

CHAPTER VII

English Literature in the Early Twentieth Century

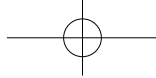
GENERAL INTRODUCTION

For Britain, the 20th century was generally a time of declining national fortune and power. The century had to face two wars that cost many lives and the destruction of much property. The First World War tremendously weakened the British Empire. The Second World War marked the last stage of the disintegration of the British Empire. The once sun-never-set Empire finally collapsed. All these gave rise to all kinds of philosophical ideas in Western Europe, such as Karl Marx and Engels' theory of scientific socialism, Darwin's theory of evolution, Einstein's theory of relativity, and Freud's analytical psychology.

After the First World War, in the circle of literature, appeared various literary trends of **modernism**, which was a cultural movement in the first half of the twentieth century that rejected the literary conventions of the nineteenth century, opposed traditional values and techniques, and emphasized the importance of individual experience, including symbolism, expressionism, surrealism, cubism, futurism, Dadaism, imagism and stream of consciousness. Towards 1920s, these trends converged into a mighty torrent of modernist movement. The major figures that were associated with this movement were Kafka, Pound, Eliot, Joyce and Virginia Woolf.

During the period, the short lyric in poetry became popular. It flourished in the poetry of A. E. Housman, Thomas Hardy, and Yeats. Under the influence of impressionism, writers did not seek to interpret life, but focused on individual moments of experience. Major works of modernist fiction subvert the basic conventions of earlier prose fiction by the use of stream of consciousness and other innovative modes of narration. The subject matters of novels were also becoming more and more extensive.

E. M. Forster (1879-1970) is known best for his ironic and well-plotted novels examining class difference and hypocrisy in early 20th-century British society. His masterpiece *Howards End* (1910) is an ambitious "condition-of-England" novel concerned with different groups within the Edwardian middle classes. Forster achieved his greatest success with *A Passage to India* (1924). The novel takes as its subject the

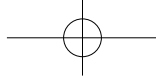


relationship between East and West, seen through the lens of India.

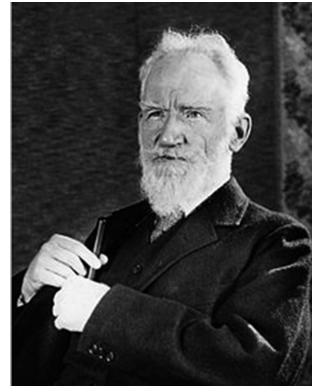
Joseph Conrad (1857-1924) was a Polish-British writer regarded as one of the greatest novelists to write in the English language. His novel reveals the transitional historical course of western expansion and gives a serious reflection on the course. His masterpiece *Heart of Darkness* raises questions about imperialism and racism, expressing his criticism on the expansion of imperialism, the exploitation and oppression of the nation. On the contrary, **Rudyard Kipling** (1865-1936) focused on advocating imperialism, calling upon England to “take up the White Man’s burden” by dominating all “lesser breeds without law”. His most popular works remain *The Jungle Book* (1894), which is written for children, and *Jim* (1901), which is his last novel with the feature of the imperialism. In 1907, he became the first Englishman to win the Nobel Prize in Literature.

H. G. Wells (1866-1946) is noted for his science fiction and is called a “father of science fiction”. His masterpiece *The Time Machine* (1895) combines science fiction with social criticism. Other popular novels include *The Invisible Man* (1897), *The War of the Worlds* (1898), *The Island of Dr Moreau* (1896), etc.

Besides poetry and novels, drama also became popular. George Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy and W. B. Yeats are famous dramatists.



George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950)



INTRODUCTION

George Bernard Shaw, an Irish playwright, critic and polemicist, is considered the leading dramatist of his generation, and in 1925 was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature.

Shaw was born in Dublin, Ireland. At 14, he dropped out of the school and worked in a land agent's office. In 1876, he moved to London and began his career as a novelist. Meanwhile, with a political awakening, he joined the gradualist Fabian Society and gradually became one of its most influential pamphleteers. In 1891, deeply influenced by Henrik Ibsen's *Doll's House*, he decided to engage in the drama creation. In 1892, he created his first play *Widowers' Houses*, then his first cycle of plays, "Plays Unpleasant" made their appearance. It contains *Widowers' Houses* (1892), *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (1894), and *The Philander* (1893). In 1894, *Arms and Man*, which belongs to "Plays Pleasant", made its appearance and achieved a great success. During the twentieth century, his famous plays included *Man and Superman* (1903), *Major Barbara* (1905), *Pygmalion* (1912), *Heartbreak House* (1919), *Saint Joan* (1923), and *The Apple Cart* (1929). He visited China in 1932 and was warmly received by the revolutionary writers represented by Lu Xun. In 1950 he died at the age of 95. He wrote over 50 plays in all. His last play, *Why She Would Not*, was unfinished and was published in 1960.

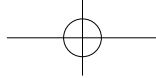
SELECTED READING

*Pygmalion*¹

Overview

Pygmalion is a play written by George Bernard Shaw in 1912, which was named after Pygmalion, a famous sculptor in Greek Mythology. In the play, Henry Higgins, a professor of phonetics, is Pygmalion, while Eliza

¹ Pygmalion: King of Cyprus in Greek Mythology, a famous sculptor. He made an ivory image of a woman so lovely that he fell in love with it. He named her Galatea. He went to Aphrodite's shrine and begged the goddess to give him a wife as graceful as Galatea, and the goddess answered him. The work of his own hands became his wife.



Doolittle is the woman he creates and gives a new life to. Higgins makes a bet that he can train a bedraggled Cockney flower girl, Eliza Doolittle, to pass for a duchess at an ambassador's garden party, the most important element of which, he believes, is impeccable speech. The play is a sharp satire of the rigid British social hierarchy of the day and a commentary on women's independence. The play was adapted into the movie *My Fairy Lady*.

Act 1

Scene

[*Covent Garden at 11:15 p.m. Torrents of heavy summer rain. Cab whistles blowing frantically in all directions. Pedestrians running for shelter into the market and under the portico of St. Paul's Church, where there are already several people, among them a lady and her daughter in evening dress. They are all peering out gloomily at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, who seems wholly preoccupied with a notebook in which he is writing busily.*

The church clock strikes the first quarter.]

THE DAUGHTER: [*in the space between the central pillars, close to the one on her left*] I'm getting chilled to the bone. What can Freddy be doing all this time? He's been gone twenty minutes.

THE MOTHER: [*On her daughter's right*] Not so long. But he ought to have got us a cab by this.

A BYSTANDER: [*on the lady's right*] He won't get no cab not until half-past eleven, missus, when they come back after dropping their theatre fares.

THE MOTHER: But we must have a cab. We can't stand here until half-past eleven. It's too bad.

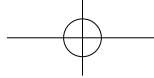
THE BYSTANDER: Well, it ain't my fault, missus.

THE DAUGHTER: If Freddy had a bit of gumption, he would have got one at the theatre door.

THE MOTHER: What could he have done, poor boy?

THE DAUGHTER: Other people got cabs. Why couldn't he?

[*Freddy rushes in out of the rain from the Southampton Street side, and comes between them closing a dripping umbrella. He is a young man of twenty, in*



evening dress, very wet around the ankles.]

THE DAUGHTER: Well, haven't you got a cab?

FREDDY: There's not one to be had for love or money.

THE MOTHER: Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You can't have tried.

THE DAUGHTER: It's too tiresome. Do you expect us to go and get one ourselves?

FREDDY: I tell you they're all engaged. The rain was so sudden: nobody was prepared; and everybody had to take a cab. I've been to Charing Cross one way and nearly to Ludgate Circus the other; and they were all engaged.

THE MOTHER: Did you try Trafalgar Square?

FREDDY: There wasn't one at Trafalgar Square.

THE DAUGHTER: Did you try?

FREDDY: I tried as far as Charing Cross Station. Did you expect me to walk to Hammersmith?

THE DAUGHTER: You haven't tried at all.

THE MOTHER: You really are very helpless, Freddy. Go again; and don't come back until you have found a cab.

FREDDY: I shall simply get soaked for nothing.

THE DAUGHTER: And what about us? Are we to stay here all night in this draught, with next to nothing on. You selfish pig—

FREDDY: Oh, very well: I'll go, I'll go. [*He opens his umbrella and dashes off Strandwards, but comes into collision with a flower girl, who is hurrying in for shelter, knocking her basket out of her hands. A blinding flash of lightning, followed instantly by a rattling peal of thunder, orchestrates¹ the incident.*]

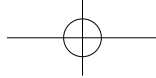
THE FLOWER GIRL: Nah then, Freddy: look wh'y' gowin, deah.²

FREDDY: Sorry [*he rushes off*].

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*picking up her scattered flowers and replacing them in the basket*] Ther'es manners f' yer! Te-oo bunches o voylets

1 orchestrates: to compose or arrange a piece of music for an orchestra to play. Here is the author's humor to compare the thunder and lightning to orchestral music.

2 wh'y' gowin, deah: Where are you going, dear?



trod into the mad.¹ [*She sits down on the plinth² of the column, sorting her flowers, on the lady's right. She is not at all an attractive person. She is perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty, hardly older. She wears a little sailor hat of black straw that has long been exposed to the dust and soot of London and has seldom if ever been brushed. Her hair needs washing rather badly: its mousy color can hardly be natural. She wears a shoddy black coat that reaches nearly to her knees and is shaped to her waist. She has a brown skirt with a coarse apron. Her boots are much the worse for wear. She is no doubt as clean as she can afford to be; but compared to the ladies she is very dirty. Her features are no worse than theirs; but their condition leaves something to be desired; and she needs the services of a dentist.*]

THE MOTHER: How do you know that my son's name is Freddy, pray?

THE FLOWER GIRL: Ow, eez ye-ooa san, is e? Wal, fewd dan y' deooty bawmz a mather should, eed now bettern to spawl a pore gel's flahrzn than ran awy athaht pyin. Will ye-oo py me f'them?³ [*Here, with apologies, this desperate attempt to represent her dialect without a phonetic alphabet must be abandoned as unintelligible outside London.*]

THE DAUGHTER: Do nothing of the sort, mother. The idea!

THE MOTHER: Please allow me, Clara. Have you any pennies?

THE DAUGHTER: No. I've nothing smaller than sixpence.

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*hopefully*] I can give you change for a tanner⁴, kind lady.

THE MOTHER: [*to Clara*] Give it to me. [*Clara parts reluctantly*]. Now [*to the girl*] This is for your flowers.

THE FLOWER GIRL: Thank you kindly, lady.

THE DAUGHTER: Make her give you the change. These things are only a penny a bunch.

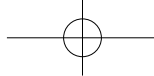
THE MOTHER: Do hold your tongue, Clara. [*To the girl*]. You can keep

1 Te-oo bunches o voylets trod into the mad: Two bunches of violets were trodden into the mud.

2 plinth: square base or block on which a column or stature stands

3 Ow, eez ye-ooa san, is e?... Will ye-oo py me f'them?: Oh, he is your son, is he? Well, if you had done your duty as a mother should, he'd know better than to spoil a poor girl's flowers and then ran away without paying. Will you pay me for them?

4 tanner: sixpence



the change.

THE FLOWER GIRL: Oh, thank you, lady.

THE MOTHER: Now tell me how you know that young gentleman's name.

THE FLOWER GIRL: I didn't.

THE MOTHER: I heard you call him by it. Don't try to deceive me.

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*protesting*] Whos trying to deceive you? I called him Freddy or Charlie same as you might yourself if you was talking to a stranger and wished to be pleasant. [*She sits down beside her basket*].

THE DAUGHTER: Sixpence thrown away! Really, mamma, you might have spared Freddy that. [*She retreats in disgust behind the pillar*].

[*An elderly gentleman of the amiable military type rushes into shelter, and closes a dripping umbrella. He is in the same plight as Freddy, very wet about the ankles. He is in evening dress, with a light overcoat. He takes the place left vacant by the daughter's retirement.*]

THE GENTLEMAN: Phew!

THE MOTHER: [*to the gentleman*] Oh, sir, is there any sign of its stopping?

THE GENTLEMAN: I'm afraid not. It started worse than ever about two minutes ago. [*He goes to the plinth beside the flower girl; puts up his foot on it; and stoops to turn down his trouser ends*].

THE MOTHER: Oh, dear! [*She retires sadly and joins her daughter*].

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*taking advantage of the military gentleman's proximity to establish friendly relations with him*]. If it's worse it's a sign it's nearly over. So cheer up, Captain; and buy a flower off a poor girl.

THE GENTLEMAN: I'm sorry, I havn't any change.

THE FLOWER GIRL: I can give you change, Captain.

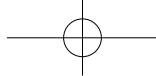
THE GENTLEMEN: For a sovereign? I've nothing less.

THE FLOWER GIRL: Garn! Oh do buy a flower off me, Captain. I can change half-a-crown¹. Take this for tuppence².

THE GENTLEMAN: Now don't be troublesome: there's a good girl. [*Trying his pockets*] I really havn't any change—Stop: here's three hapence, if

1 crown: British coin worth 25 pence

2 tuppence: two pence



that's any use to you [*he retreats to the other pillar*].

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*disappointed, but thinking three halfpence better than nothing*] Thank you, sir.

THE BYSTANDER: [*to the girl*] You be careful: give him a flower for it. There's a bloke here behind taking down every blessed word you're saying. [*All turn to the man who is taking notes*].

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*springing up terrified*] I ain't done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman. I've a right to sell flowers if I keep off the kerb. [*Hysterically*] I'm a respectable girl: so help me, I never spoke to him except to ask him to buy a flower off me. [*General hubbub, mostly sympathetic to the flower girl, but deprecating her excessive sensibility. Cries of Don't start hollerin. Who's hurting you? Nobody's going to touch you. What's the good of fussing? Steady on. Easy, easy, etc., come from the elderly staid spectators, who pat her comfortingly. Less patient ones bid her shut her head, or ask her roughly what is wrong with her. A remoter group, not knowing what the matter is, crowd in and increase the noise with question and answer: What's the row? What she do? Where is he? A tec¹ taking her down. What! him? Yes: him over there: Took money off the gentleman, etc. The flower girl, distraught and mobbed, breaks through them to the gentleman, crying wildly*] Oh, sir, don't let him charge me. You dunno² what it means to me. They'll take away my character and drive me on the streets for speaking to gentlemen. They—

THE NOTE TAKER: [*coming forward on her right, the rest crowding after him*] There, there, there, there! who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?

THE BYSTANDER: It's all right: he's a gentleman: look at his boots. [*Explaining to the note taker*] She thought you was a copper's nark³, sir.

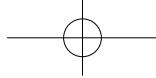
THE NOTE TAKER: [*with quick interest*] What's a copper's nark?

THE BYSTANDER: [*inapt at definition*] It's a—well, it's a copper's nark, as

1 tec: detective

2 dunno: don't know

3 nark: [GB slang] police decoy or spy



you might say. What else would you call it? A sort of informer.

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*still hysterical*] I take my Bible oath I never said a word—

THE NOTE TAKER: [*overbearing but good-humored*] Oh, shut up, shut up. Do I look like a policeman?

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*far from reassured*] Then what did you take down my words for? How do I know whether you took me down right? You just shew me what you've wrote about me. [*The note taker opens his book and holds it steadily under her nose, though the pressure of the mob trying to read it over his shoulders would upset a weaker man*]. What's that? That ain't proper writing. I can't read that.

THE NOTE TAKER: I can. [*Reads, reproducing her pronunciation exactly*] "Cheer ap, Keptin; n' baw ya flahr orf a pore gel."¹

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*much distressed*] It's because I called him Captain. I meant no harm. [*To the gentleman*] Oh, sir, don't let him lay a charge agen² me for a word like that. You—

THE GENTLEMAN: Charge! I make no charge. [*To the note taker*] Really, sir, if you are a detective, you need not begin protecting me against molestation by young women until I ask you. Anybody could see that the girl meant no harm.

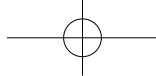
THE BYSTANDERS GENERALLY: [*demonstrating against police espionage*³] Course they could. What business is it of yours? You mind your own affairs. He wants promotion, he does. Taking down people's words! Girl never said a word to him. What harm if she did? Nice thing a girl can't shelter from the rain without being insulted, etc., etc., etc. [*She is conducted by the more sympathetic demonstrators back to her plinth, where she resumes her seat and struggles with her emotion.*]

THE BYSTANDER: He ain't a tec. He's a blooming busybody: that's what he is. I tell you, look at his boots.

1 Cheer ap, Keptin; n' baw ya flahr orf a pore gel: Cheer up, Captain; and buy a flower off a poor girl.

2 agen: against

3 espionage: practice of spying or using spies



THE NOTE TAKER: [*turning on him genially*] And how are all your people down at Selsey?

THE BYSTANDER: [*suspiciously*] Who told you my people come from Selsey?

THE NOTE TAKER: Never you mind. They did. [*To the girl!*] How do you come to be up so far east? You were born in Lisson Grove.

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*appalled*] Oh, what harm is there in my leaving Lisson Grove? It wasn't fit for a pig to live in; and I had to pay four-and-six a week. [*In tears*] Oh, boo—hoo—oo—

THE NOTE TAKER: Live where you like; but stop that noise.

THE GENTLEMAN: [*to the girl!*] Come, come! he can't touch you: you have a right to live where you please.

A SARCASTIC BYSTANDER: [*thrusting himself between the note taker and the gentleman*] Park Lane, for instance. I'd like to go into the Housing Question with you, I would.

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*subsiding into a brooding melancholy over her basket, and talking very low-spiritedly to herself*] I'm a good girl, I am.

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER: [*not attending to her*] Do you know where I come from?

THE NOTE TAKER: [*promptly*] Hoxton.

[*Titterings. Popular interest in the note taker's performance increases.*]

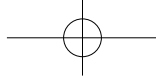
THE SARCASTIC ONE: [*amazed*] Well, who said I didn't? Bly me! You know everything, you do.

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*still nursing her sense of injury*] Ain't no call to meddle with me, he ain't.

THE BYSTANDER: [*to her*] Of course he aint. Don't you stand it from him. [*To the note taker*] See here: what call have you to know about people what never offered to meddle with you? Where's your warrant?

SEVERAL BYSTANDERS: [*encouraged by this seeming point of law*] Yes: where's your warrant?

THE FLOWER GIRL: Let him say what he likes. I don't want to have no truck with him.



THE BYSTANDER: You take us for dirt under your feet, don't you? Catch you taking liberties with a gentleman!

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER: Yes: tell h i m where he come from if you want to go fortune-telling.

THE NOTE TAKER: Cheltenham, Harrow, Cambridge, and India.

THE GENTLEMAN: Quite right. [*Great laughter. Reaction in the note taker's favor. Exclamations of He knows all about it. Told him proper. Hear him tell the toff where he come from? etc.*]. May I ask, sir, do you do this for your living at a music hall?

THE NOTE TAKER: I've thought of that. Perhaps I shall some day.

[*The rain has stopped; and the persons on the outside of the crowd begin to drop off.*]

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*resenting the reaction*] He's no gentleman, he ain't, to interfere with a poor girl.

THE DAUGHTER: [*out of patience, pushing her way rudely to the front and displacing the gentleman, who politely retires to the other side of the pillar*] What on earth is Freddy doing? I shall get pneumonia if I stay in this draught any longer.

THE NOTE TAKER: [*to himself, hastily making a note of her pronunciation of "monia"*] Earls court.

THE DAUGHTER: [*violently*] Will you please keep your impertinent remarks to yourself?

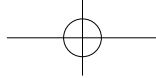
THE NOTE TAKER: Did I say that out loud? I didn't mean to. I beg your pardon. Your mother's Epsom, unmistakably.

THE MOTHER: [*advancing between her daughter and the note taker*] How very curious! I was brought up in Largetady Park, near Epsom.

THE NOTE TAKER: [*uproariously amused*] Ha! ha! What a devil of a name! Excuse me. [*To the daughter*] You want a cab, do you?

THE DAUGHTER: Don't dare speak to me.

THE MOTHER: Oh, please, please Clara. [*Her daughter repudiates her with an angry shrug and retires haughtily.*] We should be so grateful to you, sir, if you found us a cab. [*The note taker produces a whistle.*] Oh,



thank you. [*She joins her daughter.*] [*The note taker blows a piercing blast.*]

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER: There! I knowed¹ he was a plain-clothes copper.

THE BYSTANDER: That ain't a police whistle: that's a sporting whistle.

THE FLOWER GIRL:[*still preoccupied with her wounded feelings*] He's no right to take away my character. My character is the same to me as any lady's.

THE NOTE TAKER: I don't know whether you've noticed it; but the rain stopped about two minutes ago.

THE BYSTANDER: So it has. Why did'nt you say so before? and us losing our time listening to your silliness. [*He walks off towards the Strand.*]

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER: I can tell where you come from. You come from Anwell. Go back there.

THE NOTE TAKER: [*helpfully*] Hanwell.

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER: [*affecting great distinction of speech*] Thank you², teacher. Haw haw! So long [*he touches his hat with mock respect and strolls off*].

THE FLOWER GIRL: Frightening people like that! How would he like it himself.

THE MOTHER: It's quite fine now, Clara. We can walk to a motor bus. Come. [*She gathers her skirts above her ankles and hurries off towards the Strand*].

THE DAUGHTER: But the cab—[*her mother is out of hearing*]. Oh, how tiresome! [*She follows angrily.*]

[*All the rest have gone except the note taker, the gentleman, and the flower girl, who sits arranging her basket, and still pitying herself in murmurs.*]

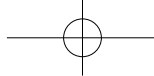
THE FLOWER GIRL: Poor girl! Hard enough for her to live without being worried³ and chivied.

THE GENTLEMAN: [*returning to his former place on the note taker's left*] How do you do it, if I may ask?

1 knowed: knew

2 Thank you: Thank you.

3 worried: worried



THE NOTE TAKER: Simply phonetics. The science of speech. That's my profession: also my hobby. Happy is the man who can make a living by his hobby! You can spot an Irishman or a Yorkshireman by his brogue¹. I can place any man within six miles. I can place him within two miles in London. Sometimes within two streets.

THE FLOWER GIRL: Ought to be ashamed of himself, unmanly coward!

THE GENTLEMAN: But is there a living in that?

THE NOTE TAKER: Oh yes. Quite a fat one. This is an age of upstarts. Men begin in Kentish Town with 80 a year, and end in Park Lane with a hundred thousand. They want to drop Kentish Town; but they give themselves away every time they open their mouths. Now I can teach them—

THE FLOWER GIRL: Let him mind his own business and leave a poor girl—

THE NOTE TAKER: [*explosively*] Woman: cease this detestable boohooing² instantly; or else seek the shelter of some other place of worship.

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*with feeble defiance*] I've a right to be here if I like, same as you.

THE NOTE TAKER: A woman who utters such depressing and disgusting sounds has no right to be anywhere—no right to live. Remember that you are a human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate speech: that your native language is the language of Shakespear and Milton and The Bible; and don't sit there crooning like a bilious pigeon.

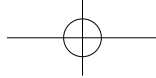
THE FLOWER GIRL: [*quite overwhelmed, and looking up at him in mingled wonder and deprecation without daring to raise her head*] Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oo!

THE NOTE TAKER: [*whipping out his book*] Heavens! what a sound! [*He writes; then holds out the book and reads, reproducing her vowels exactly*] Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oo!

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*tickled by the performance, and laughing in spite of*

1 brogue: regional way of speaking

2 boohoo: howl, cry



herself] Garn¹!

THE NOTE TAKER: You see this creature with her kerbstone English: the English that will keep her in the gutter to the end of her days. Well, sir, in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess at an ambassador's garden party. I could even get her a place as lady's maid or shop assistant, which requires better English. That's the sort of thing I do for commercial millionaires. And on the profits of it I do genuine scientific work in phonetics, and a little as a poet on Miltonic lines.

THE GENTLEMAN: I am myself a student of Indian dialects; and—

THE NOTE TAKER: [*eagerly*] Are you? Do you know Colonel Pickering, the author of Spoken Sanscrit?

THE GENTLEMAN: I am Colonel Pickering. Who are you?

THE NOTE TAKER: Henry Higgins, author of Higgins's Universal Alphabet.

PICKERING: [*with enthusiasm*] I came from India to meet you.

HIGGINS: I was going to India to meet you.

PICKERING: Where do you live?

HIGGINS: 27A Wimpole Street. Come and see me tomorrow.

PICKERING: I'm at the Carlton. Come with me now and let's have a jaw over some supper.

HIGGINS: Right you are.

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*to Pickering, as he passes her*] Buy a flower, kind gentleman. I'm short for my lodging.

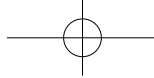
PICKERING: I really haven't any change. I'm sorry [*he goes away*].

HIGGINS: [*shocked at girl's mendacity*] Liar. You said you could change half-a-crown.

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*rising in desperation*] You ought to be stuffed with nails, you ought. [*Flinging the basket at his feet*] Take the whole blooming basket for sixpence.

[*The church clock strikes the second quarter.*]

1 garn: [slang] to go on speaking



HIGGINS: [*hearing in it the voice of God, rebuking him for his Pharisaic¹ want of charity to the poor girl*] A reminder. [*He raises his hat solemnly; then throws a handful of money into the basket and follows Pickering.*]

THE FLOWER GIRL: [*picking up a half-crown*] Ah-ow-ooh! [*Picking up a couple of florins*] Aaah-ow-ooh! [*Picking up several coins*] Aaaaaah-ow-ooh! [*Picking up a half-sovereign*] Aaaaaaaaaah-ow-ooh!!!

FREDDY: [*springing out of a taxicab*] Got one at last. Hallo! [*To the girl*] Where are the two ladies that were here?

THE FLOWER GIRL: They walked to the bus when the rain stopped.

FREDDY: And left me with a cab on my hands. Damnation!

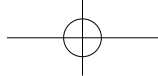
THE FLOWER GIRL: [*with grandeur*] Never you mind, young man. I'm going home in a taxi. [*She sails off to the cab. The driver puts his hand behind him and holds the door firmly shut against her. Quite understanding his mistrust, she shews him her handful of money.*] Eightpence ain't no object to me, Charlie. [*He grins and opens the door.*] Angel Court, Drury Lane, round the corner of Micklejohn's oil shop. Let's see how fast you can make her hop it. [*She gets in and pulls the door to with a slam as the taxicab starts*].

FREDDY: Well, I'm dashed!

QUESTIONS

- 1 What is the daughter's family background?
- 2 What are the characters of the daughter?
- 3 What is the flower girl's family background?
- 4 What are the characters of the flower girl?
- 5 What does the writer mean by "in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess at an ambassador's garden party"?
- 6 What social problem does the author mean to expose?

1 Pharisaic: of, relating to, or characteristic of the Pharisees



John Galsworthy (1867-1933)



INTRODUCTION

John Galsworthy was one of the most prominent novelists and playwrights in the early 20th century. He won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1932.

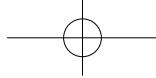
John Galsworthy was born to a wealthy and well-established family on Kingston Hill in England. He studied law at Oxford University, but after graduation he began to devote himself to literary work. His first famous novel is *The Man of Property* (1906). His notable work is *The Forsyte Saga* (1906-1921), which is his first trilogy, including *The Man of Property* (1906), *In Chancery* (1920) and *To Let* (1921). His second trilogy *A Modern Comedy* made its appearance in 1929, including *The White Monkey* (1924), *The Silver Spoon* (1926) and *Swan Song* (1926). *End of the Chapter* (1934) is his third trilogy, including *Maid in Waiting* (1931), *The Flowering Wilderness* (1932), and *Over the River* (1933).

SELECTED READING

The Forsyte Saga

Overview

The Forsyte Saga, first published in 1922, is a series of three novels, which tell the ups and downs of the Forsyte family from 1886 to 1926. *The Man of Property* is the first novel of *the Forsyte Saga*. This novel focuses on the triangle relationship of Soames, Irene and Bosinney. Soames, who is a typical Forsyte, considers the sole aim of life is accumulating wealth and sees everything in terms of property. Irene, Soames's beautiful wife, loves art and cherishes noble ideals of life. After marriage, Soames finds Irene doesn't love him, which makes him concoct a plan to build a house in the country and imprison his wife in the house. During the designing and building of the house, Irene falls in love with and has an affair with the architect Philip Bosinney who has been hired by Soames to build the house. But Soames refuses to divorce and wants his revenge. He makes use of the financial dispute in the course of building the house to sue Bosinney at the court. At last, Bosinney dies from a car accident



and Irene leaves Soames. Soames becomes the lonely winner.

The novel reveals the overwhelming desire of the Forsyte family and its influence on family members, and criticizes the relationship between the people and the property in the British society.

Man of Property

Chapter 3

Meeting at the Botanical

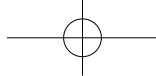
(Excerpt)

He discovered therefore one morning that an idea had come to him for making a series of water colour drawings of London. How the idea had arisen he could not tell; and it was not till the following year, when he had completed and sold them at a very fair price, that in one of his impersonal moods, he found himself able to recollect the Art critic, and to discover in his own achievement another proof that he was a Forsyte.

He decided to commence with the Botanical Gardens, where he had already made so many studies, and chose the little artificial pond, sprinkled now with an autumn shower of red and yellow leaves, for though the gardeners longed to sweep them off, they could not reach them with their brooms. The rest of the gardens they swept bare enough, removing every morning Nature's rain of leaves; piling them in heaps, whence from slow fires rose the sweet, acrid smoke that, like the cuckoo's note for spring, the scent of lime trees for the summer, is the true emblem of the fall. The gardeners' tidy souls could not abide the gold and green and russet pattern on the grass. The gravel paths must lie unstained, ordered, methodical, without knowledge of the realities of life, nor of that slow and beautiful decay which flings crowns underfoot to star the earth with fallen glories, whence, as the cycle rolls, will leap again wild spring.

Thus each leaf that fell was marked from the moment when it fluttered a good-bye and dropped, slow turning, from its twig.

But on that little pond the leaves floated in peace, and praised Heaven with their hues, the sunlight haunting over them.



And so young Jolyon found them.

Coming there one morning in the middle of October, he was disconcerted to find a bench about twenty paces from his stand occupied, for he had a proper horror of anyone seeing him at work.

A lady in a velvet jacket was sitting there, with her eyes fixed on the ground. A flowering laurel, however, stood between, and, taking shelter behind this, young Jolyon prepared his easel.

His preparations were leisurely; he caught, as every true artist should, at anything that might delay for a moment the effort of his work, and he found himself looking furtively at this unknown dame.

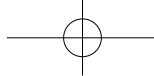
Like his father before him, he had an eye for a face. This face was charming!

He saw a rounded chin nestling in a cream ruffle, a delicate face with large dark eyes and soft lips. A black "picture" hat concealed the hair; her figure was lightly poised against the back of the bench, her knees were crossed; the tip of a patent-leather shoe emerged beneath her skirt. There was something, indeed, inexpressibly dainty about the person of this lady, but young Jolyon's attention was chiefly riveted by the look on her face, which reminded him of his wife. It was as though its owner had come into contact with forces too strong for her. It troubled him, arousing vague feelings of attraction and chivalry. Who was she? And what doing there, alone?

Two young gentlemen of that peculiar breed, at once forward and shy, found in the Regent's Park, came by on their way to lawn tennis, and he noted with disapproval their furtive stares of admiration. A loitering gardener halted to do something unnecessary to a clump of pampas grass; he, too, wanted an excuse for peeping. A gentleman, old, and, by his hat, a professor of horticulture, passed three times to scrutinize her long and stealthily, a queer expression about his lips.

With all these men young Jolyon felt the same vague irritation. She looked at none of them, yet was he certain that every man who passed would look at her like that.

Her face was not the face of a sorceress, who in every look holds out to



men the offer of pleasure; it had none of the “devil’s beauty” so highly prized among the first Forsytes of the land; neither was it of that type, no less adorable, associated with the box of chocolate; it was not of the spiritually passionate, or passionately spiritual order, peculiar to house-decoration and modern poetry; nor did it seem to promise to the playwright material for the production of the interesting and neurasthenic figure, who commits suicide in the last act.

In shape and colouring, in its soft persuasive passivity, its sensuous purity, this woman’s face reminded him of Titian’s “Heavenly Love,” a reproduction of which hung over the sideboard in his dining-room. And her attraction seemed to be in this soft passivity, in the feeling she gave that to pressure she must yield.

For what or whom was she waiting, in the silence, with the trees dropping here and there a leaf, and the thrushes strutting close on grass, touched with the sparkle of the autumn rime? Then her charming face grew eager, and, glancing round, with almost a lover’s jealousy, young Jolyon saw Bosinney striding across the grass.

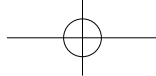
Curiously he watched the meeting, the look in their eyes, the long clasp of their hands. They sat down close together, linked for all their outward discretion. He heard the rapid murmur of their talk; but what they said he could not catch.

He had rowed in the galley himself! He knew the long hours of waiting and the lean minutes of a half-public meeting; the tortures of suspense that haunt the unhallowed lover.

It required, however, but a glance at their two faces to see that this was none of those affairs of a season that distract men and women about town; none of those sudden appetites that wake up ravening, and are surfeited and asleep again in six weeks. This was the real thing! This was what had happened to himself! Out of this anything might come!

Bosinney was pleading, and she so quiet, so soft, yet immovable in her passivity, sat looking over the grass.

Was he the man to carry her off, that tender, passive being, who would



never stir a step for herself? Who had given him all herself, and would die for him, but perhaps would never run away with him!

It seemed to young Jolyon that he could hear her saying: “But, darling, it would ruin you!” For he himself had experienced to the full the gnawing fear at the bottom of each woman’s heart that she is a drag on the man she loves.

And he peeped at them no more; but their soft, rapid talk came to his ears, with the stuttering song of some bird who seemed trying to remember the notes of spring: Joy—tragedy? Which—which?

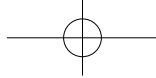
And gradually their talk ceased; long silence followed.

“And where does Soames come in?” young Jolyon thought. “People think she is concerned about the sin of deceiving her husband! Little they know of women! She’s eating, after starvation—taking her revenge! And Heaven help her—for he’ll take his.”

He heard the swish of silk, and, spying round the laurel, saw them walking away, their hands stealthily joined....

QUESTIONS

- 1 What is the relationship between young Jolyon and the family when young Jolyon “discover in his own achievement another proof that he was a Forsyte”?
- 2 What is the relationship between nature and human that you can find in the second paragraph?
- 3 What are the major figures of speech the author uses?
- 4 What is it about the woman that aroused young Jolyon’s feelings of attraction and chivalry?
- 5 Why does young Jolyon feel vague “irritation” and “jealousy”?
- 6 What does “Joy—tragedy? Which—which?” imply?



James Joyce (1882-1941)



INTRODUCTION

James Joyce was an Irish novelist and poet, considered to be one of the most influential writers in modernism of the early 20th century.

James Joyce was born and educated in Ireland and spent most of his adult life in Europe, mainly in France, Italy and Switzerland. Joyce's education was Catholic. He studied at Clongowes Wood College from the age of six to the age of nine. In 1898, he studied modern languages at University College, Dublin. Joyce went to the continental Europe after graduation to teach English, living in Trieste (city in Italy), Paris and Zurich. He settled down in Paris from 1920 until the fall of France in May 1940. He died of illness in 1941.

On the Continent he was always the center of a literary circle. His works in his early times included *Dubliners* (1914) and an autobiographical novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916). Joyce is best known for *Ulysses* (1922), a landmark work in which the episodes of Homer's *Odyssey* are paralleled, perhaps most prominent among these works with the technique of "stream of consciousness", which is a literary style that is used to represent a character's feelings and thoughts in long continuous pieces of text that have little obvious organization or structure. It was first used in 1922 by James Joyce. James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Faulkner are three of the most distinguished exponents of the stream-of-consciousness.

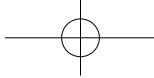
His masterpiece is *Ulysses*, and the other main works include *Dubliners*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Finnegans Wake* (1939).

SELECTED READING

Ulysses

Overview

It was published in 1922. The novel tells of wanderings and "adventures" of Leopold Bloom, a modern Ulysses, during the 24 hours of a single day, July 16, 1904. The novel is divided into 18 chapters with each focusing on one hour of one single day. Each chapter parodies a specific episode in Homer's *Odyssey*.



Calypso is Episode 4. It is about the experience of the second protagonist of the book, Leopold Bloom, a part-Jewish advertising canvasser.

Calypso

(Excerpt)

...

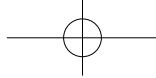
He halted before Dlugacz's window, staring at the hanks of sausages, polonies, black and white. Fifty multiplied by. The figures whitened in his mind unsolved: displeased, he let them fade. The shiny links packed with forcemeat fed his gaze and he breathed in tranquilly the lukewarm breath of cooked spicy pig's blood.

A kidney oozed bloodgouts on the willow patterned dish: the last. He stood by the next door girl at the counter. Would she buy it too, calling the items from a slip in her hand. Chapped: washing soda. And a pound and a half of Denny's sausages. His eyes rested on her vigorous hips. Woods his name is. Wonder what he does. Wife is oldish. New blood. No followers allowed. Strong pair of arms. Whacking a carpet on the clothesline. She does whack it, by George. The way her crooked skirt swings at each whack.

The ferreteyed pork butcher folded the sausages he had snipped off with blotchy fingers, sausage pink. Sound meat there like a stallfed heifer.

QUESTIONS

- 1 What's the mood of the protagonist?
- 2 What do "oldish" and "New blood" mean?
- 3 What are the figures of speech the author uses?
- 4 Why does the author insert the narration with a lot of inner monologue of the protagonist?
- 5 How does the writer organize his writing?
- 6 What is the writing style of the work?



Virginia Woolf (1882-1941)

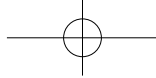


INTRODUCTION

Virginia Woolf was one of the foremost modernists and one of the great innovative novelists of the writing style of “stream of consciousness” in the twentieth century. And she was also a central figure in the influential Bloomsbury Group of intellectuals.

Virginia Woolf was born in London. She grew up as a member of a large and talented family, with her father being a famous scholar and biographer in late Victorian time. After her father’s death in 1904 she settled with her sister and two brothers in Bloomsbury. They entertained their literary and artistic friends at evening gatherings, and Woolf gradually became a central figure in the Bloomsbury Group, which was an influential group of associated English writers, intellectuals, philosophers and artists, the other best known members of which included John Maynard Keynes, E. M. Forster and Lytton Strachey. This loose collective of friends and relatives lived, worked or studied together near Bloomsbury, London, during the first half of the 20th century. Their works and outlook deeply influenced literature, aesthetics, criticism, and economics as well as modern attitudes towards feminism, pacifism, and sexuality.

Virginia married the writer Leonard Woolf in 1912 and founded Hogarth Press with her husband, publishing the writings of some notable authors including Sigmund Freud, T. S. Eliot and herself. In Virginia Woolf’s writing, she attacked and rebelled against the traditional method of realism and tried her best to reduce the element of plot in the novel, to adopt the stream-of-consciousness and to explore problems of human personality and personal relationships. *The Mark on the Wall* (1921) is Woolf’s first published short story with the feature of stream of consciousness. The novel *Mrs. Dalloway* published in 1925 displayed successfully the writing technique of stream-of-consciousness and made her reputation as an important psychological writer. After that, her other novels were published in succession. Her *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse* (1927) are regarded as her masterpieces. Woolf is seen as the forerunner of feminism because of her focus on the women’s rights and positions in her book *A Room of One’s Own*. In her late years, she suffered painfully the periodic mental breakdown and in March 1941 she drowned herself.



SELECTED READING

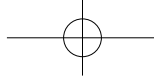
The Mark on the Wall

Overview

The Mark on the Wall, published in 1917, is the first published story by Virginia Woolf. It is written in the first person, as a “stream of consciousness” monologue. The narrator notices a mark on the wall, and muses on the workings of the mind. The essence of the life and the eternal truth is revealed through the momentary impressions and meditation in the narrator’s mind and the inner activities and mood swings of the narrator in the novel.

Perhaps it was the middle of January in the present year that I first looked up and saw the mark on the wall. In order to fix a date it is necessary to remember what one saw. So now I think of the fire; the steady film of yellow light upon the page of my book; the three chrysanthemums in the round glass bowl on the mantelpiece. Yes, it must have been the winter time, and we had just finished our tea, for I remember that I was smoking a cigarette when I looked up and saw the mark on the wall for the first time. I looked up through the smoke of my cigarette and my eye lodged for a moment upon the burning coals, and that old fancy of the crimson flag flapping from the castle tower came into my mind, and I thought of the cavalcade of red knights riding up the side of the black rock. Rather to my relief the sight of the mark interrupted the fancy, for it is an old fancy, an automatic fancy, made as a child perhaps. The mark was a small round mark, black upon the white wall, about six or seven inches above the mantelpiece.

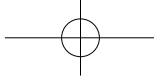
How readily our thoughts swarm upon a new object, lifting it a little way, as ants carry a blade of straw so feverishly, and then leave it.... If that mark was made by a nail, it can’t have been for a picture, it must have been for a miniature—the miniature of a lady with white powdered curls, powder-dusted cheeks, and lips like red carnations. A fraud of course, for the people who had this house before us would have chosen pictures in that way—an old picture for an old room. That is the sort of people they were—



very interesting people, and I think of them so often, in such queer places, because one will never see them again, never know what happened next. They wanted to leave this house because they wanted to change their style of furniture, so he said, and he was in process of saying that in his opinion art should have ideas behind it when we were torn as under, as one is torn from the old lady about to pour out tea and the young man about to hit the tennis ball in the back garden of the suburban villa as one rushes past in the train.

But as for that mark, I'm not sure about it; I don't believe it was made by a nail after all; it's too big, too round, for that. I might get up, but if I got up and looked at it, ten to one I shouldn't be able to say for certain; because once a thing's done, no one ever knows how it happened. Oh! dear me, the mystery of life; The inaccuracy of thought! The ignorance of humanity! To show how very little control of our possessions we have—what an accidental affair this living is after all our civilization—let me just count over a few of the things lost in one lifetime, beginning, for that seems always the most mysterious of losses—what cat would gnaw, what rat would nibble three pale-blue canisters of book-binding tools? Then there were the bird cages, the iron hoops, the steel skates, the Queen Anne coal-scuttle, the bagatelle board, the hand organ—all gone, and jewels, too. Opals and emeralds, they lie about the roots of turnips. What a scraping paring affair it is to be sure! The wonder is that I've any clothes on my back, that I sit surrounded by solid furniture at this moment. Why, if one wants to compare life to anything, one must liken it to being blown through the Tube at fifty miles an hour—landing at the other end without a single hairpin in one's hair! Shot out at the feet of God entirely naked! Tumbling head over heels in the asphodel meadows like brown paper parcels pitched down a shoot in the post office! With one's hair flying back like the tail of a race-horse. Yes, that seems to express the rapidity of life, the perpetual waste and repair; all so casual, all so haphazard...

But after life. The slow pulling down of thick green stalks so that the cup of the flower, as it turns over, deluges one with purple and red light. Why, after all, should one not be born there as one is born here, helpless,

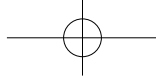


speechless, unable to focus one's eyesight, groping at the roots of the grass, at the toes of the Giants? As for saying which are trees, and which are men and women, or whether there are such things, that one won't be in a condition to do for fifty years or so. There will be nothing but spaces of light and dark, intersected by thick stalks, and rather higher up perhaps, rose-shaped blots of an indistinct colour—dim pinks and blues—which will, as time goes on, become more definite, become—I don't know what....

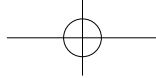
And yet that mark on the wall is not a hole at all. It may even be caused by some round black substance, such as a small rose leaf, left over from the summer, and I, not being a very vigilant housekeeper look at the dust on the mantelpiece, for example, the dust which, so they say, buried Troy three times over; only fragments of pots utterly refusing annihilation, as one can believe.

The tree outside the window taps very gently on the pane.... I want to think quietly, calmly, spaciouly, never to be interrupted, never to have to rise from my chair, to slip easily from one thing to another, without any sense of hostility, or obstacle. I want to sink deeper and deeper, away from the surface, with its hard separate facts. To steady myself, let me catch hold of the first idea that passes.... Shakespeare.... Well, he will do as well as another. A man who sat himself solidly in an arm-chair, and looked into the fire, so—A shower of ideas fell perpetually from some very high Heaven down through his mind. He leant his forehead on his hand, and people, looking in through the open door—for this scene is supposed to take place on a summer's evening—But how dull this is, this historical fiction! It doesn't interest me at all. I wish I could hit upon a pleasant track of thought, a track indirectly reflecting credit upon myself, for those are the pleasantest thoughts, and very frequent even in the minds of modest mouse-coloured people, who believe genuinely that they dislike to hear their own praises. They are not thoughts directly praising oneself; that is the beauty of them; they are thoughts like this:

“And then I came into the room. They were discussing botany. I said how I'd seen a flower growing on a dust heap on the site of an old house in Kingsway. The seed, I said, must have been sown in the reign of Charles the First. What flowers grew in the reign of Charles the First?” I asked—(but I



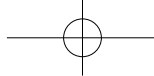
don't remember the answer). Tall flowers with purple tassels to them perhaps. And so it goes on. All the time I'm dressing up the figure of myself in my own mind, lovingly, stealthily, not openly adoring it, for if I did that, I should catch myself out, and stretch my hand at once for a book in self-protection. Indeed, it is curious how instinctively one protects the image of oneself from idolatry or any other handling that could make it ridiculous, or too unlike the original to be believed in any longer. Or is it not so very curious after all? It is a matter of great importance. Suppose the looking glass smashes, the image disappears, and the romantic figure with the green of forest depths all about it is there no longer, but only that shell of a person which is seen by other people—what an airless, shallow, bald, prominent world it becomes! A world not to be lived in. As we face each other in omnibuses and underground railways we are looking into the mirror; that accounts for the vagueness, the gleam of glassiness, in our eyes. And the novelists in future will realize more and more the importance of these reflections, for of course there is not one reflection but an almost infinite number; those are the depths they will explore, those the phantoms they will pursue, leaving the description of reality more and more out of their stories, taking a knowledge of it for granted, as the Greeks did and Shakespeare perhaps—but these generalizations are very worthless. The military sound of the word is enough. It recalls leading articles, cabinet ministers—a whole class of things indeed which as a child one thought the thing itself, the standard thing, the real thing, from which one could not depart save at the risk of nameless damnation. Generalizations bring back somehow Sunday in London, Sunday afternoon walks, Sunday luncheons, and also ways of speaking of the dead, clothes, and habits—like the habit of sitting all together in one room until a certain hour, although nobody liked it. There was a rule for everything. The rule for tablecloths at that particular period was that they should be made of tapestry with little yellow compartments marked upon them, such as you may see in photographs of the carpets in the corridors of the royal palaces. Tablecloths of a different kind were not real tablecloths. How shocking, and yet how wonderful it was to discover that these real things, Sunday luncheons, Sunday walks, country



houses, and tablecloths were not entirely real, were indeed half phantoms, and the damnation which visited the disbeliever in them was only a sense of illegitimate freedom. What now takes the place of those things I wonder, those real standard things? Men perhaps, should you be a woman; the masculine point of view which governs our lives, which sets the standard, which establishes Whitaker's Table of Precedency¹, which has become, I suppose, since the war half a phantom to many men and women, which soon, one may hope, will be laughed into the dustbin where the phantoms go, the mahogany sideboards and the Landseer prints, Gods and Devils, Hell and so forth, leaving us all with an intoxicating sense of illegitimate freedom—if freedom exists....

In certain lights that mark on the wall seems actually to project from the wall. Nor is it entirely circular. I cannot be sure, but it seems to cast a perceptible shadow, suggesting that if I ran my finger down that strip of the wall it would, at a certain point, mount and descend a small tumulus, a smooth tumulus like those barrows on the South Downs which are, they say, either tombs or camps. Of the two I should prefer them to be tombs, desiring melancholy like most English people, and finding it natural at the end of a walk to think of the bones stretched beneath the turf... There must be some book about it. Some antiquary must have dug up those bones and given them a name... What sort of a man is an antiquary, I wonder? Retired Colonels for the most part, I daresay, leading parties of aged labourers to the top here, examining clods of earth and stone, and getting into correspondence with the neighbouring clergy, which, being opened at breakfast time, gives them a feeling of importance, and the comparison of arrowheads necessitates cross-country journeys to the county towns, an agreeable necessity both to them and to their elderly wives, who wish to make plum jam or to clean out the study, and have every reason for keeping that great question of the camp or the tomb in perpetual suspension, while the Colonel himself feels agreeably philosophic in accumulating evidence on

1 Whitaker's Table of Precedency: Whitaker's Table of Precedency shows the order in which the various ranks in public life and society proceed on formal occasions.

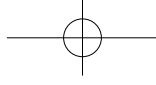


both sides of the question. It is true that he does finally incline to believe in the camp; and, being opposed, indites a pamphlet which he is about to read at the quarterly meeting of the local society when a stroke lays him low, and his last conscious thoughts are not of wife or child, but of the camp and that arrowhead there, which is now in the case at the local museum, together with the foot of a Chinese murderess, a handful of Elizabethan nails, a great many Tudor clay pipes, a piece of Roman pottery, and the wine-glass that Nelson¹ drank out of—proving I really don't know what.

No, no, nothing is proved, nothing is known. And if I were to get up at this very moment and ascertain that the mark on the wall is really—what shall we say? The head of a gigantic old nail, driven in two hundred years ago, which has now, owing to the patient attrition of many generations of housemaids, revealed its head above the coat of paint, and is taking its first view of modern life in the sight of a white-walled fire-lit room, what should I gain?—Knowledge? Matter for further speculation? I can think sitting still as well as standing up. And what is knowledge? What are our learned men save the descendants of witches and hermits who crouched in caves and in woods brewing herbs, interrogating shrew-mice and writing down the language of the stars? And the less we honour them as our superstitions dwindle and our respect for beauty and health of mind increases.... Yes, one could imagine a very pleasant world. A quiet, spacious world, with the flowers so red and blue in the open fields. A world without professors or specialists or house-keepers with the profiles of policemen, a world which one could slice with one's thought as a fish slices the water with his fin, grazing the stems of the water-lilies, hanging suspended over nests of white sea eggs.... How peaceful it is down here, rooted in the centre of the world and gazing up through the grey waters, with their sudden gleams of light, and their reflections—if it were not for Whitaker's Almanack²—if it were

1 Nelson (1758-1805): British admiral who defeated the French fleet in the Battle of the Nile (1798), thus ending Napoleon's attempt to conquer Egypt, and destroyed French and Spanish naval forces at Trafalgar (1805), where he was mortally wounded.

2 Whitaker's Almanack: It was initiated by the British publisher Joseph Whitaker in 1820-1875, and was honored as the best Almanack and a micro-encyclopedia.



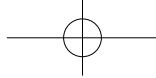
not for the Table of Precedency!

I must jump up and see for myself what that mark on the wall really is—a nail, a rose-leaf, a crack in the wood?

Here is nature once more at her old game of self-preservation. This train of thought, she perceives, is threatening mere waste of energy, even some collision with reality, for who will ever be able to lift a finger against Whitaker's Table of Precedency? The Archbishop of Canterbury is followed by the Lord High Chancellor; the Lord High Chancellor is followed by the Archbishop of York. Everybody follows somebody, such is the philosophy of Whitaker; and the great thing is to know who follows whom. Whitaker knows, and let that, so Nature counsels, comfort you, instead of enraging you; and if you can't be comforted, if you must shatter this hour of peace, think of the mark on the wall.

I understand Nature's game—her prompting to take action as a way of ending any thought that threatens to excite or to pain. Hence, I suppose, comes our slight contempt for men of action—men, we assume, who don't think. Still, there's no harm in putting a full stop to one's disagreeable thoughts by looking at a mark on the wall.

Indeed, now that I have fixed my eyes upon it, I feel that I have grasped a plank in the sea; I feel a satisfying sense of reality which at once turns the two Archbishops and the Lord High Chancellor to the shadows of shades. Here is something definite, something real. Thus, waking from a midnight dream of horror, one hastily turns on the light and lies quiescent, worshipping the chest of drawers, worshipping solidity, worshipping reality, worshipping the impersonal world which is a proof of some existence other than ours. That is what one wants to be sure of.... Wood is a pleasant thing to think about. It comes from a tree; and trees grow, and we don't know how they grow. For years and years they grow, without paying any attention to us, in meadows, in forests, and by the side of rivers—all things one likes to think about. The cows swish their tails beneath them on hot afternoons; they paint rivers so green that when a moorhen dives one expects to see its feathers all green when it comes up again. I like to think of the fish balanced against



the stream like flags blown out; and of water-beetles slowly raising domes of mud upon the bed of the river. I like to think of the tree itself: first the close dry sensation of being wood; then the grinding of the storm; then the slow, delicious ooze of sap. I like to think of it, too, on winter's nights standing in the empty field with all leaves close-furled, nothing tender exposed to the iron bullets of the moon, a naked mast upon an earth that goes tumbling, tumbling, all night long. The song of birds must sound very loud and strange in June; and how cold the feet of insects must feel upon it, as they make laborious progresses up the creases of the bark, or sun themselves upon the thin green awning of the leaves, and look straight in front of them with diamond-cut red eyes.... One by one the fibres snap beneath the immense cold pressure of the earth, then the last storm comes and, falling, the highest branches drive deep into the ground again. Even so, life isn't done with; there are a million patient, watchful lives still for a tree, all over the world, in bedrooms, in ships, on the pavement, lining rooms, where men and women sit after tea, smoking cigarettes. It is full of peaceful thoughts, happy thoughts, this tree. I should like to take each one separately—but something is getting in the way.... Where was I? What has it all been about? A tree? A river? The Downs? Whitaker's Almanack? The fields of asphodel? I can't remember a thing. Everything's moving, falling, slipping, vanishing.... There is a vast upheaval of matter. Someone is standing over me and saying,

“I'm going out to buy a newspaper.”

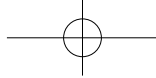
“Yes?”

“Though it's no good buying newspapers.... Nothing ever happens. Curse this war; God damn this war!... All the same, I don't see why we should have a snail on our wall.”

Ah, the mark on the wall! It was a snail.

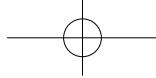
QUESTIONS

- 1 What are the narrator's guess and imagination about the mark on the wall?
- 2 What is in fact the mark on the wall?



- 3 What is the symbolic meaning of “the mark on the wall”?
- 4 How is the technique of “stream of consciousness” displayed in the story?
- 5 What do you think of the narrator’s identity?
- 6 What is the probable theme of the story?

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英美文学简史及名篇选读



D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930)



INTRODUCTION

D.H. Lawrence was one of the greatest English novelists of the 20th century and was also an English poet, playwright, essayist, literary critic and painter. Meanwhile, Lawrence is a controversial figure because of his frank treatment of sex and his outspoken insistence upon a need for a readjustment in the relationship between the sexes.

Lawrence was born in the Midland mining village of Eastwood, Nottinghamshire and he was one of five children of a miner and schoolteacher. He studied at Nottingham High School for three years and worked in a surgical goods factory at 15. In 1906 he entered Nottingham College to study the required courses for a teacher's certificate. Since 1908, he taught in a school in a southern suburb of London for two years. In 1911, his first famous novel *The White Peacock* made its appearance. Two years later, *Sons and Lovers* (1913) was published as an autobiographical novel about a mother's possessive love for her sons, which is regarded as Lawrence's earliest masterpiece.

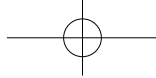
He married Frieda in 1914. During World War I, due to Lawrence's anti-war sentiment, they had to seek refuge in Italy, Australia, Mexico, and France. During the time, Lawrence created his two probably most successful novels, *The Rainbow* (1915) and *Women in Love* (1921), which both expressed severe criticism of capitalist industrial civilization. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is his most controversial novel which was first published in the United States in 1928. It is about an English noblewoman's love affair with a servant. The book was banned in England and America until 1960 for his frank treatment of sex in the novel. In 1930, he died of tuberculosis in France.

SELECTED READING

Women in Love

Overview

The novel, published in 1920, is a sequel to his earlier novel *The Rainbow* (1915). The novel continues to follow the love and life of the Brangwen sisters, Gudrun and Ursula. Ursula and Gudrun Brangwen live in the Midlands of



England in the 1910s. Ursula is a teacher, Gudrun an artist. They meet two men who live nearby, school inspector Rupert Birkin and coal-mine heir Gerald Crich. The four become friends. Ursula and Birkin become involved, and Gudrun eventually begins a love affair with Gerald. Because of the great differences in ideas and world outlook, the relationship between Gudrun and Gerald eventually broke up after numerous times of conflicts. At last, Gerald ended his life in the barren and dead ravine filled with snow. On the other hand, Ursula and Birkin, with a passion for life, overcame all kinds of difficulties and lived together happily.

Through the lives of two couples, Lawrence tries to explain the proper basis for marriage.

Chapter 3

(Excerpt)

...

She¹ reached for a bit of paper which had wrapped a small piece of chocolate she had found in her pocket, and began making a boat. He² watched her without heeding her. There was something strangely pathetic and tender in her moving, unconscious finger-tips, that were agitated and hurt, really.

“I *do* enjoy things—don’t you?” she asked.

“Oh yes! But it infuriates me that I can’t get right, at the really growing part of me. I feel all tangled and messed up, and I *can’t* get straight anyhow. I don’t know what really to *do*. One must do something somewhere.”

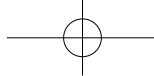
“Why should you always be *doing*?” she retorted. “It is so plebeian. I think it is much better to be really patrician, and to do nothing but just be oneself, like a walking flower.”

“I quite agree,” he said, “if one has burst into blossom. But I can’t get my flower to blossom anyhow. Either it is blighted in the bud, or has got the smother-fly, or it isn’t nourished. Curse it, it isn’t even a bud. It is a contravened knot.”

Again she laughed. He was so very fretful and exasperated. But she was

1 She: Ursula

2 He: Birkin



anxious and puzzled. How was one to get out, anyhow. There must be a way out somewhere.

There was a silence, wherein she wanted to cry. She reached for another bit of chocolate paper, and began to fold another boat.

“And why is it,” she asked at length, “that there is no flowering, no dignity of human life now?”

“The whole idea is dead. Humanity itself is dry-rotten, really. There are myriads of human beings hanging on the bush—and they look very nice and rosy, your healthy young men and women. But they are apples of Sodom¹, as a matter of fact, Dead Sea Fruit, gall-apples. It isn’t true that they have any significance—their insides are full of bitter, corrupt ash.”

“But there *are* good people,” protested Ursula.

“Good enough for the life of today. But mankind is a dead tree, covered with fine brilliant galls of people.”

Ursula could not help stiffening herself against this, it was too picturesque and final. But neither could she help making him go on.

“And if it is so, *why* is it?” she asked, hostile. They were rousing each other to a fine passion of opposition.

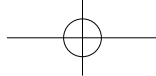
“Why, why are people all balls of bitter dust? Because they won’t fall off the tree when they’re ripe. They hang on to their old positions when the position is over-past, till they become infested with little worms and dry-rot.”

There was a long pause. His voice had become hot and very sarcastic. Ursula was troubled and bewildered, they were both oblivious of everything but their own immersion.

“But even if everybody is wrong—where are you right?” she cried, “where are you any better?”

“I?—I’m not right,” he cried back. “At least my only rightness lies in the fact that I know it. I detest what I am, outwardly. I loathe myself as a human being. Humanity is a huge aggregate lie, and a huge lie is less than a small

1 Sodom: A city of ancient Palestine possibly located in the south of the Dead Sea. In the Old Testament, it was destroyed along with Gomorrah because of its wickedness and depravity.



truth. Humanity is less, far less than the individual, because the individual may sometimes be capable of truth, and humanity is a tree of lies. And they say that love is the greatest thing; they persist in *saying* this, the foul liars, and just look at what they do! Look at all the millions of people who repeat every minute that love is the greatest, and charity is the greatest — and see what they are doing all the time. By their works ye shall know them, for dirty liars and cowards, who daren't stand by their own actions, much less by their own words.”

“But,” said Ursula sadly, “that doesn't alter the fact that love is the greatest, does it? What they *do* doesn't alter the truth of what they say, does it?”

“Completely, because if what they say *were* true, then they couldn't help fulfilling it. But they maintain a lie, and so they run amok at last. It's a lie to say that love is the greatest. You might as well say that hate is the greatest, since the opposite of everything balances. What people want is hate—hate and nothing but hate. And in the name of righteousness and love, they get it. They distil themselves with nitroglycerine, all the lot of them, out of very love. It's the lie that kills. If we want hate, let us have it—death, murder, torture, violent destruction—let us have it: but not in the name of love. But I abhor humanity, I wish it was swept away. It could go, and there would be no *absolute* loss, if every human being perished tomorrow. The reality would be untouched. Nay, it would be better. The real tree of life would then be rid of the most ghastly, heavy crop of Dead Sea Fruit, the intolerable burden of myriad simulacra¹ of people, an infinite weight of mortal lies.”

“So you'd like everybody in the world destroyed?” said Ursula.

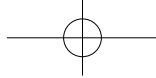
“I should indeed.”

“And the world empty of people?”

“Yes truly. You yourself, don't you find it a beautiful clean thought, a world empty of people, just uninterrupted grass, and a hare sitting up?”

The pleasant sincerity of his voice made Ursula pause to consider her own proposition. And really it *was* attractive: a clean, lovely, humanless world. It was the *really* desirable. Her heart hesitated, and exulted. But still,

1 simulacra: (sing. simulacrum) an unreal or vague semblance



she was dissatisfied with *him*.

“But,” she objected, “you’d be dead yourself, so what good would it do you?”

“I would die like a shot, to know that the earth would really be cleaned of all the people. It is the most beautiful and freeing thought. Then there would *never* be another foul humanity created, for a universal defilement.”

“No,” said Ursula, “there would be nothing.”

“What! Nothing? Just because humanity was wiped out? You flatter yourself. There’d be everything.”

“But how, if there were no people?”

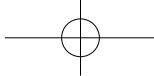
“Do you think that creation depends on *man*! It merely doesn’t. There are the trees and the grass and birds. I much prefer to think of the lark rising up in the morning upon a human-less world. Man is a mistake, he must go. There is the grass, and hares and adders, and the unseen hosts, actual angels that go about freely when a dirty humanity doesn’t interrupt them—and good pure-tissued demons: very nice.”

It pleased Ursula, what he said, pleased her very much, as a phantasy. Of course it was only a pleasant fancy. She herself knew too well the actuality of humanity, its hideous actuality. She knew it could not disappear so cleanly and conveniently. It had a long way to go yet, a long and hideous way. Her subtle, feminine, demoniacal soul knew it well.

“If only man was swept off the face of the earth, creation would go on so marvellously, with a new start, non-human. Man is one of the mistakes of creation—like the ichthyosauri. If only he were gone again, think what lovely things would come out of the liberated days;—things straight out of the fire.”

“But man will never be gone,” she said, with insidious, diabolical knowledge of the horrors of persistence. “The world will go with him.”

“Ah no,” he answered, “not so. I believe in the proud angels and the demons that are our fore-runners. They will destroy us, because we are not proud enough. The ichthyosauri were not proud: they crawled and floundered as we do. And besides, look at elder-flowers and bluebells—they are a sign that pure creation takes place—even the butterfly. But humanity



never gets beyond the caterpillar stage—it rots in the chrysalis, it never will have wings. It is anti-creation, like monkeys and baboons.”

Ursula watched him as he talked. There seemed a certain impatient fury in him, all the while, and at the same time a great amusement in everything, and a final tolerance. And it was this tolerance she mistrusted, not the fury. She saw that, all the while, in spite of himself, he would have to be trying to save the world. And this knowledge, whilst it comforted her heart somewhere with a little self-satisfaction, stability, yet filled her with a certain sharp contempt and hate of him. She wanted him to herself, she hated the *Salvator Mundi* touch¹. It was something diffuse and generalised about him, which she could not stand. He would behave in the same way, say the same things, give himself as completely to anybody who came along, anybody and everybody who liked to appeal to him. It was despicable, a very insidious form of prostitution.

“But,” she said, “you believe in individual love, even if you don’t believe in loving humanity—?”

“I don’t believe in love at all—that is, any more than I believe in hate, or in grief. Love is one of the emotions like all the others—and so it is all right whilst you feel it. But I can’t see how it becomes an absolute. It is just part of human relationships, no more. And it is only part of *any* human relationship. And why one should be required *always* to feel it, any more than one always feels sorrow or distant joy, I cannot conceive. Love isn’t a desideratum—it is an emotion you feel or you don’t feel, according to circumstance.”

“Then why do you care about people at all?” she asked, “if you don’t believe in love? Why do you bother about humanity?”

“Why do I? Because I can’t get away from it.”

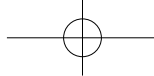
“Because you love it,” she persisted.

It irritated him.

“If I do love it,” he said, “it is my disease.”

“But it is a disease you don’t want to be cured of,” she said, with some cold sneering.

1 *Salvator Mundi* touch: the action of the savior. *Salvator Mundi* is the name of God.



He was silent now, feeling she wanted to insult him.

“And if you don’t believe in love, what *do* you believe in?” she asked mocking. “Simply in the end of the world, and grass?”

He was beginning to feel a fool.

“I believe in the unseen hosts,” he said.

“And nothing else? You believe in nothing visible, except grass and birds? Your world is a poor show.”

“Perhaps it is,” he said, cool and superior now he was offended, assuming a certain insufferable aloof superiority, and withdrawing into his distance.

Ursula disliked him. But also she felt she had lost something. She looked at him as he sat crouched on the bank. There was a certain priggish Sunday-school stiffness over him, priggish and detestable. And yet, at the same time, the moulding of him was so quick and attractive, it gave such a great sense of freedom: the moulding of his brows, his chin, his whole physique, something so alive, somewhere, in spite of the look of sickness.

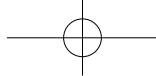
And it was this duality in feeling which he created in her, that made a fine hate of him quicken in her bowels. There was his wonderful, desirable life—rapidity, the rare quality of an utterly desirable man: and there was at the same time this ridiculous, mean effacement into a *Salvator Mundi* and a Sunday-school teacher, a prig of the stiffest type.

He looked up at her. He saw her face strangely enkindled, as if suffused from within by a powerful sweet fire. His soul was arrested in wonder. She was enkindled in her own living fire. Arrested in wonder and in pure, perfect attraction, he moved towards her. She sat like a strange queen, almost supernatural in her glowing smiling richness.

“The point about love,” he said, his consciousness quickly adjusting itself, “is that we hate the word because we have vulgarised it. It ought to be prescribed, tabooed from utterance, for many years, till we get a new, better idea.”

There was a beam of understanding between them.

“But it always means the same thing,” she said.



“Ah God, no, let it not mean that any more,” he cried. “Let the old meanings go.”

“But still it is love,” she persisted. A strange, wicked yellow light shone at him in her eyes.

He hesitated, baffled, withdrawing.

“No,” he said, “it isn’t. Spoken like that, never in the world. You’ve no business to utter the word.”

“I must leave it to you, to take it out of the Ark of the Covenant¹ at the right moment,” she mocked.

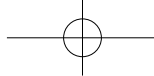
Again they looked at each other. She suddenly sprang up, turned her back to him, and walked away. He too rose slowly and went to the water’s edge, where, crouching, he began to amuse himself unconsciously. Picking a daisy he dropped it on the pond, so that the stem was a keel, the flower floated like a little water lily, staring with its open face up to the sky. It turned slowly round, in a slow, slow Dervish dance², as it veered away.

QUESTIONS

- 1 According to Ursula, how can a man be really patrician?
- 2 In Paragraph 5, Birkin said, “I can not get my flower to blossom anyhow”. What is the symbolic meaning of the sentence?
- 3 What does Birkin think of “human life”? And why?
- 4 What kind of human life does Birkin expect?
- 5 What does Birkin think of “human’s love”?
- 6 Try to analyze the character of Ursula.

1 the Ark of the Covenant: a gold-covered wooden chest, which is also known as the Ark of the Testimony

2 Dervish dance: a kind of whirling dance performed by dervish as acts of ecstatic devotion



William Butler Yeats (1869-1939)



INTRODUCTION

William Butler Yeats was an Irish and British poet, one of the foremost figures of 20th century literature. He is considered a pillar of both the Irish and British literary establishments. In 1923 he got Nobel Prize in Literature, Ireland's first writer to win the Prize.

W. B. Yeats was born in Dublin. His father was an artist, so that Yeats naturally had frequent contacts with various artists in his childhood. He was educated in Dublin and London. Since 1881, he began to write some essays and poems. His early poetry was influenced by the romantic poets, but his Irish theme and his language with prose style showed him to be a poet of distinction. The beautiful Maud Gonne once drew him into the Irish National Movement. After 1896, Yeats devoted himself largely to drama and forming the Abbey Theatre. Yeats focused on exploring the theory of symbolism and mask with the influence of Modern French poetry. In 1914, the poetry *Responsibilities* was published, marking the ending of Yeats' early creation.

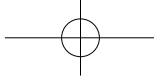
During his poetic career, the mysticism of Blake, the Romantic idealism of Shelley, and the aesthetic ideas of the Pre-Raphaelites were mixed into Yeats' thought. He gave impetus to the modernist movement in poetry with Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot and other poets to seek a fresh language, new rhythms, and wide poetic subjects.

Yeats is generally considered one of the few writers who completed their greatest works after being awarded the Nobel Prize; such works include *The Tower* (1928) and *The Winding Stair and Other Poems* (1929). He died in 1939 in Manton, France.

SELECTED READING

When You Are Old

The poem was written in 1893 and dedicated to Maud Gonne, a young lady he loved all his life. Maud Gonne was an English-born Irish revolutionary, feminist and actress. In 1891, he visited Gonne in Ireland and proposed marriage, but was rejected. Yeats proposed to Gonne three more



times: in 1899, 1900 and 1901. She refused each proposal.

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

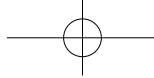
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars¹,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

QUESTIONS

- 1 What does the speaker love about the lady in the poem?
- 2 What is the rhyme scheme of each stanza?
- 3 In the beginning, what setting is created by the poet?
- 4 What are the figures of speech adopted in this poem? Give examples to illustrate your points.
- 5 In the poem, the poet uses three contrasts. What are they?
- 6 What is the symbolic meaning of “stars” in the last line?

1 bars: the barrier of fireplace



T. S. Eliot

(1888-1965)



INTRODUCTION

Thomas Stearns Eliot was one of the most influential modernist poets and literary critics of the 20th century. He was an essayist, publisher, playwright. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1948.

He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, educated at Harvard and Oxford. He settled in England and became a British citizen later in 1927. It was in London that Eliot met Ezra Pound, who had a great influence on Eliot, especially in his recognizing Eliot's poetic genius and helping with publication of his works.

He held that poetry should represent the complexities of modern civilization. An innovator of avant-garde as he was, he was influenced by the English metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century and the nineteenth century French symbolist poets. He used a lot of mythology, allusion, symbolism, and disconnected images as to make his works obscure to the readers. His poems gave voice to the disillusionment of the post World War I generation. Eliot's influence can be found in many writers, Virginia Woolf, Ezra Pound, and James Joyce.

Eliot's best-known poems include *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* (1915), *The Waste Land* (1922), *The Hollow Men* (1925), *Ash Wednesday* (1930) and *Four Quartets* (1945). He is also known for his seven plays, particularly *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935).

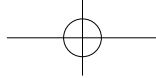
Eliot is also known for his contribution to the New Criticism, which was a movement in literary theory in American from the 1920s to the early 1960s. It emphasized close reading, particularly of poetry, without considering the biographical or historical circumstances. New criticism regarded a work of literature as independent of both author and reader. The New Critics also focused on paradox, ambiguity, irony, conflicts and tension to interpret the text.

SELECTED READING

The Waste Land

Overview

The Waste Land is a long poem of 434 lines. It is one of the most important poems of the 20th century and a masterpiece of modernist poetry.



With influence from the Western canon and mythology, and the Eastern Buddhism and the Hinduism, Eliot employs many literary and cultural allusions, metaphors and references for techniques. Structural complexity, abrupt changes of speaker, location and time, against a background of juxtapositions between past and present contribute to the obscurity of the poem. With a wide and disconnected range of cultures and literature works concerned, the poet tried to present the devastation and disorganization of the post-war world.

The poem is divided into five sections with some of Eliot's notes at the end. The first section, *The Burial of the Dead*, depicts a modern world of disillusionment and despair. The second, *A Game of Chess*, employs alternating narrations from different characters to reveal the morally deteriorating and spiritual barrenness of the modern society. *The Fire Sermon*, the third section, offers a philosophical meditation in relation to eastern religions. The fourth section includes a brief lyrical petition for death and purgatory. The concluding fifth section, *What the Thunder Said*, gives an image of judgment and a possible light of hope from religion.

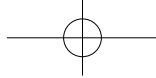
I. The Burial of the Dead

(Excerpt)

April is the cruelest 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.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee¹
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten²,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.

1 Starnbergersee: It refers to Lake Starnberg, Germany's fifth largest freshwater lake, which was used by the poet to represent the modern wasteland in Central Europe.

2 Hofgarten: It is German for "court garden", a garden in the center of Munich, Germany.



Bin gar keine Russin¹, stamm' aus Litauen², echt deutsch³.
 And when we were children, staying at the arch-duke's
 My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
 And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
 Marie, hold on tight. And down we went,
 In the mountains, there you feel free.
 I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

QUESTIONS

- 1 Why is April the cruelest month?
- 2 Why is winter warm?
- 3 What is the possible theme of the poem?
- 4 What is the figure of speech used in the poem?

EXERCISES OF CHAPTER VII

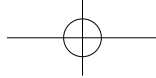
I Fill in the following blanks.

- 1 George Bernard Shaw was awarded the Nobel Prize for _____.
- 2 James Joyce and Virginia Woolf are the two best-known novelists of the _____ school.
- 3 H. G. Wells is noted for his _____ and is called a _____.
- 4 _____ opposed traditional values and techniques, and emphasized the importance of individual experience.
- 5 _____, _____, and _____ are three of the most distinguished exponents of the stream-of-consciousness.

II Find the relevant match from Column B for each item in Column A.

Column A	Column B
1 () John Galsworthy	A. <i>The Waste Land</i>
2 () James Joyce	B. <i>The Man of Property</i>
3 () Virginia Woolf	C. <i>Dubliners</i>

1 Bin gar keine Russin: (German) I am not Russian at all.
 2 stamm' aus Litauen: (German) I come from Lithuania.
 3 echt deutsch: (German) a true German.



- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| 4 () Joseph Conrad | <i>D. A Passage to India</i> |
| 5 () D. H. Lawrence | <i>E. Heart of Darkness</i> |
| 6 () George Bernard Shaw | <i>F. The Rainbow</i> |
| 7 () E. M. Forster | <i>G. The Waves</i> |
| 8 () T. S. Eliot | <i>H. Saint Joan</i> |

III Choose the best answer for each statement.

- 1 John Galsworthy was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature because of his masterpiece _____.

A. <i>The End of the Chapter</i>	B. <i>The Forsyte Saga</i>
C. <i>A Modern Comedy</i>	D. <i>The Island Pharisees</i>
- 2 Which of the following is NOT written by D. H. Lawrence?

A. <i>The Waste Land</i>	B. <i>The Rainbow</i>
C. <i>Lady Chatterley's Lover</i>	D. <i>Women in Love</i>
- 3 _____ is the climax of Virginia Woolf's experiments through the novel form of "stream of consciousness".

A. <i>Jacob's Room</i>	B. <i>To the Lighthouse</i>
C. <i>Orlando</i>	D. <i>The Waves</i>
- 4 _____ is a collection of short stories which reflect three aspects of life in politics, culture and religion.

A. <i>A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man</i>	B. <i>Ulysses</i>
C. <i>Finnegans Wake</i>	D. <i>Dubliners</i>
- 5 Which of the following is not written by Yeats? _____

A. <i>Four Quartets</i>	B. <i>A Vision</i>
C. <i>The Winding Stair</i>	D. <i>The Tower</i>

IV Answer the following questions.

- 1 What are the writing features of James Joyce?
- 2 What are the themes of *Pygmalion*?