

ASBL – Summer 2017

doc. Justin Quinn Ph.D.

This course will not be taught in the Summer 2017 semester, but for those remaining students who must receive a credit in the course, please see the requirements below. Students are also directed to the reading lists for the State Examinations in Literature.

LECTURES

- Postcolonialism & Other Matters: Conrad, Forster
- Ireland: Yeats, Synge, Joyce
- Modernism: Eliot, Woolf, Lawrence
- Political Writing: Shaw to Orwell
- Mid-century Prose: Greene, Golding, Beckett
- Poetry, 1950–2000: Thom Gunn, Ted Hughes, Philip Larkin, Geoffrey Hill, Tony Harrison, Carol Ann Duffy
- Prose 1970-2000: Julian Barnes, Ian McEwan, John Banville, Jeanette Winterson

SEMINARS

1. Introduction
2. W. B. Yeats, “Easter 1916”
3. James Joyce, *Ulysses* (1922), chapter beginning “Stately plump Buck Mulligan...” referred to as the “Telemachus” chapter
4. T. S. Eliot, “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock”
5. James Joyce, *Ulysses* (1922), chapter beginning “Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish...” referred to as the Calypso chapter
6. George Orwell, “Boys’ Weeklies” (essay)
7. Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*, opening 30 pages
8. George Orwell, 1984 or *Animal Farm*
9. Thom Gunn: “Moly,” “The Man with Night Sweats,” “From the Wave,” “Black Jackets,” “The Hug,” “Street Song”
10. George Orwell, Politics and the English Language (essay)
11. Samuel Beckett, *Waiting for Godot*
12. Philip Larkin: “An Arundel Tomb,” “Annus Mirabilis,” “Church Going,” “Dublinesque,” “High Windows,” “Mr Bleaney,” “The Explosion,” “The Whitsun Weddings,” “A Study of Reading Habits”

CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

To receive their credit, students will have to submit one essay of 1000 words by 24 May 2017. Essays should be submitted by email to me at jquinn@kan.zcu.cz. Please title the document with your own surname and it must be in DOC, ODT, RTF or DOCX formats (not PDF). No late essays will be accepted, and students will not be eligible for a credit if they do not submit by the deadline. If a student is asked to rewrite, he/she has 7 days from the date of notification. Students will also have to pass a test on 11.30am, 15 May 2016 (duration: 5 minutes; pass mark: 70%; please meet at KAN at 11.25am on this day). This will examine knowledge of the reading material covered in the seminar. There will be one opportunity to re-sit this test in the summer examination period (those students who are away for the semester can take the test then and are requested to email me about the date). Students who fail the test twice are ineligible for a credit.

Please note that the essays must be formatted in APA style. Guidelines are available at Purdue Online Writing Lab (you are not permitted to use MLA style, which is also described at the Purdue site). This is the formatting style that you will use for your MA thesis, so please take the time to get it correct. You should consult the English Department Writing Guide on Moodle which explains the principles of good academic writing. Among the frequent reasons of failure are:

- the essay provides only plot summary

- the essay doesn't adhere to APA formatting style (for quotations, references, list of references, etc.); the essay contains over 20% quotations
- the essay gives long quotations without commenting on them
- the essay doesn't keep to the assigned topic.

Furthermore, students are warned that essays are routinely checked against internet and other sources (including a database of previously submitted essays), and that cases of plagiarism will result in automatic failure of the course.

ESSAY TITLES

1. Discuss the representation of Ireland in ten poems by W. B. Yeats
2. Discuss the representation of women in the poems of Philip Larkin
3. Discuss the representation of drugs in the poems of Thom Gunn
4. Discuss Africa in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*
5. Discuss the representation of the women in T. S. Eliot's poems
6. Discuss the role of memory in Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*.

W. B. Yeats, **EASTER 1916**

I have met them at close of day
Coming with vivid faces
From counter or desk among grey
Eighteenth-century houses.
I have passed with a nod of the head
Or polite meaningless words,
Or have lingered awhile and said
Polite meaningless words,
And thought before I had done
Of a mocking tale or a gibe
To please a companion
Around the fire at the club,
Being certain that they and I
But lived where motley is worn:
All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

That woman's days were spent
In ignorant good-will,
Her nights in argument
Until her voice grew shrill.
What voice more sweet than hers
When, young and beautiful,
She rode to harriers?
This man had kept a school
And rode our winged horse;
This other his helper and friend
Was coming into his force;
He might have won fame in the end,
So sensitive his nature seemed,
So daring and sweet his thought.
This other man I had dreamed
A drunken, vainglorious lout.
He had done most bitter wrong
To some who are near my heart,
Yet I number him in the song;
He, too, has resigned his part
In the casual comedy;
He, too, has been changed in his turn,
Transformed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

Hearts with one purpose alone
Through summer and winter seem
Enchanted to a stone
To trouble the living stream.
The horse that comes from the road.
The rider, the birds that range
From cloud to tumbling cloud,
Minute by minute they change;
A shadow of cloud on the stream
Changes minute by minute;
A horse-hoof slides on the brim,

And a horse plashes within it;
The long-legged moor-hens dive,
And hens to moor-cocks call;
Minute by minute they live:
The stone's in the midst of all.

Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice?
That is Heaven's part, our part
To murmur name upon name,
As a mother names her child
When sleep at last has come
On limbs that had run wild.
What is it but nightfall?
No, no, not night but death;
Was it needless death after all?
For England may keep faith
For all that is done and said.
We know their dream; enough
To know they dreamed and are dead;
And what if excess of love
Bewildered them till they died?
I write it out in a verse -
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

ASBL

Postcolonialism & Other Matters (Forster, Conrad)

E. M. FORSTER (1879-1970)

born in London

1897-1901: King's College, Cambridge

1910: *Howards End*

1924: *A Passage to India*

1927: *Aspects of the Novel*

1. The Persistence of Realism

The novelist who betrays too much interest in his own method can never be more than interesting; he has given up the creation of character and summoned us to help analyze his own mind, and a heavy drop in the emotional thermometer results. – *Aspects of the Novel*

2. Only Connect...

Wilcox Family: commercial, affluent uncultured

Schlegel Family: cultured, intellectual

It was hard-going in the roads of Mr. Wilcox's soul. From boyhood he had neglected them. 'I am not a fellow who bothers about my own inside.' Outwardly he was cheerful, reliable, and brave; but within, all had reverted to chaos, ruled, so far as it was ruled at all, by an incomplete asceticism. Whether as boy, husband, or widower, he had always the sneaking belief that bodily passion is bad, a belief that is desirable only when held passionately. Religion had confirmed him. The words that were read aloud on Sunday to him and to other respectable men were the words that had once kindled the souls of St. Catharine and St. Francis into a white-hot hatred of the carnal. He could not be as the saints and love the Infinite with a seraphic ardour, but he could be a little ashamed of loving a wife. 'Amabat, amare timebat.'

And it was here that Margaret hoped to help him. It did not seem so difficult. She need trouble him with no gift of her own. She would only point out the salvation that was latent in his own soul, and in the soul of everyman. Only connect! That was the whole of her sermon. Only connect the prose and the passion, and both will be exalted, and human love will be seen at its height. Live in fragments no longer. Only connect, and the beast and the monk, robbed of the isolation that is life to either, will die. – *Howards End*

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'He has lost his place. He has been turned out of his bank. Yes, he's done for. We upper classes have ruined him, and I suppose you'll tell me it's the battle of life. Starving. His wife is ill. Starving. She fainted in the train.'

'Helen, are you mad?'

'Perhaps. Yes. If you like, I'm mad. But I've brought them. I'll stand injustice no longer. I'll show up the wretchedness that lies under this luxury, this talk of impersonal forces, this cant about God doing what we're too slack to do ourselves.' – *Howards End*

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'Somehow, when that kind of man looks frightened it is too awful. It is all right for us to be frightened, or for men of another sort – father, for instance; but for men like that! When I saw all the others so placid, and Paul mad with terror in case I said the wrong thing, I felt for a moment that the whole Wilcox family was a fraud, just a wall of newspapers and motor-cars

and golf-clubs, and that if it fell I should find nothing behind it but panic and emptiness.’ –
Howards End

3. Postcolonialism: A Passage to India

a) A Change of Clothes

About this time, I heard of a well known Hindu having been converted to Christianity. It was the talk of the town that, when he was baptized, he had to eat beef and drink liquor, that he also had to change his clothes, and that thenceforth he began to go about in European costume including a hat. These things got on my nerves. Surely, thought I, a religion that compelled one to eat beef, drink liquor, and change one’s own clothes did not deserve the name. I also heard that the new convert had already begun abusing the religion of his ancestors, their customs and their country. All these things created in me a dislike for Christianity.

– MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI

Aziz was exquisitely dressed, from tie-pin to spats, but he had forgotten his back collar-stud, and there you have the Indian all over: inattention to detail, the fundamental slackness that reveals the race...

– *A Passage to India*

‘They all become exactly the same, not worse, not better. I give any Englishman two years, be he Turton or Burton. It is only the difference of a letter. And I give any English woman six months. All are exactly alike.’

– *A Passage to India*

b) Violence

1919: Amritsar Massacre, Northwest India. British Army kills 379 Indian civilians, wounds 1200, a peaceful meeting.

c) Religion & Civilization

I believe that the civilization India evolved is not to be beaten in the world. Nothing can equal the seeds sown by our ancestors, Rome went, Greece shared the same fate; the might of the Pharaohs was broken; Japan has become Westernized; of China nothing can be said; but India is still, somehow or other, sound at the foundation. The people of Europe learn their lessons from the writings of the men of Greece or Rome, which exist no longer in their former glory. In trying to learn from them, the Europeans imagine that they will avoid the mistakes of Greece and Rome. Such is their pitiable condition. In the midst of all this India remains immovable and that is her glory. It is a charge against India that her people are so uncivilized, ignorant and stolid, that it is not possible to induce them to adopt any changes. It is a charge really against our merit. What we have tested and found true on the anvil of experience, we dare not change. Many thrust their advice upon India, and she remains steady. This is her beauty: it is the sheet-anchor of our hope.

Civilization is that mode of conduct which points out to man the path of duty. Performance of duty and observance of morality are convertible terms. To observe morality is to attain mastery over our mind and our passions. So doing, we know ourselves. The Gujarati equivalent for civilization means “good conduct”. – MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI

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...The conversation had become unreal since Christianity had entered it. Ronny approved of religion as long as it endorsed the National Anthem, but he objected when it attempted to influence his life.

– *A Passage to India*

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All invitations must proceed from heaven perhaps; perhaps it is futile for men to initiate their own unity, they do but widen the gulfs between them by the attempt.

So at all events thought old Mr. Graysford and young Mr. Sorley, the devoted missionaries who lived out beyond the slaughterhouses, always travelled third on the railways, and never came to the club. In our Father's house are many mansions, they taught, and there alone will the incompatible multitudes of mankind be welcomed and soothed. Not one shall be turned away by the servants on that verandah, be he black or white, not one shall be kept standing who approaches with a loving heart.

And why should the divine hospitality cease here? Consider, with all reverence, the monkeys. May there not be a mansion for the monkeys also? Old Mr. Graysford said No, but young Mr. Sorley, who was advanced, said Yes; he saw no reason why monkeys should not have their collateral share of bliss, and he had sympathetic discussions about them with his Hindu friends. And the jackals? Jackals were indeed less to Mr. Sorley's mind but he admitted that the mercy of God, being infinite, may well embrace all mammals. And the wasps? He became uneasy during the descent to wasps, and was apt to change the conversation. And oranges, cactuses, crystals and mud? and the bacteria inside Mr. Sorley? No, no, this is going too far. We must exclude someone from our gathering, or we shall be left with nothing.' – *A Passage to India*

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Except for the Marabar Caves – and they are twenty miles off – the city of Chandrapore presents nothing extraordinary. Edged rather than washed by the river Ganges, it trails for a couple of miles along the bank, scarcely distinguishable from the rubbish it deposits so freely. There are no bathing-steps on the river front, as the Ganges happens not to be holy here; indeed there is no river front, and bazaars shut out the wide and shifting panorama of the stream. The streets are mean, the temples ineffective, and though a few fine houses exist they are hidden away in gardens or down alleys whose filth deters all but the invited guest. Chandrapore was never large or beautiful, but two hundred years ago it lay on the road between Upper India, then imperial, and the sea, and the fine houses date from that period. The zest for decoration stopped in the eighteenth century, nor was it ever democratic. There is no painting and scarcely any carving in the bazaars. The very wood seems made of mud, the inhabitants of mud moving. So abased, so monotonous is everything that meets the eye, that when the Ganges comes down it might be expected to wash the excrescence back into the soil. Houses do fall, people are drowned and left rotting, but the general outline of the town persists, swelling here, shrinking there, like some low but indestructible form of life.

– *A Passage to India*

JOSEPH CONRAD (1857-1924)
Józef Teodor Konrad Korzeniowski

1861: family exiled to Vologda

1874: takes to the sea

1878: joins British Merchant Navy

1886: becomes a British subject

1890: goes to the Congo

1894: first novel published

Lord Jim (1900), *Heart of Darkness* (1902), *Nostramo* (1904), *The Secret Agent* (1907),
Under Western Eyes (1911)

1. Colonialism, Civilisation & the Primitive

The offing was barred by a black bank of clouds, and the tranquil water-way leading to the uttermost ends of the earth flowed sombre under an overcast sky – seemed to lead into the heart of an immense darkness.

– *Heart of Darkness*

The conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it too much. What redeems it is the idea only. An idea at the back of it, not a sentimental pretence but an idea: and an unselfish belief in the idea – something you can set up, and bow down before, and offer a sacrifice to...

– *Heart of Darkness*

Going up that river was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings. An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest. The air was warm, thick, heavy, sluggish. There was no joy in the brilliance of sunshine. The long stretches of the waterway ran on, deserted, into the gloom of overshadowed distances. On silvery sandbanks hippos and alligators sunned themselves side by side. The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands; you lost your way on that river as you would in a desert, and butted all day long against shoals, trying to find the channel, till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off forever from everything you had known once – somewhere – far away in another existence perhaps. There were moments when one's past came back to one, as it will sometimes when you have not a moment to spare to yourself; but it came in the shape of an unrestful and noisy dream, remembered with wonder amongst the overwhelming realities of this strange world of plants, and water, and silence. And this stillness of life did not in the least resemble a peace. It was the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention. It looked at you with a vengeful aspect. – *Heart of Darkness*

2. Law & Revolution

To break up the superstition and worship of legality should be our aim. Nothing would please me more than to see Inspector Heat and his likes take to shooting us down in broad daylight with the approval of the public. Half our battle would be won then; the disintegration of the old morality would have set in its very temple. That is what you ought to aim at. But you revolutionists will never understand that. You plan the future, you lose yourselves in reveries of economical systems derived from what is; where as what's wanted is a clean sweep and a clear start for a new conception of life. That sort of future will take care of itself if you will only make room for it. Therefore I would shovel my stuff in heaps at the corners of the streets if I had enough for that; and as I haven't, I do my best by perfecting a really dependable detonator. – *The Secret Agent*

[*Mr Vladimir to Mr Verloc:*] A murderous attempt on a restaurant or a theatre would suffer in the same way from the suggestion of non-political passion; the exasperation of a hungry man, an act of social revenge. All this is used up; it is no longer instructive as an object lesson in revolutionary anarchism. Every newspaper has ready made phrases to explain such manifestations away. I am about to give you the philosophy of bomb throwing from my point of view... A bomb outrage to have any influence on public opinion now must go beyond the intention of vengeance or terrorism. It must be purely destructive. It must be that, and only that, beyond the faintest suspicion of any other object. You anarchists should make it clear that you are perfectly determined to make a clean sweep of the whole social situation. – *The Secret Agent*

3. Looking Towards Russia

Approaching this part of Mr. Razumov's story, my mind, the decent mind of an old teacher of languages, feels more and more the difficulty of the task.

The task is not in truth the writing in the narrative form a précis of a strange human document, but the rendering – I perceive it now clearly – of the moral conditions ruling over a large portion of this earth's surface; conditions not easily to be understood, much less discovered in the limits of a story, till some key-word is found; a word that could stand at the back of all the words covering the pages; a word which, if not truth itself, may perchance hold truth enough to help the moral discovery which should be the object of every tale.

I turn over for the hundredth time the leaves of Mr. Razumov's record, I lay it aside, I take up the pen – and the pen being ready for its office of setting down black on white I hesitate. For the word that persists in creeping under its point is no other word than "cynicism."

For that is the mark of Russian autocracy and of Russian revolt. In its pride of numbers, in its strange pretensions of sanctity, and in the secret readiness to abase itself in suffering, the spirit of Russia is the spirit of cynicism. It informs the declarations of her statesmen, the theories of her revolutionists, and the mystic vaticinations of prophets to the point of making freedom look like a form of debauch, and the Christian virtues themselves appear actually indecent....

– *Under Western Eyes*

Councillor Mikulin was one of those powerful officials who, in a position not obscure, not occult, but simply inconspicuous, exercise a great influence over the methods rather than over the conduct of affairs. A devotion to Church and Throne is not in itself a criminal sentiment; to prefer the will of one to the will of many does not argue the possession of a black heart or prove congenital idiocy. Councillor Mikulin was not only a clever but also a faithful official. Privately he was a bachelor with a love of comfort, living alone in an apartment of five rooms luxuriously furnished; and was known by his intimates to be an enlightened patron of the art of female dancing. Later on the larger world first heard of him in the very hour of his downfall, during one of those State trials which astonish and puzzle the average plain man who reads the newspapers, by a glimpse of unsuspected intrigues. And in the stir of vaguely seen monstrosities, in that momentary, mysterious disturbance of muddy waters, Councillor Mikulin went under, dignified, with only a calm, emphatic protest of his innocence – nothing more. No disclosures damaging to a harassed autocracy, complete fidelity to the secrets of the miserable *arcana imperii* deposited in his patriotic breast, a display of bureaucratic stoicism in a Russian official's ineradicable, almost sublime contempt for truth; stoicism of silence understood only by the very few of the initiated, and not without a certain cynical grandeur of self-sacrifice on the part of a sybarite. For the terribly heavy sentence turned Councillor Mikulin civilly into a corpse, and actually into something very much like a common convict.

It seems that the savage autocracy, no more than the divine democracy, does not limit its diet exclusively to the bodies of its enemies. It devours its friends and servants as well. The downfall of His Excellency Gregory Gregorievitch Mikulin (which did not occur till some years later) completes all that is known of the man. But at the time of M. de P – 's murder (or execution) Councillor Mikulin, under the modest style of Head of Department at the General Secretariat, exercised a wide influence as the confidant and right-hand man of his former schoolfellow and lifelong friend, General T – . One can imagine them talking over the case of Mr. Razumov, with the full sense of their unbounded power over all the lives in Russia, with cursory disdain, like two Olympians glancing at a worm. The relationship with Prince K – was enough to save Razumov from some carelessly arbitrary proceeding, and it is also very

probable that after the interview at the Secretariat he would have been left alone. Councillor Mikulin would not have forgotten him (he forgot no one who ever fell under his observation), but would have simply dropped him for ever. Councillor Mikulin was a good-natured man and wished no harm to anyone. Besides (with his own reforming tendencies) he was favourably impressed by that young student, the son of Prince K – , and apparently no fool.

– *Under Western Eyes*

ASBL

Ireland (Yeats, Synge, Joyce)

W.B. YEATS (1865-1939)

1889: *Wanderings of Oisín and Other Poems*.

1891: The Rhymers Club (to 1894)

1902: becomes President of the Irish National Dramatic Society. 2-4 April *Cathleen ni Houlihan* is played in St Teresa's Hall, Clarendon St, with Maud Gonne in the starring role. One member of the audience wrote: "I went home asking myself if such plays should be produced unless one was prepared for people to go out to shoot and be shot".

1907: *The Playboy of the Western World* performed to uproar.

1916: Easter Rising in Dublin

1928: *The Tower*

1. Celtic Revival

2. The Land of Faery

Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water-rats;
There we've hid our faery vats,
Full of berries
And of reddest stolen cherries.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you
can understand. – ('The Stolen Child')

THE SONG OF WANDERING AENGUS

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in the stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire aflame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And some one called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

3. Fenianism

4. The Occult

The central principle of all the Magic of power is that everything we formulate in the imagination, if we formulate it strongly enough, realizes itself in the circumstances of life, acting either through our own souls, or through the spirits of nature. (Yeats)

5. Late Work

LEDA AND THE SWAN

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

How can those terrified vague fingers push
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs?
And how can body, laid in that white rush,
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?

A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower
And Agamemnon dead.

Being so caught up,
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,
Did she put on his knowledge with his power
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?

JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE (1871-1909)

born in Dublin

works with Yeats in the Abbey Theatre

1903: *Riders to the Sea*

1904: *In the Shadow of the Glen*

1907: *The Playboy of the Western World*

1898-1902: travels 5 times to Aran Islands

1. West of Ireland

2. Hiberno-English

JAMES JOYCE (1882-1941)

born in Dublin

1898: University College Dublin

1904: leaves Ireland for Europe (Zurich, Trieste)

1920: Paris

1. *Dubliners* (1914)

Epiphany

Generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes. He had never felt like that himself towards any woman but he knew that such a feeling must be love. The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes and in the partial darkness he imagined he saw the form of a young man standing under a dripping tree. Other forms were near. His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead. He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence. His own identity was fading out into a grey impalpable world: the solid world itself which these dead had one time reared and lived in was dissolving and dwindling.

A few light taps on the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.

– last paragraph of 'The Dead', from *Dubliners* (1914)

2. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916)

Künstlerroman; Obstacles for the young Stephen Dedalus: Catholicism, nationalism, British Empire

– The language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine. How different are the words *home, Christ, master* on his lips and on mine! I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit. His language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of his language.

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– Try to be one of us, repeated Davin. In your heart you are an Irishman but your pride is too powerful.

– My ancestors threw off their language and took another, Stephen said. They allowed a handful of foreigners to subject them. Do you fancy I am going to pay in my own life and person debts they made? What for?

– For our freedom, said Davin.

– No honourable and sincere man, said Stephen, has given up to you his life and his youth and his affections from the days of Tone to those of Parnell but you sold him to the enemy or failed him in need or reviled him and left him for another. And you invite me to be one of you. I'd see you damned first.... When the soul of man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets.

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– Look here, Cranly, he said. You have asked me what I would do and what I would not do. I will not serve that in which I no longer believe whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use – silence, exile and cunning.

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Told him the shortest way to Tara was *via* Holyhead.

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Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.

3. *Ulysses* (1922)

The novel traces one day in the life of three people in Dublin on 16 June 1904. The first is Stephen Dedalus, the artist whose portrait was presented in the previous book. He is in his early twenties and while talented is unable to find a place for himself in Dublin. The next is Leopold Bloom, the son of a Hungarian Jew. He is middle-aged and is married to Marian (Molly) Bloom. She is a pleasure-loving, imaginative woman, who spends most of the day in bed (some of the time with a lover). The novel moves between the minds of these three people.

Structures

1. *Mythical method*: Bloom, Stephen and Molly are modern day instances of Odysseus, Telemachus and Penelope, and the story of the *Odyssey* loosely parallels the events of Joyce's *Ulysses*. Thus Bloom wanders around Dublin all day, eventually meeting Stephen and bringing him back to spend the night at his house. Or for instance, the Sirens episode, to disappear in music. But this is only only of the several structures that hold up the book.
2. Extensive use of '*stream of consciousness*' ('interior monologue'), but also drama, catechism, heroic narrative and extreme monologue (Molly/Penelope chapter). Describe Oxen of the Sun.
3. Each chapter corresponds to a part of the body, a science or art. And colour. (Linati)

[*Ulysses*] is the epic of two races (Israel-Ireland) and at the same time the cycle of the human body as well as a little story of a day (life)...It is also a kind of encyclopedia. – JAMES JOYCE

Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liverslices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencods' roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidney which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine.

Kidneys were in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly, righting her breakfast things on the humpy tray. Gelid light and air were in the kitchen but out of doors gentle summer morning everywhere. Made him feel a bit peckish.

The coals were reddening.

Another slice of bread and butter: three, four: right. She didn't like her plate full. Right. He turned from the tray, lifted the kettle off the hob and set it sideways on the fire. It sat there, dull and squat, its spout stuck out. Cup of tea soon. Good. Mouth dry.

The cat walked stiffly round a leg of the table with tail on high.

– Mkgnao!

– O, there you are, Mr Bloom said, turning from the fire.

The cat mewed in answer and stalked off again stiffly round a leg of the table, mewing. Just how she stalks over my writingtable. Prr. Scratch my head. Prr.

Pan Leopold Bloom si potrpěl na dobytčí i drůbeží vnitřnosti. Měl rád hustou polévku z husích drůbků, šťavnatý žaludek, v troubě pečené špikované srdce, s chlebem opékané játrové plátky, opékané tresčí jikry. Nejraději měl na rožni pečené skopové ledvinky, ty mu čpavým nádechem moči šimraly ponebí.

Na ledvinky myslel, jak tak potichu kutil v kuchyni a na vyboulený podnos jí rovnal snídani. Vzduch i světlo v kuchyni studily, ale venku bylo všude vlahé letní ráno. Až mu z toho trochu kručelo v břiše.

Uhlí zřeřavělo.

Ještě jeden krajíc s máslem: tři, čtyři: tak. Vrchovatý talíř nemá ráda. Ták. Poodešel od podnosu, vzal z patky kotlík a pověsil ho šikmo na oheň. Hloupě a baňatě tam trčel a špulil hubičku. Hned bude čaj. To je dobře. Vyschlo v krku. Ocásek vztyčený, strnule obešla kočka nohu u stolu.

– Mňau!

– No vida, řekl pan Bloom a ohlédl se od ohně.

Místo odpovědi mu kočka zamňoukala a s mňoukáním znovu strnule obešla nohu u stolu. Zrovna jako když si vykračuje po mém psacím stolu. Vrr. Poškrábej mě na hlavě. Vrr. (*trans Aloys Skoumal*)

*

Seabloom, greasebloom viewed last words. Softly. *When my country takes her place among.*
Prrpr.

Must be the bur.

Fff! Oo. Rrpr.

Nations of the earth. No-one behind. She's passed. *Then and not till then.* Tram kran kran kran kran. Good oppor. Coming. Krاندlkrankran. I'm sure it's the burgund. Yes. One, two. *Let my epitaph be.* Kraaaaaa. *Written. I have.*

Ppprppfrppfff.

Done.

Mořebloom, špek bloom si pročítal poslední slovo. Tlumeně. *Až má vlast zaujme náležité místo mezi.*

Prrpr.

Bude to tím burg.

Fff. Ú. Rrpr.

Národy země. Nikdo za mnou. Přešla. *Tehdy a teprve tehdy.* Tramvaj. Kran, kran, kran. Teď se to pěkně ho. Už to jde. Krاندlkrankran. Bude to jistě tím burgund. Ano. Raz, dva. *Na hrob at' mi.* Karááá. *Napíší. Já jsem.*

Ppprppfrppfff.

Hotov. (*trans Aloys Skoumal*)

Stream of consciousness is also a way of being in the body. Here the body speaks, not just the mind.

This passage works on several levels: there is grand rhetoric, passing commentary of Bloom, and then the noise of his body. Consider Emmet making this speech, suppressing his body's noise. Joyce wants to let that noise back into literature, writing, speech. We have to listen to the noise of our bodies. (This leads to the banning of the work in 1920.)

Humour: the passage above is deflationary and hilarious.

4. *Finnegans Wake* (1939)

Bygmester Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand, freemen's murer, lived in the broadest way immarginable in his rushlit toofarback for messuages before joshuan judges had given us numbers or Helveticus committed deuteronomy (one yeastyday he sternely struxk his tete in a tub for to watsch the future of his fates but ere he swiftly stook it out again, by the might of mooses, the very water was eviparated and all the guenneses had met their exodus so that ought to show you what a pentschanjeuchy chap he was!) and during mighty odd years this man of hod, cement and edifices in Toper's Thorp piled bildung supra bildung pon the banks for the livers by the Soangso. He addle liddle phifie Annie ugged the craythur. — *Finnegans Wake* (1939)

ASBL
Modernism (Eliot, Woolf, Lawrence)

T. S. ELIOT (1888-1965)

1. Symbolism: French Precursors

Arthur Symons: *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*

Charles Baudelaire, Paul Verlaine, Jules Laforgue

‘The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock’:

certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells...

2. The Waste Land (1922)

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

.....
What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images...

Čím jsou kořeny, jež se jí křečovitě zachycují, jaké větve
rostou z té kamenité hlušiny? Synu člověka,
to nevíš ani neuhodneš, poněvadž znáš
jen hromadu rozbitých model...

.....
‘You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
‘They called me the hyacinth girl.’
– Yet when we came back, late, from the hyacinth garden
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

‘Dal jsi mi poprvé hyacinty před rokem;
říkali mi pak dívka s hyacinty.’
– Přesto jsem, když jsme se vrátili, tak pozdě, ze zahrady
měl plnou náruč a vlhké vlasy, nemohl jsem
mluvit a oči mi selhaly, nebyl jsem
ani živý, ani mrtvý a nevěděl jsem nic,
hleděl jsem do nitra světla, mlčení.

.....

‘The music crept by me upon the waters’
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria street.
City, city, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishermen lounge at noon: where the walls
Of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

‘Ta hudba plížila se kolem po vodách’
a po Strandu, dál po Queen Victoria Street.
Ó City, město, někdy slýchám
u baru v Lower Thames Street
příjemné lkaní mandolíny od vody
a šum a ruch z té hospody,
v níž rybáři v poledne postávají – tam, kde zdi
Svatého Magnuse mučedníka tají pro oblohu
nevysvětlitelnou nádheru v bělozlatém jónském slohu.

.....
DA

Datta: what have we given?
My friend, blood shaking my heart
The awful daring of a moment’s surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms...

DA

Datta: Co jsme dali?
Příteli, krev otřásající mým srdcem,
strašná troufalost okamžitého odevdání se,
jež věk rozumnosti nemůže vzít zpět,
jen tím, a jenom tím teď existujeme,
což nenajde se v našich nekrolozích
či v pamětech opentlených pavoukem, jenž bude dědit
ani pod pečeti zlomenými vychrtlým právníkem
v našich prázdných pokojích. (*trans. Zdeněk Hron*)

3. Later Work

The Hollow Men (1925), *Ash-Wednesday* (1930), *Four Quartets* (1935-1942)

4. Criticism

‘Tradition and the Individual Talent’ (1919), “‘Romantic’ and ‘Classic’” (1934), ‘The Metaphysical Poets’, ‘Milton’ (1936)

“dissociation of sensibility” “objective correlative”: New Criticism

VIRGINIA WOOLF (1882-1941)

Night and Day (1919), *Jacob's Room* (1922), *Mrs Dalloway* (1925), *To the Lighthouse* (1927), *Orlando* (1928), *The Waves* (1931); *A Room of One's Own* (1929)

1. Narrative Structures

'Well, and what's happened to you?' she said. So before a battle begins, the horses paw the ground; toss their heads; the light shines on their flanks; their necks curve. So Peter Walsh and Clarissa, sitting side by side on the blue sofa, challenged each other. His powers chafed and tossed in him. He assembled from different quarters all sorts of things; praise; his career at Oxford; his marriage, which she knew nothing whatever about; how he had loved; and altogether done his job.

'Millions of things!' he exclaimed, and, urged by the assembly of powers which were now charging this way and that and giving him the feeling at once frightening and extremely exhilarating of being rushed through the air on the shoulders of people he could no longer see, he raised his hands to his forehead.

– *Mrs Dalloway*

*

It was a splendid morning too. A splendid achievement in its own way, after all, London; the season; the civilisation. Coming as he did from a respectable Anglo-Indian family which for at least three generations had administered the affairs of a continent (it's strange, he thought, what a sentiment I have about that, disliking India, and empire, and army as he did), there were moments when civilisation, even of this sort, seemed dear to him as a personal possession; moments of pride in England; in butlers; chow dogs; girls in their security. Ridiculous enough, still there it is, he thought.

– *Mrs Dalloway*

2. Bloomsbury

Questioned the received ideas of the day; universalism: what are you left with then? Artists, writers, critics, philosophers. Roger Fry, Duncan Grant, E. M. Forster, Lytton Strachey, John Maynard Keynes.

3. Criticism

what is true in it, so it seemed to me, reviewing the story of Shakespeare's sister as I had made it, is that any woman born with a great gift in the sixteenth century would certainly have gone crazed, shot herself, or ended her days in some lonely cottage outside the village, half witch, half wizard, feared and mocked at. For it needs little skill in psychology to be sure that a highly gifted girl who had tried to use her gift for poetry would have been so thwarted and hindered by other people, so tortured and pulled asunder by her own contrary instincts, that she must have lost her health and sanity to a certainty.

.....

I told you in the course of this paper that Shakespeare had a sister; but do not look for her in Sir Sidney Lee's life of the poet. She died young – alas, she never wrote a word. She lies buried where the omnibuses now stop, opposite the Elephant and Castle. Now my belief is that this poet who never wrote a word and was buried at the cross-roads still lives. She lives in you and in me, and in many other women who are not here to-night, for they are washing up the dishes and putting the children to bed. But she lives; for great poets do not die; they are continuing presences; they need only the opportunity to walk among us in the flesh. This opportunity, as I think, it is now coming within your power to give her.

– *A Room of One's Own*

D. H. LAWRENCE (1885-1930)

Sons and Lovers (1913), *The Rainbow* (1915), *Women in Love* (1920),
Lady Chatterley's Lover (1928; 1959, 1960), *Studies in Classic American Literature* (1923)

1. Against Civilisation

I should feel the air move against me, and feel the things I touched, instead of having only to look at them. I'm sure life is all wrong because it has become much too visual – we can neither hear nor feel nor understand, we can only see. I'm sure that is entirely wrong. –
Women in Love

But better die than live mechanically a life that is a repetition of repetitions. – *Women in Love*

2. Poetry

GREEN

The dawn was apple-green,
The sky was green wine held up in the sun,
The moon was a golden petal between.

She opened her eyes, and green
They shone, clear like flowers undone
For the first time, now for the first time seen.

SNAKE

A snake came to my water-trough
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,
To drink there.
In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark carob-tree
I came down the steps with my pitcher
And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was at the trough before
me.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over the edge of
the stone trough
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,
He sipped with his straight mouth,
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body,
Silently.

Someone was before me at my water-trough,
And I, like a second comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,
And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and mused a moment,
And stooped and drank a little more,
Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning bowels of the earth
On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.

The voice of my education said to me
He must be killed,
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold are venomous.

And voices in me said, If you were a man
You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him off.

But must I confess how I liked him,
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink at my water-trough
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,
Into the burning bowels of this earth?

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him? Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him?
Was it humility, to feel so honoured?
I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices:
If you were not afraid, you would kill him!

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid, But even so, honoured still more
That he should seek my hospitality
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked light on the air, so black,
Seeming to lick his lips,
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and entered farther,
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing into that horrid black hole,
Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly drawing himself after,
Overcame me now his back was turned.

I looked round, I put down my pitcher,
I picked up a clumsy log
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

I think it did not hit him,
But suddenly that part of him that was left behind convulsed in undignified haste.
Writhed like lightning, and was gone
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,
At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.

I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act!
I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human education.

And I thought of the albatross
And I wished he would come back, my snake.

For he seemed to me again like a king,
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,
Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords
Of life.
And I have something to expiate:
A pettiness.

3. Psychology & Sexuality

The autobiographical basis of most of his early writing: oedipal complex, how to achieve a sexual relation in which he does not desire his mother.

I can give you a spirit love, I have given you this long, long time; but not embodied passion. See, you are a nun. I have given you what I would give a holy nun... In all our relations no body enters. I do not talk to you through the senses – rather through the spirit. That is why we cannot love in the common sense.

– *Sons and Lovers*

He felt that she wanted the soul out of his body and not him. All his strength and energy she drew into herself through some channel which united them. She did not want to meet him so that there were two of them man and woman together. She wanted to draw all of him into her. It urged him to an intensity like madness which fascinated him as drug-taking might. He was discussing Michael Angelo. It felt to her as if she were fingering the very quivering tissue the very protoplasm of life as she heard him. It gave her deepest satisfaction. And in the end it frightened her. There he lay in the white intensity of his search and his voice gradually filled her with fear so level it was almost inhuman as if in a trance. – *Sons and Lovers*

‘Dunna ax me nowt now,’ he said. ‘Let me be. I like thee. I luv thee when tha lies theer. A woman’s a lovely thing when ‘er’s deep ter fuck, and cunt’s good. Ah luv thee, thy legs, an’ th’ shape on thee, an’ th’ womanness on thee. Ah luv th’ womanness on thee. Ah luv thee wi’ my ba’s an’ wi’ my heart. But dunna ax me nowt. Dunna ma’e me say nowt. Let me stop as I am while I can. Tha can ax me iverything after. Now let me be, let me be!’ – *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*

„Nejčko se mě na nic neptej,“ řekl. „Nech mě bejt. Mám tě rád. Miluju tě, dyž tady tak ležíš. Ženská je moc fajn, dyž se do ní dá jít tak hluboko a dyž ji má dobrou. Miluju tě, ty tvoje nohy a tvoje tělo a že seš tak ženská. Miluju tě, že seš tak ženská. Miluju tě svým ptákem i srdcem. Ale nejčko se mě nic neptej. Nechtěj, abych ti něco povídal. Nech mě eště chvilku tak, jak sem, dokád’ do de. Potom se mě můžeš zeptat na všecko. Ale nejčko mě nech, nech mě!“ (trans František Vrba)

ASBL
Political Writing (Shaw to Orwell)

1. Satirists

P. G. Wodehouse (1881-1975)

Evelyn Waugh (1898-1981), *Decline and Fall* (1928), *Vile Bodies* (1930), *Black Mischief* (1932), *A Handful of Dust* (1934)

Here at nine o'clock he was interrupted by the arrival of Blenkinsop. 'We missed you last night,' he said.

'We went to a party.'

'You shouldn't have done that – not strictly, but I daresay no harm will come of it. Have you had your breakfast?'

'Yes, in the dining room with Winnie.'

'But Mr. Last, what are you thinking of? You've got to get evidence from the hotel servants.'

'Well, I didn't like to wake Milly.'

'She's paid for it, isn't she? Come, come, Mr. Last, this won't do at all. You'll never get your divorce if you don't give your mind to it more.'

'All right,' said Tony. 'I'll have breakfast again.'

'In bed, mind.'

'In bed.' And he went wearily upstairs to his rooms.

Winnie had drawn the curtains but her mother was still asleep. 'She woke up once and then turned over. Do get her to come out. I want to go to the pier.'

'Milly,' said Tony firmly. 'Milly.'

'Oh,' she said. 'What time is it?'

'We've got to have breakfast.'

'Don't want any breakfast. I think I'll sleep a little.'

'You've had breakfast,' said Winnie.

'Come on,' said Tony. 'Plenty of time to sleep afterwards. This is what we came for.'

Milly sat up in bed. 'O.K.,' she said. 'Winnie darling, give mother her jacket off the chair.' She was a conscientious girl, ready to go through with her job, however unattractive it might seem. 'But it's early.'

Tony went into the room and took off his shoes, collar and tie, coat and waistcoat, and put on a dressing gown.

'You're greedy,' said Winnie, 'eating two breakfasts.'

'When you're a little older you'll understand these things. It's the Law. Now I want you to stay in the sitting room for quarter of an hour very quietly. Promise? And afterwards you can do exactly what you like.'

'Can I bathe?'

'Yes, certainly, if you're quiet now.'

Tony got into bed beside Milly and pulled the dressing gown tight around his throat. 'Does that look all right?'

'Love's young dream,' said Milly.

'All right then. I'll ring the bell.'

'When the tray had been brought Tony got out of bed and put on his things. 'So much for my infidelity,' he said. 'It is curious to reflect that this will be described in the papers as "intimacy."'" – *A Handful of Dust*

*

2. 1930s

Left-wing orientation. Satire was not really enough. It implied agreement with the status quo.
Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden, C. Day Lewis: MacSpaunday

3. Spanish Civil War (1936-39)

This was in late December 1936, less than seven months ago as I write, and yet it is a period that has already receded into enormous distance. Later events have obliterated it much more completely than they have obliterated 1935, or 1905, for that matter. I had come to Spain with some notion of writing newspaper articles, but I had joined the militia almost immediately, because at that time and in that atmosphere it seemed the only conceivable thing to do. The Anarchists were still in virtual control of Catalonia and the revolution was in full swing. To anyone who had been there since the beginning it probably seemed even in December or January that the revolutionary period was ending; but when one came straight from England the aspect of Barcelona was something startling and overwhelming. It was the first time that I had ever been in a town where the working class was in the saddle. Practically every building of any size had been seized by the workers and was draped with red flags or with the red and black flag of the Anarchists; every wall was scrawled with the hammer and sickle and with the initials of the revolutionary parties; almost every church had been gutted and its images burnt. Churches here and there were being systematically demolished by gangs of workmen. Every shop and café had an inscription saying that it had been collectivized and their boxes painted red and black. Waiters and shop-walkers looked you in the face and treated you as an equal. Servile and even ceremonial forms of speech had temporarily disappeared. Nobody said 'Señor' or 'Don' or even 'Usted'; everyone called everyone else 'Comrade' and 'Thou', and said 'Salud!' instead of 'Buenos días'. Tipping was forbidden by law; almost my first experience was receiving a lecture from a hotel manager for trying to tip a lift-boy.... All this was queer and moving. There was much in it that I did not understand, in some ways I did not even like it, but I recognized it immediately as a state of affairs worth fighting for.

– GEORGE ORWELL, *Homage to Catalonia* (1938)

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (1856-1950)

born in Dublin

1876: moves to London

1884: joins Fabian Society

1893: *Mrs Warren's Profession*

1904: *John Bull's Other Island*

1905: *Major Barbara*

1914: *Pygmalion*

1921: *Heartbreak House*

1928: *Intelligent Women's Guide to Socialism*

Major Barbara (1905)

His debt to Wilde in mocking the English upper class. Lady Britomart is a lovely target. the joke of the foundling, and the way the play revolves on it, like Wilde again. Salvation Army v. Arms Trade.

CUSINS: I don't think you quite know what the Army does for the poor.

UNDERSHAFT: Oh yes I do. It draws their teeth: that is enough for me as a man of business.

CUSINS: Nonsense! It makes them sober –

UNDERSHAFT: I prefer sober workmen. The profits are larger.

CUSINS: – honest –

UNDERSHAFT: Honest workmen are the most economical.

CUSINS: – attached to their homes –
 UNDERSHAFT: So much the better: they will put up with anything sooner than change their shop.
 CUSINS: – happy –
 UNDERSHAFT: An invaluable safeguard against revolution.
 CUSINS: – unselfish –
 UNDERSHAFT: Indifferent to their own interests, which suits me exactly.
 CUSINS: – with their thoughts on heavenly things –
 UNDERSHAFT: [*rising*] And not on Trade Unionism nor Socialism. Excellent.
 CUSINS: [*revolted*] You really are an infernal old rascal.

UNDERSHAFT: [*with a touch of brutality*] The government of your country! *I* am the government of your country: I, and Lazarus. Do you suppose that you and half a dozen amateurs like you, sitting in a row in that foolish gabble shop, can govern Undershaft and Lazarus? No, my friend: you will do what pays *us*. You will make war when it suits us, and keep peace when it doesn't. You will find out that trade requires certain measures when we have decided on those measures. When I want anything to keep my dividends [*podíl na zisku*] up, you will discover that my want is a national need. When other people want something to keep my dividends down, you will call in the police and military. And in return, you shall have the support and applause of my news-papers, and the delight of imagining that you are a great statesman. Government of your country! Be off with you, my boy...

W. H. AUDEN (1907-1973)

Letters from Iceland (1937), 'Musée des Beaux Arts'(1938), *The Sea and the Mirror: A Commentary on Shakespeare's The Tempest* (1944), 'In Praise of Limestone' (1948), 'The Shield of Achilles' (1952)

1. The Language of the Left

EPITAPH ON A TYRANT

Perfection, of a kind, was what he was after,
 And the poetry he invented was easy to understand;
 He knew human folly like the back of his hand,
 And was greatly interested in armies and fleets;
 When he laughed, respectable senators burst with laughter,
 And when he cried the little children died in the streets.

3. 1939: USA

from SEPTEMBER 1, 1939

I sit in one of the dives
 On Fifty-Second Street
 Uncertain and afraid
 As the clever hopes expire
 Of a low dishonest decade:
 Waves of anger and fear
 Circulate over the bright
 And darkened lands of the earth,
 Obsessing our private lives;
 The unmentionable odour of death
 Offends the September night.

.....

All I have is a voice
To undo the folded lie,
The romantic lie in the brain
Of the sensual man-in-the-street
And the lie of Authority
Whose buildings grope the sky:
There is no such thing as the State
And no one exists alone;
Hunger allows no choice
To the citizen or the police;
We must love one another or die.

Na Dvaapadesáté ulici
v hospodě jsem si sed,
nejistě, ale bez bázně
umírá tu dnes na márách
bezectných deset let:
a už jen hněv, už jenom strach
zůstal a jde nám na pomoc,
šíří se, rád by všude vlez,
přepadá naše soukromí;
odporný zápach smrti dnes
nabízí zářijová noc.

Mám jen hlas: jak jím rozplétat
lež do té míry zamotanou,
tu starou romantickou lež
chlípného muže z ulice,
lež Authority, jejíž dům
se zdvíhá k mračnům jako věž:
nic takového jako Stát
už není, nikdo není sám;
hlad nedává dnes na vybranou
občanům ani strážníkům:
milovat se – či umírat.

trans. Jan Zábrana

4. Variety of Forms

Libretti, ballad, meditations, commentaries, letters, lyrics, sonnet sequences

LOUIS MACNEICE (1907-63)

1929 Birmingham University

1941-1961 Joins BBC

1. Background: Ireland & England

It could be plausibly maintained that the difficulties from which MacNeice's reputation has always suffered have their origin in his poetic violation of certain canonical (and contextual) norms: a 1930s poet who insisted on his Irishness; an Irish-born poet who lived most of his

life in England. In one case, he seems to threaten the critical elevation of Auden as a poet representative of both a generation and a time; in the other, he appears to undermine the stability of an orthodox notion of national 'identity'.

– PETER MCDONALD

2. Sceptical Vision

An urbane reasonableness animates his poetry and his prose (his selected journalism is a classic of the genre); and indeed sometimes restricts it. Terence Brown calls this 'a sceptical vision', in the positive sense meant by a philosopher like George Santayana, whereby man avoids totalising structures of meaning and belief in order to remain open to the richness of experience.

I will not give you any idol or idea, creed or king,
I give you the incidental things which pass
Outward through space exactly as each was.

– 'Train to Dublin'

3. Autumn Journal (1939)

Close and slow, summer is ending in Hampshire,
Ebbing away down ramps of shaven lawn where close-clipped yew
Insulates the lives of retired generals and admirals
And the spyglasses hung in the hall and the prayer-books ready in the pew
And August going out to the tin trumpets of nasturtiums
And the sunflowers' Salvation Army blare of brass
And the spinster sitting in a deck-chair picking up stitches
Not raising her eyes to the noise of the 'planes that pass
Northward from Lee-on-Solent. Macrocarpa and cypress
And roses on a rustic trellis and mulberry trees
And bacon and eggs in a silver dish for breakfast
And all the inherited worries, rheumatisms and taxes,
And whether Stella will marry and what to do with Dick
And the branch of the family that lost their money in Hatry...

4. Late Period

Visitations (1957), *Solstices* (1961), *The Burning Perch* (1963)

Oh you have had your chance, It said;

Left it alone and it was one.

Who said a watched clock never moves?

Look at it now. Your chance was I.

He turned and saw the accusing clock

Race like a torrent round a rock.

.....

THE TAXIS

In the first taxi he was alone tra-la,
No extras on the clock. He tipped ninepence
But the cabby, while he thanked him, looked askance
As though to suggest someone had bummed a ride.

In the second taxi he was alone tra-la
But the clock showed sixpence extra; he tipped according
And the cabby from out his muffler said: 'Make sure

You have left nothing behind tra-la between you.'

In the third taxi he was alone tra-la
But the tip-up seats were down and there was extra
Charge of one-and-sixpence and an odd
Scent that reminded him of a trip to Cannes.

As for the fourth taxi, he was alone
Tra-la when he hailed it but the cabby looked
Through him and said: 'I can't tra-la well take
So many people, not to speak of the dog.'

GEORGE ORWELL (1903-1950)

(Eric Arthur Blair)

1903: born in Bengal; 1911: England; 1917-1921: Eton, scholarship boy; 1922: Burma, assistant district superintendent in the Indian Imperial Police; 1927: on leave to England; 1928: resigns from the police; goes to live in the slums of England and Paris

1. Essays

'Boys' Weeklies' (1940)

2. **Animal Farm (1945) & Nineteen Eighty-Four (1949)**

FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD

*

All that year the animals worked like slaves. But they were happy in their work; they grudged no effort or sacrifice, well aware that everything that they did was for the benefit of themselves and those of their kind who would come after them, and not for a pack of idle thieving human beings.

Throughout the spring and summer they worked a sixty-hour week, and in August Napoleon announced that there would be work on Sunday afternoons as well. This work was strictly voluntary, but any animal who absented himself from it would have his rations reduced by half. Even so it was found necessary to leave certain tasks undone. The harvest was a little less successful than in the previous, and two fields which should have been sown with roots in the early summer were not sown because the ploughing had not been completed early enough. It was possible to foresee that the coming winter would be a hard one.

*

ALL ANIMAL ARE EQUAL

BUT SOME ANIMALS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS

After that it did not seem strange when next day the pigs who were supervising the work of the farm all carried whips in their trotters. It did not seem strange to learn that the pigs had bought themselves a wireless set, were arranging to install a telephone, and had taken out subscriptions to *John Bull*, *Tit-Bits* and the *Daily Mirror*. It did not seem strange when Napoleon was seen strolling in the farmhouse garden with a pipe in his mouth – no, not even when the pigs took Mr Jones's clothes out of the wardrobes and put them on, Napoleon himself appearing in a black coat, ratcatcher breeches and leather leggings, while his favourite sow appeared in the watered silk dress which Mrs Jones had been used to wear on Sundays.

– *Animal Farm*

ASBL
Mid-Century Prose (Greene, Golding, Beckett)

GRAHAM GREENE (1904-1991)

1922: goes to Oxford University
1926: received into Roman Catholic Church
1938: *Brighton Rock*
1940: *The Power and the Glory*
1941-44: joins Secret Intelligence Service
1948: *The Heart of the Matter*
1951: *The End of the Affair*
1951-55: part of each year in Vietnam
1955: *The Quiet American*
travelled widely throughout his life: Vietnam, Haiti, leper colonies

1. Catholicism

‘I know one thing you don’t. I know the difference between Right and Wrong. They didn’t teach you that at school.’

Rose didn’t answer; the woman was quite right: the two words meant nothing to her. Their taste was extinguished by stronger foods – Good and Evil.

– *Brighton Rock*

The Boy let go. ‘Don’t be soft,’ he said. ‘Why should I like it? You think you know too much,’ he complained. He sat there, anger like a live coal in his belly, as the music came on again; all the good times he’d had in the old days with nails and splinters, the tricks he’d learnt later with a razor blade: what would be the fun if people didn’t squeal? He said furiously: ‘We’ll be going. I can’t stand this place,’ and obediently Rose began to pack her handbag, putting back her Woolworth compact and her handkerchief. ‘What’s that?’ the Boy said when something clinked in her bag; she showed him the end of a string of beads.

‘You a Catholic?’ the Boy said.

‘Yes,’ Rose said.

‘I’m one too,’ the Boy said. He gripped her arm and pushed her out into the dark dripping street. He turned up the collar of his jacket and ran as the lightning flapped and the thunder filled the air. They ran from doorway to doorway until they were back on the parade in one of the empty glass shelters. They had it to themselves in the noisy stifling night. ‘Why, I was in a choir once,’ the Boy confided, and suddenly he began to sing softly in his spoilt boy’s voice: ‘Agnus dei qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.’ In his voice a whole lost world moved – the lighted corner below the organ, the smell of incense and laundered surplices, and the music. Music, it didn’t matter what music ‘Agnus dei,’

‘lovely to look at, beautiful to hold,’

‘the starling on our walks,’

‘credo in unum Dominum’ any music moved him, speaking of things he didn’t understand.

‘Do you go to Mass?’ he said.

‘Sometimes,’ Rose said. ‘It depends on work. Most weeks I wouldn’t get much sleep if I went to Mass.’

‘I don’t care what you do,’ the Boy said sharply. ‘I don’t go to Mass.’

‘But you believe, don’t you,’ Rose implored him, ‘you think it’s true?’

‘Of course it’s true,’ the Boy said. ‘What else could there be?’ he went scornfully on. ‘Why,’ he said, ‘it’s the only thing that fits. These atheists, they don’t know nothing. Of

course there's Hell. Flames and damnation,' he said with his eyes on the dark shifting water and the lightning and the lamps going out above the black struts of the Palace Pier, 'torments.'
– *Brighton Rock*

[*about Padre José, the married priest*] But then he remembered the gift he had been given which nobody could take away. That was what made him worthy of damnation – the power he still had of turning the wafer into the flesh and blood of God.

– *The Power and the Glory*

2. Improvement of the World

Mr Tench went out to look for his ether cylinder, into the blazing Mexican sun and the bleaching dust. A few vultures looked down from the roof with shabby indifference: he wasn't carrion yet. A faint feeling of rebellion stirred in Mr Tench's heart, and he wrenched up a piece of the road with splintering finger-nails and tossed it feebly towards them. One rose and flapped across the town: over the tiny plaza, over the bust of an ex-president, ex-general, ex-human being, over the two stall which sold mineral water, towards the river and the sea. It wouldn't find anything there: the sharks looked after the carrion on that side. Mr Tench went on across the plaza.

– opening paragraph of *The Power and the Glory*

[*thoughts of the Lieutenant on the people:*] He would eliminate from their childhood everything which had made him miserable, all that was poor, superstitious, and corrupt. They deserved nothing less than the truth – a vacant universe and a cooling world, the right to be happy in any way they chose.

– *The Power and the Glory*

It was too easy to die for what was good or beautiful, for home or children or a civilization – it needed a God to die for the half-hearted and the corrupt.

– *The Power and the Glory*

[*Fowler thinking about Pyle*] Why does one always want to tease the innocent? Perhaps only ten days ago he had been walking back across the Common in Boston, his arms full of the books he had been reading in advance on the Far East and the problems of China. He didn't even hear what I said; he was absorbed already in the dilemmas of Democracy and the responsibilities of the West; he was determined – I learnt very soon – to do good, not to any individual person but to a country, a continent, a world. Well, he was in his element now with the whole universe to improve.

– *The Quiet American*

I was to see many times that look of pain and disappointment touch his eyes and mouth when reality didn't match the romantic ideas he cherished, or when someone he loved or admired dropped below the impossible standard he had set. – *The Quiet American*

We were among a congregation of mourners.... A woman sat on the ground with what was left of her baby in her lap; with a kind of modesty she had covered it with her straw peasant hat. She was still and silent, and what struck me most in the square was the silence. It was like a church I had once visited during Mass – the only sounds came from those who served, except where here and there the Europeans wept and implored and fell silent again as though shamed by the modesty, patience and propriety of the East. The legless torso at the edge of the

garden still twitched [*škubat se*], like a chicken which has lost its head. From the man's shirt, he had probably been a trishaw driver.

Pyle said, 'It's awful.' He looked at the wet on his shoes and said in a sick voice, 'What's that?'

'Blood,' I said. 'Haven't you seen it before?'

He said, 'I must get it cleaned before I see the Minister.' I don't think he knew what he was saying. He was seeing a real war for the first time...

I forced him, with my hand on his shoulder, to look around. I said, 'This is the hour when the place is always full of women and children – it's the shopping hour. Why choose that of all hours?'

He said weakly, 'There was to have been a parade.'

'And you hoped to catch a few colonels. But the parade was cancelled yesterday, Pyle.'

'I didn't know.'... – *The Quiet American*

He was impregably armoured by his good intentions and his ignorance. – *The Quiet American*

WILLIAM GOLDING (1911-1993)

born in Cornwall

1930-34: attends Oxford University

1935: starts work as a teacher

1941-45: fights in Royal Navy during WWII

1954: *Lord of the Flies*

1956: *Pincher Martin*

1980: *Rites of Passage*

1983: Nobel Prize

1. Civilization & Primitivism

We've got to have rules and obey them. After all, we're not savages. We're English, and the English are best at everything. – *Lord of the Flies*

The pile of guts was a black blob of flies that buzzed like a saw. After a while these flies found Simon. Gorged, they alighted by his runnels of sweat and drank. They tickled under his nostrils and played leapfrog on his thighs. They were black and iridescent green and without number; and in front of Simon, the Lord of the Flies hung on his stick and grinned. At last Simon gave up and looked back; saw the white teeth and dim eyes, the blood – and his gaze was held by that ancient, inescapable recognition. – *Lord of the Flies*

SAMUEL BECKETT (1906-1989)

1923-27: Romance languages, Trinity College Dublin

1928: meets Joyce in Paris

Travels around Europe

1937: settles in Paris

1938: begins writing poetry in French

1941: joins a Resistance group

1945: switches to French

1969: Nobel Prize

Plays: *En attendant Godot* (1952; *Waiting for Godot*), *Fin de partie* (1957; *Endgame*), *Krapp's Last Tape* (1958), *Happy Days* (1961)

Novels: *Molloy* (1951), *Malone meurt* (1951; *Malone Dies*), *L'innommable* (1953; *The Unnamable*)

Gave up teaching because he 'could not bear the absurdity of teaching to others what he did not know himself'

1. The Essentials of Existence

The widespread idea, fostered by the popular press, that Beckett's work is concerned primarily with the sordid side of human existence, with tramps and with cripples who inhabit trash cans, is a fundamental misconception. He dealt with human beings in such extreme situations not because he was interested in the sordid and diseased aspects of life but because he concentrated on the essential aspects of human experience. The subject matter of so much of the world's literature – the social relations between individuals, their manners and possessions, their struggles for rank and position, or the conquest of sexual objects – appeared to Beckett as mere external trappings of existence, the accidental and superficial aspects that mask the basic problems and the basic anguish of the human condition. The basic questions for Beckett seemed to be these: How can we come to terms with the fact that, without ever having asked for it, we have been thrown into the world, into being? And who are we; what is the true nature of our self? What does a human being mean when he says 'I'? – MARTIN J. ESSLIN

In Beckett's work, as well, a recognition of the triviality and ultimate pointlessness of most human strivings, by freeing the viewer from his concern with senseless and futile objectives, should also have a liberating effect. The laughter will arise from a view of pompous and self-important preoccupation with illusory ambitions and futile desires. – MARTIN J. ESSLIN

2. Waiting for Godot

VLADIMIR. — Qu'est-ce qu'on fait maintenant ?

ESTRAGON. — On attend.

VLADIMIR. — Oui, mais en attendant ?

ESTRAGON. — Si on se pendait ?

VLADIMIR. — Ce serait un moyen de bander.

ESTRAGON. — (*aguiché*) On bande ?

VLADIMIR. — Avec tout ce qui s'ensuit. Là où ça tombe il pousse des mandragores. C'est pour ça qu'elles crient quand on les arrache. Tu ne savais pas ça?

ESTRAGON. — Pendons-nous tout de suite.

VLADIMIR. — A une brande? (*Ils s'approchent de l'arbre et le regardent.*) Je n'aurais pas confiance.

ESTRAGON. — On peut toujours essayer.

VLADIMIR. — Essaie.

ESTRAGON. — Après toi.

VLADIMIR. — Mais non, toi d'abord.

ESTRAGON. — Pourquoi ?

VLADIMIR. — Tu pèses moins lourd que moi.

ESTRAGON. — Justement.

*

VLADIMIR: What do we do now?

ESTRAGON: Wait.

VLADIMIR: Yes, but while waiting.

ESTRAGON: What about hanging ourselves?

VLADIMIR: Hmm. It'd give us an erection.

ESTRAGON: (*highly excited*). An erection!

VLADIMIR: With all that follows. Where it falls mandrakes [*pekřín*] grow. That's why they shriek when you pull them up. Did you not know that?

ESTRAGON: Let's hang ourselves immediately!

VLADIMIR: From a bough? (*They go towards the tree.*) I wouldn't trust it.

ESTRAGON: We can always try.

VLADIMIR: Go ahead.

ESTRAGON: After you.

VLADIMIR: No no, you first.

ESTRAGON: Why me?

VLADIMIR: You're lighter than I am.

ESTRAGON: Just so!

*

POZZO: ...They give birth astride a grave, the light gleams an instant, then it's night once more....

*

ESTRAGON: You say we have to come back tomorrow?

VLADIMIR: Yes.

ESTRAGON: Then we can bring a good bit of rope.

VLADIMIR: Yes.

Silence.

ESTRAGON: Didi.

VLADIMIR: Yes.

ESTRAGON: I can't go on like this.

VLADIMIR: That's what you think.

ESTRAGON: If we parted? That might be better for us.

VLADIMIR: We'll hang ourselves tomorrow. (*Pause.*) Unless Godot comes.

ESTRAGON: And if he comes?

VLADIMIR: We'll be saved.

Vladimir takes off his hat (Lucky's), peers inside it, feels about inside it, shakes it, knocks it on the crown, puts it on again.

ESTRAGON: Well? Shall we go?

VLADIMIR: Pull on your trousers.

ESTRAGON: What?

VLADIMIR: Pull on your trousers.

ESTRAGON: What?

VLADIMIR: Pull on your trousers.

ESTRAGON: You want me to pull off my trousers?

VLADIMIR: Pull ON your trousers.

ESTRAGON: (*realizing his trousers are down*). True.

He pulls up his trousers.

VLADIMIR: Well? Shall we go?

ESTRAGON: Yes, let's go.

They do not move.

CURTAIN

ASBL
Poetry, 1970-2000

PHILIP LARKIN (1922-1985)

1955: becomes librarian at University of Hull

1961-1971: Jazz critic for *Daily Telegraph*

The Whitsun Weddings (1964), *High Windows* (1974)

Larkin soundbites:

On universities: 'superfluous nests of treason-soaked layabouts'

On blacks: 'House breaking. All this unemployment. Not many niggers round here I'm happy to say. Except the Paki doctor next door.'

On Margaret Thatcher: 'What a superb creature she is – right and beautiful.'

1. The Movement

Angry Young Men

Kingsley Amis, *Lucky Jim* (1954); John Wain, *Hurry On Down* (1953); Thom Gunn, Donald Davie, Robert Conquest.

2. The Happy Generations

THIS BE THE VERSE

They fuck you up, your mum and dad.

They may not mean to, but they do.

They fill you with the faults they had

And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn

By fools in old-style hats and coats,

Who half the time were sippy-stern

And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man.

It deepens like a coastal shelf.

Get out as early as you can,

And don't have any kids yourself.

TOTO NECHŤ JSOU TVÉ VERŠE

Zbabraj nás, tátové a mámy,

a ani to snad nechtějí.

K všem chybám, které mají sami,

další – jen pro nás – přidají.

Je však zas jiní zbabrali,

blázni v těch starých kabátech,

co dojetím buď brečeli,

anebo si šli po hrdlech.

Předáváme si strádání.

U břehu dno se hloubí nám.

Jak můžeš, z toho vypadni.

A žádné děti neměj sám.

HIGH WINDOWS

When I see a couple of kids
And guess he's fucking her and she's
Taking pills or wearing a diaphragm,
I know this is paradise

Everyone has dreamed of all their lives –
Bonds and gestures pushed to one side
Like an outdated combine harvester,
And everyone young going down the long slide

To happiness, endlessly. I wonder if
Anyone looked at me, forty years back,
And thought, *That'll be the life;*
No God any more, or sweating in the dark

*About hell and that, or having to hide
What you think of the priest. He
And his lot will all go down the long slide
Like free bloody birds. And immediately*

Rather than words comes the thought of high windows:
The sun-comprehending glass,
And beyond it, the deep blue air, that shows
Nothing, and is nowhere, and is endless.

VYSOKÁ OKNA

Když vidím mladou dvojici
a uhodnu, že si to spolu rozdávají
a ona má pesar nebo pilulku,
vím, že tihle dva jsou spolu v ráji.

Všichni staří o tom celý život snili,
závazky a gesta stranou dát to chce
jak zastaralý kombajn na obilí,
a všichni mladí se v té skluzavce

ke štěstí řítí – bez konce. Jen mi divné je,
jestli snad kdysi někdo za mnou ohlíd se
a pomyslel si: *Ten si užije;*
už žádný bůh, potmě potit se

*tou hrůzou z pekla nebo skrývat se
s názory na kněze. Ten se všemi
stejnými sjede po té skluzavce,
volný jak mrcha pták. A hned se mi*

vysoká okna místo slov vybaví:
Sklo, které zadržuje slunce,
a za ním modrý vzduch, jenž do hlavy

nic necpe, není nikde a nemá konce.

3. The Loneliness of Old England

from THE WHITSUN WEDDINGS

That Whitsun, I was late getting away:

Not till about

One-twenty on the sunlit Saturday
Did my three-quarters-empty train pull out,
All windows down, all cushions hot, all sense
Of being in a hurry gone. We ran
Behind the backs of houses, crossed a street
Of blinding windscreens, smelt the fish-dock; thence
The river's level drifting breadth began,
Where sky and Lincolnshire and water meet.

All afternoon, through the tall heat that slept
For miles inland,
A slow and stopping curve southwards we kept.
Wide farms went by, short-shadowed cattle, and
Canals with floatings of industrial froth;
A hothouse flashed uniquely: hedges dipped
And rose: and now and then a smell of grass
Displace the reek of buttoned carriage-cloth
Until the next town, new and nondescript,
Approached with acres of dismantled cars....

LETNICOVÉ SVATBY

Letnice pozdní odjezd viděly:

teprv pak,
ve třináct dvacet v slunné neděli,
vyjel můj ze tří čtvrtin prázdný vlak,
dokořán okna, horká sedadla,
i pocit spěchu zmizel. Končina
zadních stěn domků byla ubohá,
i rybí pach; a pak nás popadla
širá pláň u řeky, jež začíná,
kde s Lincolnshirem se stýká obloha.

To odpoledne v žáru, který spal
až do vnitrozemí,
obloukem k jihu náš vlak směřoval.
Dobytek s krátkým stínem po zemi,
kanály plné průmyslových pěn
a občas skleník; čistou oblohu
sledoval živý plot a vůně trávy
byl v kupé přehlušen pach povlaků,
než příští město – nové, bez slohu –
přišlo, už zahrabané do vraků.

(translations Zdeněk Hron)

GEOFFREY HILL (b. 1932)

born in Worcestershire
1950-53: studies at Oxford University
1954: takes job at University of Leeds
1959: *For the Unfallen*
1968: *King Log*
1971: *Mercian Hymns*
1988: takes up job at Boston University
1996: *Canaan*
1998: *The Triumph of Love*
2000: *Speech! Speech!*
2002: *The Orchards of Syon*
2007: *A Treatise on Civil Power*

1. Responsibilities of the Unfallen

OVID IN THE THIRD REICH

I love my work and my children. God
Is distant, difficult. Things happen.
Too near the ancient troughs of blood
Innocence is no earthly weapon.

I have learned one thing: not to look down
So much upon the damned. They, in their sphere,
Harmonize strangely with the divine
Love. I, in mine, celebrate the love-choir.

OVIDIUS VE TŘETÍ ŘÍŠI

Mám rád svou práci i své děti. Bůh
je daleko a je to s ním těžké. A je dění.
U koryt krve plných much
nevinnost v světě zbraní není.

Naučil jsem se jedno – nezárat
moc spatra na prokleté. V jistém předsevzetí,
ač divně, to s božskou láskou ladí snad.
V svém lásku slavím v sboru při oběti.

(trans. Zdeněk Hron)

2. Religious Faith

3. England & History

Offa, King of Mercia (greater part of England), ruled 757-96 CE

I

King of the perennial holly-groves, the riven sandstone: overlord of the M5: architect of the historic rampart and ditch, the citadel at Tamworth, the summer heritage in Holy Cross: guardian of the Welsh Bridge and the Iron Bridge: contractor to the desirable new estates: saltmaster: money-changer: commissioner for oaths: martyrologist: the friend of Charlemagne.

‘I liked that,’ said Offa, ‘sing it again.’

II

A pet-name, a common name. Best-selling brand, curt graffito. A laugh; a cough. A syndicate.
A specious gift. Scoffed-at horned phonograph.
The starting-cry of a race. A name to conjure with.

III

On the morning of the crowning we chorused our remission from school. It was like Easter:
hankies and gift-mugs, approved by his foreign gaze, the village-lintels curled with paper
flags.
We gaped at the car-park of 'The Stag's Head' where a bonfire of beer-crates and holly-
boughs whistled above the tar. And the chef stood there, a king in his new-risen hat,
sealing his brisk largesse with 'any mustard?' – from *Mercian Hymns*

I

Král věčně zelených cesmínových hájů, vylámaného pískovce: suverén dálnice M5: architekt
historického náspu a příkopu, hradiště v Tamworthu, letní poustevny ve Svatém kříži:
strážce Waleského a Železného mostu: stavitel žádoucích nových sídlišť: solmistr:
penězoměnc: notář: martyrolog: přítel Karla Velikého.
„To se mi líbilo,“ řekl Offa, „zazpívej mi to ještě jednou.“

II

Mazlivá přezdívka, obyčejné jméno. Nejžádanější obchodní značka, lapidární čmáranice po
zdi. Smích; zakašlání. Syndikát. Okázalý dar. Ostnatý fonograf pro smích.
První výkřik rodící se rasy. Jméno, jímž se zaklíná.

III

V den korunovace jsme sborovým výkřikem oslavili, že nám odpustili školu. Připomínalo to
Velikonoce: kapesníky a dárkové hrnky schvalené jeho cizím pohledem, vesnická okna
načinčaná papírovými praporky.
S otevřenou pusou jsme čuměli na parkovišti u Jelení hlavy, kde po asfaltu syčel ohňostroj
z bedýnek od piva a z cesmínových ratolestí. A tam stál šéfkuchař, král v právě nakynutém
čepci, který svou bryskní štedrost zpečetil otázkou: „Hořčici taky?“

(trans. Z Hron)

THOM GUNN (1929-2004)

1954: to the US

1. England & America *The Movement*

The trouble is the English are hung up on Larkin. Larkin was a poet of minute ambitions who carried them out exquisitely. But he really isn't a very important poet and right now he exercises a terrible influence on English poetry because if you admire somebody like that so much it means that you're not going to be aiming very high. His distrust of rhetoric was also a distrust of feeling, a distrust of daring.

*

The English think of California as being a good deal more exotic than it really is...[they] don't seem to think that people lead regular, normal lives in California.

2. Sex, Drugs & Rock 'n' Roll

Hot in his mind, Tom watches Dobbin fuck,

Watches, and smiles with pleasure, oh what luck.
He sees beyond, and knows he sees, red cows,
Harsh green of grass, and pink-fired chestnut boughs.
The great brown body rears above the mare,
Plunging beneath Tom's interested stare.

*

My methedrine, my double-sun,
Will give you two lives in your one,
Five days of power before you crash.
At which time use these lumps of hash
– They burn so sweet, they smoke so smooth,
They make you sharper while they soothe.

.....
Join me, and I will take you there,
Your head will cut out from your hair
Into whatever self you choose.
With Midday Mick man you can't lose...

*

Oh dead punk lady with the knack
Of looking fierce in pins and black...

.....
 He pushed it through your shirt
Deep in your belly, where it hurt.
You turned, and ate the carpet's dirt.

And then not understanding why
He watched out with a heavy eye
The several hours you took to die.

The news was full of his fresh fame.
He O.D.'d, ending up the same.
Poor girl, poor girl, what was your name?

3. Serial Killers

HITCH-HIKER (*song for Jeffrey Dahmer*)

Oh do not leave me now.
All that I ever wanted is compressed
In your sole body. As you turn to go
I know that I must keep you, and know how,
For I must hold the ribbed arch of your chest
And taste your boyish glow.

.....
I thought that you were gone,
But you are here and will remain with me.
Your long hair floods the pillow that we share
Across the mattress we lie quietly on.
I trust your mute consent in which I'm free
To strip your body bare.

– from *Boss Cupid* (2000)

STOPAŘ

Ach ne, co pak už odcházíš?
Všechno, po čem jsem vždycky toužil, se skrývá
v tvém těle, duše má. Protože ode mě sám
chceš domů jít, musím tě trochu zdržet, víš,
chytím tě za žebra, co jiného mi zbývá,
a pak tě, hochu, ochutnám.

.....
Že dávno pryč jsi, myslel jsem,
tys ale zůstal. A už zůstaneš tu u mě.
Můžou tak přes náš polštář dál tvé vlasy téct
na matraci, na které spolu spočinem.
S tvým němým souhlasem rozhodnu se svobodně
úlpně do naha tě svléct.

(trans Petr Onufer)

TONY HARRISON (b. 1937)

born into working-class family in Leeds
studies Classics at Leeds University
1962-66: lectures in Nigeria
1968-69: lectures at Charles University, Prague
1970: *The Loiners*
1978: *From the School of Eloquence and Other Poems*
1985: v.

1. Received Pronunciation

But why inscribe these *graves* with CUNT and SHIT?
Why choose neglected tombstones to disfigure?
This pitman's of last century daubed PAKI GIT,
this grocer Broadbent's aerosolled with NIGGER?

...

*This lot worked at one job all life through.
Byron, 'Tanner', 'Lieth 'ere interred'
They'll chisel fucking poet when they do you
and that, yer cunt, 's a crude four-letter word.*

'Listen, cunt!' I said, 'before you start your jeering
the reason why I want this in a book
's to give ungrateful cunts like you a hearing!'
A book, yer stupid cunt, 's not worth a fuck!

...

*Don't talk to me of fucking representing
the class yer were born into any more.
Yer going to get 'urt and start resenting
it's not poetry we need in this class war.*

*Yer've given yerself toffee, cunt. Who needs
yer fucking poufy words. Ah write mi own.
Ah've got mi work on show all over Leeds
like this UNITED 'ere on some sod's stone.*

CAROL ANN DUFFY (b. 1955)

born in Glasgow
studied philosophy at Liverpool University
1977: graduates
1985: *Standing Female Nude*
1987: *Selling Manhattan*
1990: *The Other Country*
1993: *Mean Time*
1999: *The World's Wife*
2002: *Feminine Gospels*
2005: *Rapture*
works at Manchester Metropolitan University

The Fight against Patriarchy

through Revisions of myths
political questioning
dramatic monologues

EDUCATION FOR LEISURE

Today I am going to kill something. Anything.
I have had enough of being ignored and today
I am going to play God. It is an ordinary day,
a sort of grey with boredom stirring in the streets.

I squash a fly against the window with my thumb.
We did that at school. Shakespeare. It was in
another language and now the fly is in another language.
I breathe out talent on the glass to write my name.

I am a genius. I could be anything at all, with half
the chance. But today I am going to change the world.
Something's world. The cat avoids me. The cat
knows I am a genius, and has hidden itself.

I pour the goldfish down the bog. I pull the chain.
I see that it is good. The budgie is panicking.
Once a fortnight, I walk the two miles into town
for signing on. They don't appreciate my autograph.

There is nothing left to kill. I dial the radio
and tell the man he's talking to a superstar.
He cuts me off. I get our bread-knife and go out.
The pavements glitter suddenly. I touch your arm.

(1985)

MRS SCHOFIELD'S GCSE

You must prepare your bosom for his knife,
said Portia to Antonio in which

of Shakespeare's Comedies? Who killed his wife,
insane with jealousy? And which Scots witch
knew Something wicked this way comes? Who said
Is this a dagger which I see? Which Tragedy?
Whose blade was drawn which led to Tybalt's death?
To whom did dying Caesar say Et tu? And why?
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark - do you
know what this means? Explain how poetry
pursues the human like the smitten moon
above the weeping, laughing earth; how we
make prayers of it. Nothing will come of nothing:
speak again. Said by which King? You may begin.

(2008)

ASBL
Prose, 1950–2000
(Barnes, McEwan, Banville, Winterson)

JULIAN BARNES (b. 1946)

Metroland (1980), *Flaubert's Parrot* (1984), *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters* (1989), *Talking it Over* (1991), *Cross Channel* (1996), *Love Etc* (2000), *Arthur and George* (2005). *The Sense of an Ending* (2011); detective fiction under pseudonym Dan Kavanagh

1. England & France

Is France for you what New York is for Martin Amis?

Yes, it is my other country. There is something about it – its history, its landscape – that obviously sparks my imagination, or one area of my imagination. It's a language I know well, it's a literature I know well. A lot of my intellectual points of reference are French rather than English. And I love provincial France.

– BARNES in Interview

MME RIVES *Sont fous, les Anglais.*

And that young couple who bought old Bertin's house. They appeared to be sympathetic, she was very proud of her baby, he was very proud of that stupid old Peugeot which kept breaking down. I told him one day that he ought to get a little Renault 5 like everyone else. He told me he had renounced the modern world. He used to say stupid things like that, although in a perfectly charming way.

Then what happens? They've been here six months, people are beginning to like them, when they have a screaming quarrel in the middle of the street. Everyone stops to look. Finally, he hits her twice across the face, jumps into his old car and drives off. She stands in the middle of the road for about five minutes, with blood on her face, then goes back into the house and doesn't come out again. That is the last we see of her. A week later they clear everything out and disappear. My husband said the English are a mad and violent race, and their sense of humour is very singular. The house is for sale: it's that one over there, you see? Let's hope we get someone sensible next time. If it has to be a foreigner, give us a Belgian.

Nothing much has happened in the village since. Lagisquet's dog got run down by a car. The dog was deaf and Lagisquet was an old fool. We told him he ought to tie the dog up. He said he didn't want to interfere with Poulidor's freedom and happiness. Well, he's interfered with its freedom and happiness now. He opened the front door, the dog shot out, and a car ran it over. Some people were sympathetic to Lagisquet. I wasn't. I said, 'You're an old fool. You've probably got English blood.' – *Talking it Over*

Gillian, Oliver, Stuart. Only it's all been staged by Gillian as a scene for Stuart who's watching from a hotel across the road, thinking: that was my future.

2. Flaubert's Parrot

About a retired doctor, Geoffrey Braithwaite, who is obsessed about the French writer, Gustave Flaubert. More particularly, about his parrot.

BRAITHWAITE'S DICTIONARY OF ACCEPTED IDEAS

FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE

The hermit of Croisset. The first modern novelist. The father of Realism. The butcher of Romanticism. The pontoon bridge linking Balzac to Joyce. The precursor of Proust. The bear in his lair. The bourgeois bourgeoisophobe. In Egypt, 'the father of the Moustache'. Saint Polycarpe; Cruchard; Quarafon, *le Vicaire-Général*; the Major; the old Seigneur; the Idiot of the Salons. All these titles were acquired by a man indifferent to ennobling forms of address: 'Honours dishonour, titles degrade, employment stupefies.'

GONCOURTS

Remember the Goncourts on Flaubert: 'Though perfectly frank by nature, he is never wholly sincere in what he says he feels or suffers or loves.' Then remember everyone else on the Goncourts: the envious, unreliable brothers. Remember further the unreliability of Du Camp, of Louise Colet, of Flaubert's niece, of Flaubert himself. Demand violently: how can we know anybody?

NORMANDY

Always wet. Inhabited by a sly, proud, taciturn people. Put your head on one side and remark, 'Of course, we must never forget that Flaubert came from Normandy.'

WHORES

Necessary in the nineteenth century for the contraction of syphilis, without which no one could claim genius. Wearers of the red badge of courage include Flaubert, Daudet, Maupassant, Jules de Goncourt, Baudelaire, etc. Were there any writers unafflicted by it? If so, they were probably homosexual.

*

Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that Ellen's secret life led her into despair. For God's sake, her life is not a moral tale. No one's is. All I'm saying is that both her secret life and her despair lay in the same inner chamber of her heart, inaccessible to me. I could touch the one no more than the other. Did I try? Of course I tried.

*

Ellen. My wife: someone I feel I understand less well than a foreign writer dead for a hundred years. Is this an aberration, or is it normal? Book say: she did this because. Life says: she did this. Books are where things are explained to you; life is where things aren't. I'm not surprised some people prefer books. Books make sense of life. The only problem is that the lives they make sense of are other people's lives, never your own.

3. The Moralist

"He has declared himself a 'moralist', and there is always in his novels a longing for a territory of the imagination in which love could indeed be an effective remaining hope." How much can you know of other people? How should you act on such knowledge and ignorance? Gillian is a good person. Braithwaite is not a bad person but he is shocked by his previous ignorance.

IAN MCEWAN (1948-)

attends University of Sussex

1970-71: MA University of East Anglia

1978: *The Cement Garden*

1987: *The Child in Time*

1998: *Amsterdam*

2001: *Atonement*

2005: *Saturday*

2007: *On Chesil Beach*

1. Violence and the Macabre

Moments of crisis or danger represent a means of exploring characters – the strengths and defects of personality – while at the same time offering a degree of narrative interest: it's a matter of having your cake and eating it. – Interview with McEwan

Henry is now parallel to and two blocks south of Warren Street. He's still bothered by his peculiar state of mind, this happiness cut by aggression. As he approaches the Tottenham Court Road, he begins a familiar routine, listing the recent events that may have shaped his mood. That he and Rosalind made love, that it's Saturday morning, that this is his car, that no one died in the plane and there's a game ahead and the Chapman girl and his other patients from yesterday are stable, that Daisy is coming – all this is to the good. And on the other hand? On the other hand, he's touching the brake. There's a motorbike policeman in a yellow jacket, in the middle of the Tottenham Court Road with his machine on its stand, holding out an arm to stop him. Of course, the road is closed for the march. He should have known. But still Perowne keeps coming, slowing all the while, as if by pretending not to know, he can be exempted – after all, he only wants to cross this road, not drive down it; or at least, he'll receive his due: a little drama of exchange between a firm but apologetic policeman and the solemnly tolerant citizen.

2. Innocence and Children

Sexuality of children
Golding

JOHN BANVILLE (b. 1945)

Born in Wexford, Ireland

Birchwood (1973), [Science tetralogy:] *Dr Copernicus* (1976), *Kepler* (1981), *The Newton Letter: An Interlude* (1982), *Mefisto* (1986), *The Book of Evidence* (1989), *Prague Pictures: Portrait of a City* (2003), *The Sea* (2005), *Ancient Light* (2012); detective novels, *nom de plume* Benjamin Black.

1988-99: Literary Editor of the *Irish Times*.

1. Science

Kepler recurs in *The Newton Letter* (1982), in which Newton's biographer, living in isolation in County Wexford, Ireland, attempts to write about Newton's crisis of belief while suffering, simultaneously, his own neurotic failure of nerve. The implied parallel between scientist and writer - both engaged on their own inadequate systems of interpretation - is foregrounded in what has been seen as Banville's most autobiographical work. – EVE PATTEN

2. Art, Sex & Death: *The Book of Evidence*

Memory and Imagination. Freddy's great crime is the failure to imagine other people

I have stood in front of other, perhaps greater paintings, and not been moved as I am moved by this one. I have a reproduction of it on the wall above my table here – sent to me by, of all people, Anna Behrens – when I look at it my heart contracts. There is something in the way the woman regards me, the querulous, mute insistence of her eyes, which I can neither escape nor assuage. I squirm in the grasp of her gaze. She requires of me some great effort, some tremendous feat of scrutiny and attention, of which I do not think I am capable. It is as if she were asking me to let her live.

She. There is no she, of course. There is only an organisation of shapes and colours. Yet I try to make up a life for her. She is, I will say, thirty-five, thirty-six, though people without thinking still speak of her as a girl. She lives with her father, the merchant (tobacco, spices, and, in secret, slaves)....

.....

Those eyes were almost staring into mine, I almost blushed. And then – how shall I express it – then somehow I sensed, behind that stare, another presence, watching me. I stopped, and lowered the picture, and there she was, standing in the open window, just as she had stood the day before, wide-eyed, with one hand raised. This, I remember thinking bitterly, this is the last straw. I was outraged. How dare the world strew these obstacles in my path.

.....

This is the worst, the essential sin, I think, the one for which there will be no forgiveness: that I never imagined her vividly enough, that I never made her be there sufficiently, that I did not make her live. Yes, that failure of imagination is my real crime, the one that made the others possible. What I told that policeman is true – I killed her because I could kill her, and I could kill her because for me she was not alive. And my task now is to bring her back to life.

JEANETTE WINTERSON (b. 1959)

1985: *Oranges Are not the Only Fruit*

1987: *The Passion*

1989: *Sexing the Cherry*

Autobiography as Theme

Upbringing in Pentecostal community; lesbianism

Magic Realism & Postmodernity

Napoleonic Europe in *The Passion*