

# LOVE THROUGH THE AGES

## Bridging Work



*'...he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same.'*

## **Love Through the Ages**

### **The spirit of the course**

During Year 12 we study towards Paper 1: 'Love Through the Ages.' Here, we examine poetry, drama and prose in the light of universal ideas connected to love - such as the pursuit of love, unrequited love, romantic love, marriage, forbidden love, jealousy, loss and betrayal. We begin to understand how they are presented in literature in different historical times.

Working from the belief that no text exists in isolation but is the product of the time in which it was produced, English Literature encourages you to explore the relationships that exist between texts and the contexts within which they are written, received and understood. The course will enable you to develop your own autonomous understanding, encouraging you to debate and challenge the interpretations of other readers as they develop their own informed personal responses.

Working with texts over time involves looking at ways in which authors shape meanings within their texts. It also involves thinking about a wide range of relevant contexts, some of them to do with the production of the text at the time of its writing, some (where possible) to do with how the text has been received over time, and most of all in this specification contexts to do with how the text can be interpreted by readers now. And finally, because texts and their meanings are not fixed, interpretation is not fixed, and multiple interpretations are possible.

This booklet invites you to look at a range of texts from the main time periods we are concerned with on our course, and respond to them. It is vital that, over the next two years, as we endeavour to research and analyse as a class, the emphasis and impetus of the learning must shift from the teacher to the student.

Secondary reading takes on a new importance at A level, as does the need to look more closely at contextual factors and different interpretations of texts.

## **Pointers for analysing unseen prose.**

- Identify the genre and the period
  - What are the characteristics associated with the period? Does the extract exemplify them?

### **Content**

- What is the extract about? Is there a story?
- Can you identify any major themes?
- Are there characters? What are their roles?
- Is there a historical, social or political context?

### **Key features of prose**

- How the narrative starts
- Narrative voice and point of view
- Use of dialogue and voice
- How the narrative is structured
- Use of symbolism and motif
- Particular features of style and language
- Presentation of character and theme.

### **Other Advice**

- Don't be afraid to include your own opinion
- Always link your points back to the text
- Make sure you discuss other interpretations

Are there any more questions that you would add to this list that would make your annotating and analysing of the extract more effective?

Add them to the sheet

## **The Middle English Period (Medieval Period)**

**Years: 1066-1485 (roughly)**

### *Content:*

- plays that instruct the illiterate masses in morals and religion
- chivalric code of honour/romances
- religious devotion

### *Style/Genres:*

- oral tradition continues
- folk ballads
- mystery and miracle plays
- morality plays
- stock epithets
- kennings
- frame stories
- moral tales

### *Effect:*

- church instructs its people through the morality and miracle plays
- an illiterate population is able to hear and see the literature

### *Historical Context:*

- Crusades bring the development of a money economy for the first time in Britain
- trading increases dramatically as a result of the Crusades
- William the Conqueror crowned king in 1066
- Henry III crowned king in 1154 brings a judicial system, royal courts, juries, and chivalry to Britain

### *A Sampling of Key Literature & Authors:*

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, Pearl  
Domesday Book  
L'Morte de Arthur  
Geoffrey Chaucer

# The Renaissance

Years: 1485-1660

*The Elizabethan Period: the reign of Elizabeth I, 1586-1603*

*Jacobean Period: the reign of James I of England, 1603-1625*

## Content:

- world view shifts from religion and after life to one stressing the human life on earth
- popular theme: development of human potential
- popular theme: many aspects of love explored
- unrequited love
- constant love
- timeless love
- courtly love
- love subject to change

## Style/Genres:

- poetry
- the sonnet
- metaphysical poetry
- elaborate and unexpected metaphors called conceits
- drama
- written in verse
- supported by royalty
- tragedies, comedies, histories

## Effect:

- commoners welcomed at some play productions (like ones at the Globe) while conservatives try to close the theatres on grounds that they promote brazen behaviours
- not all middle-class embrace the metaphysical poets and their abstract conceits

## Historical Context:

- War of Roses ends in 1485 and political stability arrives
- Printing press helps stabilize English as a language and allows more people to read a variety of literature
- Economy changes from farm-based to one of international trade

## A Sampling of Key Literature & Authors:

William Shakespeare  
Thomas Wyatt  
Ben Jonson  
Cavalier Poets

Metaphysical Poets  
John Donne  
Christopher Marlowe  
Andrew Marvell  
Robert Herrick

# The Neoclassical Period

Years: 1660-1798

*The Restoration: the reign of Charles II, 1630 - 1660 (after his restoration to the throne in 1630 following the English Civil War and Cromwell)*

*The Age of Enlightenment (the Eighteenth Century)*

## *Content:*

- emphasis on reason and logic
- stresses harmony, stability, wisdom
- Locke: a social contract exists between the government and the people. The government governs guaranteeing “natural rights” of life, liberty, and property

## *Style/Genres:*

- satire
- poetry
- essays
- letters, diaries, biographies
- novels

## *Effect:*

- emphasis on the individual
- belief that humanity is basically evil
- approach to life: “the world as it should be”

## *Historical Context:*

- 50% of males are functionally literate (a dramatic rise)
- Fenced enclosures of land cause demise of traditional village life
- Factories begin to spring up as industrial revolution begins
- Impoverished masses begin to grow as farming life declines and factories build
- Coffee houses—where educated men spend evenings with literary and political associates

## *Key Authors:*

Alexander Pope

Daniel Defoe

Jonathan Swift,

Samuel Johnson

John Bunyan  
John Milton

## The Romantic Period

Years: 1798 – 1832

### *Content:*

- human knowledge consists of impressions and ideas formed in the individual's mind
- introduction of Gothic elements and terror/horror stories and novels
- in nature one can find comfort and peace that the man-made urbanized towns and factory environments cannot offer

### *Style/Genres:*

- poetry
- lyrical ballads

### *Effects:*

- evil attributed to society not to human nature
- human beings are basically good
- movement of protest: a desire for personal freedom
- children seen as hapless victims of poverty and exploitation

### *Historical Context:*

- Napoleon rises to power in France and opposes England militarily and economically
- Tory philosophy that government should NOT interfere with private enterprise
- middle class gains representation in the British parliament
- railroads begin to run

### *Key Authors:*

Jane Austen  
Mary Shelley  
Robert Burns  
William Blake  
William Wordsworth  
Samuel Taylor Coleridge  
Lord Byron  
Percy Shelley  
John Keats

# The Victorian Period

Years: 1832-1900

## *Content:*

- conflict between those in power and the common masses of labourers and the poor
- shocking life of workhouses and urban poor is highlighted in literature to insist on reform
- country versus city life
- sexual discretion (or lack of it)
- strained coincidences
- romantic triangles
- heroines in physical danger
- aristocratic villains
- misdirected letters
- bigamous marriages

## *Genres/Styles:*

- novel becomes popular for first time; mass produced for the first time
- bildungsroman
- political novels
- detective novels (Sherlock Holmes)
- serialized novels (Charles Dickens)
- elegies
- poetry: easier to understand
- dramatic monologues
- drama: comedies of manners
- magazines offer stories to the masses

## *Effect:*

- literature begins to reach the masses

## *Historical Context:*

- paper becomes cheap; magazines and novels cheap to mass produce
- unprecedented growth of industry and business in Britain
- unparalleled dominance of nations, economies and trade abroad

## *Key Authors:*

Charles Dickens  
Rudyard Kipling  
George Eliot  
Alfred Lord Tennyson  
Charlotte Bronte

Thomas Hardy  
Robert Louis Stevenson  
Oscar Wilde  
Charles Darwin  
Robert Browning



# The Modern Period

Years: 1900-(subject to debate)

## *Content:*

- Breakdown of social norms
- Realistic embodiment of social meanings
- Separation of meanings and senses from the context
- Despairing individual behaviours in the face of an unmanageable future
- Spiritual loneliness
- Alienation
- Frustration when reading the text
- Disillusionment
- Rejection of history
- Rejection of outdated social systems
- Objection to traditional thoughts and traditional moralities
- Objection to religious thoughts
- Substitution of a mythical past
- Two World Wars' effects on humanity

## *Genres/Styles:*

- poetry: free verse
- epiphanies begin to appear in literature
- speeches
- memoirs
- novels
- stream of consciousness

## *Effect:*

- Literature attempts to search for 'truthes' and discover the deep ideas and meanings behind

## *Historical Context:*

- British Empire loses 1 million soldiers to World War I
- Winston Churchill leads Britain through WW II, and the Germans bomb England directly
- British colonies demand independence

## *Key Authors:*

James Joyce	Virginia Woolf
T. S. Eliot	Joseph Conrad
D. H. Lawrence	Graham Greene
Dylan Thomas	George Orwell
William Butler Yeats	Bernard Shaw

# The Post Modern Period

## Years: 1945(ish) – present

It is very difficult to determine the exact beginning or evolution of modernism into the realm of postmodernism. It is a general assumption that postmodernism started after WW2 in a time of great social, political and cultural upheaval. What is important is the term postmodernism is revealing in the sense that it is not a new movement, devoid of links with modernism but a reaction to it. Below is a list of characteristics displayed within post-modern literature, all of which are contrasted to modern literature.

1. Whereas Modernism places faith in the ideas, values, beliefs, culture, and norms of the West, Postmodernism rejects Western values and beliefs as only a small part of the human experience and often rejects such ideas, beliefs, culture, and norms.
2. Whereas Modernism attempts to reveal profound truths of experience and life, Postmodernism is suspicious of being "profound" because such ideas are based on one particular Western value systems.
3. Whereas Modernism attempts to find depth and interior meaning beneath the surface of objects and events, Postmodernism prefers to dwell on the exterior image and avoids drawing conclusions or suggesting underlying meanings associated with the interior of objects and events.
4. Whereas Modernism focused on central themes and a united vision in a particular piece of literature, Postmodernism sees human experience as unstable, internally contradictory, ambiguous, inconclusive, indeterminate, unfinished, fragmented, discontinuous, "jagged," with no one specific reality possible. Therefore, it focuses on a vision of a contradictory, fragmented, ambiguous, indeterminate, unfinished, "jagged" world.
5. Whereas Modern authors guide and control the reader's response to their work, the Postmodern writer creates an "open" work in which the reader must supply his own connections, work out alternative meanings, and provide his own (unguided) interpretation.

### *A Sampling of Key Authors:*

Margaret Atwood	Martin Amis
Jean Baudrillard	Jorge Louis Borges
William S. Burroughs	Albert Camus
Bret Easton Ellis	Gabriel García Márquez
Jack Kerouac	Vladimir Nabokov
George Orwell	Sylvia Plath
Tom Stoppard	Salman Rushdie

## Extracts from key prose texts 18<sup>th</sup> century beginnings.

At the beginning of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, there was a wide range of books known as 'romances' or 'true histories'. The first 'novels' were so called because they were a new (novel) genre. The writing was characterised by detailed descriptions of settings and by clear causal links between character and plot.



### Daniel Defoe (1660-1731)

*English novelist, pamphleteer, and journalist, author of Robinson Crusoe (1719–22) and Moll Flanders (1722).*

Defoe is sometimes credited with writing the first novels – first person prose fictions. Both *Moll Flanders* and *Robinson Crusoe* are lively accounts of the lives and adventures of the narrators. There are no

chapter divisions and in both, personas are created who tell their personal stories.

This is an extract from *Moll Flanders*. Born in a prison, Moll makes her way in the world by marrying well and often. Here she has discovered something which changes her life. She has emigrated to Virginia with her latest husband to join his mother. When she hears the story of her mother-in-law's past and how she had a baby in Newgate Prison, Moll realises that this woman is really her mother who had to leave her behind when she was transported. Moll's husband is therefore her brother and at this time she is pregnant with his child.

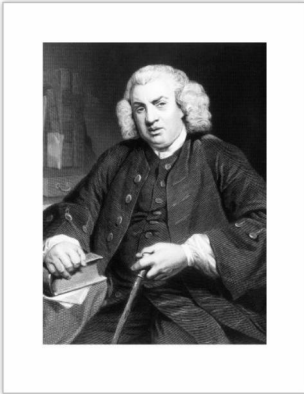
I was now the most unhappy of all women in the world. Oh! had the story never been told me, all had been well; it had been no crime to have lain with my husband, since as to his being my relation I had known nothing of it.

I had now such a load on my mind that it kept me perpetually waking; to reveal it, which would have been some ease to me, I could not find would be to any purpose, and yet to conceal it would be next to impossible; nay, I did not doubt but I should talk of it in my sleep, and tell my husband of it whether I would or no. If I discovered it, the least thing I could expect was to lose my husband, for he was too nice and too honest a man to have continued my husband after he had known I had been his sister; so that I was perplexed to the last degree.

I leave it to any man to judge what difficulties presented to my view. I was away from my native country, at a distance prodigious, and the return to me unpassable. I lived very well, but in a circumstance insufferable in itself. If I had discovered myself to my mother, it might be difficult to convince her of the particulars, and I had no way to prove them. On the other hand, if she had questioned or doubted me, I had been undone, for the bare suggestion would have immediately separated me from my husband, without gaining my mother or him, who would have been neither a husband nor a brother; so that between the surprise on one hand, and the uncertainty on the other, I had been sure to be undone.

- Pick out words or phrases which identify this as an 'old text'.
- Outline Moll's main thoughts- Do you think her thoughts are believable and natural?
- What aspects of love are evident in this text?

## Samuel Richardson (1689-1761)



*Samuel Richardson is best known for his three epistolary novels:*

*Pamela: Or, Virtue Rewarded (1740), Clarissa: Or the History of a Young Lady (1748) and The History of Sir Charles Grandison (1753).*

**Pamela** tells the story of a beautiful 15-year-old maidservant whose country landowner master, Mr. B, makes unwanted advances towards her after the death of his mother. After attempting unsuccessfully to seduce and rape her, her virtue is eventually rewarded when he sincerely proposes an equitable marriage to her. In the novel's second part, Pamela marries Mr. B and tries to adapt to upper-class society. The story, a best-seller of its time, appealed to the growing contingency of middle class women who were both literate and leisured.

In this extract, Mr B attempts to rape Pamela assisted by a servant woman. Mr B has disguised himself as a maidservant.

At that, the pretended She came to the Bed side; and, sitting down in a Chair, where the Curtain hid her, began to undress. Said I, Poor Mrs. Anne, I warrant your Head aches most sadly! How do you do?

—She answered not a Word. Said the superlatively wicked woman, You know I have ordered her not to answer you. And this Plot, to be sure, was laid when she gave her these Orders the Night before.

I heard her, as I thought, breathe all quick and short : Indeed, said I, Mrs. Jewkes, the poor Maid is not well. What ails you, Mrs. Anne? And still no answer was made.

But, I tremble to relate it! the pretended She came into Bed, but trembled like an Aspen-leaf; and I, poor Fool that I was! pitied her much—but well might the barbarous Deceiver tremble at his vile Dissimulation, and base Designs.

What Words shall I find, my dear Mother (for my Father should not see this shocking Part), to describe the rest, and my Confusion, when the guilty Wretch took my left arm, and laid it under his Neck, and the vile Procuress held my Right ; and then he clasped me round the Waist!

Said I, is the Wench mad ? Why, how now, Confidence! thinking still it had been Nan. But he kissed me with frightful Vehemence; and then his Voice broke upon me like a

Clap of Thunder. Now, Pamela, said he, is the dreadful Time of Reckoning come, that I have threatened—I screamed out in such a manner, as never anybody heard the like. But there was nobody to help me : and both my Hands were secured, as I said. Sure never poor Soul was in such Agonies as I. Wicked Man! said I ; wicked abominable Woman! O God! my God! this Time! this one Time! deliver me from this Distress! or strike me dead this Moment! And then I screamed again and again.

Says he, One word with you, Pamela; one Word hear me but; and hitherto you see I offer nothing to you. Is this nothing, said I to be in Bed here? To hold my Hands between you? I will hear if you will instantly leave the Bed, and take this villainous Woman from me!

Said she, (O Disgrace of Womankind!) What you do, Sir, do; don't stand dilly-dallying. She cannot exclaim worse than she has done. And she'll be quieter when she knows the worst.

Silence, said he to her; I must say one word to you, Pamela; it is this: You see now you are in my Power!—You cannot get from me, nor help yourself: Yet have I not offered any thing amiss to you. But if you resolve not to comply with my Proposals, I will not lose this Opportunity: If you do, I will yet leave you.

O Sir, said I, leave me, leave me but, and I will do any thing I ought to do.—Swear then to me, said he, that you will accept my Proposals! And then, (for this was all detestable Grimace) he put his Hand in my Bosom. With Struggling, Fright, Terror, I fainted away quite, and did not come to myself soon, so that they both, from the cold sweats that I was in, thought me dying.—And I remember no more, than that, when with great Difficulty they brought me to myself, she was sitting on one side of the Bed, with her clothes on; and he on the other with his, and in his Gown and Slippers.

- a) The novel is told in a series of letters between Pamela and her parents. Find evidence of this from the extract and discuss why Richardson might have chosen to use this form.
- b) What do you learn about Pamela's thoughts, feelings and attitudes to love?
- c) How does Richardson use dialogue and language to convey Pamela's feelings?
- d) What do you learn about the position of women in this extract?
- e) Compare the way in which readers of the time might have responded to this extract compared to readers today.

## Henry Fielding (1707-1754)



Fielding was an English novelist and dramatist known for his rich earthy humour and satirical prowess, and as the author of the novels, *Tom Jones* (1749) and *Joseph Andrews* (1742) .

Fielding was critical of Richardson's populist style and set out to parody the first book of *Pamela* in a novel called *An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrew*; 'In which, the many notorious Falshoods and Misrepresentations of a Book called P A M E L A, Are exposed and refuted;'

Thursday Night, Twelve o'Clock.

Mrs. Jervis and I are just in Bed, and the Door unlocked; if my Master should come—Odsbobs! I hear him just coming in at the Door. You see I write in the present Tense, as Parson Williams says. Well, he is in Bed between us, we both shamming a Sleep, he steals his Hand into my Bosom, which I, as if in my Sleep, press close to me with mine, and then pretend to awake.—I no sooner see him, but I Scream out to Mrs. Jervis, she feigns likewise but just to come to herself; we both begin, she to becall, and I to bescratch very liberally. After having made a pretty free Use of my Fingers, without any great Regard to the Parts I attack'd, I counterfeit a Swoon. Mrs. Jervis then cries out, O, Sir, what have you done, you have murdered poor Pamela: she is gone, she is gone.—

O what a Difficulty it is to keep one's Countenance, when a violent Laugh desires to burst forth.

The poor Booby frightned out of his Wits, jumped out of Bed, and, in his Shirt, sat down by my Bed-Side, pale and trembling, for the Moon shone, and I kept my Eyes wide open, and pretended to fix them in my Head. Mrs. Jervis apply'd Lavender Water, and Hartshorn, and this, for a full half Hour; when thinking I had carried it on long enough, and being likewise unable to continue the Sport any longer, I began by Degrees to come to my self.

- a) Compare the ways the passages present the attempted seduction.
- b) Compare the thoughts feelings and attitudes to love.
- c) Compare the use of first person, dialogue and language.
- d) Compare the ways the reader may respond

**Tom Jones** by Fielding tells of the adventures of an abandoned child who is eventually restored to his rightful inheritance, but not before a large number of sexual escapades. Like many 18<sup>th</sup> century novelists, Fielding comments on the action being unfolded and moralizes on the situation.

For example, at the beginning of Chapter 6 , the narrator says:

There are two sorts of people who, I am afraid, have already conceived some contempt for my hero on account of his behavior to Sophie. The former of these will blame his prudence in neglecting an opportunity to possess himself of Mr Western's fortune; and the latter will no less despise him for his backwardness to so fine a girl who seemed ready to fly into his arms if he would open them to receive her.

a) Discuss the impact on the reader of these comments.

In the following extract, the eponymous hero meets a certain Mrs Waters at an inn; he is , however, in love with Sophie.

All the graces which young ladies and young gentlemen too learn from others, and the many improvements which, by the help of a looking-glass, they add of their own, are in reality those very *spicula et faces amoris* so often mentioned by Ovid; or, as they are sometimes called in our own language, the whole artillery of love.

Now Mrs Waters and our hero had no sooner sat down together than the former began to play this artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a description hitherto unassayed either in prose or verse, we think proper to invoke the assistance of certain aërial beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our aid on this occasion.

"Say then, ye Graces! you that inhabit the heavenly mansions of Seraphina's countenance; for you are truly divine, are always in her presence, and well know all the arts of charming; say, what were the weapons now used to captivate the heart of Mr Jones."

"First, from two lovely blue eyes, whose bright orbs flashed lightning at their discharge, flew forth two pointed ogles; but, happily for our hero, hit only a vast piece of beef which he was then conveying into his plate, and harmless spent their force. The fair warrior perceived their miscarriage, and immediately from her fair bosom drew forth a deadly sigh. A sigh which none could have heard unmoved, and which was sufficient at once to have swept off a dozen beaus; so soft, so sweet, so tender, that the insinuating air must have found its subtle way to the heart of our hero, had it not luckily been driven from his ears by the coarse bubbling of some bottled ale, which at that time he was pouring forth. Many other weapons did she assay; but the god of eating (if there be any such deity, for I do not confidently assert it) preserved his votary; or perhaps it may not be *dignus vindice nodus*, and the present security of Jones may be accounted for by natural means; for as love

frequently preserves from the attacks of hunger, so may hunger possibly, in some cases, defend us against love.

"The fair one, enraged at her frequent disappointments, determined on a short cessation of arms. Which interval she employed in making ready every engine of amorous warfare for the renewing of the attack when dinner should be over.

"No sooner then was the cloth removed than she again began her operations. First, having planted her right eye sidewise against Mr Jones, she shot from its corner a most penetrating glance; which, though great part of its force was spent before it reached our heroe, did not vent itself absolutely without effect. This the fair one perceiving, hastily withdrew her eyes, and levelled them downwards, as if she was concerned for what she had done; though by this means she designed only to draw him from his guard, and indeed to open his eyes, through which she intended to surprize his heart. And now, gently lifting up those two bright orbs which had already begun to make an impression on poor Jones, she discharged a volley of small charms at once from her whole countenance in a smile. Not a smile of mirth, nor of joy; but a smile of affection, which most ladies have always ready at their command, and which serves them to show at once their good-humour, their pretty dimples, and their white teeth.

"This smile our heroe received full in his eyes, and was immediately staggered with its force. He then began to see the designs of the enemy, and indeed to feel their success. A parley now was set on foot between the parties; during which the artful fair so slyly and imperceptibly carried on her attack, that she had almost subdued the heart of our heroe before she again repaired to acts of hostility. To confess the truth, I am afraid Mr Jones maintained a kind of Dutch defence, and treacherously delivered up the garrison, without duly weighing his allegiance to the fair Sophia. In short, no sooner had the amorous parley ended and the lady had unmasked the royal battery, by carelessly letting her handkerchief drop from her neck, than the heart of Mr Jones was entirely taken, and the fair conqueror enjoyed the usual fruits of her victory."

Here the Graces think proper to end their description, and here we think proper to end the chapter.

- a) Describe what is happening between the two people. What do you learn about their relationship?
- b) Discuss the effect of the intrusive narrative style on the reader.
- c) Starting with the word 'artillery', trace the use of military metaphor through the passage.
- d) What attitudes to love are presented in this extract? Are these attitudes influenced by the 18<sup>th</sup> century context?
- e) Compare this extract to other descriptions of lovers enjoying food: the picnic at the beginning of *Enduring Love* or the extract from *The Gargoyle* by Andrew Davidson.



## Mary Wollstonecraft (1759-97)



Wollstonecraft was an English writer, philosopher, and advocate of women's rights. She is best known for *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1792), in which she argues that women are not naturally inferior to men, but appear to be only because they lack education. She suggests that both men and women should be treated as rational beings and imagines a social order founded on reason.

Wollstonecraft was critical of the contemporary sentimental novel for the way in which they portrayed women and relationships. In this extract, she addresses the topic of women and love. Note her reference to Lovelace from *Clarissa* by Richardson.

But one grand truth women have yet to learn, though much it imports them to act accordingly. In the choice of a husband they should not be led astray by the qualities of a lover--for a lover the husband, even supposing him to be wise and virtuous, cannot long remain.

Were women more rationally educated, could they take a more comprehensive view of things, they would be contented to love but once in their lives; and after marriage calmly let passion subside into friendship--into that tender intimacy, which is the best refuge from care; yet is built on such pure, still affections, that idle jealousies would not be allowed to disturb the discharge of the sober duties of life, nor to engross the thoughts that ought to be otherwise employed. This is a state in which many men live; but few, very few women. And the difference may easily be accounted for, without recurring to a sexual character. Men, for whom we are told women are made, have too much occupied the thoughts of women; and this association has so entangled love, with all their motives of action; and, to harp a little on an old string, having been solely employed either to prepare themselves to excite love, or actually putting their lessons in practice, they cannot live without love. But, when a sense of duty, or fear of shame, obliges them to restrain this pampered desire of pleasing beyond certain lengths, too far for delicacy, it is true, though far from criminality, they obstinately determine to love, I speak of their passion, their husbands to the end of the chapter--and then acting the part which they foolishly exacted from their lovers, they become abject wooers, and fond slaves.

Men of wit and fancy are often rakes; and fancy is the food of love. Such men will inspire passion. Half the sex, in its present infantine state, would pine for a Lovelace; a man so witty, so graceful, and so valiant; and can they deserve blame for acting according to principles so constantly inculcated? They want a lover and protector: and behold him kneeling before them--bravery prostrate to beauty! The virtues of a husband are thus

thrown by love into the background, and gay hopes, or lively emotions, banish reflection till the day of reckoning comes; and come it surely will, to turn the sprightly lover into a surly suspicious tyrant, who contemptuously insults the very weakness he fostered.

- a) Summarise the argument in this passage
- b) How are form, structure and language used to present the ideas?

Now read this extract from *In the Name of Love* by Jill Tweedie.

Love may turn out to be our only solace in this loneliness of a million million galaxies but we must learn to shift its source from the tempests of the limbic system to the cool places of the neo-cortex if it is to be a true solace and not a mirage that dissolves as we get close. The loves we know (late comers though they are) are passion and romance and both, if given the centre stage, will not sustain the burden of reality. Indeed, both are an escape from reality. Romance cocoons itself in chiffon and lace, perfume and songs and rose-coloured spectacles, to avoid any hint of the reality of the loved one that would melt the bauble away. Passion puts all its energies to exaggerating reality, tightening emotional strings to the highest pitch in an all-consuming drive towards tension, drama, danger and death. Once, at its start, romance served an elegant purpose, it produced the first gentleness and reciprocity between the sexes, a brave enough attempt to supply by art what was missing in fact. Now, it is past its peak and well on the way to decrepitude and romantic flourishes can be seen to have a devious purpose. Like the fine pomanders carried by seventeenth century ladies to cover the effluvia of unwashed bodies and rotting teeth, it conveniently conceals the gangrenous patches in the relationships between the sexes, the reality of male oppression and female manipulation, the loveless and often brutal marriages and lovelessness itself....

Thanks ever so, but no thank you. Love, used in a romantic or a passionate context, is merely a licence for indulgence of our own needs and fantasies, a prop for our weaknesses and an accessory for our shaky egos. True love is, above all, an emanation of reason; a rational apprehension of another human being and a logical assessment of his or her particular needs, virtues and failings, in the light of reality. In some ways women have already understood this better than men but our subordinate position and the resulting dependency and weak sense of self have prevented us acting on it. Which is the other and perhaps the greatest obstacle of all still to be overcome in the name of love.

- a) Summarise the argument
- b) How are structure and language used to present the ideas?
- c) Compare the ideas in the two extracts
- d) Compare the ways the ideas are presented.
- e) How far do you agree with the view that Tweedie mounts the more convincing argument?
- f) When do you think Jill Tweedie was writing?
- g) What do the two passages have to tell you about attitudes to love in society?



## Mary Shelley (1797-1851)

Shelley was an English novelist, best known for her Gothic novel *Frankenstein: or, The Modern Prometheus* (1818). She also edited and promoted the works of her husband, the Romantic poet and philosopher Percy Bysshe Shelley. Her father was the political philosopher William Godwin, and her mother was the philosopher and feminist Mary Wollstonecraft.

In this extract from *Frankenstein*, the creature, who has never known love or affection, seeks the friendship and support of a family that he has been observing and secretly helping. Here, the creature approaches the blind elderly father.

"I am an unfortunate and deserted creature, I look around and I have no relation or friend upon earth. These amiable people to whom I go have never seen me and know little of me. I am full of fears, for if I fail there, I am an outcast in the world forever.'

"Do not despair. To be friendless is indeed to be unfortunate, but the hearts of men, when unprejudiced by any obvious self-interest, are full of brotherly love and charity. Rely, therefore, on your hopes; and if these friends are good and amiable, do not despair.'

"They are kind—they are the most excellent creatures in the world; but, unfortunately, they are prejudiced against me. I have good dispositions; my life has been hitherto harmless and in some degree beneficial; but a fatal prejudice clouds their eyes, and where they ought to see a feeling and kind friend, they behold only a detestable monster.'

"That is indeed unfortunate; but if you are really blameless, cannot you undeceive them?'

"I am about to undertake that task; and it is on that account that I feel so many overwhelming terrors. I tenderly love these friends; I have, unknown to them, been for many months in the habits of daily kindness towards them; but they believe that I wish to injure them, and it is that prejudice which I wish to overcome.'

"Where do these friends reside?'

"Near this spot.'

"The old man paused and then continued, 'If you will unreservedly confide to me the particulars of your tale, I perhaps may be of use in undeceiving them. I am blind and cannot judge of your countenance, but there is something in your words which persuades me that

you are sincere. I am poor and an exile, but it will afford me true pleasure to be in any way serviceable to a human creature.'

"Excellent man! I thank you and accept your generous offer. You raise me from the dust by this kindness; and I trust that, by your aid, I shall not be driven from the society and sympathy of your fellow creatures.'

"Heaven forbid! Even if you were really criminal, for that can only drive you to desperation, and not instigate you to virtue. I also am unfortunate; I and my family have been condemned, although innocent; judge, therefore, if I do not feel for your misfortunes.'

"How can I thank you, my best and only benefactor? From your lips first have I heard the voice of kindness directed towards me; I shall be forever grateful; and your present humanity assures me of success with those friends whom I am on the point of meeting.'

"May I know the names and residence of those friends?'

"I paused. This, I thought, was the moment of decision, which was to rob me of or bestow happiness on me forever. I struggled vainly for firmness sufficient to answer him, but the effort destroyed all my remaining strength; I sank on the chair and sobbed aloud. At that moment I heard the steps of my younger protectors. I had not a moment to lose, but seizing the hand of the old man, I cried, 'Now is the time! Save and protect me! You and your family are the friends whom I seek. Do not you desert me in the hour of trial!'

"Great God!' exclaimed the old man. 'Who are you?'

"At that instant the cottage door was opened, and Felix, Safie, and Agatha entered. Who can describe their horror and consternation on beholding me? Agatha fainted, and Safie, unable to attend to her friend, rushed out of the cottage. Felix darted forward, and with supernatural force tore me from his father, to whose knees I clung, in a transport of fury, he dashed me to the ground and struck me violently with a stick. I could have torn him limb from limb, as the lion rends the antelope. But my heart sank within me as with bitter sickness, and I refrained. I saw him on the point of repeating his blow, when, overcome by pain and anguish, I quitted the cottage, and in the general tumult escaped unperceived to my hovel."

- a) What do you learn about the creature's thoughts, feelings and attitudes to love?
- b) How does Shelley use dialogue and language to create sympathy for the creature?
- c) What aspects of love are evident in this passage?

**Shelley** also uses letters within the novel to convey different perspectives and voices. Elizabeth Lavenza is the orphan child taken in by the Frankenstein family, who was lovingly raised with Victor Frankenstein and is betrothed to him. Victor's single-minded pursuit of his experiments and his subsequent travels take him away from Elizabeth for long periods of time.

"My dear Friend,

"It gave me the greatest pleasure to receive a letter from my uncle dated at Paris; you are no longer at a formidable distance, and I may hope to see you in less than a fortnight. My poor cousin, how much you must have suffered! I expect to see you looking even more ill than when you quitted Geneva. This winter has been passed most miserably, tortured as I have been by anxious suspense; yet I hope to see peace in your countenance and to find that your heart is not totally void of comfort and tranquillity.

"Yet I fear that the same feelings now exist that made you so miserable a year ago, even perhaps augmented by time. I would not disturb you at this period, when so many misfortunes weigh upon you, but a conversation that I had with my uncle previous to his departure renders some explanation necessary before we meet. Explanation! You may possibly say, What can Elizabeth have to explain? If you really say this, my questions are answered and all my doubts satisfied. But you are distant from me, and it is possible that you may dread and yet be pleased with this explanation; and in a probability of this being the case, I dare not any longer postpone writing what, during your absence, I have often wished to express to you but have never had the courage to begin.

"You well know, Victor, that our union had been the favourite plan of your parents ever since our infancy. We were told this when young, and taught to look forward to it as an event that would certainly take place. We were affectionate playfellows during childhood, and, I believe, dear and valued friends to one another as we grew older. But as brother and sister often entertain a lively affection towards each other without desiring a more intimate union, may not such also be our case? Tell me, dearest Victor. Answer me, I conjure you by our mutual happiness, with simple truth—Do you not love another?

"You have travelled; you have spent several years of your life at Ingolstadt; and I confess to you, my friend, that when I saw you last autumn so unhappy, flying to solitude from the society of every creature, I could not help supposing that you might regret our connection and believe yourself bound in honour to fulfil the wishes of your parents, although they opposed themselves to your inclinations. But this is false reasoning. I confess to you, my friend, that I love you and that in my airy dreams of futurity you have been my constant friend and companion. But it is your happiness I desire as well as my own when I declare to you that our marriage would render me eternally miserable unless it were the dictate of your own free choice. Even now I weep to think that, borne down as you are by the cruellest misfortunes, you may stifle, by the word 'honour,' all hope of that love and happiness which would alone restore you to yourself. I, who have so disinterested an affection for you, may increase your miseries tenfold by being an obstacle to your wishes. Ah! Victor, be assured that your cousin and playmate has too sincere a love for you not to be made miserable by this supposition. Be happy, my friend; and if you obey me in this one request, remain satisfied that nothing on earth will have the power to interrupt my tranquillity.

Elizabeth

- a) Explore the ways that Shelley creates a distinctive voice for Elizabeth.
- b) Trace her thoughts and feelings.
- c) What impression is created of love, marriage and women's position?

Exam style question : Examine the view that Shelley presents Elizabeth as doubting her love for Victor. Make close reference to the writer's methods in your response.

## Jane Austen (1775-1817)



Austen is still to this day one of the most widely read female authors. Her work is characterised by its realism and social commentary. While comical, they highlight the dependency of women on marriage, something Austen never experienced herself. Austen chose to publish anonymously during her lifetime. She is buried in Winchester Cathedral.

***Pride and Prejudice (1813)*** – From the outset, Elizabeth develops a dislike towards Darcy, believing him to be too proud. She also thinks that Darcy has been instrumental in preventing Bingham and her sister's relationship. In this extract Darcy proposes to Elizabeth.

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

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

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

In spite of her deeply rooted dislike she could not be insensible to the compliment of such a man's affection, and though her intentions did not vary for an instant, she was at first sorry for the pain he was to receive; till, roused to resentment by his subsequent language, she lost all compassion in anger. She tried, however, to compose herself to answer him with patience, when he should have done. He concluded with representing to her the strength of that attachment which, in spite of all his endeavours, he had found impossible to conquer; and with expressing his hope that it would now be rewarded by her acceptance of his hand. As he said this, she could easily see that he had no doubt of a favourable answer. He *spoke*

of apprehension and anxiety, but his countenance expressed real security. Such a circumstance could only exasperate farther, and, when he ceased, the colour rose into her cheeks, and she said --

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

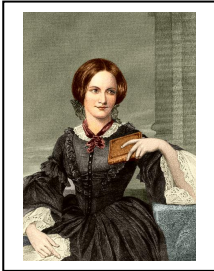
With assumed tranquillity he then replied, "I have no wish of denying that I did everything in my power to separate my friend from your sister, or that I rejoice in my success. Towards *him* I have been kinder than towards myself."

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

- a) Trace the thoughts and feelings of Elizabeth and then trace Darcy's feelings.

- b) From which character's point of view is this extract narrated?
- c) Comment on the effect of Austen's free indirect style. Are there any indications that Elizabeth may be mistaken in her judgement of Darcy?
- d) Compare the attitudes to love and marriage with those in the previous extract from Frankenstein.
- e) Also read the extract from Persuasion – AQA A2 lit text book p62

## Charlotte Bronte (1816-1855)



Brontë is one of the three Brontë sisters, all famous novelists and poets of their period. The sisters published under male names, Charlotte's being Currer Bell. She is most famous for her novel 'Jane Eyre'. After the deaths of her sisters, Charlotte was persuaded to reveal her identity and became friends with other authors of the time. She was married for only a year before her death in 1855.

**Jane Eyre (1847)**- Jane discovers that her fiancé, Mr Rochester is a married man. She has been shown Mr. Rochester's wife in the attic and withdraws to her room.

With a strange pang, I now reflected that, long as I had been shut up here, no message had been sent to ask how I was, or to invite me to come down: not even little Adèle had tapped at the door; not even Mrs. Fairfax had sought me. "Friends always forget those whom fortune forsakes," I murmured, as I undrew the bolt and passed out. I stumbled over an obstacle: my head was still dizzy, my sight was dim, and my limbs were feeble. I could not soon recover myself. I fell, but not on to the ground: an outstretched arm caught me. I looked up—I was supported by Mr. Rochester, who sat in a chair across my chamber threshold.

"You come out at last," he said. "Well, I have been waiting for you long, and listening: yet not one movement have I heard, nor one sob: five minutes more of that death-like hush, and I should have forced the lock like a burglar. So you shun me?—you shut yourself up and grieve alone! I would rather you had come and upbraided me with vehemence. You are passionate. I expected a scene of some kind. I was prepared for the hot rain of tears; only I wanted them to be shed on my breast: now a senseless floor has received them, or your drenched handkerchief. But I err: you have not wept at all! I see a white cheek and a faded eye, but no trace of tears. I suppose, then, your heart has been weeping blood?" "Well, Jane! not a word of reproach? Nothing bitter—nothing poignant? Nothing to cut a feeling or sting a passion? You sit quietly where I have placed you, and regard me with a weary, passive look."

"Jane, I never meant to wound you thus. If the man who had but one little ewe lamb that was dear to him as a daughter, that ate of his bread and drank of his cup, and lay in his bosom, had by some mistake slaughtered it at the shambles, he would not have rued his bloody blunder more than I now rue mine. Will you ever forgive me?"

Reader, I forgave him at the moment and on the spot. There was such deep remorse in his eye, such true pity in his tone, such manly energy in his manner; and besides, there was such unchanged love in his whole look and mien—I forgave him all: yet not in words, not outwardly; only at my heart's core.



"You know I am a scoundrel, Jane?" ere long he inquired wistfully—wondering, I suppose, at my continued silence and tameness, the result rather of weakness than of will.

"Yes, sir."

"Then tell me so roundly and sharply—don't spare me."

"I cannot: I am tired and sick. I want some water." He heaved a sort of shuddering sigh, and taking me in his arms, carried me downstairs. At first I did not know to what room he had borne me; all was cloudy to my glazed sight: presently I felt the reviving warmth of a fire; for, summer as it was, I had become icy cold in my chamber. He put wine to my lips; I tasted it and revived; then I ate something he offered me, and was soon myself. I was in the library—sitting in his chair—he was quite near. "If I could go out of life now, without too sharp a pang, it would be well for me," I thought; "then I should not have to make the effort of cracking my heart-strings in rending them from among Mr. Rochester's. I must leave him, it appears. I do not want to leave him—I cannot leave him."

"How are you now, Jane?"

"Much better, sir; I shall be well soon."

"Taste the wine again, Jane."

I obeyed him; then he put the glass on the table, stood before me, and looked at me attentively. Suddenly he turned away, with an inarticulate exclamation, full of passionate emotion of some kind; he walked fast through the room and came back; he stooped towards me as if to kiss me; but I remembered caresses were now forbidden. I turned my face away and put his aside.

"What!—How is this?" he exclaimed hastily. "Oh, I know! you won't kiss the husband of Bertha Mason? You consider my arms filled and my embraces appropriated?"

"At any rate, there is neither room nor claim for me, sir."

"Why, Jane? I will spare you the trouble of much talking; I will answer for you—Because I have a wife already, you would reply.—I guess rightly?"

"Yes."

"If you think so, you must have a strange opinion of me; you must regard me as a plotting profligate—a base and low rake who has been simulating disinterested love in order to draw you into a snare deliberately laid, and strip you of honour and rob you of self-respect. What do you say to that? I see you can say nothing in the first place, you are faint still, and have enough to do to draw your breath; in the second place, you cannot yet accustom yourself to accuse and revile me, and besides, the flood-gates of tears are opened, and they would rush out if you spoke much; and you have no desire to expostulate, to upbraid, to make a scene: you are thinking how *to act—talking* you consider is of no use. I know you—I am on my guard."

"Sir, I do not wish to act against you," I said; and my unsteady voice warned me to curtail my sentence.

"Not in your sense of the word, but in mine you are scheming to destroy me. You have as good as said that I am a married man—as a married man you will shun me, keep out of my way: just now you have refused to kiss me. You intend to make yourself a complete stranger to me: to live under this roof only as Adèle's governess; if ever I say a friendly word to you, if ever a friendly feeling inclines you again to me, you will say,—'That man had nearly made me his mistress: I must be ice and rock to him;' and ice and rock you will accordingly become."

- a) What impressions have you formed of Jane and Rochester and their relationship?
- b) Comment on Brontë's use of language to create a voice for Rochester.
- c) What does the extract tell us about the position of women in 19<sup>th</sup> century England?
- d) Examine the view that Brontë presents Rochester as a domineering and unfeeling man in this extract. Make close reference to the writer's methods in your response.

## Emily Brontë (1818-1848)



Emily Brontë was a poet and author, publishing under the name of Ellis Bell due to the social prejudices against female authors at the time. Emily is most famous for her only novel 'Wuthering Heights'.

**Wuthering Heights (1847)** – The novel is narrated by Lockwood, a newcomer to the area. The story that he records is told to him by Nelly, a servant. Much of the novel is told in Nelly's voice. In this extract, Catherine confides to Nelly that she has accepted Edgar Linton's proposal of marriage. Unnoticed, Heathcliff is listening.

'I *shall* marry him: and yet you have not told me whether I'm right.'

'Perfectly right; if people be right to marry only for the present. And now, let us hear what you are unhappy about. Your brother will be pleased; the old lady and gentleman will not object, I think; you will escape from a disorderly, comfortless home into a wealthy, respectable one; and you love Edgar, and Edgar loves you. All seems smooth and easy: where is the obstacle?'

'*Here!* and *here!*' replied Catherine, striking one hand on her forehead, and the other on her breast: 'in whichever place the soul lives. In my soul and in my heart, I'm convinced I'm wrong!'

...She seated herself by me again: her countenance grew sadder and graver, and her clasped hands trembled.

'Nelly, do you never dream queer dreams?' she said, suddenly, after some minutes' reflection.

'Yes, now and then,' I answered.

'And so do I. I've dreamt in my life dreams that have stayed with me ever after, and changed my ideas: they've gone through and through me, like wine through water, and altered the colour of my mind. And this is one: I'm going to tell it—but take care not to smile at any part of it.'

...I was superstitious about dreams then, and am still; and Catherine had an unusual gloom in her aspect, that made me dread something from which I might shape a prophecy, and foresee a fearful catastrophe....

'If I were in heaven, Nelly, I should be extremely miserable... I dreamt once that I was there'

'I tell you I won't hearken to your dreams, Miss Catherine! I'll go to bed,' I interrupted again.

'I was only going to say that heaven did not seem to be my home; and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth; and the angels were so angry that they flung me out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights; where I woke sobbing for

joy. That will do to explain my secret, as well as the other. I've no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven; and if the wicked man in there had not brought Heathcliff so low, I shouldn't have thought of it. It would degrade me to marry Heathcliff now; so he shall never know how I love him: and that, not because he's handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same; and Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire.' Ere this speech ended I became sensible of Heathcliff's presence. Having noticed a slight movement, I turned my head, and saw him rise from the bench, and steal out noiselessly. He had listened till he heard Catherine say it would degrade her to marry him, and then he stayed to hear no further. My companion, sitting on the ground, was prevented by the back of the settle from remarking his presence or departure; but I started, and bade her hush!

'Why?' she asked, gazing nervously round.

'Joseph is here,' I answered, catching opportunely the roll of his cartwheels up the road; 'and Heathcliff will come in with him. I'm not sure whether he were not at the door this moment.'

'Oh, he couldn't overhear me at the door!' said she. 'Heathcliff has no notion of these things. He has not, has he? He does not know what being in love is!'

'I see no reason that he should not know, as well as you,' I returned; 'and if you are his choice, he'll be the most unfortunate creature that ever was born! As soon as you become Mrs. Linton, he loses friend, and love, and all! Have you considered how you'll bear the separation, and how he'll bear to be quite deserted in the world? Because, Miss Catherine..' 'He quite deserted! we separated!' she exclaimed, with an accent of indignation. 'Who is to separate us, pray? They'll meet the fate of Milo! Not as long as I live, Ellen: for no mortal creature. Every Linton on the face of the earth might melt into nothing before I could consent to forsake Heathcliff. Oh, that's not what I intend—that's not what I mean! I shouldn't be Mrs. Linton were such a price demanded! He'll be as much to me as he has been all his lifetime. Edgar must shake off his antipathy, and tolerate him, at least. He will, when he learns my true feelings towards him. Nelly, I see now you think me a selfish wretch; but did it never strike you that if Heathcliff and I married, we should be beggars? whereas, if I marry Linton I can aid Heathcliff to rise, and place him out of my brother's power.'

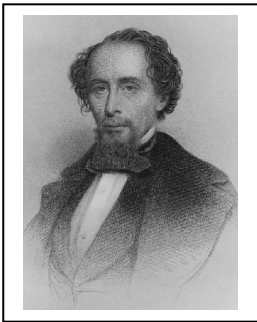
'With your husband's money, Miss Catherine?' I asked. 'You'll find him not so pliable as you calculate upon: and, though I'm hardly a judge, I think that's the worst motive you've given yet for being the wife of young Linton.'

'It is not,' retorted she; 'it is the best! The others were the satisfaction of my whims: and for Edgar's sake, too, to satisfy him. This is for the sake of one who comprehends in his person my feelings to Edgar and myself. I cannot express it; but surely you and everybody have a notion that there is or should be an existence of yours beyond you. What were the use of my creation, if I were entirely contained here? My great miseries in this world have been Heathcliff's miseries, and I watched and felt each from the beginning: my great thought in living is himself. If all else perished, and *he* remained, *I* should still continue to be; and if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger: I should not seem a part of it.—My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff

resembles the eternal rocks beneath: a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I am Heathcliff! He's always, always in my mind: not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being. So don't talk of our separation again.'

- a) Explore the ideas about love and marriage that are presented in this extract.
- b) Comment on the use of Nelly as a first person narrator.
- c) Compare the characterization of Jane Eyre with Catherine from Wuthering Heights. Which character provokes your sympathy and why?

## Charles Dickens (1812-1870)



Dickens is arguably the best known of the Victorian novelists. His work was originally published in serialised form in periodicals and magazines, a popular way of publishing at the time. Dickens is credited with creating some of the most interesting and best loved characters in literature. The theme of social reform is one that is evident throughout his work. He is perhaps best known for novels such as 'Oliver Twist' and 'A Christmas Carol'

**Great Expectations** (published as a serial from December 1860-August 1861) Pip falls in love with Estella when he is just a boy but she never

shows any affection towards him. This extract takes place in London, after a ball which they have both attended.

At a certain Assembly Ball at Richmond (there used to be Assembly Balls at most places then), where Estella had outshone all other beauties, this blundering Drummle so hung about her, and with so much toleration on her part, that I resolved to speak to her concerning him. I took the next opportunity; which was when she was waiting for Mrs. Blandley to take her home, and was sitting apart among some flowers, ready to go. I was with her, for I almost always accompanied them to and from such places.

"Are you tired, Estella?"

"Rather, Pip."

"You should be."

"Say rather, I should not be; for I have my letter to Satis House to write, before I go to sleep."

"Recounting to-night's triumph?" said I. "Surely a very poor one, Estella."

"What do you mean? I didn't know there had been any."

"Estella," said I, "do look at that fellow in the corner yonder, who is looking over here at us."

"Why should I look at him?" returned Estella, with her eyes on me instead. "What is there in that fellow in the corner yonder,—to use your words,—that I need look at?"

"Indeed, that is the very question I want to ask you," said I. "For he has been hovering about you all night."

"Moths, and all sorts of ugly creatures," replied Estella, with a glance towards him,

"hover about a lighted candle. Can the candle help it?"

"No," I returned; "but cannot the Estella help it?"

"Well!" said she, laughing, after a moment, "perhaps. Yes. Anything you like."

"But, Estella, do hear me speak. It makes me wretched that you should encourage a man so generally despised as Drummle. You know he is despised."

"Well?" said she.

"You know he is as ungainly within as without. A deficient, ill-tempered, lowering, stupid fellow."

"Well?" said she.

"You know he has nothing to recommend him but money and a ridiculous roll of addle-headed predecessors; now, don't you?"

"Well?" said she again; and each time she said it, she opened her lovely eyes the wider.

To overcome the difficulty of getting past that monosyllable, I took it from her, and said, repeating it with emphasis, "Well! Then, that is why it makes me wretched." Now, if I could have believed that she favored Drummle with any idea of making me-me—wretched, I should have been in better heart about it; but in that habitual way of hers, she put me so entirely out of the question, that I could believe nothing of the kind.

"Pip," said Estella, casting her glance over the room, "don't be foolish about its effect on you. It may have its effect on others, and may be meant to have. It's not worth discussing."

"Yes it is," said I, "because I cannot bear that people should say, 'she throws away her graces and attractions on a mere boor, the lowest in the crowd.'"

"I can bear it," said Estella.

"Oh! don't be so proud, Estella, and so inflexible."

"Calls me proud and inflexible in this breath!" said Estella, opening her hands. "And in his last breath reproached me for stooping to a boor!"

"There is no doubt you do," said I, something hurriedly, "for I have seen you give him looks and smiles this very night, such as you never give to—me."

"Do you want me then," said Estella, turning suddenly with a fixed and serious, if not angry, look, "to deceive and entrap you?"

"Do you deceive and entrap him, Estella?"

"Yes, and many others,—all of them but you. Here is Mrs. Brandley. I'll say no more."

- a) Trace Pip's thoughts and feelings in this extract.
- b) How do you respond to Estella and her attitude towards men?
- c) Explore Dickens' use of dialogue and language to convey Pip's feelings.

d) Imagine that you are the examiner. What question would you set on this extract?

Miss Havisham adopts Estella to ease and avenge the heartache she suffers at having been jilted. However, and although Miss Havisham has brought her up to be heartless, Estella is expected to love her adoptive mother.

It happened on the occasion of this visit that some sharp words arose between Estella and Miss Havisham. It was the first time I had ever seen them opposed. We were seated by the fire, as just now described, and Miss Havisham still had Estella's arm drawn through her own, and still clutched Estella's hand in hers, when Estella gradually began to detach herself. She had shown a proud impatience more than once before, and had rather endured that fierce affection rather than accepted or returned it.

'What!' said Miss Havisham, flashing her eyes upon her, 'are you tired of me?'

'Only a little tired of myself,' replied Estella, disengaging her arm, and moving to the great chimney-piece, where she stood looking down at the fire.

'Speak the truth, you ingrate!' cried Miss Havisham, passionately striking her stick upon the floor; 'you are tired of me.'

Estella looked at her with perfect composure, and again looked down at the fire. Her graceful figure and her beautiful face expressed a self-possessed indifference to the wild heat of the other that was almost cruel.

'You stock and stone!' exclaimed Miss Havisham. 'You cold, cold heart!'

'What?' said Estella, preserving her attitude of indifference as she leaned against the chimney-piece and only moving her eyes; 'do you reproach me for being cold? You?'

'Are you not?' was the fierce retort.

'You should know,' said Estella. 'I am what you have made me. Take all the praise, take all the blame; take all the success, take all the failure; in short, take me.'

'O, look at her, look at her!' cried Miss Havisham, bitterly. 'Look at her, so hard and thankless, on the hearth where she was reared! Where I took her into this wretched breast when it was first bleeding from its stabs, and where I have lavished years of tenderness upon her!'

'At least I was no party to the compact,' said Estella, 'for if I could walk and speak, when it was made, it was as much as I could do. But what would you have? You have been very good to me, and I owe everything to you. What would you have?'

'Love,' replied the other.

'You have it.'

'I have not,' said Miss Havisham.

'Mother by adoption,' retorted Estella, never departing from the easy grace of her attitude, never raising her voice as the other did, never yielding either to anger or tenderness. 'Mother by adoption, I have said that I owe everything to you. All I possess is freely yours. All that you have given me, is at your command to have again. Beyond that, I have nothing. And if you ask me to give you what you never gave me, my gratitude and duty cannot do impossibilities.'

'Did I never give her, love!' cried Miss Havisham, turning wildly to me. 'Did I never give her a burning love, inseparable from jealousy at all times, and from sharp pain, while she speaks thus to me! Let her call me mad, let her call me mad?'

'Why should I call you mad,' returned Estella, 'I, of all people? Does anyone live, who knows what purposes you have, half as well as I do? Does anyone live, who knows what a steady memory you have, half as well as I do? I who have sat on this same hearth on the little stool that is even now beside you there, learning your lessons and looking up into your face, when your face was strange and frightened me!'

'Soon forgotten!' moaned Miss Havisham. 'Times soon forgotten!'

'No, not forgotten,' retorted Estella. 'Not forgotten but treasured up in my memory. When have you found me false to your teaching? When have you found me unmindful of your lessons? When have you found me giving admission here,' she touched her bosom with her hand, 'to anything that you excluded? Be just to me.'

'Proud, so proud!' moaned Miss Havisham, pushing away her grey hair with both her hands.

'Who taught me to be proud?' returned Estella. 'Who praised me when I learnt my lesson?'

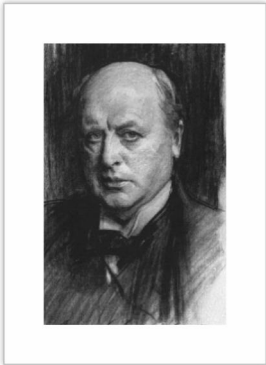
'So hard, so hard!' moaned Miss Havisham, with her former action.

'Who taught me to be hard?' returned Estella. 'Who praised me when I learnt my lesson?'

But to be proud and hard to me!' Miss Havisham quite shrieked, as she stretched out her arms. 'Estella, Estella, Estella, to be proud and hard to me!'

Estella looked at her for a moment with a kind of calm wonder, but was not otherwise disturbed; when the moment was past, she looked down at the fire again.

- a) How does Dickens use form, structure and language here to present Miss Havisham and her adopted daughter?
- b) What is Dickens saying about the parent / child relationship?
- c) Compare your response to Estella in this extract to your response to her in the previous extract.



## Henry James, (1843-1916)

**Henry James** was an American writer, regarded as one of the key figures of 19th-century literary realism. James spent the last 40 years of his life in England, becoming a British subject in 1915. He is primarily known for the series of novels in which he portrays the encounter of Americans with Europe and Europeans. His style in later works has been compared to impressionist painting. This extract from ***The Portrait of a Lady (1881)*** marks the point in the novel where Isabel Archer sees clearly that her husband does not love her. It comes as a dark realisation.

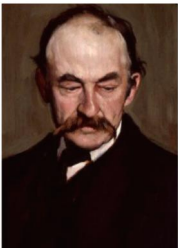
It was as if he had had the evil eye; as if his presence were a blight and his favour a misfortune. Was the fault in himself, or only in the deep mistrust she had conceived for him? This mistrust was the clearest result of their short married life; a gulf had opened between them over which they looked at each other with eyes that were on either side a declaration of the deception suffered. It was a strange opposition, of the like of which she had never dreamed—an opposition in which the vital principle of the one was a thing of contempt to the other. It was not her fault—she had practised no deception; she had only admired and believed. She had taken all the first steps in the purest confidence, and then she had suddenly found the infinite vista of a multiplied life to be a dark, narrow alley, with a dead wall at the end. Instead of leading to the high places of happiness, from which the world would seem to lie below one, so that one could look down with a sense of exaltation and advantage, and judge and choose and pity, it led rather downward and earthward, into realms of restriction and depression, where the sound of other lives, easier and freer, was heard as from above, and served to deepen the feeling of failure. It was her deep distrust of her husband—this was what darkened the world. That is a sentiment easily indicated, but not so easily explained, and so composite in its character that much time and still more suffering had been needed to bring it to its actual perfection. Suffering, with Isabel, was an active condition; it was not a chill, a stupor, a despair; it was a passion of thought, of speculation, of response to every pressure. She flattered herself, however, that she had kept her failing faith to herself—that no one suspected it but Osmond. Oh, he knew it, and there were times when she thought that he enjoyed it. It had come gradually—it was not till the first year of her marriage had closed that she took the alarm. Then the shadows began to gather; it was as if Osmond deliberately, almost malignantly, had put the lights out one by one. The dusk at first was vague and thin, and she could still see her way in it. But it steadily increased, and if here and there it had occasionally lifted, there were certain corners



of her life that were impenetrably black. These shadows were not an emanation from her own mind; she was very sure of that; she had done her best to be just and temperate, to see only the truth. They were a part of her husband's very presence. They were not his misdeeds, his turpitudes; she accused him of nothing—that is, of but one thing, which was not a crime. She knew of no wrong that he had done; he was not violent, he was not cruel; she simply believed that he hated her.

- a) Trace the thoughts and feelings of the central character in this extract.
- b) Does this extract appear to be more modern than other Victorian texts? How?

## Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)



A Victorian realist Hardy was influenced by Romanticism, especially William Wordsworth. Like Dickens, he was highly critical of much in Victorian society, though Hardy focused more on a declining rural society. He gained fame as the author of novels, including *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891), and *Jude the Obscure* (1895). Strong female characters are at the heart of his fiction.

This extract is taken from *The Woodlanders* (1887). Melbury had promised his daughter Grace to Giles Winterborne, but she rejects him and marries the new doctor. A poor villager, Marty South, had always loved Giles but he did not reciprocate her feelings, although he was kind to her. When the doctor was unfaithful, Grace turned to Giles who let her sleep in his house during stormy weather. He slept outside, fell ill and died. In this extract, which is the end of the novel, Grace's father has discovered that she has returned to her husband.

Melbury now returned to the room, and the men having declared themselves refreshed they all started on the homeward journey, which was by no means cheerless under the rays of the high moon. Having to walk the whole distance they came by a footpath rather shorter than the highway, though difficult except to those who knew the country well. This brought them by way of the church: and passing the graveyard they observed as they talked a motionless figure standing by the gate.

'I think it was Marty South,' said the hollow-tuner parenthetically.

'I think 'twas; 'a was always a lonely maid,' said Upjohn. And they passed on homeward, and thought of the matter no more. It was Marty, as they had supposed. That evening had been the particular one of the week upon which Grace and herself had been accustomed to privately deposit flowers on Giles's grave, and this was the first occasion since his death eight months earlier on which Grace had failed to keep her appointment. Marty had waited in the road just outside Melbury's, where her fellow-pilgrim had been wont to join her, till she was weary; and at last, thinking that Grace had missed her, and gone on alone, she followed the way to the church, but saw no Grace in front of her. It got later, and Marty continued her walk till she reached the churchyard gate; but still no Grace. Yet her sense of comradeship would not allow her to go on to the grave alone, and still thinking the delay had been unavoidable she stood there with her little basket of flowers in her clasped hands, and her feet chilled by the damp ground, till more than two hours had passed. She then

heard the footsteps of Melbury's men, who presently passed on their return from the search. In the silence of the night Marty could not help hearing fragments of their conversation, from which she acquired a general idea of what had occurred, and that Mrs Fitzpiers was by that time in the arms of another man than Giles.

Immediately they had dropped down the hill she entered the churchyard, going to a secluded corner behind the bushes where rose the unadorned stone that marked the last bed of Giles Winterborne. As this solitary and silent girl stood there in the moonlight, a straight slim figure, clothed in a plaitless gown, the contours of womanhood so undeveloped as to be scarcely perceptible in her, the marks of poverty and toil effaced by the misty hour, she touched sublimity at points, and looked almost like a being who had rejected with indifference the attribute of sex for the loftier quality of abstract humanism. She stooped down and cleared away the withered flowers that Grace and herself had laid there the previous week, and put her fresh ones in their place.

'Now, my own, own love,' she whispered, 'you are mine, and only mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died! But I – whenever I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee again. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven!.....But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!'

- a) Explore the way Hardy uses language and dialogue to convey thoughts and feelings.
- b) Comment on the use of narrative viewpoint.
- c) Compare the presentation of love in this extract with those in the Bronte extracts.
- d) Also read the extract from *Far from the Madding Crowd* which is in AQA A2 lit text book p69.
- e) Discuss the view that Hardy is concerned more with differences in class than in gender differences.
- f) Below is a short extract from *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Tess is drawn towards music played by Angel Clare. Explore the use of setting and how it may be symbolic of the relationship between the characters.

The outskirts of the garden in which Tess found herself had been left uncultivated for some years, and was now damp and rank with juicy grass which sent up mists of pollen at a touch; and with tall blooming weeds emitting offensive smells—weeds whose red and yellow and purple hues formed a polychrome as dazzling as that of cultivated flowers. She went stealthily as a cat through this profusion of growth, gathering cuckoo-spittle on her skirts, cracking snails that were underfoot, staining her hands with thistle-milk and slug-slime, and rubbing off upon her naked arms sticky blights which, though snow-white on the apple-tree trunks, made madder stains on her skin; thus she drew quite near to Clare, still unobserved of him.

Tess was conscious of neither time nor space. The exaltation which she had described as being producible at will by gazing at a star came now without any determination of hers; she undulated upon the thin notes of the second-hand harp, and their harmonies passed like

breezes through her, bringing tears into her eyes. The floating pollen seemed to be his notes made visible, and the dampness of the garden the weeping of the garden's sensibility. Though near nightfall, the rank-smelling weed-flowers glowed as if they would not close for intentness, and the waves of colour mixed with the waves of sound.

## Bram Stoker (1847-1912)



Stoker was an Irish author, best known today for his 1897 Gothic novel, *Dracula*. The novel is presented as a compilation of various eyewitness accounts including diary entries, journals, newspaper cuttings and letters. These documents relate to the experiences of a young English lawyer, Jonathan Harker, and his fiancée, Mina as well as Count Dracula, a Transylvanian nobleman for whom Jonathan is carrying out work.

In this extract Harker has just fallen asleep in a room other than his own bedroom, something that Count Dracula warned would not be safe.

### Jonathan Harker's Journal (continued)

15 May . . .

I was not alone. The room was the same, unchanged in any way since I came into it. I could see along the floor, in the brilliant moonlight, my own footsteps marked where I had disturbed the long accumulation of dust. In the moonlight opposite me were three young women, ladies by their dress and manner. I thought at the time that I must be dreaming when I saw them, they threw no shadow on the floor. They came close to me, and looked at me for some time, and then whispered together. Two were dark, and had high aquiline noses, like the Count, and great dark, piercing eyes, that seemed to be almost red when contrasted with the pale yellow moon. The other was fair, as fair as can be, with great masses of golden hair and eyes like pale sapphires. I seemed somehow to know her face, and to know it in connection with some dreamy fear, but I could not recollect at the moment how or where. All three had brilliant white teeth that shone like pearls against the ruby of their voluptuous lips. There was something about them that made me uneasy, some longing and at the same time some deadly fear. I felt in my heart a wicked, burning desire that they would kiss me with those red lips. It is not good to note this down, lest some day it should meet Mina's eyes and cause her pain, but it is the truth. They whispered together, and then they all three laughed, such a silvery, musical laugh, but as hard as though the sound never could have come through the softness of human lips. It was like the intolerable, tingling sweetness of waterglasses when

played on by a cunning hand. The fair girl shook her head coquettishly, and the other two urged her on. One said:

"Go on! You are first, and we shall follow. Yours' is the right to begin." The other added:

"He is young and strong. There are kisses for us all." I lay quiet, looking out from under my eyelashes in an agony of delightful anticipation. The fair girl advanced and bent over me till I could feel the movement of her breath upon me. Sweet it was in one sense, honey-sweet, and sent the same tingling through the nerves as her voice, but with a bitter underlying the sweet, a bitter offensiveness, as one smells in blood. I was afraid to raise my eyelids, but looked out and saw perfectly under the lashes. The girl went on her knees, and bent over me, simply gloating. There was a deliberate voluptuousness which was both thrilling and repulsive, and as she arched her neck she actually licked her lips like an animal, till I could see in the moonlight the moisture shining on the scarlet lips and on the red tongue as it lapped the white sharp teeth. Lower and lower went her head as the lips went below the range of my mouth and chin and seemed to fasten on my throat. Then she paused, and I could hear the churning sound of her tongue as it licked her teeth and lips, and I could feel the hot breath on my neck. Then the skin of my throat began to tingle as one's flesh does when the hand that is to tickle it approaches nearer, nearer. I could feel the soft, shivering touch of the lips on the super sensitive skin of my throat, and the hard dents of two sharp teeth, just touching and pausing there. I closed my eyes in languorous ecstasy and waited, waited with beating heart.

But at that instant, another sensation swept through me as quick as lightning. I was conscious of the presence of the Count, and of his being as if lapped in a storm of fury. As my eyes opened involuntarily I saw his strong hand grasp the slender neck of the fair woman and with giant's power draw it back, the blue eyes transformed with fury, the white teeth champing with rage, and the fair cheeks blazing red with passion. But the Count! Never did I imagine such wrath and fury, even to the demons of the pit.

- a) Describe what happens in this extract.
- b) What aspects of love are explored here?
- c) How does Stoker use language to convey both fear and longing?
- d) What features of the gothic genre are evident in this extract?

## Kate Chopin (1851-1904)



Chopin was an American author of short stories and novels, mainly based in Louisiana. She is now considered by some to have been a forerunner of the feminist authors of the 20th century of Southern or Catholic background, such as Zelda Fitzgerald.

**The Awakening**, originally titled *A Solitary Soul*, was first published in 1899. Set on the Louisiana Gulf coast at the end of the 19th century, the plot centers on Edna Pontellier and her struggle to reconcile her increasingly unorthodox views on femininity and motherhood with the prevailing social attitudes of the turn-of-the-century American South. Edna is married with two sons, Raoul and Etienne. The extract is from the end of the novel, when Edna learns that Robert, the man she truly loves, has left forever as he is unwilling to enter in to a relationship with a married woman.

Edna walked on down to the beach rather mechanically, not noticing anything special except that the sun was hot. She was not dwelling upon any particular train of thought. She had done all the thinking which was necessary after Robert went away, when she lay awake upon the sofa till morning.

She had said over and over to herself: "To-day it is Arobin; to-morrow it will be some one else. It makes no difference to me, it doesn't matter about Leonce Pontellier—but Raoul and Etienne!" She understood now clearly what she had meant long ago when she said to Adele Ratignolle that she would give up the unessential, but she would never sacrifice herself for her children.

Despondency had come upon her there in the wakeful night, and had never lifted. There was no one thing in the world that she desired. There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert; and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone. The children appeared before her like antagonists who had overcome her; who had overpowered and sought to drag her into the soul's slavery for the rest of her days. But she knew a way to elude them. She was not thinking of these things when she walked down to the beach.

The water of the Gulf stretched out before her, gleaming with the million lights of the sun. The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude. All along the white beach, up and down, there was no living thing in sight. A bird with a broken wing was beating the air above, reeling, fluttering, circling disabled down, down to the

water.

Edna had found her old bathing suit still hanging, faded, upon its accustomed peg. She put it on, leaving her clothing in the bath-house. But when she was there beside the sea, absolutely alone, she cast the unpleasant, pricking garments from her, and for the first time in her life she stood naked in the open air, at the mercy of the sun, the breeze that beat upon her, and the waves that invited her.

How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under the sky! how delicious! She felt like some new-born creature, opening its eyes in a familiar world that it had never known.

The foamy wavelets curled up to her white feet, and coiled like serpents about her ankles. She walked out. The water was chill, but she walked on. The water was deep, but she lifted her white body and reached out with a long, sweeping stroke. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace. She went on and on. She remembered the night she swam far out, and recalled the terror that seized her at the fear of being unable to regain the shore. She did not look back now, but went on and on, thinking of the blue-grass meadow that she had traversed when a little child, believing that it had no beginning and no end. Her arms and legs were growing tired.

She thought of Leonce and the children. They were a part of her life. But they need not have thought that they could possess her, body and soul. How Mademoiselle Reisz would have laughed, perhaps sneered, if she knew! "And you call yourself an artist! What pretensions, Madame! The artist must possess the courageous soul that dares and defies."

Exhaustion was pressing upon and overpowering her.

"Good-by—because I love you." He did not know; he did not understand. He would never understand. Perhaps Doctor Mandelet would have understood if she had seen him—but it was too late; the shore was far behind her, and her strength was gone.

- a) How do you respond to this extract as the end of a novel?
- b) Explore the ways Chopin structures the ending and the effects she achieves.
- c) Compare the female experience of love in this story with your wider reading.
- d) Examine the view that Chopin presents Edna as achieving a liberating triumph in this extract. Make close reference to the writer's methods in your response.

You can read Kate Chopin's 'The Story of an Hour' in AQA A2 lit text book p 72.

