - round, many sided and complex personalities.

2.  **Developing** - dynamic,  many sided personalities that change, for better or worse, by the end of the story.

3.  **Static** - Stereotype, have one or two characteristics that never change and are emphasized e.g. brilliant detective, drunk, scrooge, cruel stepmother, etc.

**POINT OF VIEW**

Point of view, or p.o.v., is defined as the angle from which the story is told.

1.  ***Innocent Eye*** - The story is told through the eyes of a child (his/her judgment being different from that of an adult) .

2.  ***Stream of Consciousness*** - The story is told so that the reader feels as if they are inside the head of one character and knows all their thoughts and reactions.

3.  ***First Person*** - The story is told  by the protagonist or one of the characters who interacts closely with the protagonist or other characters (using pronouns I, me, we, etc).  The reader sees the story through this person's eyes as he/she experiences it and only knows what he/she knows or feels.

4.  ***Omniscient***- The author can narrate the story using the omniscient point of view.  He can move from character to character, event to event, having free access to the thoughts, feelings and motivations of his characters and he introduces information where and when he chooses.  There are two main types of omniscient point of view:

a)  ***Omniscient Limited*** - The author tells the story in third person (using pronouns they, she, he, it, etc).  We know only what the character knows and what the author allows him/her to tell us. We can see the thoughts and feelings of characters if the author chooses to reveal them to us.

b)  ***Omniscient Objective*** – The author tells the story in the third person.  It appears as though a camera is following the characters, going anywhere, and recording only what is seen and heard.  There is no comment on the characters or their thoughts. No interpretations are offered.  The reader is placed in the position of spectator without the author there to explain.  The reader has to interpret events on his own.   
   
THEME -- The theme in a piece of fiction is its controlling idea or its central insight.  It is the author's underlying meaning or main idea that he is trying to convey.  The theme may be the author's thoughts about a topic or view of human nature.  The title of the short story usually points to what the writer is saying and he may use various figures of speech to emphasize his theme, such as: symbol, allusion, simile, metaphor, hyperbole, or irony.

Some simple examples of common themes from literature, TV, and film are:   
- things are not always as they appear to be   
- Love is blind   
- Believe in yourself   
- People are afraid of change  
- Don't judge a book by its cover

ILLUSTRATING THE ELEMENTS IN A SHORT STORY

THREE LITTLE PIGS

(BASIC SITUATION)

Once upon a time three little pigs, Porky, Piggy, and Piglet decided to build their houses near the Dark Woods.

Each of them was very different and thus thought of different ways of building their houses.

Porky, who was very lazy, decided to build his house with only hey and twigs. He said, “It is usually too hot around here, so it will be nice in the summer.”

Piggy wanted to be practical; he didn’t want to work so hard, so he decided to build a wooden house.

But Piglet, who was very hard-working said, “My house must last for ever! I will build my house on rocks and cement!!!

(COMPLICATIONS)

But Mr. Wolf who was ravenous for some fresh food after hearing what the little pigs’ plans were said to himself, “This is my chance!”

He went over to the three little pigs as they started working and demanded, “Where are your construction permits? “ “If I don’t see them I will blow your houses down!”

The little pigs hurried to finish their homes to stay inside with doors and windows shut.

(RISING ACTION BEGINS)

When Mr. Wolf came back he started knocking on Porky’s hay house and yelling, “Where is your permit?!”  “Since you do not come to show it to me, I will blow your house down!”

He blew and blew until the week house gave in!  Porky then ran to Piggy’s wooden house where they stayed shaking like two little fat leaves.

Soon Mr. Wolf showed up and started yelling again and then proceeded to blow as hard as he could.

Piggy’s little house collapsed helplessly. The two little pigs then dashed to their older brother’s Piglet.

Mr. Wolf arrived just as the three little pigs had shut down their door.

Mr. Wolf started to blow as hard as he could. He blew harder and harder until he nearly fainted! “This house is too strong!!!” “I know”, he said, “I will enter the chimney and eat them all up!!!!”

(CLIMAX)

He didn’t know Piglet was boiling water in his fireplace, so as Mr. Wolf came down, he burned himself so badly, he ran away and disappeared forever!!!

(DENOEUMENT/ RESOLUTION

)

Piglet angrily looked at his two younger brothers and said, “This serves you right!!!” “Being lazy won’t ever pay!!!”

Ever since that day, the three little pigs lived together in the strong house happily ever after!!!

                                                            THE END

**( MANDATORY READING- DR, JEKYLL & MR.HYDE) Are you finished yet?**

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| ←[House of Pomegranates](http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/House_of_Pomegranates) | **The Young King** *by* [*Oscar Wilde*](http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Author:Oscar_Wilde) *AUDIO* | http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The\_Young\_King |

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It was the night before the day fixed for his coronation, and the young King was sitting alone in his beautiful chamber. His courtiers had all taken their leave of him, bowing their heads to the ground, according to the ceremonious usage of the day, and had retired to the Great Hall of the Palace, to receive a few last lessons from the Professor of Etiquette; there being some of them who had still quite natural manners, which in a courtier is, I need hardly say, a very grave offence.

The lad--for he was only a lad, being but sixteen years of age--was not sorry at their departure, and had flung himself back with a deep sigh of relief on the soft cushions of his embroidered couch, lying there, wild-eyed and open-mouthed, like a brown woodland Faun, or some young animal of the forest newly snared by the hunters.

And, indeed, it was the hunters who had found him, coming upon him almost by chance as, bare-limbed and pipe in hand, he was following the flock of the poor goatherd who had brought him up, and whose son he had always fancied himself to be. The child of the old King's only daughter by a secret marriage with one much beneath her in station--a stranger, some said, who, by the wonderful magic of his lute-playing, had made the young Princess love him; while others spoke of an artist from Rimini, to whom the Princess had shown much, perhaps too much honour, and who had suddenly disappeared from the city, leaving his work in the Cathedral unfinished--he had been, when but a week old, stolen away from his mother's side, as she slept, and given into the charge of a common peasant and his wife, who were without children of their own, and lived in a remote part of the forest, more than a day's ride from the town. Grief, or the plague, as the court physician stated, or, as some suggested, a swift Italian poison administered in a cup of spiced wine, slew, within an hour of her wakening, the white girl who had given him birth, and as the trusty messenger who bare the child across his saddle-bow stooped from his weary horse and knocked at the rude door of the goatherd's hut, the body of the Princess was being lowered into an open grave that had been dug in a deserted churchyard, beyond the city gates, a grave where it was said that another body was also lying, that of a young man of marvellous and foreign beauty, whose hands were tied behind him with a knotted cord, and whose breast was stabbed with many red wounds.

Such, at least, was the story that men whispered to each other. Certain it was that the old King, when on his deathbed, whether moved by remorse for his great sin, or merely desiring that the kingdom should not pass away from his line, had had the lad sent for, and, in the presence of the Council, had acknowledged him as his heir.

And it seems that from the very first moment of his recognition he had shown signs of that strange passion for beauty that was destined to have so great an influence over his life. Those who accompanied him to the suite of rooms set apart for his service, often spoke of the cry of pleasure that broke from his lips when he saw the delicate raiment and rich jewels that had been prepared for him, and of the almost fierce joy with which he flung aside his rough leathern tunic and coarse sheepskin cloak. He missed, indeed, at times the fine freedom of his forest life, and was always apt to chafe at the tedious Court ceremonies that occupied so much of each day, but the wonderful palace--Joyeuse, as they called it--of which he now found himself lord, seemed to him to be a new world fresh-fashioned for his delight; and as soon as he could escape from the council-board or audience-chamber, he would run down the great staircase, with its lions of gilt bronze and its steps of bright porphyry, and wander from room to room, and from corridor to corridor, like one who was seeking to find in beauty an anodyne from pain, a sort of restoration from sickness.

Upon these journeys of discovery, as he would call them--and, indeed, they were to him real voyages through a marvellous land, he would sometimes be accompanied by the slim, fair-haired Court pages, with their floating mantles, and gay fluttering ribands; but more often he would be alone, feeling through a certain quick instinct, which was almost a divination, that the secrets of art are best learned in secret, and that Beauty, like Wisdom, loves the lonely worshipper.

Many curious stories were related about him at this period. It was said that a stout Burgo-master, who had come to deliver a florid oratorical address on behalf of the citizens of the town, had caught sight of him kneeling in real adoration before a great picture that had just been brought from Venice, and that seemed to herald the worship of some new gods. On another occasion he had been missed for several hours, and after a lengthened search had been discovered in a little chamber in one of the northern turrets of the palace gazing, as one in a trance, at a Greek gem carved with the figure of Adonis. He had been seen, so the tale ran, pressing his warm lips to the marble brow of an antique statue that had been discovered in the bed of the river on the occasion of the building of the stone bridge, and was inscribed with the name of the Bithynian slave of Hadrian. He had passed a whole night in noting the effect of the moonlight on a silver image of Endymion.

All rare and costly materials had certainly a great fascination for him, and in his eagerness to procure them he had sent away many merchants, some to traffic for amber with the rough fisher-folk of the north seas, some to Egypt to look for that curious green turquoise which is found only in the tombs of kings, and is said to possess magical properties, some to Persia for silken carpets and painted pottery, and others to India to buy gauze and stained ivory, moonstones and bracelets of jade, sandal-wood and blue enamel and shawls of fine wool.

But what had occupied him most was the robe he was to wear at his coronation, the robe of tissued gold, and the ruby-studded crown, and the sceptre with its rows and rings of pearls. Indeed, it was of this that he was thinking to-night, as he lay back on his luxurious couch, watching the great pinewood log that was burning itself out on the open hearth. The designs, which were from the hands of the most famous artists of the time, had been submitted to him many months before, and he had given orders that the artificers were to toil night and day to carry them out, and that the whole world was to be searched for jewels that would be worthy of their work. He saw himself in fancy standing at the high altar of the cathedral in the fair raiment of a King, and a smile played and lingered about his boyish lips, and lit up with a bright lustre his dark woodland eyes.

After some time he rose from his seat, and leaning against the carved penthouse of the chimney, looked round at the dimly-lit room. The walls were hung with rich tapestries representing the Triumph of Beauty. A large press, inlaid with agate and lapis- lazuli, filled one corner, and facing the window stood a curiously wrought cabinet with lacquer panels of powdered and mosaiced gold, on which were placed some delicate goblets of Venetian glass, and a cup of dark-veined onyx. Pale poppies were broidered on the silk coverlet of the bed, as though they had fallen from the tired hands of sleep, and tall reeds of fluted ivory bare up the velvet canopy, from which great tufts of ostrich plumes sprang, like white foam, to the pallid silver of the fretted ceiling. A laughing Narcissus in green bronze held a polished mirror above its head. On the table stood a flat bowl of amethyst.

Outside he could see the huge dome of the cathedral, looming like a bubble over the shadowy houses, and the weary sentinels pacing up and down on the misty terrace by the river. Far away, in an orchard, a nightingale was singing. A faint perfume of jasmine came through the open window. He brushed his brown curls back from his forehead, and taking up a lute, let his fingers stray across the cords. His heavy eyelids drooped, and a strange languor came over him. Never before had he felt so keenly, or with such exquisite joy, the magic and the mystery of beautiful things.

When midnight sounded from the clock-tower he touched a bell, and his pages entered and disrobed him with much ceremony, pouring rose-water over his hands, and strewing flowers on his pillow. A few moments after that they had left the room, he fell asleep.

And as he slept he dreamed a dream, and this was his dream.

He thought that he was standing in a long, low attic, amidst the whir and clatter of many looms. The meagre daylight peered in through the grated windows, and showed him the gaunt figures of the weavers bending over their cases. Pale, sickly-looking children were crouched on the huge crossbeams. As the shuttles dashed through the warp they lifted up the heavy battens, and when the shuttles stopped they let the battens fall and pressed the threads together. Their faces were pinched with famine, and their thin hands shook and trembled. Some haggard women were seated at a table sewing. A horrible odour filled the place. The air was foul and heavy, and the walls dripped and streamed with damp.

The young King went over to one of the weavers, and stood by him and watched him.

And the weaver looked at him angrily, and said, 'Why art thou watching me? Art thou a spy set on us by our master?'

'Who is thy master?' asked the young King.

'Our master!' cried the weaver, bitterly. 'He is a man like myself. Indeed, there is but this difference between us--that he wears fine clothes while I go in rags, and that while I am weak from hunger he suffers not a little from overfeeding.'

'The land is free,' said the young King, 'and thou art no man's slave.'

'In war,' answered the weaver, 'the strong make slaves of the weak, and in peace the rich make slaves of the poor. We must work to live, and they give us such mean wages that we die. We toil for them all day long, and they heap up gold in their coffers, and our children fade away before their time, and the faces of those we love become hard and evil. We tread out the grapes, and another drinks the wine. We sow the corn, and our own board is empty. We have chains, though no eye beholds them; and are slaves, though men call us free.'

'Is it so with all?' he asked,

'It is so with all,' answered the weaver, 'with the young as well as with the old, with the women as well as with the men, with the little children as well as with those who are stricken in years. The merchants grind us down, and we must needs do their bidding. The priest rides by and tells his beads, and no man has care of us. Through our sunless lanes creeps Poverty with her hungry eyes, and Sin with his sodden face follows close behind her. Misery wakes us in the morning, and Shame sits with us at night. But what are these things to thee? Thou art not one of us. Thy face is too happy.' And he turned away scowling, and threw the shuttle across the loom, and the young King saw that it was threaded with a thread of gold.

And a great terror seized upon him, and he said to the weaver, 'What robe is this that thou art weaving?'

'It is the robe for the coronation of the young King,' he answered; 'what is that to thee?'

And the young King gave a loud cry and woke, and lo! he was in his own chamber, and through the window he saw the great honey-coloured moon hanging in the dusky air.

And he fell asleep again and dreamed, and this was his dream.

He thought that he was lying on the deck of a huge galley that was being rowed by a hundred slaves. On a carpet by his side the master of the galley was seated. He was black as ebony, and his turban was of crimson silk. Great earrings of silver dragged down the thick lobes of his ears, and in his hands he had a pair of ivory scales.

The slaves were naked, but for a ragged loin-cloth, and each man was chained to his neighbour. The hot sun beat brightly upon them, and the negroes ran up and down the gangway and lashed them with whips of hide. They stretched out their lean arms and pulled the heavy oars through the water. The salt spray flew from the blades.

At last they reached a little bay, and began to take soundings. A light wind blew from the shore, and covered the deck and the great lateen sail with a fine red dust. Three Arabs mounted on wild asses rode out and threw spears at them. The master of the galley took a painted bow in his hand and shot one of them in the throat. He fell heavily into the surf, and his companions galloped away. A woman wrapped in a yellow veil followed slowly on a camel, looking back now and then at the dead body.

As soon as they had cast anchor and hauled down the sail, the negroes went into the hold and brought up a long rope-ladder, heavily weighted with lead. The master of the galley threw it over the side, making the ends fast to two iron stanchions. Then the negroes seized the youngest of the slaves and knocked his gyves off, and filled his nostrils and his ears with wax, and tied a big stone round his waist. He crept wearily down the ladder, and disappeared into the sea. A few bubbles rose where he sank. Some of the other slaves peered curiously over the side. At the prow of the galley sat a shark-charmer, beating monotonously upon a drum.

After some time the diver rose up out of the water, and clung panting to the ladder with a pearl in his right hand. The negroes seized it from him, and thrust him back. The slaves fell asleep over their oars.

Again and again he came up, and each time that he did so he brought with him a beautiful pearl. The master of the galley weighed them, and put them into a little bag of green leather.

The young King tried to speak, but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and his lips refused to move. The negroes chattered to each other, and began to quarrel over a string of bright beads. Two cranes flew round and round the vessel.

Then the diver came up for the last time, and the pearl that he brought with him was fairer than all the pearls of Ormuz, for it was shaped like the full moon, and whiter than the morning star. But his face was strangely pale, and as he fell upon the deck the blood gushed from his ears and nostrils. He quivered for a little, and then he was still. The negroes shrugged their shoulders, and threw the body overboard.

And the master of the galley laughed, and, reaching out, he took the pearl, and when he saw it he pressed it to his forehead and bowed. 'It shall be,' he said, 'for the sceptre of the young King,' and he made a sign to the negroes to draw up the anchor.

And when the young King heard this he gave a great cry, and woke, and through the window he saw the long grey fingers of the dawn clutching at the fading stars.

And he fell asleep again, and dreamed, and this was his dream.

He thought that he was wandering through a dim wood, hung with strange fruits and with beautiful poisonous flowers. The adders hissed at him as he went by, and the bright parrots flew screaming from branch to branch. Huge tortoises lay asleep upon the hot mud. The trees were full of apes and peacocks.

On and on he went, till he reached the outskirts of the wood, and there he saw an immense multitude of men toiling in the bed of a dried-up river. They swarmed up the crag like ants. They dug deep pits in the ground and went down into them. Some of them cleft the rocks with great axes; others grabbled in the sand.

They tore up the cactus by its roots, and trampled on the scarlet blossoms. They hurried about, calling to each other, and no man was idle.

From the darkness of a cavern Death and Avarice watched them, and Death said, 'I am weary; give me a third of them and let me go.' But Avarice shook her head. 'They are my servants,' she answered.

And Death said to her, 'What hast thou in thy hand?'

'I have three grains of corn,' she answered; 'what is that to thee?'

'Give me one of them,' cried Death, 'to plant in my garden; only one of them, and I will go away.'

'I will not give thee anything,' said Avarice, and she hid her hand in the fold of her raiment.

And Death laughed, and took a cup, and dipped it into a pool of water, and out of the cup rose Ague. She passed through the great multitude, and a third of them lay dead. A cold mist followed her, and the water-snakes ran by her side.

And when Avarice saw that a third of the multitude was dead she beat her breast and wept. She beat her barren bosom, and cried aloud. 'Thou hast slain a third of my servants,' she cried, 'get thee gone. There is war in the mountains of Tartary, and the kings of each side are calling to thee. The Afghans have slain the black ox, and are marching to battle. They have beaten upon their shields with their spears, and have put on their helmets of iron. What is my valley to thee, that thou shouldst tarry in it? Get thee gone, and come here no more.'

'Nay,' answered Death, 'but till thou hast given me a grain of corn I will not go.'

But Avarice shut her hand, and clenched her teeth. 'I will not give thee anything,' she muttered.

And Death laughed, and took up a black stone, and threw it into the forest, and out of a thicket of wild hemlock came Fever in a robe of flame. She passed through the multitude, and touched them, and each man that she touched died. The grass withered beneath her feet as she walked.

And Avarice shuddered, and put ashes on her head. 'Thou art cruel,' she cried; 'thou art cruel. There is famine in the walled cities of India, and the cisterns of Samarcand have run dry. There is famine in the walled cities of Egypt, and the locusts have come up from the desert. The Nile has not overflowed its banks, and the priests have cursed Isis and Osiris. Get thee gone to those who need thee, and leave me my servants.'

'Nay,' answered Death, 'but till thou hast given me a grain of corn I will not go.'

'I will not give thee anything,' said Avarice.

And Death laughed again, and he whistled through his fingers, and a woman came flying through the air. Plague was written upon her forehead, and a crowd of lean vultures wheeled round her. She covered the valley with her wings, and no man was left alive.

And Avarice fled shrieking through the forest, and Death leaped upon his red horse and galloped away, and his galloping was faster than the wind.

And out of the slime at the bottom of the valley crept dragons and horrible things with scales, and the jackals came trotting along the sand, sniffing up the air with their nostrils.

And the young King wept, and said: 'Who were these men, and for what were they seeking?'

'For rubies for a king's crown,' answered one who stood behind him.

And the young King started, and, turning round, he saw a man habited as a pilgrim and holding in his hand a mirror of silver.

And he grew pale, and said: 'For what king?'

And the pilgrim answered: 'Look in this mirror, and thou shalt see him.'

And he looked in the mirror, and, seeing his own face, he gave a great cry and woke, and the bright sunlight was streaming into the room, and from the trees of the garden and pleasaunce the birds were singing.

And the Chamberlain and the high officers of State came in and made obeisance to him, and the pages brought him the robe of tissued gold, and set the crown and the sceptre before him.

And the young King looked at them, and they were beautiful. More beautiful were they than aught that he had ever seen. But he remembered his dreams, and he said to his lords: 'Take these things away, for I will not wear them.'

And the courtiers were amazed, and some of them laughed, for they thought that he was jesting.

But he spake sternly to them again, and said: 'Take these things away, and hide them from me. Though it be the day of my coronation, I will not wear them. For on the loom of Sorrow, and by the white hands of Pain, has this my robe been woven. There is Blood in the heart of the ruby, and Death in the heart of the pearl.' And he told them his three dreams.

And when the courtiers heard them they looked at each other and whispered, saying: 'Surely he is mad; for what is a dream but a dream, and a vision but a vision? They are not real things that one should heed them. And what have we to do with the lives of those who toil for us? Shall a man not eat bread till he has seen the sower, nor drink wine till he has talked with the vinedresser?'

And the Chamberlain spake to the young King, and said, 'My lord, I pray thee set aside these black thoughts of thine, and put on this fair robe, and set this crown upon thy head. For how shall the people know that thou art a king, if thou hast not a king's raiment?'

And the young King looked at him. 'Is it so, indeed?' he questioned. 'Will they not know me for a king if I have not a king's raiment?'

'They will not know thee, my lord,' cried the Chamberlain.

'I had thought that there had been men who were kinglike,' he answered, 'but it may be as thou sayest. And yet I will not wear this robe, nor will I be crowned with this crown, but even as I came to the palace so will I go forth from it.'

And he bade them all leave him, save one page whom he kept as his companion, a lad a year younger than himself. Him he kept for his service, and when he had bathed himself in clear water, he opened a great painted chest, and from it he took the leathern tunic and rough sheepskin cloak that he had worn when he had watched on the hillside the shaggy goats of the goatherd. These he put on, and in his hand he took his rude shepherd's staff.

And the little page opened his big blue eyes in wonder, and said smiling to him, 'My lord, I see thy robe and thy sceptre, but where is thy crown?'

And the young King plucked a spray of wild briar that was climbing over the balcony, and bent it, and made a circlet of it, and set it on his own head.

'This shall he my crown,' he answered.

And thus attired he passed out of his chamber into the Great Hall, where the nobles were waiting for him.

And the nobles made merry, and some of them cried out to him, 'My lord, the people wait for their king, and thou showest them a beggar,' and others were wroth and said, 'He brings shame upon our state, and is unworthy to be our master.' But he answered them not a word, but passed on, and went down the bright porphyry staircase, and out through the gates of bronze, and mounted upon his horse, and rode towards the cathedral, the little page running beside him.

And the people laughed and said, 'It is the King's fool who is riding by,' and they mocked him.

And he drew rein and said, 'Nay, but I am the King.' And he told them his three dreams.

And a man came out of the crowd and spake bitterly to him, and said, 'Sir, knowest thou not that out of the luxury of the rich cometh the life of the poor? By your pomp we are nurtured, and your vices give us bread. To toil for a hard master is bitter, but to have no master to toil for is more bitter still. Thinkest thou that the ravens will feed us? And what cure hast thou for these things? Wilt thou say to the buyer, "Thou shalt buy for so much," and to the seller, "Thou shalt sell at this price"? I trow not. Therefore go back to thy Palace and put on thy purple and fine linen. What hast thou to do with us, and what we suffer?'

'Are not the rich and the poor brothers?' asked the young King.

'Ay,' answered the man, 'and the name of the rich brother is Cain.'

And the young King's eyes filled with tears, and he rode on through the murmurs of the people, and the little page grew afraid and left him.

And when he reached the great portal of the cathedral, the soldiers thrust their halberts out and said, 'What dost thou seek here? None enters by this door but the King.'

And his face flushed with anger, and he said to them, 'I am the King,' and waved their halberts aside and passed in.

And when the old Bishop saw him coming in his goatherd's dress, he rose up in wonder from his throne, and went to meet him, and said to him, 'My son, is this a king's apparel? And with what crown shall I crown thee, and what sceptre shall I place in thy hand? Surely this should be to thee a day of joy, and not a day of abasement.'

'Shall Joy wear what Grief has fashioned?' said the young King. And he told him his three dreams.

And when the Bishop had heard them he knit his brows, and said, 'My son, I am an old man, and in the winter of my days, and I know that many evil things are done in the wide world. The fierce robbers come down from the mountains, and carry off the little children, and sell them to the Moors. The lions lie in wait for the caravans, and leap upon the camels. The wild boar roots up the corn in the valley, and the foxes gnaw the vines upon the hill. The pirates lay waste the sea-coast and burn the ships of the fishermen, and take their nets from them. In the salt-marshes live the lepers; they have houses of wattled reeds, and none may come nigh them. The beggars wander through the cities, and eat their food with the dogs. Canst thou make these things not to be? Wilt thou take the leper for thy bedfellow, and set the beggar at thy board? Shall the lion do thy bidding, and the wild boar obey thee? Is not He who made misery wiser than thou art? Wherefore I praise thee not for this that thou hast done, but I bid thee ride back to the Palace and make thy face glad, and put on the raiment that beseemeth a king, and with the crown of gold I will crown thee, and the sceptre of pearl will I place in thy hand. And as for thy dreams, think no more of them. The burden of this world is too great for one man to bear, and the world's sorrow too heavy for one heart to suffer.'

'Sayest thou that in this house?' said the young King, and he strode past the Bishop, and climbed up the steps of the altar, and stood before the image of Christ.

He stood before the image of Christ, and on his right hand and on his left were the marvellous vessels of gold, the chalice with the yellow wine, and the vial with the holy oil. He knelt before the image of Christ, and the great candles burned brightly by the jewelled shrine, and the smoke of the incense curled in thin blue wreaths through the dome. He bowed his head in prayer, and the priests in their stiff copes crept away from the altar.

And suddenly a wild tumult came from the street outside, and in entered the nobles with drawn swords and nodding plumes, and shields of polished steel. 'Where is this dreamer of dreams?' they cried. 'Where is this King who is apparelled like a beggar--this boy who brings shame upon our state? Surely we will slay him, for he is unworthy to rule over us.'

And the young King bowed his head again, and prayed, and when he had finished his prayer he rose up, and turning round he looked at them sadly.

And lo! through the painted windows came the sunlight streaming upon him, and the sun-beams wove round him a tissued robe that was fairer than the robe that had been fashioned for his pleasure. The dead staff blossomed, and bare lilies that were whiter than pearls. The dry thorn blossomed, and bare roses that were redder than rubies. Whiter than fine pearls were the lilies, and their stems were of bright silver. Redder than male rubies were the roses, and their leaves were of beaten gold.

He stood there in the raiment of a king, and the gates of the jewelled shrine flew open, and from the crystal of the many-rayed monstrance shone a marvellous and mystical light. He stood there in a king's raiment, and the Glory of God filled the place, and the saints in their carven niches seemed to move. In the fair raiment of a king he stood before them, and the organ pealed out its music, and the trumpeters blew upon their trumpets, and the singing boys sang.

And the people fell upon their knees in awe, and the nobles sheathed their swords and did homage, and the Bishop's face grew pale, and his hands trembled. 'A greater than I hath crowned thee,' he cried, and he knelt before him.

And the young King came down from the high altar, and passed home through the midst of the people. But no man dared look upon his face, for it was like the face of an angel.

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|  | **The Nightingale and the Rose** *by* [*Oscar Wilde*](http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Author:Oscar_Wilde)*- AUDIO- http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The\_Nightingale\_and\_the\_Rose* |  |
|  |  |  |

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses," cried the young Student; "but in all my garden there is no red rose."

From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in all my garden!" he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made wretched."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not: night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow."

"The Prince gives a ball tomorrow night," murmured the young Student, "and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will have no heed of me, and my heart will break."

"Here indeed is the true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing of, he suffers -- what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor is it set forth in the marketplace. It may not be purchased of the merchants, nor can it be weighed out in the balance for gold."

"The musicians will sit in their gallery," said the young Student, "and play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng round her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her"; and he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Why is he weeping?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

"Why, indeed?" said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

"Why, indeed?" whispered a Daisy to his neighbour, in a soft, low voice.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Nightingale.

"For a red rose?" they cried; "how very ridiculous!" and the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, laughed outright.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it she flew over to it, and lit upon a spray.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered; "as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are yellow," it answered; "as yellow as the hair of the mermaiden who sits upon an amber throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student's window.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it answered, "as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of coral that wave and wave in the ocean-cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want," cried the Nightingale, "only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?"

"There is a way," answered the Tree; "but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you."

"Tell it to me," said the Nightingale, "I am not afraid."

"If you want a red rose," said the Tree, "you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart's-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine."

"Death is a great price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale, "and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn, and sweet are the bluebells that hide in the valley, and the heather that blows on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart's-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy, though she is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is mighty. Flame-coloured are his wings, and coloured like flame is his body. His lips are sweet as honey, and his breath is like frankincense."

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

"Sing me one last song," he whispered; "I shall feel very lonely when you are gone."

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.

When she had finished her song the Student got up, and pulled a note-book and a lead-pencil out of his pocket.

"She has form," he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove -- "that cannot be denied to her; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without any sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is that they do not mean anything, or do any practical good." And he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

And when the Moon shone in the heavens the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the top-most spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvellous rose, petal following petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, at first, as the mist that hangs over the river -- pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of the dawn. As the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver, as the shadow of a rose in a water-pool, so was the rose that blossomed on the topmost spray of the Tree.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid.

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of the bridegroom when he kisses the lips of the bride. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only a Nightingale's heart's-blood can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.

And the marvellous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and her little wings began to beat, and a film came over her eyes. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt something choking her in her throat.

Then she gave one last burst of music. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and lingered on in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air. Echo bore it to her purple cavern in the hills, and woke the sleeping shepherds from their dreams. It floated through the reeds of the river, and they carried its message to the sea.

"Look, look!" cried the Tree, "the rose is finished now"; but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

"Why, what a wonderful piece of luck!" he cried; "here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name"; and he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor's house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway winding blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

"You said that you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose," cried the Student. "Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it tonight next your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how I love you."

But the girl frowned.

"I am afraid it will not go with my dress," she answered; "and, besides, the Chamberlain's nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

"Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful," said the Student angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and a cart-wheel went over it.

"Ungrateful!" said the girl. "I tell you what, you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a Student. Why, I don't believe you have even got silver buckles to your shoes as the Chamberlain's nephew has"; and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

"What a silly thing Love is," said the Student as he walked away. "It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics."

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

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I have always noticed a prevalent want of courage, even among persons of superior ntelligence and culture, as to imparting their own psychological experiences when those have been of a strange sort. Almost all men are afraid that what they could relate in such wise would find no parallel or response in a listener’s internal life, and might be suspected or laughed at. A truthful traveller, who should have seen some extraordinary creature in the likeness of a sea-serpent, would have no fear of mentioning it; but the same traveller, having had some singular presentiment, impulse, vagary of thought, vision (so-called), dream, or other remarkable mental impression, would hesitate considerably before he would own to it. To this reticence I attribute much of the obscurity in which such subjects are involved. We do not habitually communicate our experiences of these subjective things as we do our experiences of objective creation. The consequence is, that the general stock of experience in this regard appears exceptional, and really is so, in respect of being miserably imperfect.

In what I am going to relate, I have no intention of setting up, opposing, or supporting, any theory whatever. I know the history of the Bookseller of Berlin, I have studied the case of the wife of a late Astronomer Royal as related by Sir David Brewster, and I have followed the minutest details of a much more remarkable case of Spectral Illusion occurring within my private circle of friends. It may be necessary to state as to this last, that the sufferer (a lady) was in no degree, however distant, related to me. A mistaken assumption on that head might suggest an explanation of a part of my own case,—but only a part,—which would be wholly without foundation. It cannot be referred to my inheritance of any developed peculiarity, nor had I ever before any at all similar experience, nor have I ever had any at all similar experience since.

It does not signify how many years ago, or how few, a certain murder was committed in England, which attracted great attention. We hear more than enough of murderers as they rise in succession to their atrocious eminence, and I would bury the memory of this particular brute, if I could, as his body was buried, in Newgate Jail. I purposely abstain from giving any direct clue to the criminal’s individuality.

When the murder was first discovered, no suspicion fell—or I ought rather to say, for I cannot be too precise in my facts, it was nowhere publicly hinted that any suspicion fell—on the man who was afterwards brought to trial. As no reference was at that time made to him in the newspapers, it is obviously impossible that any description of him can at that time have been given in the newspapers. It is essential that this fact be remembered.

Unfolding at breakfast my morning paper, containing the account of that first discovery, I found it to be deeply interesting, and I read it with close attention. I read it twice, if not three times. The discovery had been made in a bedroom, and, when I laid down the paper, I was aware of a flash—rush—flow—I do not know what to call it,—no word I can find is satisfactorily descriptive,—in which I seemed to see that bedroom passing through my room, like a picture impossibly painted on a running river. Though almost instantaneous in its passing, it was perfectly clear; so clear that I distinctly, and with a sense of relief, observed the absence of the dead body from the bed.

It was in no romantic place that I had this curious sensation, but in chambers in Piccadilly, very near to the corner of St. James’s Street. It was entirely new to me. I was in my easy-chair at the moment, and the sensation was accompanied with a peculiar shiver which started the chair from its position. (But it is to be noted that the chair ran easily on castors.) I went to one of the windows (there are two in the room, and the room is on the second floor) to refresh my eyes with the moving objects down in Piccadilly. It was a bright autumn morning, and the street was sparkling and cheerful. The wind was high. As I looked out, it brought down from the Park a quantity of fallen leaves, which a gust took, and whirled into a spiral pillar. As the pillar fell and the leaves dispersed, I saw two men on the opposite side of the way, going from West to East. They were one behind the other. The foremost man often looked back over his shoulder. The second man followed him, at a distance of some thirty paces, with his right hand menacingly raised. First, the singularity and steadiness of this threatening gesture in so public a thoroughfare attracted my attention; and next, the more remarkable circumstance that nobody heeded it. Both men threaded their way among the other passengers with a smoothness hardly consistent even with the action of walking on a pavement; and no single creature, that I could see, gave them place, touched them, or looked after them. In passing before my windows, they both stared up at me. I saw their two faces very distinctly, and I knew that I could recognise them anywhere. Not that I had consciously noticed anything very remarkable in either face, except that the man who went first had an unusually lowering appearance, and that the face of the man who followed him was of the colour of impure wax.

I am a bachelor, and my valet and his wife constitute my whole establishment. My occupation is in a certain Branch Bank, and I wish that my duties as head of a Department were as light as they are popularly supposed to be. They kept me in town that autumn, when I stood in need of change. I was not ill, but I was not well. My reader is to make the most that can be reasonably made of my feeling jaded, having a depressing sense upon me of a monotonous life, and being “slightly dyspeptic.” I am assured by my renowned doctor that my real state of health at that time justifies no stronger description, and I quote his own from his written answer to my request for it.

As the circumstances of the murder, gradually unravelling, took stronger and stronger possession of the public mind, I kept them away from mine by knowing as little about them as was possible in the midst of the universal excitement. But I knew that a verdict of Wilful Murder had been found against the suspected murderer, and that he had been committed to Newgate for trial. I also knew that his trial had been postponed over one Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, on the ground of general prejudice and want of time for the preparation of the defence. I may further have known, but I believe I did not, when, or about when, the Sessions to which his trial stood postponed would come on.

My sitting-room, bedroom, and dressing-room, are all on one floor. With the last there is no communication but through the bedroom. True, there is a door in it, once communicating with the staircase; but a part of the fitting of my bath has been—and had then been for some years—fixed across it. At the same period, and as a part of the same arrangement,—the door had been nailed up and canvased over.

I was standing in my bedroom late one night, giving some directions to my servant before he went to bed. My face was towards the only available door of communication with the dressing-room, and it was closed. My servant’s back was towards that door. While I was speaking to him, I saw it open, and a man look in, who very earnestly and mysteriously beckoned to me. That man was the man who had gone second of the two along Piccadilly, and whose face was of the colour of impure wax.

The figure, having beckoned, drew back, and closed the door. With no longer pause than was made by my crossing the bedroom, I opened the dressing-room door, and looked in. I had a lighted candle already in my hand. I felt no inward expectation of seeing the figure in the dressing-room, and I did not see it there.

Conscious that my servant stood amazed, I turned round to him, and said: “Derrick, could you believe that in my cool senses I fancied I saw a—” As I there laid my hand upon his breast, with a sudden start he trembled violently, and said, “O Lord, yes, sir! A dead man beckoning!”

Now I do not believe that this John Derrick, my trusty and attached servant for more than twenty years, had any impression whatever of having seen any such figure, until I touched him. The change in him was so startling, when I touched him, that I fully believe he derived his impression in some occult manner from me at that instant.

I bade John Derrick bring some brandy, and I gave him a dram, and was glad to take one myself. Of what had preceded that night’s phenomenon, I told him not a single word. Reflecting on it, I was absolutely certain that I had never seen that face before, except on the one occasion in Piccadilly. Comparing its expression when beckoning at the door with its expression when it had stared up at me as I stood at my window, I came to the conclusion that on the first occasion it had sought to fasten itself upon my memory, and that on the second occasion it had made sure of being immediately remembered.

I was not very comfortable that night, though I felt a certainty, difficult to explain, that the figure would not return. At daylight I fell into a heavy sleep, from which I was awakened by John Derrick’s coming to my bedside with a paper in his hand.

This paper, it appeared, had been the subject of an altercation at the door between its bearer and my servant. It was a summons to me to serve upon a Jury at the forthcoming Sessions of the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey. I had never before been summoned on such a Jury, as John Derrick well knew. He believed—I am not certain at this hour whether with reason or otherwise—that that class of Jurors were customarily chosen on a lower qualification than mine, and he had at first refused to accept the summons. The man who served it had taken the matter very coolly. He had said that my attendance or non-attendance was nothing to him; there the summons was; and I should deal with it at my own peril, and not at his.

For a day or two I was undecided whether to respond to this call, or take no notice of it. I was not conscious of the slightest mysterious bias, influence, or attraction, one way or other. Of that I am as strictly sure as of every other statement that I make here. Ultimately I decided, as a break in the monotony of my life, that I would go.

The appointed morning was a raw morning in the month of November. There was a dense brown fog in Piccadilly, and it became positively black and in the last degree oppressive East of Temple Bar. I found the passages and staircases of the Court-House flaringly lighted with gas, and the Court itself similarly illuminated. I *think* that, until I was conducted by officers into the Old Court and saw its crowded state, I did not know that the Murderer was to be tried that day. I *think* that, until I was so helped into the Old Court with considerable difficulty, I did not know into which of the two Courts sitting my summons would take me. But this must not be received as a positive assertion, for I am not completely satisfied in my mind on either point.

I took my seat in the place appropriated to Jurors in waiting, and I looked about the Court as well as I could through the cloud of fog and breath that was heavy in it. I noticed the black vapour hanging like a murky curtain outside the great windows, and I noticed the stifled sound of wheels on the straw or tan that was littered in the street; also, the hum of the people gathered there, which a shrill whistle, or a louder song or hail than the rest, occasionally pierced. Soon afterwards the Judges, two in number, entered, and took their seats. The buzz in the Court was awfully hushed. The direction was given to put the Murderer to the bar. He appeared there. And in that same instant I recognised in him the first of the two men who had gone down Piccadilly.

If my name had been called then, I doubt if I could have answered to it audibly. But it was called about sixth or eighth in the panel, and I was by that time able to say, “Here!” Now, observe. As I stepped into the box, the prisoner, who had been looking on attentively, but with no sign of concern, became violently agitated, and beckoned to his attorney. The prisoner’s wish to challenge me was so manifest, that it occasioned a pause, during which the attorney, with his hand upon the dock, whispered with his client, and shook his head. I afterwards had it from that gentleman, that the prisoner’s first affrighted words to him were, “*at* *All* *hazards*, *challenge* *that* *man*!” But that, as he would give no reason for it, and admitted that he had not even known my name until he heard it called and I appeared, it was not done.

Both on the ground already explained, that I wish to avoid reviving the unwholesome memory of that Murderer, and also because a detailed account of his long trial is by no means indispensable to my narrative, I shall confine myself closely to such incidents in the ten days and nights during which we, the Jury, were kept together, as directly bear on my own curious personal experience. It is in that, and not in the Murderer, that I seek to interest my reader. It is to that, and not to a page of the Newgate Calendar, that I beg attention.

I was chosen Foreman of the Jury. On the second morning of the trial, after evidence had been taken for two hours (I heard the church clocks strike), happening to cast my eyes over my brother jurymen, I found an inexplicable difficulty in counting them. I counted them several times, yet always with the same difficulty. In short, I made them one too many.

I touched the brother jurymen whose place was next me, and I whispered to him, “Oblige me by counting us.” He looked surprised by the request, but turned his head and counted. “Why,” says he, suddenly, “we are Thirt-; but no, it’s not possible. No. We are twelve.”

According to my counting that day, we were always right in detail, but in the gross we were always one too many. There was no appearance—no figure—to account for it; but I had now an inward foreshadowing of the figure that was surely coming.

The Jury were housed at the London Tavern. We all slept in one large room on separate tables, and we were constantly in the charge and under the eye of the officer sworn to hold us in safe-keeping. I see no reason for suppressing the real name of that officer. He was intelligent, highly polite, and obliging, and (I was glad to hear) much respected in the City. He had an agreeable presence, good eyes, enviable black whiskers, and a fine sonorous voice. His name was Mr. Harker.

When we turned into our twelve beds at night, Mr. Harker’s bed was drawn across the door. On the night of the second day, not being disposed to lie down, and seeing Mr. Harker sitting on his bed, I went and sat beside him, and offered him a pinch of snuff. As Mr. Harker’s hand touched mine in taking it from my box, a peculiar shiver crossed him, and he said, “Who is this?”

Following Mr. Harker’s eyes, and looking along the room, I saw again the figure I expected,—the second of the two men who had gone down Piccadilly. I rose, and advanced a few steps; then stopped, and looked round at Mr. Harker. He was quite unconcerned, laughed, and said in a pleasant way, “I thought for a moment we had a thirteenth juryman, without a bed. But I see it is the moonlight.”

Making no revelation to Mr. Harker, but inviting him to take a walk with me to the end of the room, I watched what the figure did. It stood for a few moments by the bedside of each of my eleven brother jurymen, close to the pillow. It always went to the right-hand side of the bed, and always passed out crossing the foot of the next bed. It seemed, from the action of the head, merely to look down pensively at each recumbent figure. It took no notice of me, or of my bed, which was that nearest to Mr. Harker’s. It seemed to go out where the moonlight came in, through a high window, as by an aerial flight of stairs.

Next morning at breakfast, it appeared that everybody present had dreamed of the murdered man last night, except myself and Mr. Harker.

I now felt as convinced that the second man who had gone down Piccadilly was the murdered man (so to speak), as if it had been borne into my comprehension by his immediate testimony. But even this took place, and in a manner for which I was not at all prepared.

On the fifth day of the trial, when the case for the prosecution was drawing to a close, a miniature of the murdered man, missing from his bedroom upon the discovery of the deed, and afterwards found in a hiding-place where the Murderer had been seen digging, was put in evidence. Having been identified by the witness under examination, it was handed up to the Bench, and thence handed down to be inspected by the Jury. As an officer in a black gown was making his way with it across to me, the figure of the second man who had gone down Piccadilly impetuously started from the crowd, caught the miniature from the officer, and gave it to me with his own hands, at the same time saying, in a low and hollow tone,—before I saw the miniature, which was in a locket,—“*I was* *younger* *then*, *and* *my* *face* *was* *not* *then* *drained* *of* *blood*.” It also came between me and the brother juryman to whom I would have given the miniature, and between him and the brother juryman to whom he would have given it, and so passed it on through the whole of our number, and back into my possession. Not one of them, however, detected this.

At table, and generally when we were shut up together in Mr. Harker’s custody, we had from the first naturally discussed the day’s proceedings a good deal. On that fifth day, the case for the prosecution being closed, and we having that side of the question in a completed shape before us, our discussion was more animated and serious. Among our number was a vestryman,—the densest idiot I have ever seen at large,—who met the plainest evidence with the most preposterous objections, and who was sided with by two flabby parochial parasites; all the three impanelled from a district so delivered over to Fever that they ought to have been upon their own trial for five hundred Murders. When these mischievous blockheads were at their loudest, which was towards midnight, while some of us were already preparing for bed, I again saw the murdered man. He stood grimly behind them, beckoning to me. On my going towards them, and striking into the conversation, he immediately retired. This was the beginning of a separate series of appearances, confined to that long room in which we were confined. Whenever a knot of my brother jurymen laid their heads together, I saw the head of the murdered man among theirs. Whenever their comparison of notes was going against him, he would solemnly and irresistibly beckon to me.

It will be borne in mind that down to the production of the miniature, on the fifth day of the trial, I had never seen the Appearance in Court. Three changes occurred now that we entered on the case for the defence. Two of them I will mention together, first. The figure was now in Court continually, and it never there addressed itself to me, but always to the person who was speaking at the time. For instance: the throat of the murdered man had been cut straight across. In the opening speech for the defence, it was suggested that the deceased might have cut his own throat. At that very moment, the figure, with its throat in the dreadful condition referred to (this it had concealed before), stood at the speaker’s elbow, motioning across and across its windpipe, now with the right hand, now with the left, vigorously suggesting to the speaker himself the impossibility of such a wound having been self-inflicted by either hand. For another instance: a witness to character, a woman, deposed to the prisoner’s being the most amiable of mankind. The figure at that instant stood on the floor before her, looking her full in the face, and pointing out the prisoner’s evil countenance with an extended arm and an outstretched finger.

The third change now to be added impressed me strongly as the most marked and striking of all. I do not theorise upon it; I accurately state it, and there leave it. Although the Appearance was not itself perceived by those whom it addressed, its coming close to such persons was invariably attended by some trepidation or disturbance on their part. It seemed to me as if it were prevented, by laws to which I was not amenable, from fully revealing itself to others, and yet as if it could invisibly, dumbly, and darkly overshadow their minds. When the leading counsel for the defence suggested that hypothesis of suicide, and the figure stood at the learned gentleman’s elbow, frightfully sawing at its severed throat, it is undeniable that the counsel faltered in his speech, lost for a few seconds the thread of his ingenious discourse, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and turned extremely pale. When the witness to character was confronted by the Appearance, her eyes most certainly did follow the direction of its pointed finger, and rest in great hesitation and trouble upon the prisoner’s face. Two additional illustrations will suffice. On the eighth day of the trial, after the pause which was every day made early in the afternoon for a few minutes’ rest and refreshment, I came back into Court with the rest of the Jury some little time before the return of the Judges. Standing up in the box and looking about me, I thought the figure was not there, until, chancing to raise my eyes to the gallery, I saw it bending forward, and leaning over a very decent woman, as if to assure itself whether the Judges had resumed their seats or not. Immediately afterwards that woman screamed, fainted, and was carried out. So with the venerable, sagacious, and patient Judge who conducted the trial. When the case was over, and he settled himself and his papers to sum up, the murdered man, entering by the Judges’ door, advanced to his Lordship’s desk, and looked eagerly over his shoulder at the pages of his notes which he was turning. A change came over his Lordship’s face; his hand stopped; the peculiar shiver, that I knew so well, passed over him; he faltered, “Excuse me, gentlemen, for a few moments. I am somewhat oppressed by the vitiated air;” and did not recover until he had drunk a glass of water.

Through all the monotony of six of those interminable ten days,—the same Judges and others on the bench, the same Murderer in the dock, the same lawyers at the table, the same tones of question and answer rising to the roof of the court, the same scratching of the Judge’s pen, the same ushers going in and out, the same lights kindled at the same hour when there had been any natural light of day, the same foggy curtain outside the great windows when it was foggy, the same rain pattering and dripping when it was rainy, the same footmarks of turnkeys and prisoner day after day on the same sawdust, the same keys locking and unlocking the same heavy doors,—through all the wearisome monotony which made me feel as if I had been Foreman of the Jury for a vast cried of time, and Piccadilly had flourished coevally with Babylon, the murdered man never lost one trace of his distinctness in my eyes, nor was he at any moment less distinct than anybody else. I must not omit, as a matter of fact, that I never once saw the Appearance which I call by the name of the murdered man look at the Murderer. Again and again I wondered, “Why does he not?” But he never did.

Nor did he look at me, after the production of the miniature, until the last closing minutes of the trial arrived. We retired to consider, at seven minutes before ten at night. The idiotic vestryman and his two parochial parasites gave us so much trouble that we twice returned into Court to beg to have certain extracts from the Judge’s notes re-read. Nine of us had not the smallest doubt about those passages, neither, I believe, had any one in the Court; the dunder-headed triumvirate, having no idea but obstruction, disputed them for that very reason. At length we prevailed, and finally the Jury returned into Court at ten minutes past twelve.

The murdered man at that time stood directly opposite the Jury-box, on the other side of the Court. As I took my place, his eyes rested on me with great attention; he seemed satisfied, and slowly shook a great gray veil, which he carried on his arm for the first time, over his head and whole form. As I gave in our verdict, “Guilty,” the veil collapsed, all was gone, and his place was empty.

The Murderer, being asked by the Judge, according to usage, whether he had anything to say before sentence of Death should be passed upon him, indistinctly muttered something which was described in the leading newspapers of the following day as “a few rambling, incoherent, and half-audible words, in which he was understood to complain that he had not had a fair trial, because the Foreman of the Jury was prepossessed against him.” The remarkable declaration that he really made was this: “*My* *Lord, I knew I was a doomed* *man*, *when* *the* *Foreman* *of* *my* *jury* *came* *into* *the* *box*. *My* *Lord, I knew* *he* *would* *never* *let* *me* *off*, *because*, *before I was* *taken*, *he* *somehow* *got* *to* *my* *bedside* *in* *the* *night*, *woke* *me*, *and* *put a rope* *round* *my* *neck*.”

**SOAPSTone**

**Analysis Strategy**

**SOAPSTone (Speaker, Occasion, Audience, Purpose, Subject, Tone) is an acronym for a series of questions that we must first ask themselves, and then answer, as we begin to plan our compositions, or if we’re analyzing others’ essays and writings.**

Who is the Speaker?

**The voice that tells the story.** Before we begin to write, they must decide whose voice is going to be heard. Whether this voice belongs to a fictional character or to the writers themselves, students should determine how to insert and develop those attributes of the speaker that will influence the perceived meaning of the piece.

When analyzing others’ writing, we ask ourselves who is speaking? Is it the writer? A persona? How can we tell? What does the writing say about the speaker?

What is the Occasion?

**The time and the place of the piece; the context that prompted the writing**. Writing does not occur in a vacuum. All writers are influenced by the *larger occasion*: an environment of ideas, attitudes, and emotions that swirl around a broad issue. Then there is the *immediate occasion*: an event or situation that catches the writer's attention and triggers a response.

Why are we writing? What am I concerned with? Or, when analyzing others’ writing, what are they writing in response to? What’s happening in the larger world? What is the specific reason the person is writing (or speaking)?

Who is the Audience?

**The group of readers to whom this piece is directed.** As we begin to write, we must determine who the audience is that we intend to address. It may be one person or a specific group. This choice of audience will affect how and why we write a particular text.

When analyzing others’ writing, we have to determine who the writer had in mind, as well, and why.

Questions to keep in mind: Is the writing intended to challenge a predicted point of view? To build on a predicted shared point of view? Is the audience a peer group? Superiors? Other? Are there both intended and unintended audiences?

What is the Purpose?

**The reason behind the text.** We need to consider the purpose of the text in order to develop the thesis or the argument and its logic. We should ask ourselves, "What do I want my audience to think or do as a result of reading my text?"

When analyzing others’ writing, we need to determine this same answer in regard to the purpose. What am we, as readers, supposed to think or do as a result of this person’s writing?  
  
What is the Subject?

**We should be able to state the subject in a few words or phrases**. This step helps us to focus on the intended task throughout the writing process.

As well, when reading others’ writings, we should be able to state the subject in a few words or phrases, as well, especially if the writing is done well.

What is the Tone?

**The attitude of the author, often toward his or her writing and/or topic.** The spoken word can convey the speaker's attitude and thus help to impart meaning through tone of voice. With the written word, it is tone that extends meaning beyond the literal, and we must learn to convey this tone in our diction (choice of words), syntax (sentence construction), and imagery (metaphors, similes, and other types of figurative language). The ability to manage tone is one of the best indicators of a sophisticated writer.

**EXAMPLE: “ THE DOMINCAN NATIONAL ANTHEM”**

1. SPEAKER- The triumphant Dominican Army/people in 1844. Any proud Dominican of nowaday’s.
2. OCCASION- Victory over the Hatian rule; Independence
3. AUDIENCE- The World/ Our Enemy in 1844;Haiti/ Other Dominicans awaiting for news of freedom after 22 years of Haitian rule.
4. PURPOSE- To tell Haiti, the world, and our fellow Dominicans that we are free and that we are courageous enough to repeat the same heroic deeds!!!
5. SUBJECT- Pride, independence, freedom, bravery, courage; heroism, etc…
6. TONE- Brave, courageous, defiant, proud, victorius/triumphant!!!

## PRACTICE SOPASTONE ANALYSIS

## Tony Orlando Tie A Yellow Ribbon lyrics

I'm comin' home, I've done my time  
Now I've got to know what is and isn't mine  
If you received my letter tellin' you I'd soon be free  
Then you'll know just what to do if you still want me  
If you still want me **CHORUS:**Tie a yellow ribbon 'round the old oak tree  
It's been three long years  
Do you still want me?  
If I don't see a ribbon round the old oak tree  
I'll stay on the bus  
Forget about us  
Put the blame on me  
If I don't see a yellow ribbon round the old oak tree  
  
Bus driver, please look for me  
'Cause I couldn't bear to see what I might see  
I'm really still in prison, and my love she holds the key  
A simple yellow ribbon's what I need to set me free  
I wrote and told her please: **REPEAT CHORUS**Now the whole damn bus is cheering  
And I can't believe I see  
A hundred yellow ribbons 'round the old oak tree  
I'm comin' home

# ****Kansas » Dust In The Wind****

I close my eyes  
only for a moment  
and the moment's gone  
all my dreams  
pass before my eyes a curiosity  
dust in the wind  
all we are is dust in the wind  
  
Same old song  
just a drop of water  
in the endless sea  
all we do  
crumbles to the ground  
though we refuse to see  
dust in the wind  
all we are is dust in the wind  
  
Now, don't hang on  
nothing last forever  
but the earth and sky  
it slips away  
  
And all your money  
won't another minute buy  
  
Dust in the wind  
all we are is dust in the wind  
dust in the wind  
everything is dust in the wind

MANDATORY READING: WRITE AT LEAST A TWO PAGE REPORT ON

[*Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Strange_Case_of_Dr_Jekyll_and_Mr_Hyde). 

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MID-TERM EXAM NOW….

Lecture Material:  Theatre History                                                                                                    Theatre Arts 5

Lecture One: Elements of Theatre and Drama                                                                        Terrin Adair-Lynch

***The Basic Elements of Theatre***

Script/Text, Scenario, Plan:

 This is the starting point of the theatrical performance.  The element most often considered as the domain of the playwright in theatre. The playwright’s script is the text by which theatre is created.  It can be simplistic, as in the 16th century, with the scenarios used by the acting troupes of the Commedia dell’ arte, or it can be elaborate, such as the works of William Shakespeare.  The script, scenario, or plan is what the director uses as a blue print to build a production from.

The Process:

This is the coordination of the creative efforts usually headed up in theatre by the director. It is the pure process by which the playwright’s work is brought to realization by the director, actors, designers, technicians, dancers, musicians, and any other collaborators that come together on the script, scenario, or plan.  This is the works in progress stage.

The Product:

This is the end result of the process of work involved. The final product that results from all of the labors coming together to complete the finished work of script, scenario, and plan, in union with all of the collaborators in the process to create the final product. This is what the audience will witness as they sit in the theatre and view the work.

The Audience:

Theatre requires an audience.  For all of the arts public is essential.  The physical presence of an audience can change a performance, inspire actors, and create expectations.  Theatre is a living breathing art form.  The presence of live actors on the stage in front of live audiences sets it apart from modern day films and television.

Let us now look to the person who is responsible for the starting point of the theatrical event. The initial creator of the script, scenario, or plan, as outlined above. This person is the playwright. A playwright works in that branch of literature dealing with the writing and producing of plays for the theatre. The literary composition that is written specifically for the stage in play format by the playwright.

*The Playwright*

What is a playwright?  According to the *American Heritage Dictionary*, “One who writes plays”.

*The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,*

*Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth*

*To heaven;*

*And, as imagination bodies forth*

*The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen*

*Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing*

*A local habitation and a name.*

                                                THESEUS

In *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*

                                                                        William Shakespeare

How plays are written at any given time depends on many factors: the intended audience and purpose; the playwright’s current views about the human condition, and how the playwright perceives the truth around him.  A playwright must understand and know the established artistic and theatrical conventions of the theatre.  A playwright must appreciate the working procedures, materials, and technical aspects of a production.  Because the script is the starting point of the theatrical production, the process through which it comes into being is of primary importance.  There are many ways to write a play.  Sometimes a playwright starts with an idea.  Another playwright may begin with a single character in mind.  Some playwrights base their work on spectacle.  Plays can be tightly structured or episodic.  Regardless of the original inspiration, the work of the playwright is not just to set forth an idea, to create characters, or tell a story. A playwright recreates and restates the human experiences and the universal mirror of mankind.

The script is the heart of the theatrical event.  It must be respected.

*Steps of the Playwright’s Work*

Playwriting and creating drama for each playwright is distinctively different. Plays can develop out of any combination of starting points and patterns. The processes by which drama is created for each playwright can be varied in the steps used to create the text.  Below is a simple list in a progressive order, but order can change depending on each playwright’s characteristic style and preferences for writing.

The basic steps involved in the development of drama include:

1.        Coming up with Thought/Theme/Ideas to be expressed through the work.

2.        Determine the Genre and Style of the work

3.        Outlining Basic Action of the work and Creating Plot.

4.        Establish the Structure of the Play and Overall Framework

5.        The Development of Characters presented in the work.

6.        The Creation of Dialogue and the Language of the Characters.

7.        Creating Music: This can involve the Rhythm of the Language or actual Music Composition and the Lyrics of the songs.

8.        Establishing Spectacle: The visual and Environmental elements of the work.

9.        Research of Subject Matter and Relevant issues presented in the play.

#### Elements of Drama

Most successful playwrights follow the theories of playwriting and drama that were established over two thousand years ago by a man named Aristotle.  In his works *the Poetics* Aristotle outlined the six elements of drama in his critical analysis of the classical Greek tragedy *Oedipus Rex* written by the Greek playwright, Sophocles, in the fifth century B.C.  The six elements as they are outlined involve: Thought, Theme, Ideas; Action or Plot; Characters; Language; Music; and Spectacle.

#### 1. Thought/Theme/Ideas

What the play means as opposed to what happens (the plot).  Sometimes the theme is clearly stated in the title.  It may be stated through dialogue by a character acting as the playwright’s voice. Or it may be the theme is less obvious and emerges only after some study or thought. The abstract issues and feelings that grow out of the dramatic action.

#### 2. Action/Plot

The events of a play; the story as opposed to the theme; what happens rather than what it means. The plot must have some sort of unity and clarity by setting up a pattern by which each action initiating the next rather than standing alone without connection to what came before it or what follows.  In the plot of a play, characters are involved in conflict that has a pattern of movement. The action and movement in the play begins from the initial entanglement, through rising action, climax, and falling action to resolution.

#### 3. Characters

These are the people presented in the play that are involved in the perusing plot.  Each character should have their own distinct personality, age, appearance, beliefs, socio economic background, and language.

#### 4. Language

The word choices made by the playwright and the enunciation of the actors of the language.  Language and dialog delivered by the characters moves the plot and action along, provides exposition, defines the distinct characters.  Each playwright can create their own specific style in relationship to language choices they use in establishing character and dialogue.

#### 5. Music

Music can encompass the rhythm of dialogue and speeches in a play or can also mean the aspects of the melody and music compositions as with musical theatre.  Each theatrical presentation delivers music, rhythm and melody in its own distinctive manner.    Music is not a part of every play.  But, music can be included to mean all sounds in a production.  Music can expand to all sound effects, the actor’s voices, songs, and instrumental music played as underscore in a play.  Music creates patterns and establishes tempo in theatre.  In the aspects of the musical the songs are used to push the plot forward and move the story to a higher level of intensity.  Composers and lyricist work together with playwrights to strengthen the themes and ideas of the play.  Character’s wants and desires can be strengthened for the audience through lyrics and music.

#### 6. Spectacle

The spectacle in the theatre can involve all of the aspects of scenery, costumes, and special effects in a production.  The visual elements of the play created for theatrical event.  The qualities determined by the playwright that create the world and atmosphere of the play for the audience’s eye.

*Further Considerations of the Playwright*

Above and beyond the elements outlined above the playwright has other major considerations to take into account when writing.  The Genre and Form of the play is an important aspect.  Some playwrights are pure in the choice of genre for a play.  They write strictly tragedy or comedy.  Other playwrights tend to mix genre, combining both comedy and tragedy in one piece of dramatic work.

#### Genre/Form

Drama is divided into the categories of tragedy, comedy, melodrama, and tragicomedy.  Each of these genre/forms can be further subdivide by style and content.

###### Tragedy

Tragedy is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude.  The tragedy is presented in the form of action, not narrative. It will arouse pity and fear in the audience as it witnesses the action.  It allows for an arousal of this pity and fear and creates an affect of purgation or catharsis of these strong emotions by the audience.  Tragedy is serious by nature in its theme and deals with profound problems.  These profound problems are universal when applied to the human experience.  In classical tragedy we find a protagonist at the center of the drama that is a great person, usually of upper class birth.  He is a good man that can be admired, but he has a tragic flaw, a hamartia, that will be the ultimate cause of his down fall.  This tragic flaw can take on many characteristics but it is most often too much pride or hubris.  The protagonist always learns, usually too late, the nature of his flaw and his mistakes that have caused his downfall.  He becomes self-aware and accepts the inevitability of his fate and takes full responsibility for his actions.  We must have this element of inevitability in tragedy.  There must be a cause and effect relationship from the beginning through the middle to the end or final catastrophe.  It must be logical in the conclusion of the necessary outcome.  Tragedy will involve the audience in the action and create tension and expectation.  With the climax and final end the audience will have learned a lesson and will leave the theatre not depressed or sullen, but uplifted and enlightened.

###### Comedy

Comedy should have the view of a “comic spirit” and is physical and energetic.  It is tied up in rebirth and renewal, this is the reason most comedy end in weddings, which suggest a union of a couple and the expected birth of children.  In comedy there is absence of pain and emotional reactions, as with tragedy, and a replaced use of mans intellect.  The behavior of the characters presented in comedy is ludicrous and sometimes absurd and the result in the audience is one of correction of behaviors.  This correction of behaviors is the didactic element of comedy that acts as a mirror for society , by which the audience learns “don’t behave in ludicrous and absurd ways.”  The types of comedies can vary greatly; there are situation comedies, romantic comedies, sentimental comedies, dark comedies, comedy of manners, and pure farce.  The comic devices used by playwrights of comedy are: exaggeration, incongruity, surprise, repetition, wisecracks, and sarcasm.

###### Melodrama

Melodrama is drama of disaster and differs from tragedy significantly, in that; forces outside of the protagonist cause all of the significant events of the plot.  All of the aspects of related guilt or responsibility of the protagonist are removed.  The protagonist is usually a victim of circumstance.  He is acted upon by the antagonist or anti-hero and suffers without having to accept responsibility and inevitability of fate.  In melodrama we have clearly defined character types with good guys and bad guys identified.  Melodrama has a sense of strict moral judgment.  All issues presented in the plays are resolved in a well-defined way.  The good characters are rewarded and the bad characters are punished in a means that fits the crime.

###### Tragicomedy

Tragicomedy is the most life like of all of the genres.  It is non-judgmental and ends with no absolutes.  It focuses on character relationships and shows society in a state of continuous flux.  There is a mix of comedy and tragedy side by side in these types of plays.

#### Style/Mode/ “ism’

The shaping of dramatic material, setting, or costumes in a specific manner. Each play will have its own unique and distinctive behaviors, dress, and language of the characters.  The style of a playwright is shown in the choices made in the world of the play: the kinds of characters, time periods, settings, language, methods of characterization, use of symbols, and themes.

Dramatic Structure

                Dramatic structure involves the overall framework or method by which the playwright uses to organize the dramatic material and or action.  It is important for playwrights to establish themes but the challenge comes in applying structure to the ideas and inspirations.  Understanding basic principals of dramatic structure can be invaluable to the playwright.  Most modern plays are structured into acts that can be further divided into scenes.  The pattern most often used is a method by where the playwright sets up early on in the beginning scenes all of the necessary conditions and situations out of which the later conditions will develop. Generally the wants and desires of one character will conflict with another character.  With this method the playwright establishes a pattern of complication, rising action, climax, and resolution.  This is commonly known as cause to effect arrangement of incidents.

The basic Characteristics of the cause to effect arrangement are:

* Clear exposition of situation
* Careful preparation for future events
* Unexpected but logical reversals
* Continuous mounting suspense
* An obligatory scene
* Logical resolution

#### Point of Attack

The moment of the play at which the main action of the plot begins.  This may occur in the first scene, or it may occur after several scenes of exposition.  The point of attack is the main action by which all others will arise.  It is the point at which the main complication is introduced.  Point of attack can sometimes work hand in hand with a play’s inciting incident, which is the first incident leading to the rising action of the play.  Sometimes the inciting incident is an event that occurred somewhere in the character’s past and is revealed to the audience through exposition.

#### Exposition

Exposition is important information that the audience needs to know in order to follow the main story line of the play.  It is the aspects of the story that the audience may hear about but that they will not witness in actual scenes.  It encompasses the past actions of the characters before the play’s opening scenes progress.

#### Rising Action

Rising action is the section of the plot beginning with the point of attack and/or inciting incident and proceeding forward to the crisis onto the climax.  The action of the play will rise as it set up a situation of increasing intensity and anticipation.  These scenes make up the body of the play and usually create a sense of continuous mounting suspense in the audience.

#### The Climax/Crisis

All of the earlier scenes and actions in a play will build technically to the highest level of dramatic intensity. This section of the play is generally referred to as the moment of the plays climax.  This is the moment where the major dramatic questions rise to the highest level, the mystery hits the unraveling point, and the culprits are revealed.  This should be the point of the highest stage of dramatic intensity in the action of the play.  The whole combined actions of the play generally lead up to this moment.

#### Resolution/Obligatory Scene

The resolution is the moment of the play in which the conflicts are resolved.  It is the solution to the conflict in the play, the answer to the mystery, and the clearing up of the final details. This is the scene that answers the questions raised earlier in the play.  In this scene the methods and motives are revealed to the audience.

*Categories of Plot Structure*

Climatic vs. Episodic

Climatic Structure

I.                     Plot begins late in story, closer to the very end or climax

II.                   Covers a short space of time, perhaps a few hours, or at most a few days

III.                 Contains a few solid, extended scenes, such as three acts with each act comprising one long scene

IV.                 Occurs in a restricted locale, one room or one house

V.                   Number of characters is severely limited, usually not more than six or eight

VI.                 Plot in linear and moves in a single line with few subplots or counter plots

VII.               Line of action proceeds in a cause and effect chain. The characters and events are closely linked in a sequence of logical, almost inevitable development

Episodic Structure

I.                     Plot begins relatively early in the story and moves through a series of episodes

II.                   Covers a longer period of time: weeks, months, and sometimes years

III.                 Many short, fragmented scenes; sometimes an alternation of short and long scenes

IV.                 May range over an entire city or even several countries

V.                   Profusion of characters, sometimes several dozen

VI.                 Frequently marked by several threads of action, such as two parallel plots, or scenes of comic relief in a serous play

VII.               Scenes are juxtaposed tone to one another. An event may result from several causes, or no apparent cause, but arises in a network or web of circumstances

Outline of Playwriting

                Along with the basic understanding of these qualities the playwright must take the aspects of unity into great consideration.  At the center of every play there should be unity.  Unity in playwriting means harmony among the component parts.  Included in the next section of this project is an informative outline that can help a perspective playwright achieve unity in their work.  It also aids in the process of starting the initial development of a play and adds credibility to the work.  Some of these important aspects and considerations listed in the outline have been covered in some detail thus far, but others should be strongly considered before a playwright puts pen to paper or hands to keys.

These important aspects include the following:

I.                     Research and Knowledge of:

a.        Themes and Subject Matter Explored

b.       Unity in the Genre/Form and Clarity of Style/Mode of the Intended Work

c.        Knowledge of the Time Period Presented

d.       Research of Any other Relevant data presented in the play

II.                   Inspiration:

a.        Painting/Photo that encapsulates the World of Play

b.       Metaphor that describes the themes at work in a single sentence

c.        Any other Relevant Ideas of inspiration

III.                 Concepts:

a.        Questions you should be able to answer:

                                                               i.      What does the play represent? What is its theme? Why is it important? Why does it deserve to be witnessed? What is the moral?  What universal truth does it illustrate? What excites you, the playwright, about the work? What aspects of the drama fires your imagination? What makes you feel zealous and impassioned? What moves you? What about the material gives you a deep feeling of satisfaction? What in the play makes it worthy of an audience’s attention? Why is it compelling?

IV.                 Predominant Elements: What is the leading element in your dramatic work?

a.        Theme- *Waiting for Lefty* by Clifford Odets is a thesis play directly promoting the theme that the common man will continue to be oppressed until he succeeds in organizing into unions.  It is nearly a propaganda play.  Character and dialogue serve the theme exclusively.  The spectacle is limited to a bare stage.  The language is didactic to the point of preachiness.

b.       Plot-*The Tavern* by George M. Cohan is a play in which the predominant element is almost exclusively plot.  The action hurls itself relentlessly at the audience.  Character is continuously subservient to plot.  The theme, crime does not pay, is apparent from the beginning, and the spectacle requires on an upstage door and a winter wind (example of Music) so powerful it drives all the players to the wall.

c.        Character-All the plays of Chekhov have the predominant element of character.  One could barely choose plot as the secondary element.  It is also unlikely that one would choose language, because language in Chekhov is intentionally commonplace.  There is Theme in Chekhov, but it is subservient to character, it lays quiet and low in the play and rises gracefully and gently to the surface.

d.       Spectacle-*Barnum* by Mark Bramble and Michael Stewart won a number of prizes in New York, despite the fact that it has no plot, no characters of consequence, and no significant language; its theme, at best, could be stated, A circus causes sweat.  The sheer intensity and speed of the spectacle, the unrelenting energy, the nonstop sensation of movement, sound, and color; the surprises, the acrobatic feats, dances, magic, and razzmatazz overwhelmed and gratified audiences.

e.        Language-*Under the Milk Wood* by Dylan Thomas is subtitled “A Play for Voices.”  It is a demonstration of the most miraculous parade of words in the spoken English.  It is poetry at its most dazzling.  The theme is vague at best.  As for plot, it is a patchwork of incidents involving sixty-four characters in a tiny Welch town in the course of a summer day.  The characters are sketched, not developed.  The predominant element in this play is clearly the most radiant language ever assembled.  Spectacle would ruin this work.

f.         Mixtures-Most commonly you will find that the majority of plays have mixtures of all of the elements of drama.  The examples cited above are plays demonstrating one predominant element almost to the exclusion of the others.  Many playwrights tend to utilize a bit of all the elements.  One of the greatest exceptions and examples of incredible use of all the elements is the plays of Shakespeare.  The reason his plays tower above all others is that he fuses the elements of theme, plot, character, spectacle, and language so magnificently.  In Shakespeare we can marvel at the great skill with which these elements have been united.

V.                   Outlining: Beginning, Middle, and End

a.        Beginning:

                                                               i.      Prologue and or start of play with introduction of characters, date, place, time, setting, and exposition and inciting incident introduced

                                                              ii.      Point of attack, introduce primary conflict and central dramatic question

b.       Middle:

                                                               i.      Characters pursue objectives and encounter obstacles

                                                              ii.      Answers sought; goals of characters conflict with other characters

                                                            iii.      Characters attempt to overcome obstacles and challenges

                                                            iv.      Characters plan tactics, succeed, fail, attack, retreat, surprise, and are surprised, encounter major reversals and a crisis is reached

c.        End:

                                                               i.      Characters engage in final conflict (climax of play)

                                                              ii.      Characters main objective achieved of lost

                                                            iii.      Central dramatic question is answered, theme or ideas of play confirmed. Resolution where order is established

###### Conclusion

Artistic consideration in playwriting requires selection and arrangement.  Art is skill acquired by experience, study, and clear observations.  Playwrights must consciously set about making choices with a competent plan and creative imagination.  Only then than we consider the playwrights work as a viable start to the theatrical process. Before anyone begins to write a play it is important to understand the medium for which you intend on writing.  Writing for the stage demands an understanding of two fundamentals: the essence of drama and the nature of theatre.

Additional Notes: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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Key Words:

1.        Aristotle “the Poetics”                        9. Spectacle                           17. Point of Attack

2.        Elements of Theatre                             10. Genre / Form                   18. Exposition

3.        Elements of Drama                               11. Tragedy                           19. Cause to Effect arrang.

4.        Thought / Theme / Idea                      12. Comedy                           20. Climatic vs. Episodic

5.        Action / Plot                                         13. Melodrama                      21. Tragic Hero

6.        Character                                               14. Tragicomedy                   22. Hamartia

7.        Language                                              15. Style/Mode/ “ism’         23. Hubris

8.        Music                                                     16. Dramatic Structure         24. Catharsis

### SOURCE-[Elements of Theatre and Drama - Santa Monica College](http://search.yahoo.com/r/_ylt=A0oG7nzkulNOXAwA7QxXNyoA;_ylu=X3oDMTE1cmFvc3RvBHNlYwNzcgRwb3MDMwRjb2xvA2FjMgR2dGlkA01TWTAwMV8xNTk-/SIG=12k38d9f2/EXP=1314138980/**http%3a/homepage.smc.edu/adair-lynch_terrin/TA%25205/Elements.htm)

Lecture One: **Elements** of Theatre and **Drama** Terrin Adair-Lynch . The **Basic** **Elements** of Theatre

<http://homepage.smc.edu/adair-lynch_terrin/TA%205/Elements.htm>

### 10 Key Elements of Poetry

With poetry, we put words together in a creative way to express an idea, emotion or image (or even to tell a story). Poetry is made up of different elements, each of which may or may not be used in a given poem. By becoming familiar with the elements of poetry, you'll be able to manipulate them more easily and improve your writing.  
  
Here's a quick rundown of 10 of the most basic elements of poetry.  
  
**1) Title**  
  
The title is the first thing a reader will see, so it's important to get it exactly right. With many poems, the title functions as the first line of the poem; with others, there is no actual title, so the poem is known by its first line (that line "becomes" the title, in effect). A good title can add depth to the poem, or help illuminate the meaning for the reader. A bad title can be too obvious, too revealing, or simply confusing. This small element deserves more thought than it usually gets.  
  
**2) Imagery**  
  
Almost every poem every written has imagery in it (as do fiction and non-fiction). Imagery is all the detail of the senses that make a poem come alive for the reader. It includes not only visual information (images), but also information from the other senses.  
Imagery can be used simply to write about a setting or event, such as a poem about the forest, or about a day at the beach. Imagery can also be used metaphorically, where the detail described refers to something else entirely.  
  
**3) Plot**  
  
Did you think that only ficiton had plots? Well, poems have plots, too. The plot of a poem is the underlying idea or impulse that connects all the individual ideas or images together and arranges them in an effective way. A narrative poem, for example, uses plot in much the same way as fiction does, in order to tell a story. Other kinds of poems might have plots that pose and seek to answer questions, that contrast ideal images with reality, or that progress through images from blurry to sharp.  
  
**4) Diction**  
  
All creative writing is written in artificially constructed language; that is, poetry isn't the way we talk every day. The kind of language you choose for a poem, its range of vocabulary, is its diction. The words you choose--whether you use old-fashioned "poetic diction" or something that sounds like contemporary street slang--affects the impact you poem has. Think about what you want you poem to do, what you want it to say, when you choose your diction. As with many things, consistency is key.  
  
**5) Rhythm**  
All poetry has rhythm, from the strictest metered verse to the loosest free verse. The rhythm of poetry is like the beat of music, and if you have control over it, you have control over your writing. Rhythm is composed mainly of stress (in varying levels from none to a lot) and pauses. It is what influences how the words are read, rather than what the words are. Very often, fixing a line that doesn't quite work is a simple as examining its rhythm and seeing where it goes wrong.  
  
**6) Metre**  
  
We mostly think of metre as occurring in rhymed poetry, but even unrhymed poetry can be metered.  
  
Metre is specific patterns of rhythm, and many of those patterns have names. It can be a difficult element to work with, as too strict a metre can make a poem sound staccato and artificial (and even annoying).  
  
But mastering metre (or at least becoming aware of its possibilities) will give you an advantage even in your least structured work. It's all about how words sound together.  
  
**7) Repetition**  
  
Repetition emphasizes whatever it is that's repeated, but too much repetition can make a great word or phrase seem commonplace. It's a matter of balance or moderation. Repetition is another one of those elements that we usually think of in connection with strict forms of poetry, but which is also of great use in less structured poems, including free verse. There are many possibilities--one can repeat words, phrases or whole stanzas, and one can play with the location of repeated parts.  
  
**8) Rhyme**  
  
Here's one more element that seems to belong to poetry in strict forms, but which can be used in unstructured poems as well. You probably won't want to use rhyme very much in your free verse, but the odd pair of rhymed words can have interesting effects. Rhyme is a much more versatile element than we often assume--did you know that there are many different kinds of rhyme, each with a somewhat different sound?  
  
Not only can rhyme be useful, but it can also be a lot of fun to play with.  
  
**9) Form**  
  
The form of a poem refers to the "rules" of metre, rhythm, rhyme and line length that determine a poem's shape. Form can be as loose as having no rules at all, or as strict as specifying a particular pattern of metre and rhythm, a specific rhyme scheme, and a certain number of syllables per line and lines per stanza (and more).  
Even if you plan to write mainly free verse, it's worth becoming familiar with forms. You can use parts of the "rules" for one or many forms and create something new.  
  
**10) Art**  
  
"Art" is a concept that is difficult to define, but here I mean something like "the part of poetry writing that is not craft." By craft, I mean the techniques you learn to use to consciously make your writing better. Sort of.  
  
Art, then, is the unconscious, creative aspect of writing poetry, what I have elsewhere called "the heart of poetry."  
  
In some ways, it is the most important element of poetry, and it's one you either have or don't have. Craft you can learn, but art is innate.  
  
- Resource material from Pinoypoet

### [Break-in: 10 Key Elements of Poetry](http://search.yahoo.com/r/_ylt=A0oG7mYWvlNOVXYAiHZXNyoA;_ylu=X3oDMTE2NmNiYWF2BHNlYwNzcgRwb3MDMTQEY29sbwNhYzIEdnRpZANNU1kwMDFfMTU5/SIG=13ct66dj1/EXP=1314139798/**http%3a/csc-gs-creative-writing-class.blogspot.com/2009/04/10-key-elements-of-poetry.html)

Here's a quick rundown of **10** of the most **basic** **elements of poetry**.

<http://csc-gs-creative-writing-class.blogspot.com/2009/04/10-key-elements-of-poetry.html>

ELEMENTS IN NOVEL

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| http://www.nvcc.edu/home/ataormina/novels/images/images/newstructurebanner_r4_c5.gif | [Point of View  button](http://www.nvcc.edu/home/ataormina/novels/structure/pov.htm) | http://www.nvcc.edu/home/ataormina/novels/images/images/newstructurebanner_r4_c7.gif | http://www.nvcc.edu/home/ataormina/novels/images/images/spacer.gif |

A novel is an extended fictional narrative, usually written in prose.

Fiction, regardless of its attempt at verisimilitude, is a created world apart, a world of the possible or probable or even the fantastic rather than the actual. Fiction is governed by its own rules and internal completeness.

The only obligation of the writer is to make the story interesting.

The measure of success of a work of fiction is how well or poorly the author has unified the story and controlled its impact.

In ***The Art of Fiction*** John Gardner says:

A novel is like a symphony in that its closing movement echoes and resounds with all that has gone before. . . . Toward the close of a novel. . . . unexpected connections begin to surface; hidden causes become plain; life becomes, however briefly and unstably, organized; the universe reveals itself, if only for the moment, as inexorably moral; the outcome of the various characters' actions is at last manifest; and we see the responsibility of free will. (184)

A novel aims for a comprehensive unified effect in which all of the elements of fiction intertwine to make a comment on the human condition.

The elements of fiction are :

* [Plot](http://www.nvcc.edu/home/ataormina/novels/structure/plot.htm): what happens in the story
* [Character](http://www.nvcc.edu/home/ataormina/novels/structure/character.htm): who is involved in what happens in the story
* [Point of View](http://www.nvcc.edu/home/ataormina/novels/structure/pov.htm): how the story is told
* [Setting](http://www.nvcc.edu/home/ataormina/novels/structure/setting.htm): where and when the story takes place
* [Theme](http://www.nvcc.edu/home/ataormina/novels/structure/theme.htm): what the point of the story is

An ability to identify these elements in a novel and then understand how all of these elements work together to provide the effect of the novel on the reading leads to a critical understanding of a novel.

PLOT

The fundamental aspect of the novel is that it tells a story--what happens and then what happens next and then what happens next.

A **story** is a narrative of events placed within a time sequence.

A **plot** is also a narrative of events, but its emphasis is on causality.

Here is the famous example of the difference between story and plot

* "The king died and then the queen died" is a story.
* "The king died and then the queen died of grief" is a plot.

The story asks **and then?**  
The plot asks **why**?

A story requires curiosity.  
A plot also requires intelligence and memory, intelligence because the reader picks up a fact and relates it to other facts and memory because it is the ability to recall facts.

A plot, then, is a series of events selected and arranged by the author of a work of fiction.

A plot does not depend solely on the sequence of events, but on the relationship between events, the way that one event might cause another and so on and so on.

The plot arises from conflict. A character is presented in a situation and then something happens and he or she is faced with an obstacle to a goal. A plot is selective: an author does not portray every moment in the life of the character but only those moments that advance the story.

Plot is the foremost element of much genre fiction:

* we read murder mysteries to find out whodunnit
* we read thrillers to see if the good guys will stop the bad guys from blowing something up
* we read romances to find out if the guy gets the girl

The plot-driven best seller is often referred to as a "page-turner"; what is making the reader turn the pages is a quickly moving plot.

Some novels have a main plot that focuses on the primary character's obstacles and goals and one or more subplots that focus on secondary characters.

For example, in ***The Secret Life of Bees*** by Sue Monk Kidd, the main plot consists of the abused child Lily's search for the history of her mother. But subplots include Lily's relationship with Rosaleen, the nanny with whom she is traveling, and the inability of May to handle any kind of unpleasant situation.

CHARACTER

Character is the element of fiction that focuses on the individuals involved in the plot; these are usually human but could be animals or even forces of nature. Generally a plot will feature a **protagonist**, the major character, and an **antagonist** who engineers an obstacle to the goal of the protagonist. Novels will usually feature a number of secondary or minor characters whose lives intersect with the main character in a variety of ways. Characters must be realistic; they must act and sound like people in the situations we find in the plot of the novel. Characters must be internally consistent; any change in a character must be caused by the circumstances or the actions of some other character. Some characters are flat, stereotypical: the handsome prince, the heroic soldier, the lovely princess, the evil counselor. We expect them to behave in a certain, limited way and they do not disappoint. Strong characters are rounded; they exhibit the full range of human emotions and reactions to people and events. They have histories and more than one possible future. They have hopes and fears. We tend to be able to visualize strong, rounded characters as having a life outside the novel in which they appear. We can imagine Scarlett O'Hara transplanted from Tara to a modern boardroom, for example.

POINT OF VIEW

Point of view is described in ***A Handbook to Literature*** as "The vantage point from which an author presents a story. Many novels feature multiple points of view.

One can describe point of view from two angles:

Expression of viewpoint

* first person
* third person subjective
* third person omniscient
* third person subjective/multiple viewpoints
* third person objective

Location of viewpoint:

* a major character
* a minor character
* an omniscient narrator

Let's examine these manifestations of point of view more closely.

First Person Point of View

A story told in the **first person point of view** is told by a character within the story.

The first person can be a major character (Huck in ***Adventures of Huckleberry Finn***) or a minor character (Nick Carraway in ***The Great Gatsby***).

The narrator may or may not be reliable. Third Person Points of View In a story told in the third person, the author tells the story. Authors can choose to limit themselves to one or a handful of points of view or can choose to be omniscient. In **third person subjective point of view**, also called **third person limited**, the story that unfolds is limited to what a particular character knows or observes. The author is free to reveal what the viewpoint character is thinking or feeling.

In **third person subjective multiple viewpoints**, the author will tell parts of the story from the points of view of different characters and will be free to reveal what the point of view character is thinking and feelings.

Many murder mysteries use the third person subjective multiple viewpoint; the story is told in alternating chapters, one from the point of view of the hero and the other from the point of view of the murderer. Thus the reader is aware of events and motivations that the hero must work to uncover.

In **third person omniscient point of view**, the story is told from the author's point of view. The author feels free to describe the story from the vantage point of any character in the story. The author might get inside the heads of any of the characters. The author might tell the reader of events and motivations unknown to the characters. The author also might directly address the reader. **Third person objective point of view** is also referred to as **the camera's eye** because in this point of view the narrator describes only what can be seen, not what is going on inside the heads of the characters. Readers often take point of view for granted and fail to consider how a novel might be different if told from a different point of view. For example, ***The Color Purple*** by Alice Walker is told from the point of view of the protagonist Celie. The story would have been significantly different if told by her abusive husband Mister. Novelists consciously choose point of view. Understanding why a story is told from a particular point of view provides the reader with insight into the intent of the story.

SETTING

Setting is the physical description of the place in which the story occurs.

Setting includes all of the physical aspects of the story:

* the time of day
* the time of year
* the geographical location of the story
* the climate and weather at the time of the story
* the historical period of the action
* the immediate surroundings of the characters
  + the characters' clothing
  + the characters' homes, offices, favorite places
  + the important objects in the characters' lives

Setting helps to anchor a story in a particular time and place.

Setting functions as :

* an antagonist, a way to establish plot conflict and determine the outcome of events
  + the sea in ***Moby Dick*** by Herman Melville
* a means of creating atmosphere
  + New Orleans in the novels of Anne Rice
* a means of revealing character
  + Gatsby's mansion in ***The Great Gatsby*** by F. Scott Fitzgerald
* a means of reinforcing theme
  + the town and the forest in ***The Scarlet Lette***r by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Sometimes the setting is an essential element of the story; sometimes the setting can take on aspects of character in a story. Think of the following settings and how they are intricate parts of their stories:

* the Mississippi River in ***Adventures of Huckleberry Finn***
* Puritan New England in ***The Scarlet Letter***
* Yoknapatawpha County in the novels of William Faulkner

Setting can also encompass the patterns of images in a work. References to colors or weather conditions or natural phenomena like a garden or a river or an ocean can form a motif that weaves its way throughout a novel.

THEME

The primary subject of fiction is human emotion, values, and beliefs. The characters in the story change as a result of the events of the story.

A story must have a purpose. Great stories have purposes of great significance to the understanding of the nature of humanity.

It is not enough for a story to be convincing; a good story entertains and enlightens the reader.

One of the marks of a great work of literature is the significance of its theme.

Basically and broadly the theme is the central idea or statement about life that unifies and controls the total work.

Theme is not the issue or problem or subject with which the work deals but rather it is the comment or statement the author makes about the subject as it necessarily and inevitably emerges from the interplay of the various elements of the work.

Theme is the author's way of communicating and sharing ideas, perceptions and feelings with the reader or of probing and exploring the puzzling questions of human existence with the reader.

Any discussion of theme must take plot, character, point of view, and setting into account.

Theme is organically related to the total structure of a novel. Every aspect of the plot, characters, point of view, and setting in a novel contributes in some way to the theme of that novel.

Some Considerations About Theme

* In some fiction, especially genre fiction (i.e. romance westerns gothics science fiction detective novels) theme may be less fully developed than other story elements.
  + The basic theme of the romance novel is some variant of "The path of true love never runs smooth."
  + The basic theme of detective fiction is that good triumphs over evil.
* It is entirely possible to disagree on what the theme of a work is. Authors are not always the most reliable guide to the meaning of their own work.
  + Consider D. H. Lawrence's warning: "Never trust the teller; trust the tale."
  + To justify your decision about the theme of the work, you should be able to show how the other elements of fiction (plot, character, point of view, and setting) serve to display and reinforce the theme.
* Don't confuse theme with subject or plot. Theme is the abstract generalized statement or comment the novel makes about a subject or situation.
  + In ***Gone With the Wind*** the plot can be simply described as: Girl meets boy; girl gets boy; girl loses boy against the backdrop of the Civil War. The theme is "Tomorrow is another day."
  + In ***The Wizard of Oz*** the plot concerns Dorothy's quest to see the wizard and help her friends obtain missing parts of their personalities; the theme is "There's No Place Like Home."
* Beware of the danger of understating (i.e. overlooking) or overstating (i.e¬ attaching too much importance to) the theme.
  + Don't overlook the last two pages of ***The Great Gatsby*** which deliberately equate Gatsby's dream with America.
* Theme should be totally supported by the other elements of the work; if it isn't the work itself is flawed.
* The title can often suggest a focus or emphasis in the work and can point to the novel's theme.

SOURCE:

### [The Structure of the Novel - Northern Virginia Community College](http://search.yahoo.com/r/_ylt=A0oG7ntWv1NOCHsABJxXNyoA;_ylu=X3oDMTE1azM1Mm9oBHNlYwNzcgRwb3MDMQRjb2xvA2FjMgR2dGlkA01TWTAwMV8xNTk-/SIG=12jc2et6l/EXP=1314140118/**http%3a/www.nvcc.edu/home/ataormina/novels/structure/default.htm)

http://www.nvcc.edu/home/ataormina/novels/