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BENGALURU
CITY UNIVERSITY

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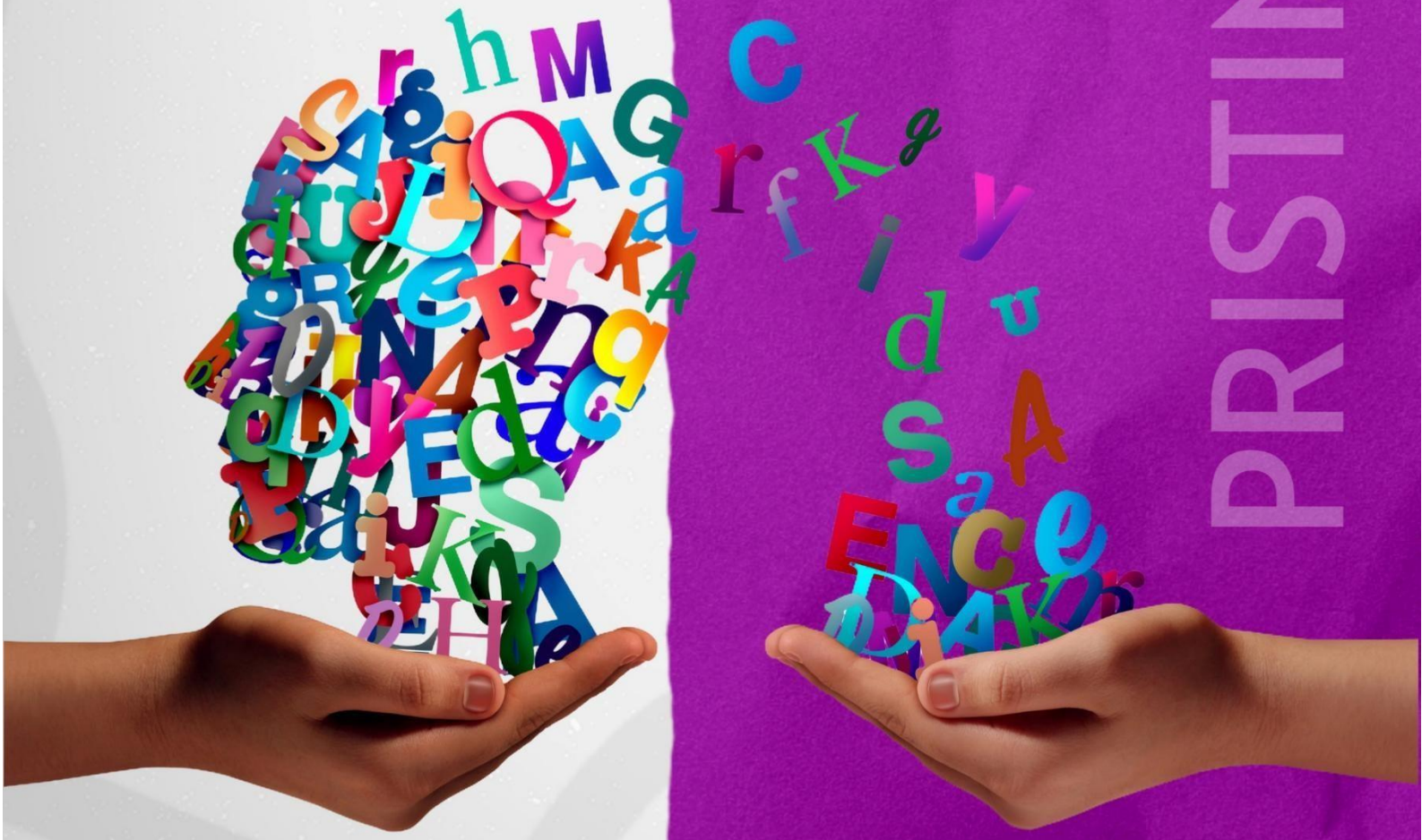
BE BOUNDLESS

PRISTINE PRISM

THIRD SEMESTER

MAJOR ENGLISH



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EDITOR : Dr. KAVITA SHASTRI

FOREWORD

The *Pristine Prism* textbook for the III Semester B.A. under Bengaluru City University (BCU) has been meticulously designed with the twin objectives of nurturing literary sensibility and enhancing linguistic competencies in students. The curriculum for the third semester *European Literature* along with its practical component, aligns with the parameters of the State Education Policy 2024.

This is the third textbook for undergraduate BA students of BCU, Bengaluru, prepared by the dedicated Members of the Textbook Committee. I extend my heartfelt congratulations to the committee members for their tireless efforts in framing and compiling the material, which serves to familiarize students with European Literature as a theoretical study, complemented by Stylistics and Discourse Analysis as a practical component.

I would like to express my gratitude to the Director of Bengaluru City University Press and their team for skillfully and promptly bringing this textbook to publication. It is my sincere hope that this text will inspire teachers and students alike to engage with the dynamics of European literature and maximize the benefits it offers for academic and professional growth.

Prof. K R Jalaja (Acting)
Hon'ble Vice-Chancellor
Bengaluru City University
Bengaluru - 560001

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PREFACE

It gives me immense pleasure to present, Pristine Prism-European Literature for the III Semester of the Major English course of Bengaluru City University. The textbook includes poetry, drama, essays, short stories, epistles and a Practical component on Stylistics and Discourse Analysis.

Paper III has been designed to orient students to a vast body of European writing spanning several centuries. Despite sharing the same cultural ancestry and a common sense of identity, the literature of each country within Europe has maintained a distinct set of special characteristics. The selection here celebrates these differences within Europe.

I would like to thank the Chairperson and her team of teachers who have worked relentlessly to put together this textbook. I thank the Vice Chancellor and the Registrar of BCU for their consistent support. I also thank Prasaranga, Bengaluru City University, Bengaluru, for helping us bring out the book on time.

Dr. Thandava Gowda T. N.
BOS Chairperson,
Chairman,
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ABOUT THE TEXT

Pristine Prism is the Major English text prescribed to the students of III semester BA. It intends to initiate students to a comprehensive study of European Literary selections from the Classical Period to the Contemporary Period. It attempts to introduce students to the development of the various literary genres of Europe. Through discussion and analysis of various literary genres and elements, this text attempts to enhance students' awareness and appreciation of European Literature across the time and space conundrum. The text aims to hone the skills of students, to appreciate different literary pieces and respect the cultural diversities found and highlighted in each of the literary masterpieces of Europe. It helps to trace the development of forms and ideas over time and bring in inclusivity in thought and action.

This text aids in understanding how reason and emotion interact and negotiate in various situations across these continents. This book comprises of poetry, short stories, essays, drama, epistles and a practical component on stylistics and discourse analysis.

OBJECTIVES

The text aims to develop an appreciation for various literary pieces and respect the cultural diversities found and highlighted in each of the literary masterpieces throughout Europe. It helps students to:

- Demonstrate critical thinking skills in understanding the dynamics of European literature.
- Recognize the development of literary genres across Europe.
- Trace the historical, geographical and cultural contexts through their reading of the prescribed representative literary and cultural texts

- Apply critical and theoretical approaches to the reading and analysis of literary and cultural texts in multiple genres.
- Identify, analyze, interpret and describe the critical ideas, values, and themes that appear in literary and cultural texts and understand the way these ideas, values, and themes inform and impact culture and society, both now and then.

Dr. Kavita Shastri

Chairperson, Textbook Committee

Associate Professor and Head,

Department of English and Media Studies,

Vijaya College, Jayanagar, Bangalore.

CURRICULUM STRUCTURE FOR THE UNDERGRADUATE DEGREE PROGRAMME

B.A. MAJOR ENGLISH

Course Title –EUROPEAN LITERATURE	**Total Credits for the Programme: 06** **04(Theory)+02(Practical)**
Teaching Hours (Theory):4 hours per week **Credits: 4**	**Practical: 3 hours per week** **Credits: 2**
FormativeAssessmentMarks:20 (Theory)+ 10 (Practical)	
Summative Assessment Marks: 80(Theory) + 40(Practical)	
Total Marks: 150	**Duration of Exam: 3hrs** **(Theory) + 3hrs (Practical)**

COURSE OBJECTIVES

- To appreciate the richness and variety of European literature, considering the historical and cultural backdrop of the continent.
- To encourage students to reinterpret the histories that shaped the literary texts and explore their relevance in today's context.
- To improve abilities in remembering, comprehending, applying, analyzing, evaluating, and creating literary works while developing advanced literary and linguistic competencies.
- To illustrate a thorough comprehension of both prominent and lesser-known authors, their works, and the contexts in which they exist, encompassing both canonical and non-canonical literature.
- To demonstrate an understanding of the significance of literature and its various forms, along with the cultural discussions they provoke.
- To cultivate proficiency in English across multiple domains, enabling clear, creative, and persuasive expression in both spoken and written forms.
- To develop reading and writing skills pertinent to academic and professional fields, including print and digital media, advertising, and content creation.

COURSE OUTCOMES

By the end of the course, students will be able to:

- Appreciate the richness and variety of European literature, considering the historical and cultural backdrop.
- Reinterpret the histories that shaped the literary texts and explore their relevance in today's context.
- Strengthen abilities in remembering, comprehending, applying, analyzing, evaluating, and creating literary works while developing advanced literary and linguistic competencies.
- Illustrate a thorough comprehension of both prominent and lesser-known authors, their works,

and the contexts in which they exist, encompassing both canonical and non-canonical literature.

- Demonstrate an understanding of the significance of literature and its various forms, along with the cultural discussions they provoke.
- Cultivate proficiency in English across multiple domains, enabling clear, creative, and persuasive expression in both spoken and written forms.
- Develop reading and writing skills pertinent to academic and professional fields, including print and digital media, advertising, and content creation.

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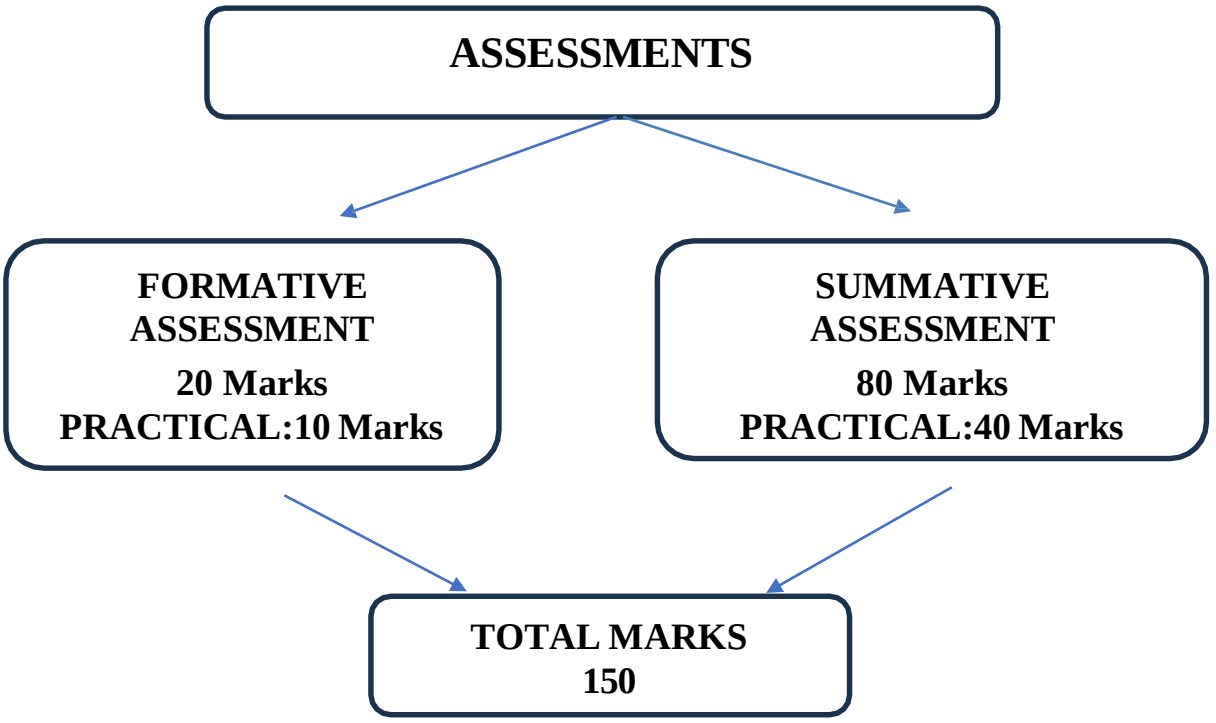


- Each course shall carry a total of 150 marks.
- All courses conducted by the Examination Unit of the University will have a semester-end written examination for 80 marks + 40 marks (Practical)
- Additionally, each course in every semester will also have Internal Marks worth 20 + 10 (Practical).

FORMATIVEASSESSMENT	
Assessment Occasion/type	**Weightage in Marks**
Presentations/Role Plays/ Assignments/Projects/Report Writing/Article Writing/ Story-Poem Writing etc.,	10
Tests	10
Practical: Work book with exercises and Test papers Record (Assignment Exercises) Submission at the end of the submission	10
Total	30

Summative Assessment Question Paper pattern is given after the syllabus of the course

CURRICULUM STRUCTURE FOR THE UNDERGRADUATE DEGREE PROGRAMME
B.A. MAJOR ENGLISH
III SEMESTER

EUROPEAN LITERATURE

Course Title – EUROPEAN LITERATURE	**Total Credits for the Programme: 06** **04(Theory)+02(Practical)**
Teaching Hours (Theory):4 hours per week **Credits: 4**	**Practical: 3 hours per week** **Credits: 2**
FormativeAssessmentMarks:20 (Theory)+ 10 (Practical)	
Summative Assessment Marks: 80(Theory) + 40(Practical)	
Total Marks: 150	**Duration of Exam: 3hrs** **(Theory) + 3hrs (Practical)**

Sem	Type of Course	Theory/ Practical	Instruction Hrs /Week	Total Hours of Syllabus	Duration of Exam	Formative Assessment Marks	Summative Assessment Marks	Total Marks	Credits
III	Major English	Theory	4	60/64	3 Hours	20	80	100	4
		Practical	3	42/48	3 Hours	10	40	50	2

CONTENT OF THE COURSE – EUROPEAN LITERATURE		60/64hrs
UNIT-I		
POEMS	• **Tomorrow at Dawn** - Victor Hugo	4hrs
	• **Memories of Spring** - Henrik Ibsen	4hrs
	• **Inferno: Canto III** (Extract) - Dante Alighieri	4hrs
	• **The Song of the Earth** - Federico García Lorca	4hrs
	• **The Second Coming** - W.B. Yeats	4hrs
UNIT - II		
SHORT STORIES	• **The Bet**- Anton Chekov	4hrs
	• **The Legend of the Bird's Nest**-Selma Lagerlof	4hrs
	• **The Open Window**- Hector Hugh Munro	4hrs
UNIT - III		

ESSAYS	• **Sir Roger at Home** - Joseph Addison and Richard Steele	4hrs
	• **On Actors and Acting** - William Hazlitt	4hrs
	• **Letter to a Young Poet –** Rainer Maria Rilke	4hrs
UNIT - IV		
PLAY	• **Medea** - Euripides	16hrs
PRACTICALS		

III SEMESTER **BA – MAJOR ENGLISH** **PRACTICAL SYLLABUS**		
STYLISTICS & DISCOURSE ANALYSIS		**42/48hrs**
UNIT-I	Stylistics: What Does It Mean?	4hrs
	The Notion of Style	4hrs
	Traditional notion	4hrs
	Linguistic notion	5hrs
	Stylistics: Historical Perspectives	5hrs
UNIT-II	Discourse Analysis	5hrs
	Speech Acts and Discourse Structures	5hrs
	Spoken Discourse	5hrs
	Written Discourse	5hrs

A Brief Introduction to European Literature

European literature refers to the body of literature produced in Europe. It includes literature in many languages; among the most important of the modern written works are those in English, Spanish, French, Dutch, Polish, Ukrainian, German, Italian, Czech, Russian, Bosnian, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Finnish and Irish.
Important classical and medieval traditions are those in Latin, Old and Middle English, Ancient Greek, Old Norse, Medieval French and Medieval Italian. In colloquial speech, European literature is often used as a synonym for Western literature.

Greek literature dates back from the ancient Greek literature, beginning in 800 BC, to the modern Greek literature of today. Ancient Greek literature was written in an Ancient Greek dialect and ranges from the oldest surviving written works until works from approximately the fifth century AD. This time period is divided into the Preclassical, Classical, Hellenistic, and Roman periods. Preclassical Greek literature primarily revolved around myths and includes the works of Homer; the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The Classical period saw the dawn of many genres of western literature like poetry, odes, pastorals, elegies, epigrams; dramatic presentationsof comedy and tragedy; histories, rhetorical treatises, philosophical dialectics, and philosophical treatises all arose in this period. The two major lyrical poets were Sappho and Pindar. Of the hundreds of tragedies written and performed during this time period, only a limited number of plays survived.

British literature, a rich and diverse body of work, spans from the 7th century to the present day, encompassing various periods, movements, and genres. Key periods include Old English (Anglo-Saxon), Middle English, the Renaissance (Elizabethan, Jacobean, Caroline), the Restoration, the 18th century (Enlightenment, Neoclassical), Romanticism, Victorianism, Modernism, and Contemporary literature. Notable writers include Beowulf (Old English), Geoffrey Chaucer (Middle English), William Shakespeare (Renaissance), John Milton (Renaissance), John Donne (Renaissance), Jane Austen (18th century), William Wordsworth (Romanticism), Charles Dickens (Victorian), Virginia Woolf (Modernism), and contemporary authors like Ian McEwan and Zadie Smith.

Irish literature, spanning centuries, transitioned from oral storytelling to written works, notably with the introduction of the Roman alphabet in the 5th century. The Irish Literary Revival in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, a period of significant literary activity, saw the rise of W.B. Yeats, who championed Irish nationalism and folklore in his poetry and plays. Yeats, along with Lady Gregory, co-founded the Irish Theatre (later the Abbey Theatre), which became a platform for contemporary Irish playwrights. His works, including "The Wanderings of Oisin" and "The Celtic Twilight," explored Irish mythology and spirituality. Other notable figures of this era include J.M. Synge and Oscar Wilde, who, while not directly part of the Revival, contributed significantly to the rich literary landscape of the time.

Russian literature refers to the literature of Russia and its émigrés and to Russian-language literature. The roots of Russian literature can be traced to the Middle Ages, when epics and chronicles in Old East Slavic were composed. By the Age of Enlightenment, literature had grown in importance, and from the early 1830s, Russian literature underwent an astounding golden age in poetry, prose and drama. Mikhail Lermontov was one of the most important poets and novelists. In the second half of the century Anton Chekhov excelled in short stories and became a leading dramatist. The poets most often associated with the "Silver Age" are Konstantin Balmont, Valery Bryusov, Alexander Blok, Anna Akhmatova, Nikolay Gumilyov, Osip Mandelstam, Sergei Yesenin, Vladimir Mayakovsky, Marina Tsvetaeva and Boris Pasternak. This era produced some first-rate novelists and short-story writers, such as Aleksandr Kuprin, Nobel Prize winner Ivan Bunin, Leonid Andreyev, Fyodor Sologub, Yevgeny Zamyatin, Andrei Bely and Maxim Gorky.

German literature comprises of those literary texts written in the German language. This includes literature written

in Germany, Austria, the German parts of Switzerland and Belgium, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, South Tyrol in Italy and to a lesser extent works of the German diaspora.. The Old High German period is reckoned to run until about the mid-11th century; the most famous works are the *Hildebrandslied* and a heroic epic known as the *Heliand*. Middle High German starts in the 12th century; the key works include *The Ring* and the poems of Oswald von Wolkenstein and Johannes von Tepl. The Baroque period (1600 to 1720) was one of the most fertile times in German literature. Modern literature in German begins with the authors of the Enlightenment (such as Herder). The Sensibility movement of the 1750s–1770s ended with Goethe's best-selling *The Sorrows of Young Werther* (1774). The Sturm und Drang and Weimar Classicism movements were led by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and Friedrich Schiller. Under the Nazi regime, some authors went into exile like : Ernst Bloch, Bertolt Brecht**,** Hermann Broch, Alfred Döblin, Lion Feuchtwanger, Bruno Frank,and others submitted to censorship like Gottfried Benn, Werner Bergengruen, Hans Blüher, Hans Heinrich Ehrler etc.

French literature refers to the body of written works in the French language produced within the geographic and political boundaries of France. From the early modern period onward, France developed its own distinctive and many-stranded cultural tradition, which, while never losing sight of the riches of the medieval base and the Judeo-Christian biblical tradition, has come chiefly to be thought of as Mediterranean in its allegiance, rooted in the imitation of Classical models as these were mediated through the great writers and thinkers of Renaissance Italy. The political and philosophical revolutions installed by the end of the 18th century, in the name of science and reason, were accompanied by transformations in the form and content of French writing. The 19th-century French novelists traced the fate of the individualistic sensibilities born of aristocratic and high bourgeois culture as they engaged with the collectivizing forms of a nation moving toward mass culture and the threshold of democracy. Some of the important writers are Marcel Proust, Victor Hugo Jules Verne Albert Camus, Guy de Maupassant, Simone de Beauvoir etc.

Spanish literature refers to literature written in the Spanish language within the territory that presently constitutes Spain. Its development coincides and frequently intersects with that of other literary traditions from regions within the same territory, particularly Catalan literature, Galician intersects as well with Latin, Jewish, and Arabic literary traditions of the Iberian peninsula. *Cervantes' Don Quixote* is considered the most emblematic work in the canon of Spanish literature and a founding classic of Western Literature. Poetry is a strong force within Spain with many examples proving the statement. Some of the important poets are Pedro Salinas, Jorge Guillén, Federico García Lorca, Vicente Aleixandre, Dámaso Alonso, Manuel Altolaguirre Some of the famous novelists such as Benjamín Jarnés, Rosa Chacel, Francisco Ayala, and Ramón J. Sender were experimental and academic.

Italian Literature, the body of written works produced in the Italian language, had its beginnings in the 13th century. Until that time nearly all literary work composed in Europe during the Middle Ages was written in Latin. Moreover, it was predominantly practical in nature and produced by writers trained in ecclesiastical schools. Dante Alighieri, one of the greatest of Italian poets, is notable for his *Divine Comedy*. Petrarch did classical research and wrote lyric poetry. Boccaccio had the same enthusiastic love of antiquity and the same worship for the new Italian literature as Petrarch Renaissance humanism developed during the 14th and the beginning of the 15th centuries. Humanists sought to create a citizenry able to speak and write with eloquence and clarity. Some of the well-known writers are Niccolò di Bernardo dei Machiavelli. Ludovico Ariosto, Alessandro Manzoni **etc.**

Swedish literature has a rich history, reflecting the country's social and historical context. Early works include religious and legal texts, with a significant influence from the church. The 19th century saw the rise of national romanticism and realism, with authors like August Strindberg challenging conventions. The 20th century brought forth modernism and proletarian literature, with writers like Pär Lagerkvist and Vilhelm Moberg gaining international recognition. The late 20th and early 21st centuries have seen continued success with authors like Henning Mankell and Stieg Larsson, particularly in crime fiction. Astrid Lindgren, a beloved children's author, also achieved global fame.

Norwegian literature, evolving from Norse sagas and oral traditions, gained prominence with nationalistic works in

the 19th century. Key figures include Henrik Ibsen, whose realistic dramas like "A Doll's House" influenced world theater. Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, also a significant dramatist and novelist, explored social issues. Knut Hamsun, a Nobel laureate, is known for his psychological novels like "Hunger". Later, Tarjei Vesaas and Jon Fosse contributed to modernist and minimalist styles. More recently, Karl Ove Knausgård's autobiographical series "My Struggle" has garnered international attention.

Austrian literature, while sharing roots with German literature, developed its own distinct identity, particularly from the 19th century onwards, with notable figures like Adalbert Stifter, Arthur Schnitzler, and Stefan Zweig emerging as prominent novelists and short-story writers. Other significant writers include Franz Kafka, Thomas Bernhard, and Joseph Roth, while poets like Georg Trakl, Rainer Maria Rilke, and Paul Celan also contributed to Austria's rich literary landscape. More contemporary writers like Elfriede Jelinek and Peter Handke continue this tradition in drama and prose, alongside essayists such as Robert Menasse. Works like Stifter's "Indian Summer", Schnitzler's "La Ronde", and Zweig's "Beware of Pity" exemplify the range of Austrian literary styles and themes.

UNIT -I

Tomorrow at Dawn

Victor Hugo (1802–1885)

About the Poet

Victor Hugo, one of the most prominent literary figures of 19th-century France, is renowned as a poet, novelist, and dramatist. A leading figure of the French Romantic movement, Hugo is celebrated for his powerful use of language, emotional depth, and humanistic concerns. While he is globally recognized for novels like *Les Misérables* and *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame*, his poetic output—both lyrical and deeply personal—occupies a central place in French literature.

His poem *Demain dès l'aube* (*Tomorrow at Dawn*), written in 1847, is among his most poignant and widely anthologized works. It was composed in memory of his daughter Léopoldine, who tragically drowned at the age of nineteen. The poem is not only an elegy but also an intensely emotional pilgrimage, where Hugo captures the deep, inexpressible grief of a mourning father.

Despite its brevity, *Tomorrow at Dawn* has been lauded for its emotional restraint, classical simplicity, and quiet power. The poem captures a journey—both literal and symbolic—that reflects on love, loss, and the quiet persistence of memory.

About the Poem

Tomorrow at Dawn is a three-stanza poem, each consisting of four alexandrine lines (twelve syllables per line), adhering to the traditional structure of French classical poetry. The regular meter and controlled tone mirror the speaker's quiet determination and solemnity.

The poem follows a journey taken by the poet to visit the grave of his daughter. Each stanza represents a distinct phase of the journey: physical, temporal, and emotional. The first stanza sets the time and resolve; the second describes the detached, introspective journey through nature; and the final stanza reveals the purpose—an act of love and remembrance at the grave.

Though deeply personal, the poem resonates universally, capturing the depth of grief, the passage of time, and the continuing bond between the living and the dead.

Tomorrow, At Dawn

Tomorrow, at dawn, at the hour when the countryside whitens,
I will set out. You see, I know that you wait for me.
I will go by the forest, I will go by the mountain.
I can no longer remain far from you.

I will walk with my eyes fixed on my thoughts,
Seeing nothing of outdoors, hearing no noise
Alone, unknown, my back curved, my hands crossed,
Sorrowed, and the day for me will be as the night.

I will not look at the gold of evening which falls,
Nor the distant sails going down towards Harfleur,
And when I arrive, I will place on your tomb
A bouquet of green holly and of flowering heather.

Glossary

Dawn: The first light of the morning.
Set out: To begin a journey.
Countryside whitens: The land becomes pale or light with early morning mist or light.
Eyes fixed on my thoughts: Deep in thought, not noticing surroundings.
Alone, unknown: Walking in solitude, unnoticed by others.

Sorrowed: Filled with deep sadness.
Day will be as night: Even daylight feels dark due to grief.
Gold of evening: The golden light seen during sunset.
Tomb: A grave or burial place.

Bouquet: An arranged bunch of flowers.

Holly: A plant that has shiny dark green leaves with sharp points and red berries

Heather: A low wild plant that grows on hills and land that is not farmed and has small purple, pink or white flowers

Questions for Discussion:

I Answer the following questions in 100 to 150 words:

1. Write a critical appreciation of the poem *Tomorrow at Dawn* by Victor Hugo.

2. How is the theme of grief portrayed in the poem?

3. Explain the significance of nature imagery in the poem.

4. What thoughts ravage the mind of the poet?

II Answer the following questions in 200 to 250 words:

1. What is Victor Hugo trying to convey in the poem? What does it say about love and remembrance?

2. Discuss the symbolic significance of the journey described in the poem.

3. Discuss the emotional tone of *Tomorrow at Dawn*.

4. How does Victor Hugo's use of form enhance the meaning of the poem?

Suggested Reading:

1. "A Nameless Grave" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:

2. "Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep" by Mary Frye:
3. "On the Death of Anne Brontë" by Charlotte Brontë:
4. "Chanson d'automne" by Paul Verlaine:

Memories Of Spring

Henrik Ibsen (1828–1906)

About the Poet

Henrik Ibsen was a seminal Norwegian playwright, poet, and theatre director, often hailed as the father of modern drama. He transformed the theatrical landscape by introducing realistic characters and addressing pressing social issues that questioned the norms of 19th-century society. Ibsen's plays boldly confronted topics such as gender inequality, personal freedom, and the constraints of societal expectations. Renowned works like A Doll's House, Ghosts, and An Enemy of the People highlight his critical examination of middle-class values and his commitment to portraying the complexities of human behaviour. As a poet, Ibsen began his literary career with verse, publishing collections like *Poems* (1871), which reflected themes of nature, nationalism, and inner conflict. Though he gained fame through drama, his poetic voice reveals the same depth, introspection, and concern for individual integrity that define his plays. With his sharp dialogue and psychological insight, Ibsen elevated drama into a medium for serious social reflection and reform.

About the Poem

"Memories of Spring" is a lyrical and reflective poem that celebrates a rare, divine moment of joy and inner awakening symbolized by spring. It portrays spring not just as a season but as a time of emotional and spiritual blossoming, granted by God as a fleeting yet transformative experience. The first stanza captures the enchantment and dreamlike quality of this moment, where doubts vanish and inspiration flows from the soul. In the second stanza, the poem becomes more radiant and hopeful, describing spring as a time when life feels meaningful, with each flower shining like a star. However, the third stanza introduces a wistful tone, acknowledging the end of this magical period. Yet, even in its absence, the memory of spring lingers sweetly, resonating in the heart like a melody. The poem explores themes such as the transience of beauty, nature mirroring inner emotion, the power of memory, and divine inspiration. With its elegant language, rich imagery, and musical rhythm, the poem evokes a bittersweet mood of joy, nostalgia, and quiet longing, ultimately inviting readers to cherish the beauty of fleeting yet meaningful moments in life.

Memories Of Spring

God grants, all giving,
Once while you're living
A Spring-like spell,

When joyous dreaming
Sweeps through you, streaming
From souls deep well -
Each cloud then trimly
Is conjured hence
From what but dimly
You tried to sense.
Hope brings its summer,
Fair-bloomed new-comer,
From heaven afar
As inspiration, -

Such coruscation,
Each bloom a star; -
While life is solution
Seems manifest,
Sweet Spring is profusion
Reigns in your breast!
Ah, soon `tis ended! -
But sweetly blended
On heart's own strings,
A wistful sadness
Recalls the gladness
That Springtime brings, -
Those tuneful hours
With echoes throng
Of dream-like flowers
And spring-tide song! -

Glossary

Soul's deep well: A metaphor for the inner depths of one's spirit or emotions
Conjured: Magically summoned or caused to appear
Fair-bloomed: Beautifully blossomed or flowered
Coruscation: A sudden flash or sparkle; glittering brilliance
Profusion: A large quantity or abundance of something
Wistful: Longing or yearning with a hint of sadness
Spring-tide: Springtime; often used poetically to refer to the season of spring

Questions for Discussion:

I Answer the following questions in 100 to 150 words:

1. What does the poet mean by a "Spring-like spell"? How is it described in the poem?

2. How does the poem contrast the joy of spring with its eventual fading?
3. What is the role of hope and inspiration in the poem?
4. How does the poet celebrate the season of spring in the poem?

II Answer the following questions in 200 to 250 words:

1. Discuss the central theme of the poem Memories of Spring. How does the poet use imagery and emotion to express it?
2. Critically analyze how the poet captures the fleeting nature of joy through the metaphor of spring.
3. 'A wistful sadness / Recalls the gladness / That Springtime brings' – Comment on how the poet explores the relationship between memory and emotion.
4. How does the poet use the imagery of nature to reflect on the inner emotional states?

Suggested Reading:

1. **"Loveliest Trees" by A E Housman**
2. **"Ode: Intimations of Immortality" by William Wordsworth"**
3. **"To Daffodils" by Robert Herrick**
4. **"Spring" by Gerard Manley Hopkins**
5. **"Young Lambs" John Clare**

Inferno Canto III (Extract)

Dante Alighieri (1265–1321)

About the Poet

Dante Alighieri, a celebrated Italian poet, philosopher, and political thinker, is best known for his monumental epic, The Divine Comedy, which comprises of Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso. Composed in the Tuscan dialect, his masterpiece played a pivotal role in the development of the Italian language and stands as one of the most significant works in world literature. Blending elements of classical philosophy, Christian theology, and rich imagination, Dante's work traces the soul's spiritual journey towards divine enlightenment. In Inferno, he powerfully critiques moral decay and societal corruption, offering both poetic brilliance and profound moral insight. His exile from Florence and strong religious beliefs deeply influenced his exploration of themes such as sin, divine justice, and redemption**.**

About the Extract

This canto marks Dante's entrance into Hell, guided by the Roman poet Virgil. The lines appear at the beginning of Canto III, where Dante and Virgil approach the Gates of Hell. The inscription on the gate—"All hope abandon, ye who enter in" is among the most famous lines setting the tone of eternal despair and divine judgment. This extract from Dante's Inferno (Canto III) marks the poet's entrance into Hell, guided by Virgil. As they cross the threshold, Dante hears a chaotic mix of anguished cries, symbolizing the suffering of souls who lived without moral conviction. These are the "neutrals" or the spiritually apathetic—those who chose neither good nor evil and lived only for themselves. Denied both Heaven and Hell, they exist in a meaningless limbo, envious even of those who suffer more defined punishments. Dante portrays them with scorn, emphasizing the importance of moral courage and the consequences of indifference. The passage explores themes of divine justice, ethical responsibility, and the spiritual necessity of taking a side in life's moral conflicts.

Inferno Canto III (Extract)

THROUGH me the way is to the city dolent;
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way among the people lost.
Justice incited my sublime Creator;
Created me divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.
Before me there were no created things,
Only eterne, and I eternal last.
"All hope abandon, ye who enter in!"

These words in sombre colour I beheld
Written upon the summit of a gate;
Whence I: "Their sense is, Master, hard to me!"
And he to me, as one experienced:
"Here all suspicion needs must be abandoned,
All cowardice must needs be here extinct.
We to the place have come, where I have told thee
Thou shalt behold the people dolorous
Who have foregone the good of intellect."

And after he had laid his hand on mine
With joyful mien, whence I was comforted,
He led me in among the secret things.

There sighs, complaints, and ululations loud
Resounded through the air without a star,
Whence I, at the beginning, wept thereat.
Languages diverse, horrible dialects,
Accents of anger, words of agony,
And voices high and hoarse, with sound of hands,
Made up a tumult that goes whirling on
Forever in that air for ever black,
Even as the sand doth, when the whirlwind breathes.

And I, who had my head with horror bound,
Said: "Master, what is this which now I hear?
What folk is this, which seems by pain so vanquished?"

And he to me: "This miserable mode
Maintain the melancholy souls of those
Who lived without infamy or praise.
Commingled are they with that caitiff choir
Of Angels, who have not rebellious been,
Nor faithful were to God, but were for self.
The heavens expelled them, not to be less fair;
Nor them the nether more abyss receives,
For glory none the damned would have from them."

And I: "O Master, what so grievous is
To these, that maketh them lament so sore?"
He answered: "I will tell thee very briefly.
These have no longer any hope of death;
And this blind life of theirs is so debased,
They envious are of every other fate.

No fame of them the world permits to be;
Misericord and Justice both disdain them.
Let us not speak of them, but look, and pass."

Glossary

Dolent: Full of sorrow or grief; sad

Dole: Suffering or sorrow

People lost: Souls who are damned; spiritually lost people

Sublime Creator: God, the divine maker of Hell

Primal Love: God's original, divine love

Foregone the good of intellect: Have given up spiritual wisdom or rational thought

Ululations: Loud, wailing cries

Tumult: A loud, confused noise; chaos

Whirling on: Moving in a spinning or chaotic motion

Caitiff choir: A group of miserable, cowardly beings

Nether more abyss: The lowest pit of hell

Misericord: Mercy or compassion

Disdain: To reject with scorn or contempt

Questions for Discussion:

I Answer the following questions in 100 to 150 words:

1. What is the significance of the inscription on the gates of Hell in Dante's Inferno?
2. Who are the souls described in this passage, and what is their punishment?
3. How does Dante react to the sounds and sights of Hell as he first enters?
4. Why are the neutral souls denied both Heaven and Hell?
5. Explain the line: "These have no longer any hope of death."

II Answer the following questions in 200 to 250 words:

1. Discuss the role of divine justice as portrayed in the opening of Dante's Hell.
2. Analyze the portrayal of the morally indifferent souls.
3. Why does Dante treat the morally indifferent soul with such contempt?
4. How does Dante use imagery and sound to convey the horror of Hell in this passage?
5. What guidance does Virgil offer Dante, and what does it reveal about Dante's spiritual journey?
6. Comment on the themes of fear, justice, and moral responsibility in this passage from Inferno.

Suggested Reading:

1. " The Aeneid" by Virgil

2. “Paradise Lost” By John Milton

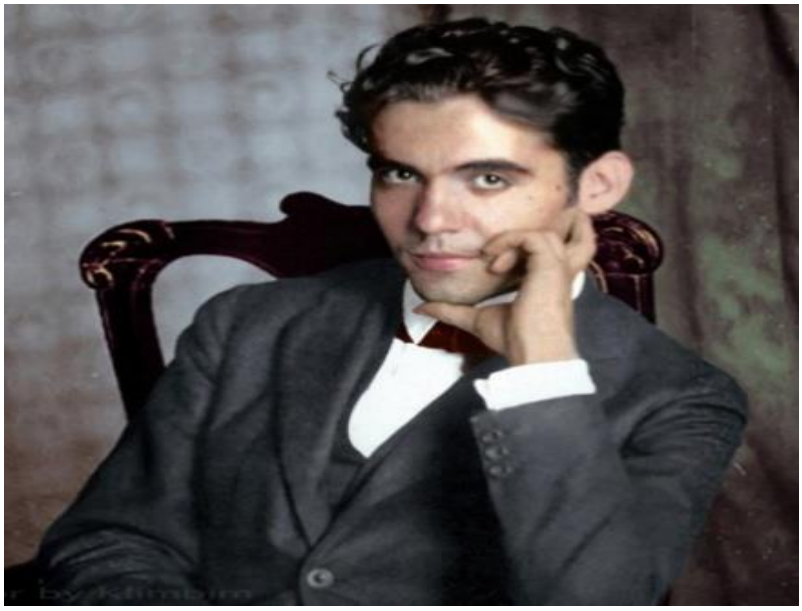
3. "Hell Unearthed" by Tim Collins

4. "The Raven" by Edgar Allan Poe

5."The Waste Land" by T.S. Eliot

The Song of the Earth

New Songs ("Cantos Nuevos")



Federico García Lorca (1898-1936)

About the Poet: Federico García Lorca was born in 1898 in Fuente Vaqueros, a quiet Andalusian village steeped in rhythm and dust. Raised on music and folklore, he first studied piano before turning to words that bled rhythm. In Madrid, he became the heart of Spain's artistic avant-garde community, moving alongside Dalí and Buñuel, crafting plays like *Blood Wedding* and *Yerma*, and poetry that pulsed with sorrow and song, *Romancero Gitano*, and *Poet in New York*. He wrote, "*The day that hunger is eradicated from the Earth, there will be the greatest spiritual explosion the world has ever known."* That hunger—literal and poetic—haunted him. He once said, "To burn with desire and keep quiet about it is the greatest punishment we can bring on ourselves." In 1936, as Spain cracked open, Lorca was arrested and shot by Nationalist forces. His body was never found. Only the echo of his voice remains.

About the Poem

"Cantos Nuevos" translates to "New Songs" in English. This title can refer to a collection of poems or songs, or a specific movement or genre of music. In the context of poetry, "Cantos Nuevos" is a phrase that can evoke themes of freshness, renewal, and the emergence of new artistic expressions.

The poem conveys a desire for renewal and joy, contrasting the longing for novelty and life with the longing of Nature. It deviates from the author's previous works by rejecting traditional lyricism and melancholy, instead embracing a hopeful and energetic tone. The poem reflects the optimism and experimentation of the early 20th century, when poets sought to break away from established forms and explored new themes of modernity and progress.

"Cantos Nuevos"

New Songs

Says the afternoon: "I thirst for shadow!"
The moon says: "I thirst for stars!"
The crystal fountain asks for lips
and the wind sighs.

I thirst for aromas and laughter,
thirst for new songs
without moons and without lilies,
and without dead loves.

A morning song that shakes
to the still pools
of the future and fill with hope
its waves and its muds.

A luminous and restful song
full of thought,
Virgin of sadness and anguish
and virginal of dreams.

Sing without lyrical meat that fills
of laughter the silence
(a flock of blind pigeons
thrown into the mystery).

Sing that goes to the soul of things
and to the soul of the winds
and finally rest in joy

of the eternal heart

~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~

new songs

The afternoon says:

"I'm thirsty for shadow!"
And the moon: "I want stars."
The crystal fountain asks for lips,
the wind, for signs.

I'm thirsty for scents and for laughter.
Thirsty for new songs
without irises or moons,
without dead loves.

A morning song that can shiver
quiet backwaters
of the future and fill
their waves and silt with hope.

A luminous and tranquil song
full of thought,
virgin to sadness and anguish,
virgin to reverie.

A song skinned of lyric, filling
silence with laughter.
(A flock of blind doves
tossed into mystery.)
~~~

A song to go to the soul of things

and to the soul of winds,

resting at last in the bliss

of the eternal heart.

Glossary

Luminous: Giving off light; bright or shining

Anguish: Severe mental or physical pain or suffering.

Virginal: Chaste

Irises: Flowers known for their striking, often vibrant, and distinctive shapes

Tranquil: Free from disturbance; calm.

Reverie: Daydream, (a state of having) pleasant dream-like thoughts

Skinned: Remove

Questions for Discussion:

I. Answer the following questions in 100 to 150 words:

1. What is the central theme of the poem 'New Song'?
2. Elaborate on the significance of the thirst for new songs
3. Examine the tone of the poem
4. The element of contrast in poem "New Songs'

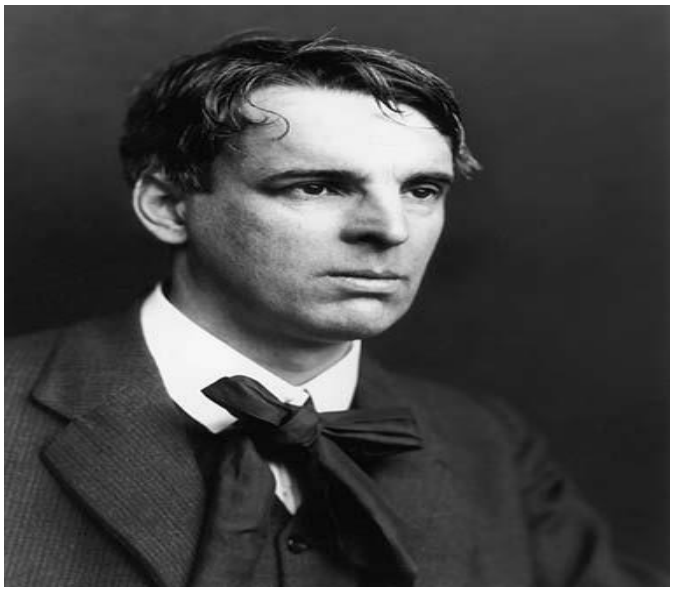
II. Answer the following questions in 200 to 250 words:

1. Discuss the role of nature
2. Analyze the poem's portrayal of nature and its relationship to the speaker's emotions.
3. Examine the use of literary devices in the poem
4. Discuss the contrast between the "new songs" and traditional elements

Suggested Reading:

1. Federico García Lorca's *Romancero Gitano* (Gypsy Ballads)
2. William Wordsworth's 'Tintern Abbey'
3. Robert Browning's 'A Red Red Rose'
4. William Blake's 'The Tyger'
5. William Butler Yeats's 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree'

The Second Coming



W B Yeats (1865-1939)

About the Poet

William Butler Yeats was born in 1865 in Dublin, but it was Sligo- its windswept hills and lakes that became the landscape of his soul. Raised between art and folklore, he grew up chasing visions rather than facts. Yeats saw the world not just as it was, but as it might be—shaped by symbols, spirits, and ancient echoes. He wrote, *"We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry."* That quarrel shaped *The Tower, The Wild Swans at Coole, The Second Coming*, and *Sailing to Byzantium*—works that moved from soft Celtic twilight to a stark, apocalyptic brilliance. his lifelong love for Maud Gonne, his fascination with the occult, and his dreams of an Ireland both ancient and reborn shaped his works. He served as a senator in the new Irish Free State, but remained a poet first. When he died in 1939, he asked for a simple epitaph: "Cast a cold eye / On life, on death. / Horseman, pass by."

His major works include *The Land of Heart's Desire* (1894), *Cathleen ni Houlihan* (1902), *Deirdre* (1907), *The Wild Swans at Coole* (1919), *The Tower* (1928) and *Last Poems and Plays* (1940).

About the Poem

"The Second Coming," written by W.B. Yeats in 1919 after World War I, depicts a world descending into chaos and anticipating a dark, transformative event. The poem uses vivid imagery of a falcon losing control of its flight, a beast with a "blank and pitiless" gaze slouching towards Bethlehem, and a general sense of societal breakdown to convey a sense of impending doom. Yeats explores the themes of violence, disillusionment, and the cyclical nature of history, suggesting a new era where traditional values and order are replaced by something monstrous and unknown. The poem reflects a post-war sense of loss and a fear of the unknown future, presenting a stark contrast to the Christian concept of the Second Coming.

The Second Coming

Turning and turning in the widening gyre

The falcon cannot hear the falconer;

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;

Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,

The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere

The ceremony of innocence is drowned;

The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

Glossary

Gyre: A gyre is anything that turns, rotates or whirls, Yeats uses it to depict the cyclical nature of history and the forces that drive societal change. It's a metaphorical representation of the ebb and flow of history, where one era or way of thinking gives way to another, often with chaotic and destructive consequences. The gyre symbolizes a cyclical view of history, reflecting the poet's belief in inevitable chaos and the breakdown of order. It represents the widening spiral of societal collapse and the coming of a new, tumultuous era, suggesting that history moves in recurring cycles of destruction and renewal.

Anarchy: A situation in which people do not obey rules and laws; a situation in which there is no government in a country

Blood-dimmed tide: A wave of violence and chaos that has overwhelmed and corrupted the world. It suggests that a large amount of blood has been spilled, causing a loss of innocence and the erosion of societal order.

***Spiritus Mundi**:* A Latin phrase meaning "world spirit," refers to a concept of a universal collective consciousness or a source of inspiration and memory that influences the creative process and the collective human experience. In literary contexts, it is often understood as a muse or a source of imagery and symbols, similar to Carl Jung's idea of the collective unconscious.

Indignant: Feeling or showing anger because of something unjust or unworthy

Stony sleep: Refers to the long, dormant state of the "rough beast"

Vexed: Annoyed, confused, or agitated

Slouches: To sit or stand with shoulders hunched.

Questions for Discussion:

I. Answer the following questions in 100 to 150 words:

1. Write a note on the symbolic significance of the falcon and the falconer

2. "The Second Coming denotes a revelation at hand". Explain

3. "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold" Substantiate

4. What is the significance of "Bethlehem" in the poem?

5. What does Yeats mean by "The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity"?

II. Answer the following questions in 200 to 250 words:

1. The lines "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold; / Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world" from Yeats's "The Second Coming" suggest a world in chaos and disintegration. Elaborate

2. Explore how "The Second Coming" expresses Yeats's fear of a violent, uncertain future. In what ways does the poem remain relevant in today's world?

3. Discuss the significance of the title "The Second Coming". How does it relate to the poem's central message?

4. The "rough beast" a metaphor for chaos and the collapse of civilization in "The Second Coming" Explain with reference to the poem.

Suggested Reading:

1. "The Waste Land" by T.S. Eliot

2. "Ozymandias" by Percy Bysshe Shelley

3. "Dover Beach" by Matthew Arnold

4. "Night of the Living Dead" (film)

5. "Requiem for a Dream" (film)

UNIT-II

The Bet

Anton Chekov (1860-1904)

About the Author

Anton Pavlovitch Chekhov was a brilliant Russian playwright and short story writer. He initially pursued a medical career, graduating in 1884, but writing became his primary focus. Chekhov's works, including plays like "The Seagull," "Uncle Vanya," "Three Sisters," and "The Cherry Orchard," are celebrated for their nuanced characters, realistic portrayals of Russian society, and exploration of human relationships. His short stories, known for their brevity and emotional depth, are considered masterpieces of the form. Chekhov's impact on dramatic literature and the short story is undeniable, influencing generations of writers. He died in 1904, leaving behind a legacy of profound and insightful works.

About the Story

"The Bet," a short story by Anton Chekhov, revolves around a bet between a banker and a young lawyer. The banker bets that the lawyer cannot endure fifteen years of solitary confinement in exchange for two million roubles. The lawyer accepts, believing he can use the time for self-improvement. He studies various subjects, and masters them but ultimately realizes the emptiness of all that he aspires for. On the eve of the deadline, the lawyer voluntarily leaves his confinement, forfeiting the money, and writes a letter condemning the corrupting influence of wealth. The banker, initially planning to kill the lawyer to avoid paying, is shaken by the letter and the lawyer's newfound perspective.

Chekhov's "The Bet" masterfully explores themes of human nature, the value of freedom, and the pursuit of knowledge while offering a critical view of materialism and the quest for worldly pleasures. Through the transformative experiences of the lawyer and the banker, the story imparts a timeless moral lesson about the true essence of life and the pursuit of genuine fulfillment.

The Bet

It was a dark autumn night. The old banker was pacing from corner to corner of his study, recalling to his mind the party he gave in the autumn fifteen years before. There were many clever people at the party and much interesting conversation. Among other things they had talked of capital punishment. The guests, among

them not a few scholars and journalists, for the most part disapproved of capital punishment. They found it obsolete as a means of punishment, unfitted to Christian States and immoral. Some of them thought that capital punishment should be replaced universally by life- imprisonment.

"I don't agree with you," said the host. "I myself have experienced neither capital punishment nor life-imprisonment, but if one may judge a priori, then in my opinion capital punishment is more moral and more humane than imprisonment. Execution kills instantly; life-imprisonment kills by degrees. Who is the more humane executioner, one

who kills you in a few seconds or one who draws the life out of you incessantly, for

years?"

"They're both equally immoral," remarked one of the guests, "because their purpose is the same, to take away life. The State is not God. It has no right to take away that which it cannot give back, if it should so desire."

Among the guests was a lawyer, a young man of about twenty-five. On being asked his opinion, he said: "Capital punishment and life imprisonment are equally immoral; but if I were offered the choice between them, I would certainly choose the second. It's better to live somehow than not to live at all."

There ensued a lively discussion. The banker who was then younger and more nervous suddenly lost his temper, banged his fist on the table, and turning to the young lawyer, cried out:

"It's a lie. I bet you two million you wouldn't stick in a cell even for five years."

"If you mean it seriously," replied the lawyer, "then I bet I'll stay not five but fifteen." "Fifteen! Done!" cried the banker. "Gentlemen, I stake two millions."

"Agreed. You stake two millions, I my freedom," said the lawyer.

So, this wild, ridiculous bet came to pass. The banker, who at that time had too many millions to count, spoiled and capricious, was beside himself with rapture.

During supper he said to the lawyer jokingly:

"Come to your senses, young man, before it's too late. Two millions are nothing to me, but you stand to lose three or four of the best years of your life. I say three or four, because you'll never stick it out any longer. Don't forget either, you unhappy man, that voluntary confinement is much heavier than enforced imprisonment. The idea that you have the right to free yourself at any moment will poison the whole of your life in the cell. I pity you."

And now the banker, pacing from corner to corner, recalled all this and asked himself "Why did I make this bet? What's the good? The lawyer loses fifteen years of his life and I throw away two millions. Will it convince people that capital punishment is worse or better than imprisonment for life? No, no! All stuff and rubbish. On my part, it was the caprice of a well-fed man; on the lawyer's pure greed of gold."

He recollected further what happened after the evening party. It was decided that the lawyer must undergo his imprisonment under the strictest observation, in a garden wing of the banker's house. It was agreed that during the period he would be deprived of the right to cross the threshold, to see living people, to hear human voices, and to receive letters and newspapers. He was permitted to have a musical instrument, to read books, to write

letters, to drink wine and smoke tobacco. By the agreement he could communicate, but only in silence, with the outside world through a little window specially constructed for this purpose. Everything necessary, books, music, wine, he could receive in any quantity by sending a note through the window. The agreement provided for all the minutest details, which made the confinement strictly solitary, and it obliged the lawyer to remain exactly fifteen years from twelve o'clock of November 14th, 1870, to twelve o'clock of November 14th, 1885. The least attempt on his part to violate the conditions, to escape if only for two minutes before the time freed the banker from the obligation to pay him the two million.

During the first year of imprisonment, the lawyer, as far as it was possible to judge from his short notes, suffered terribly from loneliness and boredom. From his wing, day and night came the sound of the piano. He rejected wine and tobacco. "Wine," he wrote, "excite desires, and desires are the chief foes of a prisoner; besides, nothing is more boring than to drink good wine alone," and tobacco spoils the air in his room. During the first year the lawyer was sent books of a light character; novels with a complicated love interest, stories of crime and fantasy, comedies, and so on.

In the second year the piano was heard no longer and the lawyer asked only for classics. In the fifth year, music was heard again, and the prisoner asked for wine. Those who watched him said that during the whole of that year he was only eating, drinking, and

lying on his bed. He yawned often and talked angrily to himself. Books he did not read. Sometimes at nights he would sit down to write. He would write for a long time and tear it all up in the morning. More than once, he was heard to weep.

In the second half of the sixth year, the prisoner began zealously to study languages, philosophy, and history. He fell on these subjects so hungrily that the banker hardly had time to get books enough for him. In the space of four years about six hundred volumes were bought at his request. It was while that passion lasted that the banker received the following letter from the prisoner:

"My dear Gaoler, I am writing these lines in six languages. Show them to experts. Let them read them. If they do not find one single mistake, I beg you to give orders to have a gun fired off in the garden. By the noise I shall know that my efforts have not been in vain. The geniuses of all ages and countries speak in different languages; but in them all burns the same flame. Oh, if you knew my heavenly happiness now that I can understand them!" The prisoner's desire was fulfilled. Two shots were fired in the garden by the banker's order.

Later on, after the tenth year, the lawyer sat immovable before his table and read only the New Testament. The banker found it strange that a man who in four years had mastered six hundred erudite volumes, should have spent nearly a year in reading one book, easy to understand and by no means thick. The New Testament was then replaced by the history of religions and theology. During the last two years of his confinement the prisoner read an extraordinary amount, quite haphazard. Now he would apply himself to the natural sciences, then he would read Byron or Shakespeare. Notes used to come from him in which he asked to be sent at the same time a book on chemistry, a text-book of medicine, a novel, and some treatise on philosophy or theology. He read as though he were swimming in the sea among broken pieces of wreckage, and in his desire to save his life was eagerly grasping one piece after another.

II

The banker recalled all this, and thought:

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock he receives his freedom. Under the agreement, I shall have to pay him two millions. If I pay, it's all over with me. I am ruined for ever …"

Fifteen years before he had too many millions to count, but now he was afraid to ask himself which he had more of, money or debts. Gambling on the Stock-Exchange, risky speculation, and the recklessness of which he could not rid himself even in old age, had gradually brought his business to decay; and the fearless, self-confident, proud man of business had become an ordinary banker, trembling at every rise and fall in the market.

"That cursed bet," murmured the old man clutching his head in despair… "Why didn't the man die? He's only forty years old. He will take away my last farthing, marry, enjoy life, gamble on the Exchange, and I will look on like an envious beggar and hear the same words from him every day: 'I'm obliged to you for the happiness of my life. Let me help you.' No, it's too much! The only escape from bankruptcy and disgrace—**is that the man should die."**

The clock had just struck three. The banker was listening. In the house everyone was asleep, and one could hear only the frozen trees whining outside the windows. Trying to make no sound, he took out of his safe the key of the door which had not been opened for fifteen years, put on his overcoat, and went out of the house. The garden was dark and cold. It was raining. A damp, penetrating wind howled in the garden and gave the trees no rest. Though he strained his eyes, the banker could see neither the ground, nor the white statues, nor the garden wing, nor the trees. Approaching the garden wing, he called the watchman twice. There was no answer. Evidently the watchman had taken shelter from the bad weather and was now asleep somewhere in the kitchen or the greenhouse. "If I have the courage to fulfill my intention," thought the old man, "the suspicion will fall on the watchman first of all."

In the darkness he groped for the steps and the door and entered the hall of the garden-

wing, then poked his way into a narrow passage and struck a match. Not a soul was there. Someone's bed, with no bedclothes on it, stood there, and an iron stove loomed dark in the corner. The seals on the door that led into the prisoner's room were unbroken.

When the match went out, the old man, trembling from agitation, peeped into the little window.

In the prisoner's room a candle was burning dimly. The prisoner himself sat by the table. Only his back, the hair on his head and his hands were visible. Open books were strewn about on the table, the two chairs, and on the carpet near the table.

Five minutes passed and the prisoner never once stirred. Fifteen years' confinement had taught him to sit motionless. The banker tapped on the window with his finger, but the prisoner made no movement in reply. Then the banker cautiously tore the seals from the door and put the key into the lock. The rusty lock gave a hoarse groan and the door creaked. The banker expected instantly to hear a cry of surprise and the sound of steps. Three minutes passed and it was as quiet inside as it had been before. He made up his mind to enter.

Before the table sat a man, unlike an ordinary human being. It was a skeleton, with tight- drawn skin, with

long curly hair like a woman's, and a shaggy beard. The colour of his face was yellow, of an earthy shade; the cheeks were sunken, the back long and narrow, and the hand upon which he leaned his hairy head was so lean and skinny that it was painful to look upon. His hair was already silvering with grey, and no one who glanced at the senile emaciation of the face would have believed that he was only forty years old. On the table, before his bended head, lay a sheet of paper on which something was written in a tiny hand.

"Poor devil," thought the banker, "he's asleep and probably seeing millions in his dreams.

I have only to take and throw this half-dead thing on the bed, smother him a moment with the pillow, and the most careful examination will find no trace of unnatural death. But, first,

let us read what he has written here."

The banker took the sheet from the table and read:

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock midnight, I shall obtain my freedom and the right to mix with people. But before I leave this room and see the sun, I think it necessary to say a few words to you. On my own clear conscience and before God who sees me, I declare to you that I despise freedom, life, health, and all that your books call the blessings of the world.

For fifteen years I have diligently studied earthly life. True, I saw neither the earth nor the people, but in your books, I drank fragrant wine, sang songs, hunted deer and wild boar in the forests, loved women… And beautiful women, like clouds ethereal, created by the magic of your poets' genius, visited me by night and whispered to me wonderful tales, which made my head drunken. In your books I climbed the summits of Elbrus and Mont Blanc and saw from there how the sun rose in the morning, and in the evening suffused the sky, the ocean and the mountain ridges with a purple gold. I saw from there how above me lightning glimmered cleaving the clouds; I saw green forests, fields, rivers, lakes, cities; I heard sirens singing, and the playing of the pipes of Pan; I touched the wings of beautiful devils who came flying to me to speak of God… In your books I cast myself into bottomless abysses, worked miracles, burned cities to the ground, and preached new religions, conquered whole countries…

Your books gave me wisdom. All that unwearying human thought created in the centuries is compressed to a little lump in my skull. I know that I am cleverer than you all.

And I despise your books; despise all worldly blessings and wisdom. Everything is void, frail, visionary and delusive as a mirage. Though you be proud and wise and beautiful, yet will death wipe you from the face of the earth like the mice underground; and your posterity, your history, and the immortality of your men of genius will be as frozen slag, burnt down together with the terrestrial globe.

You are mad and gone the wrong way. You take falsehood for truth and ugliness for beauty.

You would marvel if suddenly apple and orange trees should bear frogs and lizards instead of fruit, and if roses should begin to breathe the odour of a sweating horse. So, do I marvel at you, who have bartered heaven for earth? I do not want to understand you.

That I may show you in deed my contempt for that by which you live, I waive the two millions of which I once dreamed as of paradise, and which I now despise. That I may deprive myself of my right to them; I shall come out from here five minutes before the stipulated term, and thus shall violate the agreement."

When he had read, the banker put the sheet on the table, kissed the head of the strange man, and began to weep. He went out of the wing. Never at any other time, not even after his terrible losses on the Exchange, had he felt such contempt for himself as now. Coming home, he lay down on his bed, but agitation and tears kept

him a long time from sleeping…

The next morning the poor watchman came running to him and told him that they had seen the man who lived in the wing climb through the window into the garden. He had gone to the gate and disappeared. The banker instantly went with his servants to the wing and established the escape of his prisoner. To avoid unnecessary rumours, he took the paper with the renunciation from the table and, on his return, locked it in his safe.

Glossary

A Priori: Based on theory rather than experiment

Caprice: A whim or fancy/ sudden change of mood

Capital Punishment: Legally authorized execution

Cutting wind: Cold and piercing wind especially in a cold country

Emaciation: The fact or process of being set free

Erudite: Highly knowledgeable

Executioner: Person who carries out a death sentence

Mirage: Optical illusion.

Mont Blanc: The highest peak in Alps

Senile: Showing weakness of old age.

The gospel: The teaching of Jesus as found in the New Testament.

Questions for Discussion:

I. Answer the following questions in 100 to 150 words:

1. How did the guests at the party view capital punishment, and what were their arguments against it?

2. Describe the terms of the bet between the banker and the lawyer regarding the imprisonment.

3. What conditions were imposed on the lawyer during his fifteen-year imprisonment in the garden wing?

4. How did the lawyer's attitude towards life and imprisonment change over the years of his confinement?

5. Explain the impact of the lawyer's final decision regarding the two million- dollar bet on himself and the banker.

II. Answer the following questions in 200 to 250 words:

1. Analyze how the lawyer's thoughts changed over the course of his 15 years in prison.

2. The lawyer’s actions and choices reflect his changing perspectives on life and freedom. Explain

3. Compare and contrast the views of the banker and the lawyer on the value of human life and freedom. How do their experiences and perspectives influence their final actions and decisions?

4. Examine the themes of regret, redemption, and self-awareness in the story “The Bet”.

5. Who actually won the bet, the lawyer or the banker and why do you think so?

Suggested Reading:

1. "Meditations" by Marcus Aurelius

2. "Man’s Search for Meaning" by Viktor Frankl

3. "Civil Disobedience" by Henry David Thoreau

4. "The Tell-Tale Heart" by Edgar Allan Poe

5. “The Prisoner of Chillon” by Lord Byron

The Legend of the Bird's Nest

Selma Lagerlof (1858- 1940)

About the Author

Selma Ottilia Lovisa Lagerlof was born in Ostra Emterwik, on the Marbacka estate in Varmland, Kingdom of Norway & Sweden and lived there her entire life. Lagerlof's early writing career included working as a teacher while writing. She later became a full-time author in 1895, travelling extensively. She continued to produce numerous novels & other works throughout her life. She gained recognition with her first novel 'Gosta Berling's saga' in 1891 which she published at the age of 33. She became the first woman & the first Swede to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1909. She is remembered as a significant figure in Swedish Literature . She was the first woman to be granted a membership of the Swedish Academy.

Some of her noted works were:

1. The Miracles of Antichrist-1897
2. Tales of a Manor-1899
3. Jerusalem-1901
4. Penningar-1904
5. The Wonderful Adventures of Nils & Further Adventures of Nils-1906

About the Story

The Legend of the Bird's Nest" by Selma Lagerlöf is a Christian legend that reimagines the story of Jesus through the lens of a mother bird and her nest. The story uses this symbolic connection to explore themes of divine providence and sacrifice, weaving together elements of faith and the natural world. "The Legend of the Bird's Nest" is part of Lagerlöf's collection, "Christ Legends," which explores the life of Jesus through a various lens, enriching the familiar narratives with her unique approach of storytelling.

The Legend of the Bird's Nest

Hatto the hermit stood in the wilderness and prayed to God. A storm was raging, and his long beard and matted hair waved about him like weather-beaten tufts of grass on the summit of an old ruin. But he did not push his hair out of his eyes, nor did he tuck his beard into his belt, for his arms were uplifted in prayer. Ever since sunrise, he had raised his gnarled, hairy arms towards heaven, as untiringly as a tree stretches up its branches, and he meant to remain standing so till night. He had a great boon to pray for.

He was a man who had suffered much of the world's anger. He had himself persecuted and tortured, and persecutions and torture from others had fallen to his share, more than his heart could bear. So, he went out on the great heath, dug himself a hole in the river bank and became a holy man, whose prayers were heard at God's throne.

Hatto the hermit stood there on the river bank by his hole and prayed the great prayer of his life. He prayed God that He should appoint the day of doom for this wicked world. He called on the trumpet-blowing angels, who were to proclaim the end of the reign of sin. He cried out to the waves of the sea of blood, which were to drown the unrighteous. He called on the pestilence, which should fill the churchyards with heaps of dead.

Round about stretched a desert plain. But a little higher up on the river bank stood an old willow with a short trunk, which swelled out at the top in a great knob like a head, from which new, light-green shoots grew out. Every autumn it was robbed of these strong, young branches by the inhabitants of that fuel-less heath. Every spring the tree put forth new, soft shoots, and in stormy weather these waved and fluttered about it, just as hair and beard fluttered about Hatto the hermit.

A pair of wagtails, which used to make their nest in the top of the willow's trunk among the sprouting branches, had intended to begin their building that very day. But among the whipping shoots the birds found no quiet. They came flying with straws and root fibres and dried sedges, but they had to turn back with their errand unaccomplished. Just then they noticed old Hatto, who called upon God to make the storm seven times more violent, so that the nests of the little birds might be swept away and the eagle's eyrie destroyed.

Of course, no one now living can conceive how mossy and dried-up and gnarled and black and unlike a human being such an old plain-dweller could be. The skin was so drawn over brow and cheeks, that he looked almost like a death's-head, and one saw only by a faint gleam in the hollows of the eye sockets that he was alive. And the dried-up muscles of the body gave it no roundness, and the upstretched, naked arms consisted only of shapeless bones, covered with shrivelled, hardened, bark-like skin. He wore an old, close-fitting, black robe. He was tanned by the sun and black with dirt. His hair and beard alone were light, bleached by the rain and sun, until they had become the same green-gray colour as the underside of the willow leaves.

The birds, flying about, looking for a place to build, took Hatto the hermit for another old willow-tree, checked in its struggle towards the sky by axe and saw like the first one. They circled about him many times, flew away and came again, took their landmarks, considered his position in regard to birds of prey and winds, found him rather unsatisfactory, but nevertheless decided in his favor, because he stood so near to the river and to the tufts of sedge, their larder and storehouse. One of them shot swift as an arrow down into his upstretched hand and laid his root fibre there.

There was a lull in the storm, so that the root-fibre was not torn instantly away from the hand; but in the hermit's prayers there was no pause: "May the Lord come soon to destroy this world of corruption, so that man may not have time to heap more sin upon himself! May he save the unborn from life! For the living there is no salvation."

Then the storm began again, and the little root-fibre fluttered away out of the hermit's big gnarled hand. But the birds came again and tried to wedge the foundation of the new home in between the fingers. Suddenly a shapeless and dirty thumb laid itself on the straws and held them fast, and four fingers arched themselves so that there was a quiet niche to build in. The hermit continued his prayers.

"Oh Lord, where are the clouds of fire which laid Sodom waste? When wilt Thou let loose the floods which lifted the ark to Ararat's top? Are not the cups of Thy patience emptied and the vials of Thy grace exhausted? Oh Lord, when wilt Thou rend the heavens and come?"

And feverish visions of the Day of Doom appeared to Hatto the hermit. The ground trembled, the heavens glowed. Across the flaming sky he saw black clouds of flying birds, a horde of panic-stricken beasts rushed, roaring and bellowing, past him. But while his soul was occupied with these fiery visions, his eyes began to follow the flight of the little birds, as they flashed to and fro and with a cheery peep of satisfaction wove a new straw into the nest.

The old man had no thought of moving. He had made a vow to pray without moving with uplifted hands all day in order to force the Lord to grant his request. The more exhausted his body became, the more vivid visions filled his brain. He heard the walls of cities fall and the houses crack. Shrieking, terrified crowds rushed by him, pursued by the angels of vengeance and destruction, mighty forms with stern, beautiful faces, wearing silver coats of mail, riding black horses and swinging scourges, woven of white lightning.

The little wagtails built and shaped busily all day, and the work progressed rapidly. On the tufted heath with its stiff sedges and by the river with its reeds and rushes, there was no lack of building material. They had no time for noon siesta nor for evening rest. Glowing with eagerness and delight, they flew to and fro, and before night came, they had almost reached the roof.

But before night came, the hermit had begun to watch them more and more. He followed them on their journeys; he scolded them when they built foolishly; he was furious when the wind disturbed their work; and least of all could he endure that they should take any rest.

Then the sun set, and the birds went to their old sleeping place in among the rushes.

Let him who crosses the heath at night bend clown until his face comes on a level with the tufts of grass, and he will see a strange spectacle outline itself against the western sky. Owls with great, round wings skim over the ground, invisible to anyone standing upright. Snakes glide about there, lithe, quick, with narrow heads uplifted on swanlike necks. Great turtles crawl slowly forward, hares and water-rats flee before preying beasts, and a fox bounds after a bat, which is chasing mosquitos by the river. It seems as if every tuft has come to life. But through it all the little birds sleep on the waving rushes, secure from all harm in that resting-place which no enemy can approach, without the water splashing or the reeds shaking and waking them.

When the morning came, the wagtails believed at first that the events of the day before had been a beautiful dream.

They had taken their landmarks and flew straight to their nest, but it was gone. They flew searching over the heath and rose up into the air to spy about. There was not a trace of nest or tree. At last, they lighted on a couple of stones by the river bank and considered. They wagged their long tails and cocked their heads on one side. Where had the tree and nest gone?

But hardly had the sun risen a handsbreadth over the belt of trees on the other bank, before their tree came walking and placed itself on the same spot where it had been the day before. It was just as black and gnarled as ever and bore their nest on the top of something, which must be a dry, upright branch.

Then the wagtails began to build again, without troubling themselves any more about nature’s many wonders.

Hatto the hermit, who drove the little children away from his hole telling them that it had been best for them if they had never been born, he who rushed out into the mud to hurl curses after the joyous young people who rowed up the stream in pleasure-boats, he from whose angry eyes the shepherds on the heath guarded their flocks, did not return to his place by the river for the sake of the little birds. He knew that not only has every letter in the holy books its hidden, mysterious meaning, but so also has everything which God allows to take place in nature. He had thought out the meaning of the wagtails building in his hand. God wished him to remain standing with uplifted arms until the birds had raised their brood; and if he should have the power to do that, he would be heard.

But during that day he did not see so many visions of the Day of Doom. Instead, he watched the birds more and more eagerly. He saw the nest soon finished. The little builders fluttered about it and inspected it. They went after a few bits of lichen from the real willow-tree and fastened them on the outside, to fill the place of plaster and paint. They brought the finest cotton-grass, and the female wagtail took feathers from her own breast and lined the nest.

The peasants, who feared the baleful power that the hermit’s prayers might have at the throne of God, used to

bring him bread and milk to mitigate his wrath. They came now too and found him standing motionless, with the bird's nest in his hand. "See how the holy man loves the little creatures," they said, and were no longer afraid of him, but lifted the bowl of milk to his mouth and put the bread between his lips. When he had eaten and drunk, he drove away the people with angry words, but they only smiled at his curses.

His body had long since become the slave of his will. By hunger and blows, by praying all day, by waking a week at a time, he had taught it obedience. Now the steel-like muscles held his arms uplifted for days and weeks, and when the female wagtail began to sit on her eggs and never left the nest, he did not return to his hole even at night. He learned to sleep sitting, with upstretched arms. Among the dwellers in the wilderness there are many who have done greater things.

He grew accustomed to the two little, motionless bird-eyes which stared down at him over the edge of the nest. He watched for hail and rain, and sheltered the nest as well as he could.

At last, one day the female is freed from her duties. Both the birds sit on the edge of the nest, wag their tails and consult and look delighted, although the whole nest seems to be full of an anxious peeping. After a while they set out on the wildest hunt for midges.

Midge after midge is caught and brought to whatever it is that is peeping up there in his hand. And when the food comes, the peeping is at its very loudest. The holy man is disturbed in his prayers by that peeping.

And gently, gently he bends his arm, which has almost lost the power of moving, and his little fiery eyes stare down into the nest.

Never had he seen anything so helplessly ugly and miserable: small, naked bodies, with a little thin down, no eyes, no power of flight, nothing really but six big, gaping mouths.

It seemed very strange to him, but he liked them just as they were. Their father and mother he had never spared in the general destruction, but when hereafter he called to God to ask of Him the salvation of the world through its annihilation, he made a silent exception of those six helpless ones.

When the peasant women now brought him food, he no longer thanked them by wishing their destruction. Since he was necessary to the little creatures up there, he was glad that they did not let him starve to death.

Soon six round heads were to be seen the whole day long stretching over the edge of the nest. Old Hatto's arm sank more and more often to the level of his eyes. He saw the feathers push out through the red skin, the eyes open, the bodies round out. Happy inheritors of the beauty nature have given to flying creatures, they developed quickly in their loveliness.

And during all this time prayers for the great destruction rose more and more hesitatingly to old Hatto's lips. He thought that he had God's promise, that it should come when the little birds were fledged. Now he seemed to be searching for a loophole for God the Father. For these six little creatures, whom he had sheltered and cherished, he could not sacrifice.

It was another matter before, when he had not had anything that was his own. The love for the small and weak, which it has been every little child's mission to teach big, dangerous people, came over him and made him doubtful.

He sometimes wanted to hurl the whole nest into the river, for he thought that they who die without sorrow or sin are the happy ones. Should he not save them from beasts of prey and cold, from hunger, and from life's manifold visitations? But just as he thought this, a sparrow-hawk came swooping down on the nest. Then Hatto seized the marauder with his left hand, swung him about his head and hurled him with the strength of wrath out into the stream.

The day came at last when the little birds were ready to fly. One of the wagtails was working inside the nest to push the young ones out to the edge, while the other flew about, showing them how easy it was, if they only dared to try. And when the young ones were obstinate and afraid, both the parents flew about, showing them all their most beautiful feats of flight. Beating with their wings, they flew in swooping curves, or rose right up like larks or hung motionless in the air with vibrating wings.

But as the young ones still persist in their obstinacy, Hatto the hermit cannot keep from mixing himself up in the matter. He gives them a cautious shove with his finger and then it is done. Out they go, fluttering and uncertain, beating the air like bats, sink, but rise again, grasp what the art is and make use of it to reach the

nest again as quickly as possible. Proud and rejoicing, the parents come to them again and old Hatto smiles.

It was he who gave the final touch after all.

He now considered seriously if there could not be any way out of it for our Lord.

Perhaps, when all was said, God the Father held this earth in His right hand like a big bird's nest, and perhaps He had come to cherish love for all those who build and dwell there, for all earth's defenseless children. Perhaps He felt pity for those whom He had promised to destroy, just as the hermit felt pity for the little birds.

Of course, the hermit's birds were much better than our Lord's people, but he could quite understand that God the Father nevertheless had love for them.

The next day the bird's nest stood empty, and the bitterness of loneliness filled the heart of the hermit. Slowly his arm sank down to his side, and it seemed to him as if all nature held its breath to listen for the thunder of the trumpet of Doom. But just then all the wagtails came again and lighted on his head and shoulders, for they were not at all afraid of him. Then a ray of light shot through old Hatto's confused brain. He had lowered his arm, lowered it every day to look at the birds.

And standing there with all the six young ones fluttering and playing about him, he nodded contentedly to someone whom he did not see. "I let you off," he said, "I let you off. I have not kept my word, so you need not keep yours."

And it seemed to him as if the mountains ceased to tremble and as if the river laid itself down in easy calm in its bed.

Glossary

Baleful: Having a harmful or destructive effect

Bleached: To take the colour out

Errand: Being sent out to buy

Fluttered: To move softly & quickly especially of wings

Gleam: Faint light

Gnarled: Twisted

Hermit: A person who lives alone & refuses to see other people

Mitigate: Lessen or alleviate

Mossy: Covered with moss

Persecuted: To treat cruelly

Pestilence: Plague or disease

Sedges: Types of grass which grows in water

Shriveled: Dry and wrinkled

Spectacle: Something that is impressive or shocking to look at

Wagtails: A small bird which wags its tail up & down as it walks

Whipping: Beating

Willow: A tree with thin supple branches often found along river banks

Questions for Discussion:

I. Answer the following questions in 100 to 150 words:

1. Write a note on the central theme of 'The Legend of the Bird's Nest'.
2. What is the significance of the bird's nest in the story 'The Legend of the Bird's Nest'.
3. How does the author create a sense of wonder or magic in the story "The Legend of the Bird's Nest.'

4. Highlight the importance of nature or survival as depicted in the story.
5. Comment on the ending of the story.

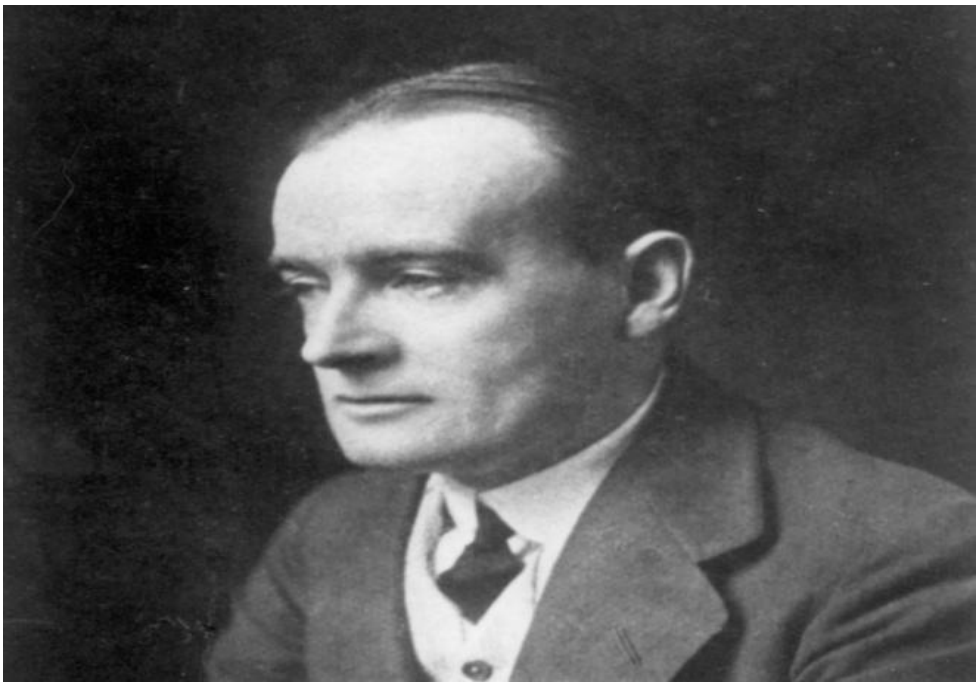
II. Answer the following questions in 200 to 250 words:

1. Describe the setting, characters, and their role in the story.
2. What is the central conflict in the legend and how does it affect the bird?
3. Sketch the character of 'Hatto, the hermit'
4. "I let you off," he said, "I let you off. I have not kept my word, so you need not keep yours." Examine this statement in the light of the story 'The Legend of the Bird's Nest'.

Suggested Reading:

1. "The Little Mermaid" by Hans Christian Andersen
2. 'The Fisherman & His Soul' by Oscar Wilde
3. Two Wolves (Parable from North America)
4. 'The Potter & the Clay' Book of Jeremiah (Jeremiah 18:1-6)
5. "Panchatantra" by Vishnu Sharma

The Open Window



Hector Hugh Munro (Saki) (1870-1916)

About the Author

Hector Hugh Munro better known by his pen name Saki, was a British writer celebrated for his witty and often macabre short stories satirizing Edwardian society. Born in Burma and raised in England by strict aunts, Munro's unique upbringing likely influenced the recurring themes of mischievous youth challenging authority figures present in his works.

Saki's stories feature, sharp social commentary, clever dialogue, and unexpected endings, a style that led to comparisons with writers like O. Henry and Dorothy Parker. Some of his most famous works include "The Open Window," "Gabriel-Ernest," and "The Storyteller". His detached, ironic prose creates a subtle unease that heightens the impact of his often-unsettling conclusions. In addition to short stories, he also wrote novels and plays. Munro's legacy includes his service in the British Army during World War I, where he volunteered despite being overage, and his death in action in 1916.

About the Story

The most remarkable aspect of Saki's devices in 'The Open Window' is his construction of the story's narrative. The structure of the story is that of a story-within-a-story. The larger 'frame' narrative is that of Mr.

Nuttel's arrival at Mrs. Sappleton's house to introduce himself to her. Within this narrative frame is the second story, which Mrs. Sappleton's niece tells. The story thus has a tripartite structure. The first part begins with the meeting between Vera and Framton. The second part starts with the arrival of the aunt and the dialogue with her guest. The third part involves the return of the hunting party and the visitor's subsequent escape. The narrator employs flashbacks to divide these three parts, interrupting the present with a story within a story inspired by the girl's imagined past.

The Open Window

"My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put up with me."

Framton Nuttel endeavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these

formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back someday, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window - "

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; "my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So, like you menfolk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic, he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and

infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention - but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with a dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window, they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall door, the gravel drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window, "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of goodby or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make anyone lose their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her specialty.

Glossary

Self-possessed: Confident and in control of one's emotions; composed.

Falter: To lose strength or purpose; to stumble.

Rectory: A house occupied by a clergyman.

French window: A large window, often opening onto a garden, that extends from floor to ceiling.

Bog: Soft, wet, spongy land; a marsh.

Spaniel: A breed of dog known for its hunting abilities.

Bustle: To be full of people, noise or activity

Snipe: A wading bird of marshes and wet meadows

Moor: An area of open, uncultivated land.

Ghastly: Appalling; frightful.

Dusk: The period of twilight when the sun is setting.

Shudder: To tremble with fear or cold.

Embroiled: Involved in an argument or conflict

Questions for Discussion:

I. Answer the following questions in 100 to 150 words:

1. Why had Framton Nuttel come to the “rural retreat”? Why had his sister given him letters of introduction to

people living there?

2. What had happened in the Sappleton family as narrated by the niece?

3. What did Mrs. Sappleton say about the open window?

4. Which situations in 'The Open Window' are good examples of the use of irony?

5 Why does Framton Nuttel leave abruptly, and how does Vera rationalise it?

6. Write a note on Vera's narration in building suspense in *The Open Window.*

7. What prank does Vera play on Framton Nuttel?

8. How does the omniscient narrator shape the short story?

II. Answer the following questions in 200 to 250 words:

1. Comment on the symbolism used in *The Open Window.*

2. Discuss the conflict and resolution in Saki's *The Open Window.*

3. How *is The Open Window* a humorous story?

4. Sketch the character dynamics and development of Mr. Nuttel and Vera in *The Open Window.*

5. How does Saki use satire in *The Open Window*?

6. How does Saki use imagery and descriptive words to create a surprise ending?

7. Why is Mrs. Sappleton's statement about Mr. Nuttel seeing a ghost an example of dramatic irony?

8. Describe how the title of the story relates to the themes of the story itself.

Suggested Reading:

1."The Story of an Hour" by Kate Chopin

2."Lamb to the Slaughter" by Roald Dahl

3."The Necklace" by Guy de Maupassant

4."The Interlopers" by Saki

5."Charles" by Shirley Jackson

UNIT III

Sir Roger at Home

Joseph Addison and Richard Steele

Joseph Addison (1672-1719)

About the Author

Joseph Addison was born in 1672 in Wiltshire, England, into a world of Latin grammar and Anglican restraint. Scholarly from the start, he studied at Oxford, where his polished verse and quiet wit caught early notice. But Addison's mind wasn't built only for books—it longed for clarity, for public reason, for the pulse of thoughts made plain. With his friend Richard Steele, he created *The Spectator*—a daily paper meant not to shout, but to civilize. Addison believed the mind could be steadied by quiet reflection, and his essays offered that: reflections on friendship, modesty, idleness, and London mornings with the smell of ink and coffee. A statesman later in life, he served under Queen Anne, Addison was known for his calm and resonant voice in Parliament. He passed away in 1719, as gently as he lived.

Some of his works include: A Poem to His Majesty, Presented to the Lord Keeper (1695)

An Essay on Virgil's Georgics (1697) a Latin poem, In Musarum angilcanarum analecta (1699)

Letter from Italy (1703) later published in 1704 and The Campaign (1704)

Richard Steele (1672 - 1729)

About the Author

Richard Steele was born in 1672 in Dublin, full of spirit and restlessness from the start. Orphaned young, he was raised by relatives and educated at Charterhouse and Oxford, though he left without a degree, choosing the messiness of life over academic calm. He joined the army, dabbled in politics, and wrote with a mix of heart and humour that set him apart. Steele founded *The Tatler* and later *The Spectator* with his friend Joseph Addison, blending gossip, wit, and moral reflection into something entirely new. He once said, *"Fire and swords are slow engines of destruction, compared to the tongue of a gossip."* Unlike Addison's measured calm, Steele wrote with warmth and emotion—more candid, more flawed, more human. He served in Parliament, argued loudly, felt deeply, and never quite fit the mould. When he died in 1729, it was after a life lived in full voice—honest, generous, and always reaching for the common heart.

Steele wrote some prose comedies, the best of which are The Funeral (1701), The Lying Lover (1703), The Tender Husband (1705), and The Conscious Lovers (1722). They follow in the general scheme the Restoration comedies but are without the grossness and impudence of their models. Indeed, Steele's contribution as a dramatist rests on his foundation of the sentimental comedy, avowedly moral and pious in aim and tone.

It is as a miscellaneous essayist that Steele finds his place in literature. He started The Tatler in 1709, The Spectator in 1711, and several other short-lived periodicals, such as The Guardian (1713), The Englishmen (1713), The Reader (1714), and The Plebeian (1719). The Plebeian is Steele's most famous political journal, which involved him in a dispute with Addison, whose death in 1719 frustrated Steele's attempt at reconciliation. Steele's working alliance with Addison was so close and so constant that the comparison between them is almost inevitable. Of the two writers, some critics assert that Steele is the worthier one. In versatility and originality, he is Addison's equal. His humour is broader and less restrained than Addison's, with a naive, pathetic touch about it that is reminiscent of Goldsmith.

About the Essay

The essay 'Sir Roger at Home' is taken from the periodical *The Spectator*. The essay shows the oddities and vices of 18th century English society through the central character of Sir Roger. He is the most popular and lovable character of the club. He was a baronet of Worcestershire and depicted as a very hospitable and benevolent man, who represents the typical landed gentry. He was a humorist and his virtues and imperfections were tinged with a certain extravagance which made him more agreeable than any other one around. This essay highlights the interaction between different social classes and also depicts the social dynamics of the time, illustrating the privileges and responsibilities of the upper class.

"Sir Roger at Home" portrays the titular character, Roger as a kind, generous, and somewhat eccentric English country gentleman, highlighting his warm relationships with his staff and his fondness for traditional ways. This essay , part of *The Spectator* by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, offers glimpses into his household, revealing the loyalty and affection of his long-serving servants.

Sir Roger at Home

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please; dine at his own table, or in my chamber, as I think fit; sit still, and say nothing, without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother; his butler is gray-headed; his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen; and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councilor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog; and in a gray pad, that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engage everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense, and some learning, of a very regular life, and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem; so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of minds, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned ; and, without staying for my answer, told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table ; for which reason, he desired a particular friend of his at the University, to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. My friend (says Sir Roger) found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them: if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I

think never happened above once, or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Doctor Barrow, Doctor Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example, and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be easier to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

Glossary

Staid: Respectable, sedate

Countenances: A person's face or facial expression

Infirmity: Physical or mental weakness

Prudent: Acting with or showing care and thought for the future

Desirous: Characterized by desire

Venerable: A title given to an archdeacon (in the Anglican Church)

Chaplain: A member of the clergy attached to a private chapel, regiment etc.

Extravagance: Lack of restraint in spending money or using resources

Backgammon: A game, life's journey/struggle between opposing forces

Parsonage of the parish: The residence provided by a parish for its pastor or minister, typically a priest or clergyman.

Acquiesce: Accept something reluctantly but without protest

Pulpit: Religious teaching as expressed in sermons; a raised enclosed platform in a church/chapel from which the preacher delivers a sermon

Elocution: The skills of clear and expressive speech

Questions for Discussion:

I. Answer the following questions in 100 to 150 words:

1. Discuss the character of Sir Roger as a Master.
2. Describe the qualities of Chaplain as presented in the essay.
3. How does the usage of humor and irony critique the social class structures in the essay?
4. Highlight the significance of the interaction between Sir Roger and other characters in the essay.

II. Answer the following questions in 200 to 250 words:

1.Why was the narrator at ease with Sir Roger's family?

2. “This essay shows the oddities and vices of 18th century English society through the central character of Sir Roger.” Substantiate.

3. How does the essay illustrate the privileges and responsibilities of the upper class?

4. How does the essay portray the theme of compassion, loyalty and human bonding?

5. Write a note on human relationships as seen in this essay.

Suggested Reading:

1. “Coverly Papers” by Addison and Steele
2. “Notes of a Native Son” by James Baldwin
3. “Diary of a Country Priest by Robert Bresson (Film)
4. “The Tatler” by Sir Richard Steele
5. “The Rambler” by Samuel Johnson

On Actors and Acting

William Hazlitt (1778-1830)

About the Author

Hazlitt was born in Maidstone, Kent, in 1778. His mother, Grace Loftus, was from a dissenting family in Cambridgeshire, and his father, the Reverend William Hazlitt, was an Irish Unitarian minister from County Tipperary, and a graduate of the University of Glasgow. After a brief period in America, Hazlitt spent the greater part of his childhood in Wem, Shropshire. Hazlitt was educated at the Unitarian New College at Hackney, then studied art and tried to earn a living as a portrait painter . He was keenly interested in philosophy and published his first book, *An Essay on the Principles of Human Action*, in 1805.
Hazlitt worked as a journalist, political sketch-writer, lecturer, critic, travel writer, and an essayist, producing the writing that made him famous, 'reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking, writing on what pleased me best'.

Hazlitt knew and wrote about many of the other major literary figures of the Romantic period in Britain. However, unlike his contemporaries William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Robert Southey, he remained an unapologetic and lifelong political radical, and this led to quarrels with many of his friends, though his deep friendship with Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt endured. Hazlitt died in 1830 in Frith Street, Soho, and is buried in St. Anne's Churchyard.

Hazlitt's writings include *Characters of Shakespear's Plays* (1817), his *Lectures on the English Poets* (1818), essay collections *The Round Table* (1817), *Table-Talk* (1821), *The Plain Speaker* (1826), the scandalous *Liber Amoris* (1823), *The Spirit of the Age* (1825), and *Life of Napoleon* which he published towards the end of his life.

About the Essay

Hazlitt's essay is a celebration of the art of acting, recognizing its power to entertain, enlighten, and transform both the performer and the spectator.

"Actors and Acting," reads less like criticism and more like a love letter to the stage, full of urgency, awe, and almost envious admiration. He doesn't just dissect performances; he treats the actor as a kind of alchemist, able to turn flesh and feeling into myth before a live audience. To Hazlitt, great acting wasn't about artifice—it was about surrender. He praises those who vanish into their roles so completely that the boundary between the self and the character dissolves. He writes with special admiration for performers like Edmund Kean, whose intensity and raw energy broke through convention. Hazlitt doesn't simply critique acting technique; he dives into the emotional and psychological demands of the craft. In doing so, he defends the actor's ability to move audiences, not just through talent, but through a kind of living honesty, where feeling is not just portrayed, but lived night after night.

On Actors and Acting

Players are 'the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time'; the motley representatives of human nature. They are the only honest hypocrites. Their life is a voluntary dream; a studied madness. The height of their ambition is to be beside themselves. To-day kings, to-morrow beggars, it is only when they are themselves, that they are nothing. Made up of mimic laughter and tears, passing from the extremes of joy or woe at the prompter's call, they wear the livery of other men's fortunes; their very thoughts are not their own. They are, as it were, train-bearers in the pageant of life, and hold a glass up to humanity, frailer than itself. We see ourselves at second-hand in them: they shew us all that we are, all that we wish to be, and all that we dread to be. The stage is an epitome, a bettered likeness of the world, with the dull part left out: and, indeed, with this omission, it is nearly big enough to hold all the rest. What brings the resemblance nearer is, that, as they imitate us, we, in our turn, imitate them. How many fine gentlemen do we owe to the stage? How many romantic lovers are mere Romeos in masquerade? How many soft bosoms have heaved with Juliet's sighs? They teach us when to laugh and when to weep, when to love and when to hate, upon principle and with a good grace! Wherever there is a play-house, the world will go on not amiss. The stage not only refines the manners, but it is the best teacher of morals, for it is the truest and most intelligible picture of life. It stamps the image of virtue on the mind by first softening the rude materials of which it is composed, by a sense of pleasure. It regulates the passions by giving a loose to the imagination. It points out the selfish and depraved to our detestation, the amiable and generous to our admiration; and if it clothes the more seductive vices with the borrowed graces of wit and fancy, even those graces operate as a diversion to the coarser poison of experience and bad example, and often prevent or carry off the infection by inoculating the mind with a certain taste and elegance. To shew how little we agree with the common declamations against the immoral tendency of the stage on this score, we will hazard a conjecture, that the acting of the Beggar's Opera a certain number of nights every year since it was first brought out, has done more towards putting down the practice of highway robbery, than all the gibbets that ever were erected. A person, after seeing this piece is too deeply imbued with a sense of humanity, is in too good humor with himself and the rest of the world, to set about cutting throats or rifling pockets. Whatever makes a jest of vice, leaves it too much a matter of indifference for any one in his senses to rush desperately on his ruin for its sake. We suspect that just the contrary effect must be produced by the representation of George Barnwell, which is too much in the style of the Ordinary's sermon to meet with any better success. The mind, in such cases, instead of being deterred by the alarming consequences held out to it, revolts against the denunciation of them as an insult offered to its free-will, and, in a spirit of defiance, returns a practical answer to them, by daring the worst that can happen. The most striking lesson ever read to levity and licentiousness, is in the last act of the Inconstant, where young Mirabel is preserved by the fidelity of his mistress, Orinda, in the disguise of a page, from the hands of assassins, into whose power he has been allured by the temptations of vice and beauty. There never was a rake who did not become in imagination a reformed man, during the representation of the last trying scenes of this admirable comedy.

If the stage is useful as a school of instruction, it is no less so as a source of amusement. It is the source of the greatest enjoyment at the time, and a never-failing fund of agreeable reflection afterwards. The merits of a new play, or of a new actor, are always among the first topics of polite conversation. One way in which public exhibitions contribute to refine and humanize mankind, is by supplying them with ideas and subjects of conversation and interest in common. The progress of civilization is in proportion to the number of common-places current in society. For instance, if we meet with a stranger at an inn or in a stagecoach, who knows nothing but his own affairs, his shop, his customers, his farm, his pigs, his poultry, we can carry on no conversation with him on these local and personal matters: the only way is to let him have all the talk to himself. But if he has fortunately ever seen Mr. Liston act, this is an immediate topic of mutual conversation, and we agree together the rest of the evening in discussing the merits of that inimitable actor, with the same satisfaction as in talking over the affairs of the most intimate friend.

If the stage thus introduces us familiarly to our contemporaries, it also brings us acquainted with former times. It is an interesting revival of past ages, manners, opinions, dresses, persons, and actions,—whether it carries

us back to the wars of York and Lancaster, or half way back to the heroic times of Greece and Rome, in some translation from the French, or quite back to the age of Charles II in the scenes of Congreve and of Etherege, (the gay Sir George!)—happy age, when kings and nobles led purely ornamental lives; when the utmost stretch of a morning's study went no further than the choice of a sword-knot, or the adjustment of a side-curl; when the soul spoke out in all the pleasing eloquence of dress; and beaux and belles, enamored of themselves in one another's follies, fluttered like gilded butterflies in giddy mazes through the walks of St. James's Park!

A good company of comedians, a Theatre-Royal judiciously managed, is your true Herald's College; the only Antiquarian Society, that is worth a rush. It is for this reason that there is such an air of romance about players, and that it is pleasanter to see them, even in their own persons, than any of the three learned professions. We feel more respect for John Kemble in a plain coat, than for the Lord Chancellor on the woolsack. He is surrounded, to our eyes, with a greater number of imposing recollections: he is a more reverend piece of formality; a more complicated tissue of costume. We do not know whether to look upon this accomplished actor as Pierre or King John or Coriolanus or Cato or Leontes or the Stranger. But we see in him a stately hieroglyphic of humanity; a living monument of departed greatness, a sombre comment on the rise and fall of kings. We look after him till he is out of sight, as we listen to a story of one of Ossian's heroes, to 'a tale of other times!'

One of the most affecting things we know is to see a favourite actor take leave of the stage. We were present not long ago when Mr. Bannister quitted it. We do not wonder that his feelings were overpowered on the occasion: ours were nearly so too. We remembered him, in the first heyday of our youthful spirits, in the Prize, in which he played so delightfully with that fine old croaker Suett, and Madame Storace, —in the face of My Grandmother, in the Son-in-Law, in Autolycus, and in Scrub, in which our satisfaction was at its height. At that time, King and Parsons, and Dodd, and Quick, and Edwin were in the full vigour of their reputation, who are now all gone. We still feel the vivid delight with which we used to see their names in the play-bills, as we went along to the Theatre. Bannister was one of the last of these that remained; and we parted with him as we should with one of our oldest and best friends. The most pleasant feature in the profession of a player, and which, indeed, is peculiar to it, is that we not only admire the talents of those who adorn it, but we contract a personal intimacy with them. There is no class of society whom so many persons regard with affection as actors. We greet them on the stage; we like to meet them in the streets; they almost always recall to us pleasant associations; and we feel our gratitude excited, without the uneasiness of a sense of obligation. The very gaiety and popularity, however, which surround the life of a favourite performer, make the retiring from it a very serious business. It glances a mortifying reflection on the shortness of human life, and the vanity of human pleasures. Something reminds us, that 'all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.'

Glossary:

Masquerade: A false show or pretense

Seductive: Tempting

Inoculating: Infuse

Declamations: The action or art of declaiming (utter words in a rhetorical or impassioned way)

Gibbets: Gallow, execution by hanging

Imbued: Inspire or permeate with

Rifling pocket: The act of quickly and carelessly searching through someone's pockets, often with the intention of theft or robbery

Deterred: Discouraged

Denunciation: Public condemnation of someone

Levity: The treatment of a serious matter with humour or lack of due respect

Licentiousness: Disregarding accepted conventions especially unprincipled in sexual matters

Inconstant: Variable /irregular

Stagecoach: A large closed horse-drawn vehicle, formerly used to carry passengers and often mail along a regular route between two places

Antiquarian Society: A learned society or organization focused on the study of history, with a particular emphasis on ancient artifacts, archaeological sites, and historic documents.

Hieroglyph: Sacred carving, enigmatic or incomprehensible symbols or writings

Ossian: The narrator and purported author of a cycle of epic poems published by the Scottish poet James Macpherson

Mortifying: Causing great embarrassment or shame

Questions for Discussion:

I. Answer the following questions in 100 to 150 words:

1. Discuss the essence of the opening sentence of the essay.
2. How does the stage connect to the yesteryears?
3. Describe how actors and the stage help in reflecting on the journey of our lives.
4. Why does the essayist highlight the deplorable plight of the actors?
5. 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.' Examine this line in the light of this essay

II. Answer the following questions in 200 to 250 words:

1. Explain the significance of the stage as narrated in the essay.
2. Critically analyse the vitality of the 'actor' and the 'stage' as envisaged in the essay.
3. Comment on the relevance of the essay in contemporary society?
4. How does the essayist explore the psychological and social dynamics of the acting profession?

Suggested Reading:

1. "The Importance of Being Earnest" by Oscar Wilde
2. "Essays of Elia" by Charles Lamb
3. "An Apology for Idlers" by R L Stevenson
4. "An Actor Prepares" by Constantin Stanislavski
5. "Respect for Acting" by Uta Hagen

Letters to a Young Poet

Rainer Marie Rilke (1875-1926)

About the Author:

Rene Karl Wilhelm Johann Josef Maria Rilke, known as Ranier Maria Rilke, was an Austrian poet and novelist. Acclaimed as an idiosyncratic and expressive poet, he is widely recognized as a significant writer in the German language. Rainer Maria Rilke was born in Prague in 1875. His father worked for the railroad after a failed stint in the military. In 1886, at the age of 11, Rilke attended a military academy in the Austrian city of Sankt Polten. He detested his time there, as he was brutally bullied. In fact, he had such a hard time at the military school that he later suggested that it was necessary for him to completely block out the memory of his experience there, in order to make anything of himself as an artist. He lasted for five years at the school before leaving to attend trade school, from which he was expelled in 1892. He was then tutored at home until 1895. It was during this period that he wrote his first collection of poetry, *Life and Songs*, which was published in 1894. He spent a brief period attending the Charles-Ferdinand University in Prague, where he became acquainted with other writers and started working seriously on his own writing.

He published a number of poetry collections in the ensuing years, including *The Book of Hours*, a three-part book that he worked on between 1899 and 1903. He also wrote several plays and short stories, though none of them are considered his finest work. However, his novel *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge* is one of his best-known pieces of writing and explores themes, he constantly struggled with, in both his poetry and his life—themes having to do with God, solitude, and life's incomprehensibility. For the majority of his life, Rilke faced illness and was often unwell, eventually dying of leukemia in 1926. Some of his works are: *Where the paths do not grow, Love Poems to God, Letters to a Young Poet, Importance of Solitude, The Challenges and Rewards of Love & Life, Art as a way of life, The Nature of Love etc.*

About the Letter

Letters to a Young Poet by Rainer Maria Rilke is a collection of ten deeply personal and philosophical letters written to a young aspiring poet seeking guidance on his craft and life. In these letters, Rilke reflects on the nature of creativity, art, and the human experience, offering timeless wisdom that transcends the boundaries of poetry and resonates with readers from all walks of life.

Throughout the letters, Rilke emphasizes the importance of solitude, introspection, and personal growth as essential aspects of the artistic journey.

Letter to a Young Poet

1. The First Letter

Paris
February 17, 1903

Dear Sir,

Your letter arrived just a few days ago. I want to thank you for the great confidence you have placed in me. That is all I can do. I cannot discuss your verses; for any attempt at criticism would be foreign to me. Nothing touches a work of art so little as words of criticism: they always result in more or less fortunate misunderstandings. Things aren't all so tangible and sayable as people would usually have us believe; most experiences are unsayable, they happen in a space that no word has ever entered, and more unsayable than all other things are works of art, those mysterious existences, whose life endures beside our own small, transitory life.

With this note as a preface, may I just tell you that your verses have no style of their own, although they do have silent and hidden beginnings of something personal. I feel this most clearly in the last poem, "My Soul." There, something of your own is trying to become word and melody. And in the lovely poem "To Leopardi" a kind of kinship with that great, solitary figure does perhaps appear. Nevertheless, the poems are not yet anything in themselves, not yet anything independent, even the last one and the one to Leopardi. Your kind letter, which accompanied them managed to make clear to me various faults that I felt in reading your verses, though I am not able to name them specifically.

You ask whether your verses are any good. You ask me. You have asked others before this. You send them to magazines. You compare them with other poems, and you are upset when certain editors reject your work. Now (since you have said you want my advice) I beg you to stop doing that sort of thing. You are looking outside, and that is what you should most avoid right now. No one can advise or help you – no one.

There is only one way: Go within. Find out the reason that commands you to write; see whether it has spread its roots into the very depths of your heart; confess to yourself whether you would have to die if you were forbidden to write. This most of all: ask yourself in the most silent hour of your night: must I write? Dig into yourself for a deep answer. And if this answer rings out in assent, if you meet this solemn question with a strong, simple "I must", then build your life in accordance with this necessity; your whole life, even into its humblest and most indifferent hour, must become a sign and witness to this impulse.

Then draw near to Nature. Then, as if no one had ever tried before, try to say what you see and feel and love and lose. Don't write love poems; avoid those forms that are too facile and ordinary: they are the hardest to work with, and it takes a great, fully ripened power to create something individual where good, even glorious, traditions exist in abundance. So, rescue yourself from these general themes and write about what your everyday life offers you; describe your sorrows and desires, the thoughts that pass through your mind and your belief in some kind of beauty Describe all these with heartfelt, silent, humble sincerity and, when you express yourself, use the Things around you, the images from your dreams, and the objects that you remember. If your everyday life seems poor, don't blame it; blame yourself; admit to yourself that you are not enough of a poet to call forth its riches; because for the creator there is no poverty and no poor, indifferent place. And even if you found yourself in some prison, whose walls let in none of the world's sound – wouldn't you still have your childhood, that jewel beyond all price, that treasure house of memories? Turn your attention to it. Try to raise up the sunken feelings of this enormous past; your personality will grow stronger, your solitude will expand and become a place where you can live in the twilight, where the noise of other people passes by, far in the distance.

And if out of, this turning within, out of this immersion in your own world, poems come, then you will not think of asking anyone whether they are good or not. Nor will you try to interest magazines in these works: for you will see them as your dear natural possession, a piece of your life, a voice from it. A work of art is good if it has arisen out of necessity. That is the only way one can judge it. So, dear Sir, I can't give you any advice but this: to go into yourself and see how deep the place is from which your life flows; at its source you will

find the answer to, the question of whether you must create. Accept that answer, just as it is given to you, without trying to interpret it. Perhaps you will discover that you are called to be an artist. Then take that destiny upon yourself, and bear it, its burden and its greatness, without ever asking what reward might come from outside. For the creator must be a world for himself and must find everything in himself and in Nature, to whom his whole life is devoted.

But after this descent into yourself and into your solitude, perhaps you will have to renounce becoming a poet (if, as I have said, one feels one could live without writing, then one shouldn't write at all). Nevertheless, even then, this self-searching that I ask of you will not have been for nothing. Your life will still find its own paths from there, and that they may be good, rich, and wide is what I wish for you, more than I can say.

What else can I tell you? It seems to me that everything has its proper emphasis; and finally, I want to add just one more bit of advice: to keep growing, silently and earnestly, through your whole development; you couldn't disturb it any more violently than by looking outside and waiting for outside answers to questions that only your innermost feeling, in your quietest hour, can perhaps answer.

It was a pleasure for me to find in your letter the name of Professor Horacek; I have great reverence for that kind, learned man, and a gratitude that has lasted through the years. Will you please tell him how I feel; it is very good of him to still think of me, and I appreciate it.

The poem that you entrusted me with; I am sending back to you. And I thank you once more for your questions and sincere trust, of which, by answering as honestly as I can, I have tried to make myself a little worthier than I, as a stranger, really am.

Yours very truly,
Rainer Maria Rilke

Glossary:

Immersion: Completely involved

Impulse: Strong urge or desire

Reverence: Great respect

Solemn: Formal and dignified

Tangible: Seen to exist

Transitory: Of brief duration

Entrusted: To make somebody responsible

Questions for Discussion:

I. Answer the following questions in 100 to 150 words:

1. Who is Rilke writing to in the essay 'Letters to a Young Poet'?
2. What is the central idea of the essay 'Letters to a Young Poet?
3. What advice was given in the essay 'Letters to a Young Poet?
4. How does the letter critique the young poet?

II. Answer the following questions in 200 to 250 words:

1. Explain the plot of the essay 'Letters to a Young Poet?
2. Why did Franz Kappus write the first letter?
3. How does Rilke emphasize on the importance of solitude, introspection, and personal growth as essential aspects of the artistic journey?
4. Write a note on the concerns raised in the letter.

Suggested Reading:

1. “The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge” by Rainer Maria Rilke
2. “Mrs. Dalloway” by Virginia Woolf
3. “The Rings of Saturn” by W. G. Sebald
4. “Devotions” by Mary Oliver
5. “Death & the Turtle” by Mary Sarton

UNIT – IV
MEDEA

Euripides (c. 480 BCE – c. 406 BCE)

About the Playwright

Euripides was born around 480 BCE on the island of Salamis, Greece. Raised in a well-off Athenian household, he was given a rich education in philosophy, rhetoric, and the sciences, but he never quite fit the mould of the public intellectual or patriotic dramatist, Athens adored. He was a quiet observer, drawn more to books and solitude than to banquets or applause. While others courted the crowd, Euripides lingered in the margins, contemplative, skeptical, and fiercely independent. Though he lived in a city obsessed with image and order, yet he gravitated towards the uncomfortable truths that stirred beneath. Disenchanted with Athens in his later years, he left for the court of King Archelaus in Macedon, seeking calm beyond the chaos. There, far from the city's marble theatres and political stage, he died in 406 BCE, leaving behind not just a life, but a temperament that defied easy categorization.

LIST OF WORKS

Surviving Plays

- Alcestis (438 BCE)
- Medea (431 BCE)
- Hippolytus (428 BCE)
- Andromache (c. 426 BCE)
- Hecuba (c. 424 BCE)
- The Suppliants (c. 423 BCE)
- Electra (c. 420 BCE)

- Heracles (c. 416 BCE)
- The Trojan Women (415 BCE)
- Ion (c. 414 BCE)
- Iphigenia in Tauris (c. 414 BCE)
- Helen (412 BCE)
- The Phoenician Women (c. 410 BCE)
- Orestes (408 BCE)
- Bacchae (posthumously performed in 405 BCE)
- Iphigenia at Aulis (posthumously performed in 405 BCE)
- The Cyclops (date unknown) – the only complete surviving satyr play

Lost or Fragmentary Plays

Over 90 plays attributed to Euripides have been recorded, but only 18 (or 19, including Rhesus, whose authorship is disputed) survive in complete form. Others, like *Antiope*, *Hypsipyle*, *Phaethon*, and *Cretan Women*, exist only in fragments.

Euripides' contribution to classical literature remains pivotal for his realistic characterization, critical approach to mythology and religion, and his nuanced portrayal of gender and power.

Reading Euripides' Medea remains relevant today due to its exploration of universal themes like betrayal, revenge, and the destructive power of unchecked emotions. The play delves into the complexities of human nature, particularly the dark side of passion and the consequences of injustice, making it a timeless tragedy that continues to resonate with audiences. Furthermore, Medea's struggle for agency and recognition in a patriarchal society offers insights into enduring issues of power, identity, and social inequality.

Medea also provides a powerful lens through which to examine the psychological impact of betrayal and the devastating effects of unchecked anger. Medea's character, driven by grief and rage after being abandoned by Jason, embodies the potential for extreme actions when faced with profound personal suffering. The play prompts reflection on the nature of justice, the potential for violence within individuals and societies, and the importance of empathy and understanding in navigating complex human relationships. Euripides' work is still studied and performed around the world, making him one of the most important voices in ancient drama.

About the Play

Euripides' *Medea* is one of the most powerful and psychologically complex tragedies of Classical Greek theatre. It tells of a woman who, driven by betrayal, isolation, and a desire for justice, commits the unthinkable: killing her own children. The play challenges societal norms and questions the moral boundaries of revenge and gender roles.

The play opens in the city of Corinth, where Medea, a foreign princess and sorceress, is in a state of emotional agony after her husband Jason has abandoned her to marry Glauce, the daughter of King Creon. Medea is both furious and heartbroken—she had left her homeland, betrayed her family, and borne Jason two sons, only to be cast aside for political gain.

Creon, fearing Medea's intelligence and temperament, orders her immediate exile. Medea pleads for a day's delay, which Creon reluctantly grants. During this short period, Medea plots a complex and chilling revenge. Medea manipulates Jason, pretending to support his new marriage. She sends gifts to Glauce—a golden robe and crown, laced with deadly poison. Glauce dies in agony, and Creon dies as well, trying to save his daughter.

But the most horrifying twist comes when Medea murders her own children—not out of hatred, but as the ultimate punishment for Jason. In her mind, this act is both vengeance and liberation. In the final scene, Medea escapes in a divine chariot, leaving Jason devastated and powerless. She denies him even the closure of burying his children.

Analysis of the Play

Euripides' *Medea* is not a play that pleads for sympathy—it demands confrontation. Written in 431 BCE, it strips down the polished heroics of Greek tragedy and exposes something raw, volatile, and terrifyingly human. Medea is not merely a scorned woman; she is a force that refuses to be silenced, reduced, or dismissed. When Jason betrays her for political gain, he does more than abandon a wife—he underestimates a mind sharpened by exile, sacrifice, and rage. Euripides gives her an unsettlingly clear-eyed voice: "I understand what I am about to do," she says, before murdering her children, "but passion is stronger than reason."

What makes *Medea* so compelling is its refusal to comfort. There are no pure heroes or villains here—only people cornered by love, pride, and power. Jason, once a celebrated Argonaut, is reduced to a hollow shell of ambition; his rationalizations drip with cowardice. Medea, meanwhile, is both monstrous and magnificent: a woman shaped by injustice, reclaiming control in the most horrifying way imaginable.

Euripides unsettled Athenian audiences by placing a foreign, female outsider at the center of moral and emotional authority. Medea's pain is real, her intelligence blistering, her revenge surgical. And yet, the play resists easy moral closure. Medea escapes, quite literally, on a chariot sent by the gods—not punished, not redeemed, but suspended in a space that defies the moral order. *Medea* is not a tragedy of fate—it's a tragedy of choice, of human extremity. Euripides doesn't ask us to agree with Medea. He dares us to watch her, to hear her, and to sit with the discomfort of what grief, love, and betrayal can ignite. Even now, centuries later, the play doesn't age—it scalds.

Character Analysis

Medea

Medea, a central figure in Greek mythology and Euripides' play, is a complex and powerful character. Initially portrayed as a devoted wife and mother, she undergoes a dramatic transformation fueled by Jason's betrayal and rejection. Driven by a thirst for revenge, she employs her formidable skills as a sorceress and manipulator, ultimately culminating in the horrific act of murdering her own children. Medea embodies both passionate love and deadly vengeance, showcasing a duality that makes her a compelling and controversial figure in literature. She is a woman of fierce intelligence and determination, willing to sacrifice everything, including her own children, to exact retribution for the perceived wrongs against her.

Jason

Jason can be considered the play's villain, though his evil stems more from weakness than strength. A former adventurer, he abandons his wife, Medea, in order to marry Glauce, the beautiful young daughter of Creon, King of Corinth. Hoping to advance his station through this second marriage, he only fuels Medea to a revenge that includes the deaths of his new bride, her father, and his children. Jason's tactless self-interest and whiny rationalizations of his own actions make him a weak, unsympathetic character.

Children

The offspring of Jason and Medea, the children are presented as naïve and oblivious to the intrigue that surrounds them. Medea uses them as pawns in the murder of Glauce and Creon, and then kills them in the play's culminating horror. Their innocent deaths provide the greatest element of pathos--the tragic emotion of pity--in the play.

Chorus of Corinthian Women

In theatrical works, particularly Greek tragedies, choruses, often composed of women, serve as a collective voice, commenting on the action and providing emotional depth and perspective. They can represent the fears, hopes, and judgments of the common people, and their songs and dances can guide the audience's emotional response. Their portrayal often reflects the societal constraints and concerns of women of the time, including their vulnerability to violence and their focus on domestic life. The chorus members fully sympathize with Medea's plight, excepting her eventual decision to murder her own children Ultimately, the chorus's commentary helps to humanize the main characters and explore the play's central themes.

Creon

The King of Corinth, Creon banishes Medea from the city. Although a minor character, Creon's suicidal embrace of his dying daughter provides one of the play's most dramatic moments, and his sentence against Medea lends an urgency to her plans for revenge.

Glauce

Daughter of Creon, Glauce is the young, beautiful princess for whom Jason abandons Medea. Her acceptance of the poisoned coronet and dress as "gifts" leads to the first murder of the play. Although she never utters a word, Glauce's presence is constantly felt as an object of Medea's jealousy. (Glauce is also referred to as Creusa.)

Aegeus

The King of Athens, Aegeus passes through Corinth after having visited the Oracle at Delphi, where he sought a cure for his sterility. Medea offers him some fertility-inducing drugs in exchange for sanctuary in Athens. His appearance marks a turning point in the play, for Medea moves from being a passive victim to an aggressor after she secures his promise of sanctuary.

Major Themes

1. Revenge and Justice

- The central driving force of the play.
- Medea seeks not just personal revenge but a symbolic justice against betrayal and male dominance.
- Raises difficult questions: Is there ever justification for such extreme actions?

2. Betrayal and Loyalty

- Jason’s betrayal is not merely marital; it is political and moral.
- Medea's sense of betrayal is intensified because of the sacrifices she made for Jason.
- The play reflects on the consequences of broken oaths and violated trust.

3. Gender and Power

- Medea challenges the subordinate position of women in Greek society.
- Her eloquence and strength disrupt gender norms.
- The play questions the expectations placed on women as passive, nurturing beings.

4. Foreignness and Identity

- Medea is a barbarian in the eyes of the Greeks—she does not belong.
- Her outsider status isolates her but also frees her from conventional morality.
- The tension between civilization and barbarism is central to the play’s tone.

5. Motherhood and Sacrifice

- Perhaps the most disturbing theme.
- Medea's maternal identity is twisted into a tool of vengeance.
- Raises the question: Can a mother deliberately harm her children if she believes it is necessary for justice?

Structure and Style

- Adheres to classical unities of time, place, and action—everything happens in a single day and in one location.
- Uses sophisticated rhetorical dialogue, particularly in Medea's speeches.
- Euripides employs dramatic irony—characters like Jason and Creon consistently underestimate Medea's power.
- The deus ex machina ending (Medea's divine escape) remains controversial, reinforcing her semi-divine nature and untouchable status.

Moral and Philosophical Questions

- Is Medea a monster or a martyr?
- Does rational betrayal justify irrational revenge?
- Can great suffering excuse great evil?
- What happens when intelligence, power, and passion collide in a woman who refuses to be silenced?

Medea is a timeless tragedy that forces us to examine the extremes of human emotion, the limits of justice, and the consequences of social and personal betrayal. It presents a character who is both sympathetic and terrifying, embodying the rage of a wronged woman in a male-dominated world. Medea's final escape—victorious yet morally broken—leaves the audience with a sense of awe, discomfort, and unresolved questions about morality, gender, and justice.

Questions for Discussion:

I. Answer the following questions in 200 to 250 words:

1. Medea is a tragedy of betrayal and revenge. Explain how Euripides develops these themes through the character of Medea.
2. The play *Medea*, proves that unchecked passion and pride can lead to destruction. Substantiate
3. Discuss the role of Jason in Medea's transformation from a loving wife to a vengeful killer.
4. Examine the relationship between Medea and her children. What makes her final act so shocking and tragic?
5. Discuss Euripides' portrayal of gender roles in *Medea*. How does the play challenge the traditional expectations of women in Greek society?
6. Analyze the role of the Chorus in *Medea*. How do they function as a moral and emotional barometer in the play?
7. Euripides' *Medea* presents a powerful critique of patriarchy. Discuss.
8. Trace the use of irony in *Medea*. How does Euripides use dramatic irony to heighten the tension in the play?

II. Write short notes on the following:

1. Character sketch of Medea
2. Jason's betrayal
3. Creon's fear and downfall
4. The symbolic importance of Medea's children
5. Medea as a foreigner and outsider
6. The poisoned robe and crown – symbols of vengeance
7. The divine chariot and the ending of the play
8. Significance of the title

Suggested Reading:

1."The Madness of Hercules" by Euripides:

2. "Medea in Athens" by Augusta Webster

3. "Autobiography of Red" by Anne Carson

4. "The Magical Woman Since Antiquity" in Frames Cinema Journal

5. Medea (1969) by Lars von Trier (film adaptation)

QUESTION PAPER PATTERN

BA III SEMESTER

MAJOR ENGLISH

EUROPEAN LITERATURE

Time: 3 hrs. **Max Marks: 80**

Instructions: *Answer all the questions*

Section - A
POEMS

I. Answer any ONE in about two pages. (One question out of Two) 10x1=10
II. Write short notes on any TWO. (Two out of Three questions) 5x2 =10

Section - B
SHORT STORIES

III. Answer any ONE in about two pages. (One question out of Two) 10x1 = 10
IV. Write short notes on any TWO. (Two out of Three questions) 5x2 =10

Section - C
ESSAYS

V. Answer any ONE in about two pages. (One question out of Two) 10x1 = 10
VI. Write short notes on any TWO. (Two out of Three questions) 5x2 =10

Section – D
PLAY

VII Answer any ONE in about two pages. (One question out of Two) 10x1 = 10
VIII Write short notes on any TWO. (Two out of Three questions) 5x2 =10

MODEL QUESTION PAPER
III SEMESTER BA DEGREE EXAMINATION
MAJOR ENGLISH PAPER III- PRISTINE PRISM
EUROPEAN LITERATURE
(SEP SCHEME)

Time: 3 Hrs. **Max Marks: 80**

Instructions: ***Answer all the questions***

Section - A
Poems

I. Answer any one of the following in two pages: 10X1=10

1. Discuss the role of divine justice as portrayed in the opening scene of Dante's Hell.

2. Explore how "The Second Coming" expresses Yeats's fear of a violent and uncertain future.

II. Write short notes on any two of the following: 5X2=10

a. Nature imagery in "Tomorrow at Dawn"
b. Emotions in "Memories of Spring"
c. Renewal and Joy in "New Songs"

Section – B
Short Stories

III. Answer any one of the following in two pages: 10X1=10

1. Compare and contrast the views of the banker and the lawyer on the value of human life and freedom. How do their experiences and perspectives influence their final actions and decisions**?**

2. Discuss the conflict and resolution in Saki's *The Open Window.*

IV. Write short notes on any two of the following: 5X2=10

a. Redemption in "The Bet"
b. Sense of wonder or magic in **"**The Legend of the Bird's Nest"
c. Satire in *The Open Window*

Section – C

Essays

V. Answer any one of the following in two pages: 10X1=10

1. Explain the significance of the stage as narrated in the essay "

2. How does the essay "Sir Roger at Home" highlight the theme of compassion, loyalty and human bonding?

VI. Write short notes on any two of the following: 5X2=10

a. 'Actor' and 'Stage'

b. Contents of the Letter to a Young Poet

c. Sir Roger as a Master

Section – D

Play

VII. Answer any one of the following in two pages: 10X1=10

1. "Medea" is a tragedy of betrayal and revenge. Explain how Euripides develops these themes through the character of Medea.

2. Discuss Euripides' portrayal of gender roles in "***Medea***". How does the play challenge the traditional expectations of women in Greek society?

VIII. Write short notes on any two of the following: 5X2=10

1. Jason's betrayal
2. Creon's fear and downfall
3. The poisoned robe and crown – symbols of vengeance

PRACTICAL COMPONENT

- Stylistics: What Does It Mean?
- The Notion of Style
- Traditional notion
- Linguistic notion
- Stylistics: Historical Perspectives
- Discourse Analysis: Meaning
- Speech Acts and Discourse Structures
- Spoken Discourse
- Written Discourse

Stylistics

Stylistics, a branch of applied linguistics, is the study and interpretation of texts of all types, particularly literary texts, and spoken language with regard to their linguistic and tonal style. Style is the particular variety of language used by different individuals in different situations and settings. For example, the vernacular, or everyday language, may be used among casual friends, whereas more formal language, with respect to grammar, pronunciation or accent, and lexicon or choice of words, is often used in a cover letter and résumé and while speaking during a job interview.

As a discipline, stylistics links literary criticism to linguistics. It does not function as an autonomous domain on its own, and it can be applied to an understanding of literature and journalism as well as linguistics. Sources of study in stylistics may range from canonical works of writing to popular texts, from advertising copy to news, fiction to non-fiction and political discourse to religious discourse.

Stylistics as a conceptual discipline may attempt to establish principles capable of explaining particular choices made by individuals and social groups in their use of language, such as in the literary production and reception of genre, the study of folk art, in the study of spoken dialects and registers, and can be applied to areas such as discourse analysis as well as literary criticism.

Plain language has different features. Common stylistic features are using dialogue, regional accents and individual idioms (or idiolects).

Early twentieth century

The analysis of literary style goes back to the study of classical rhetoric, though modern stylistics has its roots in Russian Formalism and the related Prague School of the early twentieth century.

In 1909, Charles Bally proposed stylistics as a distinct academic discipline to complement Saussure an linguistics. For Bally, Saussure's linguistics by itself couldn't fully describe the language of personal expression. Bally's programme fits well with the aims of the Prague School.

Taking forward the ideas of the Russian Formalists, the Prague School built on the concept of *foregrounding*, where it is assumed that poetic language is considered to stand apart from non-literary background language, by means of *deviation* (from the norms of everyday language) or *parallelism*. According to the Prague School, however, this background language isn't constant, and the relationship between poetic and everyday language is therefore always shifting.

Late twentieth century

Roman Jakobson had been an active member of the Russian Formalists and the Prague School, before

emigrating to America in the 1940s. He brought together Russian Formalism and American New Criticism in his *Closing Statement* at a conference on stylistics at Indiana University in 1958. Published as *Linguistics and Poetics* in 1960, Jakobson's lecture is often credited with being the first coherent formulation of stylistics, and his argument was that the study of poetic language should be a sub-branch of linguistics. The *poetic function* was one of six general functions of language he described in the lecture.

Michael Halliday is an important figure in the development of British stylistics. His 1971 study *Linguistic Function and Literary Style: An Inquiry into the Language of William Golding's* ***The Inheritors*** is a key essay. One of Halliday's contributions has been the use of the term 'register' to explain the connections between language and its context. For Halliday register is distinct from dialect. Dialect refers to the habitual language of a particular user in a specific geographical or social context. Register describes the choices made by the user, choices which depend on three variables: *field* ("what the participants... are actually engaged in doing", for instance, discussing a specific subject or topic), *tenor* (who is taking part in the exchange) and *mode* (the use to which the language is being put).

Fowler comments that different fields produce different languages, most obviously at the level of vocabulary (Fowler. 1996, 192) The linguist David Crystal points out that Halliday's 'tenor' stands as a roughly equivalent term for 'style', which is a more specific alternative used by linguists to avoid ambiguity (Crystal. 1985, 292). Halliday's third category, *mode*, is what he refers to as the symbolic organization of the situation. Downes recognizes two distinct aspects within the category of mode and suggests that not only does it describe the relation to the medium: written, spoken, and so on, but also describes the genre of the text (Downes. 1998, 316). Halliday refers to genre as pre-coded language, language that has not simply been used before, but that predetermines the selection of textual meanings. The linguist William Downes makes the point that the principal characteristic of register, no matter how peculiar or diverse, is that it is obvious and immediately recognizable (Downes. 1998, 309).

Literary stylistics

In *The Cambridge Encyclopedia of Language*, Crystal observes that, in practice, most stylistic analysis has attempted to deal with the complex and 'valued' language within literature, i.e. 'literary stylistics'. He goes on to say that in such examination the scope is sometimes narrowed to concentrate on the more striking features of literary language, for instance, its 'deviant' and abnormal features, rather than the broader structures that are found in whole texts or discourses. For example, the compact language of poetry is more likely to reveal the secrets of its construction to the stylistician than is the language of plays and novels (Crystal. 1987, 71).

Poetry

Language can be conventional or unconventional and the most obvious example of it is Poetry. In *Practical Stylistics*, HG Widdowson examines the traditional form of the epitaph, as found on headstones in a cemetery. For example:

His memory is dear today

As in the hour he passed away.

(Ernest C. Draper 'Ern'. Died 4.1.38)

(Widdowson. 1992, 6)

Widdowson makes the point that such sentiments are usually not very interesting and suggests that they may even be dismissed as 'crude verbal carvings' and crude verbal disturbance (Widdowson, 3). Nevertheless, Widdowson recognizes that they are a very real attempt to convey feelings of human loss and preserve affectionate recollections of a beloved friend or family member. However, what may be seen as poetic in this language is not so much in the formulaic phraseology but in where it appears. The verse may be given undue reverence precisely because of the somber situation in which it is placed. Widdowson suggests that, unlike words set in stone in a graveyard, poetry is unorthodox language that vibrates with inter-textual implications (Widdowson. 1992, 4).

Two problems with a stylistic analysis of poetry are noted by PM Wetherill in *Literary Text: An Examination of Critical Methods*. The first is that there may be an over-preoccupation with one particular feature that may well minimize the significance of others that are equally important (Wetherill. 1974, 133). The second is that

any attempt to see a text as simply a collection of stylistic elements will tend to ignore other ways whereby meaning is produced (Wetherill. 1974, 133).

Implicature

In 'Poetic Effects' from *Literary Pragmatics*, the linguist Adrian Pilkington analyses the idea of 'implicature', as noted in the previous work of Dan Sperber and Deirdre Wilson. Implicature may be divided into two categories: 'strong' and 'weak' implicature, yet between the two extremes there are a variety of other alternatives. The strongest implicature is what is emphatically implied by the speaker or writer, while weaker implicatures are the wider possibilities of meaning that the hearer or reader may conclude.

Pilkington's 'poetic effects', as he terms the concept, are those that achieve most relevance through a wide array of weak implicatures and not those meanings that are simply 'read in' by the hearer or reader. Yet the distinguishing instant at which weak implicatures and the hearer or reader's conjecture of meaning diverge remains highly subjective. As Pilkington says: 'there is no clear cut-off point between assumptions which the speaker certainly endorses and assumptions derived purely on the hearer's responsibility.' (Pilkington. 1991, 53) In addition, the stylistic qualities of poetry can be seen as an accompaniment to Pilkington's poetic effects in understanding a poem's meaning.

Tense

Widdowson points out that in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (1798), the mystery of the Mariner's abrupt appearance is sustained by an idiosyncratic use of tense (Widdowson. 1992, 40). For instance, the Mariner 'holds' the wedding-guest with his 'skinny hand' in the present tense, but releases it in the past tense ('...his hands drop he.'); only to hold him again, this time with his 'glittering eye', in the present (Widdowson. 1992, 41).

The point of poetry

Widdowson notices that when the content of poetry is summarized, it often refers to very general and unimpressive observations, such as 'nature is beautiful; love is great; life is lonely; time passes', and so on (Widdowson. 1992, 9). But to say:

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end ...

William Shakespeare, '60'.

Or, indeed:

Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,

Nor hours, days months, which are the rags of time ...

John Donne, 'The Sun Rising', *Poems* (1633)

This language gives the reader a new perspective on familiar themes and allows us to look at them without the personal or social conditioning that we unconsciously associate with them (Widdowson. 1992, 9). So, although the reader may still use the same exhausted words and vague terms like 'love', 'heart' and 'soul' to refer to human experience, to place these words in a new and refreshing context allows the poet the ability to represent humanity and communicate honestly. This, in part, is stylistics, and this, according to Widdowson, is the point of poetry (Widdowson. 1992, 76).

Stylistics, thus is the systematic study of style in language. It aims to analyze how linguistic features contribute to meaning and effect in texts. Stylistic analysis can be applied to literary works, everyday conversations, legal documents, and other forms of communication.

Notion of Style

The concept of "style" in language, particularly in the context of stylistics, refers to the distinctive way a writer or speaker uses language to express themselves. It's not just about what is said, but how it is said, encompassing choices in vocabulary, sentence structure, figurative language, and other linguistic features that contribute to a unique and recognizable manner of communication. Essentially, style is the "how" of language, reflecting the author's personality, perspective, and intentions within a specific context.

Key Aspects of Style:

- **Individuality and Choice:**

Style is inherently linked to the choices a writer makes from the available linguistic options. These choices, conscious or unconscious, contribute to the overall stylistic effect. For instance, an author might choose to use short, choppy sentences for a sense of urgency or long, flowing sentences for a more leisurely pace.

- **Contextual Dependence:**

Style is not a static entity; it varies depending on the context, purpose, and audience of the communication. A formal academic paper will have a different style than a casual conversation with a friend.

- **Linguistic Features:**

Style is manifested through various linguistic features, including:

  - **Vocabulary:** Word choice, ranging from formal to informal, technical to colloquial.
  - **Syntax:** Sentence structure, including length, complexity, and patterns.
  - **Figurative Language:** Use of metaphors, similes, personification, and other figures of speech.
  - **Sound Devices:** Alliteration, assonance, rhyme, and other techniques that affect the sound of the language.
  - **Tone:** The author's attitude or feeling toward the subject matter and audience.

- **Foregrounding and Deviation:**

In stylistics, foregrounding refers to the way certain linguistic features are made prominent to stand out, drawing the reader's attention and creating a specific effect. Deviation involves deviating from expected or typical language patterns to achieve a particular stylistic effect.

- **The Author's Mind and Intent:**

Many scholars view style as a reflection of the author's mind and personality. Some famous quotes emphasize this connection. According to Edward Gibbon "Style is the image of the author's mind" . This perspective suggests that analyzing style can offer insights into the author's worldview, emotional state, and intentions.

Different Conceptions of Style:

- **Style as Choice:**

This view emphasizes the writer's conscious or unconscious selection of linguistic elements from the available options.

- **Style as Deviation:**

This perspective focuses on how writers deviate from established linguistic norms to create a particular stylistic effect.

- **Style as a Reflection of Personality:**

This view suggests that style reveals aspects of the writer's personality, character, and worldview.

- **Style as Contextual:**

Recognizing that style is not a fixed entity, but varies according to the specific communicative situation.

Stylistics and Literary Analysis:

Stylistics is particularly important in literary analysis. By examining the linguistic features of a text, stylistics can help us understand:

- **Characterization:** How an author uses language to create distinct and believable characters.
- **Mood and Atmosphere:** How language contributes to the overall feeling or atmosphere of a text.
- **Themes and Ideas:** How linguistic choices reinforce or challenge the themes of a text.
- **Reader Response:** How language influences the reader's emotional and intellectual response to a text.

The notion of style is complex and multifaceted. It encompasses the choices writers make in using language, the linguistic features that contribute to their unique expression, and the ways in which style reflects personality, context, and authorial intention. Stylistics, as a discipline, provides the tools to analyze and interpret style and understand its significance in various forms of communication.

Notion of Style in Literature

In literature, style refers to the unique way an author uses language to express ideas, creating a distinctive voice and tone. It encompasses elements like diction, sentence structure, and the use of literary devices. Different styles can evoke various effects and convey different meanings to the reader.

Examples of Style in Literature:

1. Formal vs. Informal Diction:

- **Formal:** Think of the elegant, elaborate prose in a novel by Jane Austen, where vocabulary is precise and sophisticated.
- **Informal:** In contrast, a contemporary novel might use slang, colloquialisms, and shorter sentences to create a more casual, conversational tone.

2. Descriptive vs. Narrative Style:

- **Descriptive:** Authors like Virginia Woolf use rich imagery and sensory details to paint vivid pictures in the reader's mind. Descriptive style often uses poetic images and metaphors to create a strong impression.

- **Narrative:** Authors like Ernest Hemingway focus on concise, straightforward language and action-oriented storytelling. Narrative style is story-oriented and often uses a timeline to present information.

3. Figurative Language:

- **Metaphor:** Shakespeare's "All the world's a stage" uses metaphor to compare life to a theatrical performance.
- **Simile:** In John Steinbeck's of Mice and Men, the simile "The water was warm as bath water" helps the reader understand the temperature of the water.
- **Symbolism:** In "The Scarlet Letter," the letter "A" serves as a symbol of adultery, but also evolves to represent other concepts like "able" and "angel".

4. Sentence Structure: Simple/Complex

- **Long, complex sentences:** Some authors use long, winding sentences to convey complex thoughts and ideas, like in the works of Henry James.
- **Short, declarative sentences:** Other authors, like Hemingway, prefer short, punchy sentences to create a sense of immediacy and directness. A writer's style encompasses sentence structure, paragraph structure, and choice of words to convey meaning.

5. Tone: Humorous/Serious

- **Humorous:** Authors like P.G. Wodehouse create a lighthearted, comedic tone through witty dialogue and farcical situations.
- **Serious:** In contrast, a novel like "The Road" by Cormac McCarthy adopts a somber, pessimistic tone to reflect the bleak post-apocalyptic setting.

6. Literary Devices:

- **Stream of consciousness:** James Joyce utilizes stream of consciousness to reveal a character's inner thoughts and feelings directly.
- **Allusion:** Authors often use allusions (references to other works of literature or history) to add depth and layers of meaning to their writing.

These examples demonstrate that style is not just about what an author writes, but how they choose to write it, creating a unique reading experience for the audience.

Types of Stylistics:

Computational Stylistics

Computational stylistics is an interdisciplinary field that employs computational methods to analyze stylistic elements of text, such as diction, syntax, and structure. Utilizing techniques from natural language processing and machine learning, this approach aims to automate tasks like authorship attribution, genre classification, and comparative analysis of different texts. It provides a quantitative framework for studying textual style and is often used in the broader context of digital humanities to examine large corpora of works, ranging from classic literature to social media posts.

Linguo-Stylistics

Linguo-stylistics is a subfield of linguistics and literary studies that focuses on the systematic analysis of stylistic features in language, such as lexical choices, syntactic structures, and rhetorical devices. It aims to understand how these elements contribute to the overall meaning and impact of a text, whether it be literature, journalism, or other forms of discourse. By combining linguistic methods with traditional stylistic analysis, linguo-stylistics offers nuanced insights into the subtle ways language functions to convey tone, evoke emotion, and delineate characters or themes, thereby enriching our understanding of both language use and literary artistry.

Literary Stylistics

Literary stylistics is the study of the linguistic features and rhetorical devices that contribute to the style and interpretive depth of literary texts. Drawing from both linguistics and literary theory, this field scrutinizes elements such as diction, syntax, figurative language, and narrative structure to understand how they enhance themes, character development, and emotional impact. By dissecting the specific choices made by an author—from individual words and phrases to larger textual patterns—literary stylistics aims to offer a more nuanced appreciation of a work's artistic and communicative power.

General Stylistics

General stylistics is the broad study of stylistic elements that shape the expression and interpretation of language across various types of texts and communicative contexts. Unlike specialized forms of stylistics that focus on specific genres or disciplines, general stylistics explores universal principles and mechanisms like diction, syntax, tone, and rhetorical devices that contribute to the conveyance of meaning and emotion. By investigating how these elements function across a wide array of textual forms—from literature and journalism to speeches and advertisements—general stylistics provides a foundational understanding of the aesthetics and the impact of language use.

Textualist Stylistics

Textualist stylistics focuses on the close reading and interpretive analysis of specific textual features within individual works, often literary in nature. Unlike broader approaches to stylistics that may draw upon large corpora or multiple genres for analysis, textualist stylistics hones in on the minute details of a single text to explore how its specific linguistic and rhetorical choices contribute to its overall meaning, thematic resonance, and aesthetic effect. By adopting this concentrated scope, textualist stylistics allows for a deeply contextual understanding of both the artistry and communicative strategies employed by authors within the confines of a particular work.

Interpretative Stylistics

Interpretative stylistics focuses on how the stylistic elements of a text contribute to its overall interpretation and meaning. Unlike approaches that emphasize purely linguistic or structural aspects, interpretative stylistics engages deeply with the thematic and emotional dimensions of a text. It examines how language choices—such as diction, syntax, and rhetorical devices—interact with broader narrative elements to create layers of meaning, influence reader response, and fulfill the author's communicative intent. In doing so, interpretative

stylistics bridges the gap between textual analysis and reader reception, providing a nuanced understanding of how style informs both the crafting and the reading of a text.

Cognitive Stylistics

Cognitive stylistics combines the kind of explicit, rigorous and detailed linguistic analysis of literary texts that is typical of the stylistics tradition with a systematic and theoretically informed consideration of the cognitive structures and processes that underlie the production and reception of language.

Decoding Stylistics

Decoding stylistics is the most recent trend in stylistic research that employs theoretical findings in such areas of science as information theory, psychology, statistical studies in combination with linguistics, literary theory, history of art, literary criticism, etc.

Reader-Response Stylistics

It examines the reader's response to a text as a response to a horizon of expectations. Horizon of expectations means that there are various interpretations of a text and readers access them according to their level.

Expressive Stylistics

Expressive stylistics centers on the ways in which stylistic elements serve as a conduit for an author's individual voice, intentions, and emotional nuances. Rather than focusing solely on how style affects the reader's interpretation or the text's thematic content, expressive stylistics seeks to understand how linguistic choices like diction, syntax, and rhetorical devices reflect the author's unique perspective and creative vision. This approach often delves into the subjective aspects of writing, exploring how an author's specific choices in language and structure can serve as a fingerprint of their emotional state, cultural background, or artistic aims, thereby adding a layer of personal expression to the text.

Affective Stylistics

Affective stylistics is an approach that concentrates on the reader's emotional and psychological response to a text, examining how stylistic elements such as diction, syntax, pacing, and rhetorical devices evoke particular feelings or reactions. Unlike other forms of stylistics that may focus on the author's intent or the text's inherent features, affective stylistics is concerned with the dynamic process of reading itself. It investigates how the sequential unfolding of a text's linguistic and structural elements, influences the reader's emotional engagement, cognitive processing, and ultimately, the interpretive outcome. In doing so, affective stylistics offers valuable insights into the interactive relationship between textual style and reader response.

Pragmatic Stylistics

Pragmatic stylistics explores the interface between language style and the situational context within which communication occurs, analyzing how stylistic choices are informed by—and in turn inform—social, cultural, and conversational dynamics. It employs principles from the field of pragmatics, which studies how meaning is constructed in context, to scrutinize how factors like audience, purpose, and setting influence the stylistic elements in a text. For example, it may investigate how a politician's rhetorical devices change based on the target demographic or how a novelist adjusts dialogue to reflect social norms and relationships. By examining the contextual underpinnings of stylistic choices, pragmatic stylistics offers a nuanced understanding of the role of style in effective and meaningful communication.

Forensic Stylistics

Forensic stylistics applies stylistic analysis in legal and investigative contexts to determine authorship or verify the authenticity of disputed documents. Combining linguistic methodologies with traditional stylistic techniques, this field examines word choice, sentence structure, punctuation, and other stylistic markers to identify patterns across texts. Frequently utilized in criminal investigations, intellectual property disputes, and academic plagiarism cases, forensic stylistics provides objective, data-driven evidence that can either support or challenge claims in a legal setting. The rigorous methodology behind forensic stylistics makes it an indispensable tool for detecting textual anomalies or validating authorship with legal significance.

Traditional Notion to Style

The traditional, literary critical attitude towards 'Style' is subjective and unscientific, and considers it a writer's intuitive insight into aesthetics. This concept of style is essentially ambiguous because the reader may or may not share with the writer and critic the level and delicacy of intuitive perception. It is, therefore, hegemonic, undemocratic and imperialistic in its nature. Style is a writer's individual mode of expression, way of putting his conceptions into words. It involves a long list of choices at paradigmatic and syntagmatic axes: choice of lexical items, use of tropes and figures of speech, phrasal and syntactic structures and the shape of paragraphs. These choices make the writer an individual as clearly discernible and differentiable as he is in the frequency and quality of his voice, in his behavioral idiosyncrasies and ways of walking and laughing. It is the whole of man, the whole of his self that speaks through his style: "The style is the man", says Buffon. This is too sweeping a statement and carries us nowhere, though some parts of the discussion prior to it are relevant to this research: lexical metaphors are specific paradigmatic choices of the author that certainly influence and are influenced by syntagmatic axis.

The following literary references further clarify the traditional concept of style: Chambers' Twentieth Century Dictionary defines style as, "A literary composition: manner of writing, mode of expressing thought in language or of expression, execution, action, or bearing generally: the distinctive manner peculiar to an author or other" . The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English considers style as sum of "collective characteristics of the writing or diction or way of presenting things or artistic expression or decorative method proper to a person or school or period or subject matter exhibiting these characteristics" . According to Encyclopedia Britannica style does not "exist on paper at all; it is the way the mind of an author expresses in words" . A Dictionary of Literary Terms defines style as "The characteristic manner of expression in prose or verse; how a particular writer says things. The analysis and assessment of style involves examination of a writer's choice of words, his figures of speech, the devices (rhetorical or otherwise), the shape of his sentences, and the shape of his paragraphs-- indeed, of every conceivable aspect of his language and the way in which he uses it. Style defies complete analysis or definition… it is the tone and voice of the writer himself; as peculiar to him as his laugh, his walk, his handwriting and the expression on his face"

Gray in his 'A Dictionary of Literary Terms' writes about style as "the characteristic manner in which a writer expresses himself—or herself—, or the particular manner of an individual literary work. Each writer's style is unique, but it may be a combination of many different factors, such as typical syntactical structures, a favorite or distinctive vocabulary, kinds of imagery, attitude to subject matter, kind of subject matter, and so on" . This definition comes closer to the purpose of this research though in a general way. It refers to syntactic structure, vocabulary, imagery and attitude to subject matter, and all of these elements are part of a metaphor. Gray says that "Criticism often consists in description of a writer's style by analysis of syntax, tone imagery, point of view and, indeed, every characteristic linguistic feature". Longman Dictionary of Contemporary English writes that style is "A particular way of doing something, or producing something, especially one that is typical of a particular period of time or of a group of people … [It is] the particular way someone uses words to express ideas, tell stories etc."

Investigating English Style defines style from speech perspective. "Sense of style (implies) semi-instinctive knowledge of linguistic appropriateness and (more important), of the taboo, which corresponds as closely as possible to the fluent native speaker's". They consider the cliché observation that style is the man to be 'mistaken' and refer to it as "a selection of language habits, the occasional linguistic idiosyncrasies which characterize an individual's uniqueness". They give four senses of 'style': "some or all language habits of one person"; "some or all language habits shared by a group of people at one time, or over a period of time"; "effect of a mode of expression", and fourthly, in evaluative literary sense with the previous three meanings overlapping they find the first and second meaning nearest to their perception . "English Literature: A Student Guide" writes that in its simplest form style is "the collective impression left by the way an author writes. An author's style is usually individual, his literary fingerprint" . Again, the phrases 'the collective impression', 'individual's literary fingerprint' or even the four senses given above because of their impressionistic nature

are off the point. Havelock Ellis says that style is not merely an invisible transparent medium, not merely a garment of thought but the thought itself. He considers it as a miraculous expression of spirit possible in no other way . Henry Fielding's words are worth quoting: "there is no branch of criticism in which learning as well as good sense is more required than to the forming an accurate judgment of style, though there is none, I believe, in which every trifling reader is more ready to give his decision" . Ellis's statement, despite its beauty, is very personal and subjective. Fielding's observation on style suggests a need for accurate judgment of the phenomenon and in this respect looks forward to and anticipates linguistic treatment of the subject.

A cursory glance at some of the traditional definitions of style quoted above shows their impressionistic nature that renders them unacceptable for and inapplicable to a linguistic analysis. Style is sum of collective characteristics of writing, diction and expression; it does consist of individual linguistic idiosyncrasies; it is the collective impression left by the way an author expresses himself; but despite all this, vagueness stays there.

Traditional stylistics views style as the "dress of thought," an ornamental addition to pre-existing content, like a shell surrounding a core of meaning. This perspective, rooted in classical rhetoric, treats stylistic features as embellishments used to enhance the impact or beauty of a text. For example, using vivid metaphors or elaborate sentence structures to make a piece more persuasive or aesthetically pleasing.

Key aspects of the traditional notion of stylistics:

- **Ornamental view:**

Style is separate from the core meaning and is added to it.

- **Focus on embellishment:**

Techniques like metaphors, similes, and complex syntax are used to make the text more appealing or impactful.

- **Emphasis on rhetoric:**

Classical rhetoric, which focused on persuasive and effective communication, heavily influenced this view of style.

- **Examples:**
    - **Metaphor:** Describing a ship as "the iron monster of the sea" uses a metaphor to make the description more vivid and powerful.
    - **Hyperbole:** Saying "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse" uses exaggeration for emphasis.
    - **Alliteration:** Repeating the "s" sound in "She sells seashells by the seashore" adds a pleasing effect.
    - **Complex Syntax:** Employing long, intricate sentences can be seen as a stylistic choice to create a sense of grandeur or complexity.
    - **Use of formal language:** Choosing formal vocabulary and sentence structures in a formal letter can be seen as a stylistic choice to convey professionalism.

However, this view has been challenged by modern linguistics which sees style as inherent to the meaning and structure of a text. Modern linguistics suggests that style arises from choices made in the language itself, not just as an added layer.

Linguistic Notion of Style

As linguistics studies language scientifically, it studies style as well in an impersonal and objective manner. Stylistics defines, studies and analyses style objectively and technically applying methodology of linguistics. Literature was traditionally appreciated nontechnically and the critic depended on his superior vision and arbitrary taste of the reader. Catherine Belsey refers to Frye who, like New Critics, in pursuit of objectivity, considers "Existing criticism without system, atomistic, intuitive and so finally elitist, a ritual of sensibility which mystifies the possession of an illusory 'good taste'. In place of this 'mystery religion without a gospel' he proposes that criticism should become a coherent and systematic study…"

Stylistics, on the other hand, evaluates a literary text precisely. Descriptive linguistics gives stylistic analysis of a text at phonological, syntactic and semantic levels of linguistic description. Stylistics uses its own metalanguage and terminology to analyze a text, its items and structures. The communicative power and connotative significance of these isolated linguistic items and structures is evaluated objectively. John Lyons says that style implies "those components and features of a literary composition which give to it individual stamp, marking it as the work of a particular author and producing a certain effect on the readers"

Riffaterre defines the role and function of stylistics: "The author's encoding is permanent, but the process of decoding changes as the language changes in the course of time. Stylistics should encompass this simultaneity of permanence and change" M. Riffa Terre's definition of style is more enlightening and also suggests the function of stylistics: "Style is the means by which the… encoder ensures that his message is decoded in such a way that the reader not only understands the information conveyed, but shares the writer's attitude towards it"

Riffateur's approach is relevant to this research in a broader perspective because metaphor does involve this simultaneity of permanence and change. According to Archibald A. Hill stylistics is concerned with "all those relations among linguistic entities which are statable, or may be statable, in terms of wider spans than those which fall within the limits of a sentence." Malmkjær, similarly, defines style as a "consistent occurrence in the text of certain items and structures…"

Geoffrey N. Leech in A Linguistic Guide to English Poetry defines stylistics as "simply the study of literary style, or to make matters even more explicit, the study of the use of language in literature. When we discuss style, we often have in mind the language of a particular writer, a particular period, a particular genre, even a particular poem". Leech has analyzed the elements and features of style in detail in his *A Linguistic Guide to the Study of Poetry*. According to Aitchison, "The linguistic analysis of literary language is known as stylistics…the words style and stylistics have acquired somewhat specialized, narrow usage of linguistics applied to literature". John Lyons defines stylistics "as the study of stylistic variation in languages and of the way in which this is exploited **by** their users". But admitting this definition too general, he narrows it down to 'literary stylistics': "the study of the language of a literary text". Widdowson too in the same vein speaks of the relationship between the two disciplines of linguistics and literature. Stylistics is a bridge between linguistics and literary criticism, between language and literature. To quote Widdowson's words: "…stylistics is an area of mediation between two disciplines…stylistics can provide a way of mediation between two subjects". Widdowson is very comprehensive in his attitude towards stylistics. He makes it all inclusive: study of linguistics, literary criticism, language and literature.

Stylistics: Historical Perspectives

Stylistics, the study of language style, has roots in ancient rhetoric and evolved through Russian Formalism and the Prague School, eventually becoming a distinct discipline in the mid-20th century. It bridges linguistics and literary criticism, analyzing how language choices shape meaning and impact readers.

Here's a more detailed look at the history:

1. Ancient Roots in Rhetoric:

- Stylistics can be seen as a modern version of rhetoric, which taught how to structure arguments, use figurative language, and make writing impactful.
- The classical Greeks and Romans, including Aristotle, defined the five canons of rhetoric: invention, arrangement, style, memory, and delivery.
- Stylistics is often linked to the third canon, "style," which focuses on how language is used to achieve a specific effect.

2. Russian Formalism and the Prague School:

- In the early 20th century, Russian Formalists like Roman Jakobson, Vladimir Propp, and Viktor Shklovsky aimed to analyze literature scientifically, focusing on formal linguistic features.
- They emphasized "literariness" – the unique qualities of literary language that make it stand out.
- The Prague School, influenced by Russian Formalism, developed the concept of "foregrounding," where poetic language deviates from or parallels everyday language.
- This school also highlighted that the relationship between literary and everyday language is constantly shifting.

3. Stylistics as a Distinct Discipline:

- Charles Bally proposed stylistics as a separate field in 1909, complementing Saussure an linguistics.
- Early stylistics focused on analyzing literary texts, but it later expanded to encompass various types of texts, including those from mass media.
- Stylistics emerged as a reaction against impressionistic literary criticism, seeking to analyze language objectively.
- It utilizes linguistic analysis to understand how language choices create meaning and affect readers.
- Stylistics is now a well-established discipline within linguistics, with various approaches including linguistic stylistics, literary stylistics, and critical stylistics.

4. Key Developments and Concepts:

- **Formal features:**

Stylistics examines linguistic features like phonology, lexis, grammar, and syntax.

- **Foregrounding:**

This concept, from the Prague School, explains how literary language deviates from or parallels everyday language.

- **Reader response:**

Stylistics explores how readers interact with and are affected by language in texts.

- **Functional stylistics:**

This approach analyzes language based on its function (e.g., communicative, technical, aesthetic).

- **Pragmatic stylistics:**

This examines how context and speaker intention influence language interpretation.

In essence, stylistics provides a framework for understanding how language works to create meaning and effect in various contexts, bridging the gap between linguistic analysis and literary interpretation.

Discourse Analysis

Discourse is any stretch of language that is unified and meaningful to its users. We move beyond the level of sentences and consider stretches of language in their full textual, social and psychological context. In this section of our text, we will see how language is used to communicate and how the use of language is felt to be coherent. We will therefore examine, what gives stretches of language, unity, meaning. fullness and grammatical appropriacy. We will also try and understand what makes users of the language perceive some stretches of language as coherent discourse and other stretches of language as disconnected jumbles.

It is important to link the forms of the language with its functions in order to appreciate how users operate the systems of communication as a whole.

Discourse then becomes a means of relating stretches of language not only to the phonological, lexical and syntactic aspects but also to the shared knowledge among people as well as social relationships existing in society i.e., the preferences, the expectations of addresser and addressee, along with the prevalent social and cultural norms.

Language in use, for communication (in the larger sense of the term) is called Discourse, while the search for what gives language coherence is Discourse Analysis.

A discourse may be produced by one or more speakers/writers engaged either in a conversation or in written exchange.

A knowledge of grammar can be applied to the analysis and understanding of discourse. Discourse is basically an analysis of how language is used for communication whether through speech or writing. Discourse can be applied to literary and non-literary language.

In recent years the study of discourse has gained prominence and the approaches to its study are many and varied. While the term Discourse Analysis (DA) is used for any kind of investigation of the way discourse is structured, it is basically the study of discourse based on familiar grammatical concepts and terms.

Linguistic Characteristics and Social Context

The focus in discourse analysis is primarily on the way we make meaning out of what people speak or write and the situation in which language is used.

Do not Overtake

communicates the necessary message to the users of the road against overtaking on this steep, narrow over bridge.

In short, we shall in this section, try to investigate the rules, identify similarities and differences between spoken and written discourse as well as analyze the broad functions of discourse and their specific contexts of use. This would mean an identification of the minimal units that can be strung together in a sequence to produce coherent discourse and identify the rules that govern these units. It also means that we be sensitive to questions such as the following:

Why was this discourse constructed at all?

To whom is it addressed and why?

Does the speaker/writer have concealed purposes, and, if so,

What are they?

What are the hidden assumptions and biases underlying the text?

What are the various functions of discourses?

These are some of the questions we wish to tackle while analyzing spoken and written discourses in this section. The linguistic characteristics of discourse have been dealt within the first two semesters. By and large we know that the fundamental concepts/terms in the study of discourse are Cohesion and Coherence.

Cohesion, is the presence of explicit linguistic links which provide recognizable structure, such as he, that, before, therefore and, but. Coherence, on the other hand, is the degree to which a discourse makes sense in terms of our knowledge of the world. Let us try and understand this better through this conversation.

A: I have two tickets for Kantara.

B: I have an exam tomorrow.

This conversation may seem irrelevant and uncooperative, but it makes perfect sense to us if we know the social context or the real-world links between the time spent on watching a movie and on studies, entertainment and studies and so on.

We do recognize the piece of discourse as a conversation, so we can say that it is the spoken form. The addresser (a term used for a speaker or written) has a concealed purpose of requesting while the addressee (the term used for a listener or a reader) has another - that of refusing the offer.

Our knowledge of the social context makes us aware of the fact that Kantara is the name of a movie, a Kannada movie that would probably be screened for three hours. The hidden assumptions underlying B's response becomes quite clear - that time would be better spent studying for the exam scheduled for the next day, rather than watching the movie.

So as users of language we construct meaning from the discourses used by people.

Let us look at another example. Here are headlines from two different local newspapers covering the same story or event.

"WB sanctions $39.5m loan for state".

"State bags $39.5m loan from WB".

These headlines suggest two different views of what is going on. The first lays emphasis on the World Bank (WB) sanctioning a loan, while the second stresses the state's ability to get a loan from the reputed WB. The assumptions and biases are very apparent from the use of the words sanctions and bags. In this way comparing the coverage of a single event or story in two or three different newspapers of differing political stances can be an illuminating exercise.

Functions of Discourse

Language, as we know, has various purposes. While we may assume that the basic function of language is communication, we know that it serves a number of diverse functions, only some of which are reasonably regarded as communication. All of these functions are important and it is difficult to argue that some are more important or more primary than others. For example, studies of conversation in restaurants have revealed that very little information, as such, is typically exchanged on these occasions and that the social functions of language are more important. Of course, we must remember that a newspaper story, a sales talk, a seminar presentation, a religious discourse, a political speech or even an advertisement would typically be very

different from one another.

Here are some functions of language that we can distinguish:

1. Expressive function:

When feelings, emotions and moods are expressed by the addresser. Examples: I am feeling wonderful today! I feel great! I feel lousy, etc.

2. Directive function:

When we get someone to do something. Examples: Clear the table/Close the windows/ Speak louder/ Silence /Mind your head /Please leave, etc.

3. Conative function:

When we persuade other people to do something or see our point of view. Examples: Can we do this tomorrow? / Try this technique it works well/ This book is excellent – you want to read it? etc.

4. Referential function:

When we pass on factual information to other people. Examples: The seminar is on the 16th of June/ Classes begin at 9.30 everyday/ A special train to Mysore has been scheduled for the weekend during summer, etc.

5. Metalinguistic function:

When we talk about language itself. This could also include a battery of technical terms and concepts from various discipline such as science, law, journalism, psychology, engineering, medicine, etc. Examples: "Paradigm" is not a common word/ 'Content' is used both as a noun and a verb / An equilateral triangle is a triangle with three equal angles/ Every action has an equal and opposite reaction/ The accused was let off on bail/ Full count on the pitcher and batter/ 40 runs for no loss, etc.

6. Poetic function:

When we focus on aesthetic features of language as in poetry, some advertisement, poetic prose, an eye-catching motto, rhyme and so on. Examples: 'Neighbor's envy-Owner's pride' /'For a man who dares to show he cares'/ 'We bring good things to life'/ Veni, Vidi, Vici/ "Break, break, break on the cold grey stones, Oh Sea, etc.

7.Phatic function:

When we express our solidarity and empathy with others or express our membership in a particular group. Examples: How are you? Fine, thanks/ How do you do/ Good morning/ Nice day, wasn't it? Etc.

We must, however, remember that language is often used to fulfil more than one function simultaneously. For example: 'I feel like an ice cream could be simultaneously referential, expressive and conative. It conveys information, expresses a feeling and tries to persuade someone to get the addresser an ice cream or probably accompany her/him to the ice-cream joint. In general, however, language used in a given situation has a dominant function (macro function) with others becoming subordinate functions (micro function). Can you now identify the macro function of the above, mentioned example?

Now look at another sample. (This is a conversation between a principal and a student. Identify the dominant and subordinate functions of language used).

Principal: Good morning, Geetha, what can I do for you?

Geetha: Good morning. Madam. Can you sign my application for a bus pass please?

Principal: Leave it with the Superintendent. I'll sign it later.

Geetha: Madam, today is the last date for submission.

Principal: Why didn't you get it signed earlier?

Geetha: Hmm.....actually.....Madam. I...

Principal: Alright, where do I sign?

Geetha: Here, Madam.

Principal: Hmm...I can't understand why students wait till the last minute.

Geetha: Thank you, Madam.

Principal: Next time, submit your application in advance.

Geetha: Yes, Madam, thank you.

Speech Acts and Discourse Structures

Speech acts and discourse structures are interconnected concepts in linguistics and communication. Speech acts refer to the actions performed by speakers through their utterances, like making a statement, asking a question, or giving a command. Discourse structures, on the other hand, relate to how these speech acts are organized and linked together to form coherent conversations or texts. Analyzing discourse involves understanding how speech acts contribute to the overall meaning and structure of communication.

Speech Act

All Linguistic communication involves linguistic acts. The unit of linguistic communication is not, as has generally been supposed to be, a symbol, word or sentence, but rather the production or issuance of the symbol, word or sentences in the performance of the speech act.

The study of speech acts enables the understanding of the social, psychological, cultural, historical and similar other dimensions of communication. They are not mere artificial linguistic constructs as it may seem, their understanding, together with the acquaintance of context in which they are performed are often essential for decoding the whole utterance and its proper meaning.

A speech act in linguistics and the philosophy of language is an utterance that has performative function in language and communication. According to Kent Bach, "almost any speech act is really the performance of several acts at once, distinguished by different aspects of the speaker's intention: there is the act of saying something, what one does in saying it, such as requesting or promising, and how one is trying to affect one's audience." The contemporary use of the term goes back to J. L. Austin's development of performative utterances and his theory of locutionary, illocutionary, and perlocutionary acts. Speech acts are commonly taken to include such acts as promising, ordering, greeting, warning, inviting and congratulating.

The concept of speech act was proposed by John Langshaw Austin, one of the founders of pragmatics, in the series of William James lectures which were delivered by him at Harvard in 1955. Eventually, his work was published in the book entitled *How to Do Things with Words* (1965). This concept was later developed by John Searle. Speech act theory believes in identifying utterances and turns as actual actions. This theory not only considers language used by the speaker but studies change in the state of behavior of the speaker as well as the listener at the time of communication. L. Austin for the first time studied language from a different point of view and brought into notice, that apart from statements being true or false, there are other possibilities in language, which can be put into non-assertive categories like questions, commands, exclamations etc. He studied language from a non- conventional point-of-view which is a kind of reaction to the traditional view of language.

Besides Austin, John Searle contributed a lot to the speech act theory. Although a speech act is concerned with the 'performative' aspect of utterances, a speech act has many other dimensions. According to speech act, language is used to make things happen. Human beings have a wide choice of linguistic expressions and they try to make it as effective as possible. The choice of language depends upon a number of factors, like social customs, traditions, culture, relationship between speakers and the kind of situation or context they are in.

Speech Acts:

- **Definition:**

Speech acts are actions performed through language. They go beyond uttering words and involve an intended effect on the listener.

- **Types:**

Speech acts can be categorized into different types, such as:

- Assertive (or Representatives): Statements of fact or belief (e.g., "The sky is blue.").
- Directives: Requests or commands intended to get the listener to do something (e.g., "Close the window.").
- Commissive: Promises or threats that commit the speaker to a future action (e.g., "I will call you tomorrow.").
- Expressive: Utterances that express the speaker's emotions or attitudes (e.g., "I'm sorry for the mistake.").
- Declarations: Utterances that bring about a change in the world by being said (e.g., "I now pronounce you husband and wife.").

Analysis:

Speech acts can be analyzed on different levels:

- Locutionary act: The act of uttering something with a certain meaning and reference.
- Illocutionary act: The intended force or function of the utterance (e.g., requesting, ordering, promising).
- Perlocutionary act: The actual effect of the utterance on the listener (e.g., persuading, convincing, scaring).

Discourse Structures:

- Definition:

Discourse structures refer to the way utterances are organized and connected to create larger units of communication, like conversations, stories, or arguments.

- Examples:
  - **Adjacency pairs:** Sequences of two utterances where the first utterance conventionally requires a particular second utterance (e.g., question-answer, greeting-greeting).
  - **Moves:** Units of discourse that fulfill specific communicative functions (e.g., opening, closing, topic initiation, topic shift).
  - **Exchanges**: Sequences of moves related to a particular topic or interaction.

Discourse analysis examines how these structures are formed, how they contribute to meaning and how they reflect social and cultural contexts.

Relationship between Speech Acts and Discourse Structures:

- Speech acts are the building blocks of discourse.

- Discourse structures provide the framework for organizing and interpreting speech acts.

  For example, a question-answer sequence is a discourse structure that relies on the illocutionary force of a question and the corresponding response as a speech act. Understanding both speech acts and discourse structures are crucial for effective communication and for analyzing how meanings are created and interpreted in language use.

Learning to communicate in a language involves more than acquiring the pronunciation and grammar. We need to learn how to ask a question, make a suggestion, greet and thank others. In other words, we need to learn the uses to which utterances are conventionally put in the new language community and how these uses are signaled. The terminology of such function of language is called speech acts (J.L. Austin, 1975).

Language is the most intrinsic and a complex semiotic system that human beings have developed to satiate their social need for communication. This eventually helps them to maintain the social and cultural relations. We all know that linguistic communication cannot be achieved by individual sounds, words or sentences. These linguistic units are put together and contextually defined.

Now let us look at the following examples:

1. Congratulations!
2. No War, Yes Peace.
3. Monika was here.

All the above-mentioned examples are secluded words, phrases or a sentence. But all of them give an idea to us as to when, where and who has spoken them.

For linguists, these are real instances of language. The first example 1, may mean that somebody has applauded someone else's success.

The example in 2, may state a line written on a placard which talks about peace on Earth.

The example stated in 3 means that the above-mentioned line may be scribbled on a stone wall on a fort or may be neatly typed in the script of a play.

In a similar fashion, these instances could be received differently by a fellow soldier, a football stadium crowd, an airhostess, a doctor, or a bunch of jazz dance learners.

Spoken Discourse & Written Discourse

Spoken discourse refers to the use of the spoken language in interactions, such as conversations, speeches, and interviews. It's characterized by spontaneity, immediacy, and interactive exchange, often including non-verbal cues and features like intonation and pauses. Examples include casual conversations, formal speeches, panel discussions, and telephone calls. Written discourse refers to the use of written language to communicate ideas, information, or arguments. It encompasses various forms like essays, articles, books, and more, and is analyzed by examining its structure, style, and relationship to its context. Written discourse refers to language used in written form. Examples include a novel's descriptive passages, an argumentative essay's claims and evidence, or a set of instructions for assembling furniture.

In the history of the human race, spoken language certainly came before writing. We have little evidence of the existence of a writing system of any kind before about 5,500 years ago, whereas we assume that spoken language existed many millennia before then. In the history of societies, there is evidence that spoken language existed before written language, and many languages spoken today have no written form. For example, regional languages like Tulu, Konkani etc. have only the spoken form and not the written form. For the individual, too, spoken language comes first: children learn to speak before they learn to write. On the other hand, in societies which do have writing systems, the written language is very important from a social and educational point of view. It would be impossible to imagine our own society functioning as we know it without the advantage that writing gives.

No user of language uses one uniform variety of language. People vary their language according to the use to which it is put. Whether they are speaking or writing, who are they addressing; the context of the use and so on.

While the term 'dialect' is convenient to refer to language variation according to the user, REGISTER can be used to refer to variation according to use (or 'style' in a general sense). Register can be subdivided into three factors of language use, each of which affects the language variety. These are: MODE, TENOR and DOMAIN.

MODE

Normally, we distinguish between speech and writing as two modes of language use. Spoken language used in face-to-face situations relies on many 'non-verbal' signals such as gestures and facial expressions. In writing, the effect of intonation, or 'tone of voice', cannot be conveyed, except, in part, by graphic means such as exclamation marks and question marks (!?). Written language involves addressees who are not present and so cannot respond immediately.

Here are some features of the written and spoken mode which define and distinguish each clearly.

Speech	Writing
1. Inexplicitness	1. Explicitness
2. Lack of clear sentence boundaries	2. Clear sentence boundaries

3. Simple structure	3. More complex structure
4. Repetitiveness	4. Non-repetitiveness
5. Non-fluency	5. Fluency

Explicitness/Inexplicitness

Speech can be much less explicit than writing because it is generally used in face-to-face situations. Also, extra information can be conveyed by non-verbal modes such as facial expressions, gestures, etc. The participants can refer to the immediate physical environment by pointing to objects or people. If the message is unclear in a conversation, it can be rephrased, clarified or repeated depending upon the feedback from the listener. Moreover, explicitness is unnecessary in a conversation because people engaged in the conversation have shared knowledge and they make references by using words like 'it, this, that, etc.' Consider the following imaginary conversation:

A: How did you take it?

B: Well, I didn't have a choice, did I?

A: Is it the first time?

B: Not really.

A and B who are participants in this conversation and can understand what the 'it' refers to because they have shared knowledge of something. It can be a job transfer, an unsuccessful attempt at something, etc. however one has to be more explicit than this in writing.

Sentence Boundaries

In the written mode the accepted norm is to use grammatically correct and complete sentences. This is also true of scripted speech such as a radio or television news bulletin. But in spontaneous speech one can use unfinished sentences if the speaker realizes that the listener(s) is/ are aware of what s(he) might be saying and might choose, therefore, to terminate the sentences midway.

Example: ... and he was saying that um... you can watch a film in Bangalore and watch Shah Rukh Khan for three hours.... Um. maybe ah.... (speaking)

He said that we could engage ourselves for three hours in Bangalore by watching a Shah Rukh Khan film. (writing)

Speech is less complex than writing because of its inexplicitness and short sentences. Writing, on the other hand, is more complex because the message will have to be explicitly stated. The writer cannot use non-verbal modes to clarify face to face what is not clear to the addressee.

Repetitiveness/Non repetitiveness

Writing can be re-read. It is permanent. Therefore, information is not repeated in writing. However, because of the lack of permanence of speech it is more repetitive than writing. Information has to be repeated because the listener(s) cannot refer back to what was said previously.

Non-fluency/Fluency

This refers to features like hesitation, unintended repetitions, false starts, fillers, grammatical blends, unfinished sentences and so on.

Examples

False starts: Kerala is a good-looking place-what I mean to say is Kerala is a beautiful place.

Fillers: um, er

A blend occurs when a sentence begins in one way and ends in another. For example: "Would you mind repeating what's the title?"

The sentence begins as an indirect question and ends as a question. This is allowed in the spoken medium whereas in writing it would be "Would you mind repeating what the title is?"

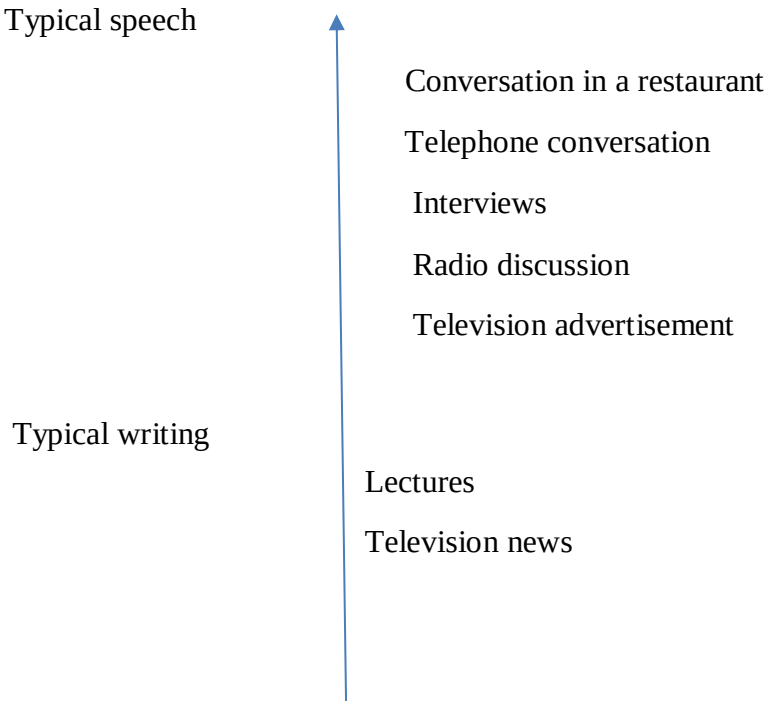
In speech it is possible to break off a sentence mid-way as a result of a change of mind. For example: "What you could be doing is... okay, do it your way."

Writing appears more fluent because the features of false starts, fillers, etc. are edited out in the written mode.

Degree of Formality/Informality

The situations in which speech is used are generally less formal than those in which writing is used. We will discuss this in detail in the next section.

We hope to have shown that speech and writing are generally complementary. However, there can be some overlap in their linguistic characteristics depending on what they are used for and in what situation. The situations in which speech and writing are distinct and those in which they tend to overlap can be shown on a continuum.



Newspaper

Business correspondence

A book

TENOR

This has to do with the relationship between a speaker and the addressee(s) in a given situation, and is often shown by greater or lesser degrees of formality, politeness, and impersonality. For example, a request to a friend to close the window might be 'hey, close the window, will you?' Here it is informal whereas between the student and the principal it is formal. A speaker has to know which is the right kind of language to use in a particular situation. The three scales of use are interrelated and there are some linguistic features and expressions typical of them.

Formal	**Informal**
Complex Sentences	Simple Sentences
Polysyllabic	Monosyllabic Vocabulary
Classical Vocabulary	Use of Phrasal Verbs

Polite	**Familiar**
Respectful terms of address	Intimate terms of address, if any
Examples: Mr., Madam, Mrs.	Examples: John dear, honey
Indirect requests	Direct imperatives

Impersonal	**Personal**
Passive voice	Active voice
Third person	First and second person

DOMAIN

Domain has to do with how language varies according to the function it is fulfilling. Languages can be used to perform a variety of functions:

i) Convey information: referential

ii) Express feelings: expressive

iii) Persuade someone to do something: conative

iv) Make social contact: phatic

v) Write poetry: poetic

vi) Talk about language itself: metalinguistic

Language is often used to fulfil more than one function simultaneously. The example "I feel like an ice cream"

in the section, Functions of Discourse could be simultaneously referential, expressive and conative. It conveys information, expresses a feeling and tries to persuade someone to provide an ice cream. So, it follows that language used in a given situation has a dominant or macro-function with other subordinate or micro-functions. The dominant or macro function of the above example would be conative while expressive and referential could be considered as micro functions.

Let us look at some of the domains with the macro and micro functions associated with them.

Domain	**Function**	
	Dominant/Macro	*Subordinate/Micro*
Journalism	Referential	Expressive, conative
Advertising	Conative	Referential, poetic
Business	Referential	Conative, metalinguistic
Science	Referential	Metalinguistic, directive
Public speaking	Expressive	Conative, poetic
Conversation	Phatic	Referential, expressive

We must remember that the category of domain does not lend itself to clear-cut distinctions. For example, in the domain of journalism the table shows that the dominant function is referential while the subordinate/micro functions are expressive and conative. Though by and large this may be true of journalistic writing as in an editorial, letters to the editor, review of books or concerts the dominant function could either be expressive or conative and the subordinate function could be referential or even poetic. This further re-emphasizes the point that language and situations are to a large extent mutually determining.

Here are a few passages that can be worked out along these lines.

MODE

Identify the mode-whether spoken or written, with reference to the characteristics discussed in the relevant section. Give suitable examples from the passage to be analyzed.

TENOR

Tenor refers to the roles we take up (student, parent, customer, employee) and our relationships with others in any particular situation. Tenor will be affected by such matters as the status, level of expertise, age, ethnic

background, and gender of the participants. Language choices will vary according to such factors as how well people know each other, how frequently they meet, and how they feel about each other. Identify the roles taken up: formal/informal, polite/ familiar, personal/impersonal in the examples below.

DOMAIN

Identify the domain and the predominant macro/micro functions. Justify with examples.

GENERAL COMMENTS

Comment on how all the three categories of mode, tenor and domain simultaneously affect language in the specific contexts of use as is evident in the passages analyzed.

Journalistic Writing 1

Editorial

Privileged Prisoners

When the rich and the powerful get on the wrong side of the law, it's the law that suffers the most. VIP offenders and convicts are often treated by law enforcers as VIP's and not as offenders or convicts. Security officials rolled out the red carpet for Jagir Kaur, former Minister in the Shiromani Akali Dal government in Punjab, following her conviction last week on charges of abduction and wrongful confinement of her daughter in 2000. Video footage from the Kapurthala jail captured the astonishing sight of officials rushing to touch the convict's feet when she arrived at the prison complex ostensibly to serve out her term. Although Ms. Kaur "resigned" as Minister immediately after her conviction, she appears to have lost none of the privileges that come with office. Twice president of the Shiromani Gurdwara Parbandhak Committee, the powerful body responsible for the administration of gurudwaras, Ms. Kaur wields considerable clout within the current government headed by Prakash Singh Badal. Opposition members have already demanded that she be shifted to a jail outside Punjab so she gets a taste of prison life as it is lived by countless other convicts.

Of course, Ms. Kaur is not the first person to receive comforts and favors inside a prison cell. Industrialists and politicians convicted for fraud and violent crime have always found ways to carry over their material advantages in the vast, outside world into the confines of a prison. In many cases, they abuse the legal provisions governing incarceration to evade the full rigor of the law. It has, for example, become the done thing for celebrity under trials and convicts to feign chest pain and seek refuge in high-end hospitals which curiously seem able to delay diagnosing the illness for as long as the patient wants. Stories of well-heeled under trials being lavished attention in prisons-the 2G accused being a case in point-are a legion. The other trick in the book is parole; the reason for the excursion can be anything, a parent's illness, the death of a relative, or simply the need to reconnect with the city's social circuit. Manu Sharma, convicted in the Jessica Lal murder case famously spent the parole period, granted to him (originally 30 days but extended by a month) partying, helped in no small measure by his benefactors in the Delhi government. India's criminal justice systems are lax, and many literally get away with murder. For a select few convicted by the court of law, the journey from home to prison brings no ordeal that they cannot bear. When the prison cell door clanks shut, then VIP inmates manage to force open a window to freedom. That's the sad truth.

Journalistic Writing 2

FILM REVIEW

He's not blond but desi bond meets Bourne for a spy masala mix-Apna Agent Vinod. With all the makings of a save 007, always shaker never stirred. With guns, gadgets, girls and guts. Throw in style and sex appeal and we almost have it all. AV in his slim-fit suits, bow-ties and tuxedos, is your metro sexual man on a mission. Cut to the chase, the story explodes in Afghanistan and the smoke trail leads to places like Russia, Morocco,

Pakistan, Turkey; with our agent (Saif Ali Khan), high on his loaded ammunition of testosterone and wit—on the job. He's tracing a nuclear suitcase bomb (talk about retro), which could possibly trigger a Nuclear War. His only clue, a number—242. And a siren, sexing up the mission. Read: ISI agent, Iram (Kareena Kapoor)

Saif, like 007, is never averse to spouting a clever line even while drugged by the baddies— "My name is Anthony Gonzalves" the most creative among them. Stripping his shirt to show off a chiseled six-pack, but decently desi enough to keep the pants on, and sensitively shedding a tear. At his stylish best, Saif is the spy-to-die-for.

Ram Kapoor rolls his "R"s (for a Russian accent) as smoothly as his character trades arms, drugs and flesh. Prem Chopra weeps heartily for a dying camel, but shows a mean streak with good ol' 70s villainy. Adil Hussain, cut 'n' dried, plays the devious Colonel. Gulshan Grover pops up, only for a mujra, it seems.

Director Sriram Raghavan, who's made fine mind-twisters [Ek Haseena Thi, Johnny Gaddar], attempts a spy thriller this time. His obsession for retro reflects here again, whether it's casting Prem Chopra and Gulshan Grover, references to classics, or infusing soundtracks from the bygone era. Aaaah! Nostalgia! Agent Vinod is slick and visually stylized, but loses steam at times. The movie is a tad long and often creatively compromised—for style over substance. With well-designed stunts and car chases, there are very few high points or shock value. One being the background score (Daniel B George) that changes beautifully with the locations.

Otherwise, Agent Vinod is cool. But not steamy enough to win license to thrill.

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PUBLIC SPEAKING-1

Now I listened to the broadcast this afternoon with a great deal of interest, I almost forgot what a fight had been made to assure the rights of the working man. I know there was a time when hours were longer and wages lower, but I had forgotten just how long that fight for freedom, to bargain collectively, and to have freedom of assembly, had taken.

Sometimes, until some particular thing comes to your notice, you think something has been won for every working man, and then you come across, as I did the other day, a case where someone had taken the law into his own hands and beaten up a labor organizer. I didn't think we did those things any more in this country, but it appears that we do. Therefore, someone must always be on the lookout to see that someone is ready to take up the cudgels to defend those who can't defend themselves. That is the only way we are going to keep this country, a law-abiding country, where law is looked upon with respect and where it is not considered necessary for everybody to take the law into his own hands. The minute you allow that, then you have acknowledged that you are no longer able to trust your courts and your law-enforcing machinery, and civil liberties are not very well off when anything like that happens, so I think, that after listening to the broadcast today, I would like to remind you that behind all those who fight for the Constitution as it was written, for the rights of the weak and for the preservation of civil liberties, we have a long line of courageous people, which is something to be proud of and something to hold on to. Its only value lies, however, in the fact that we profit by example and continue the tradition to the future.

We must not let down those people we represent; we must have courage, we must not succumb to fears of any kind; and we must live up to the things we believe in and see that justice is done to the people under the Constitution, whether they belong to minority groups or not. This country is a united country in which all people have the same rights as citizens. We are grateful that we can trust in the youth of the nation that they uphold the real principles of democracy and put them into action in this country. They are going to make us an even more truly democratic nation.

PUBLIC SPEAKING-2

I'd recently heard a story from a man named Malcolm Dalkoff. He is 48. For the last 24 years he has been a professional writer mostly in advertising. Here is what he told me. As a boy, Dalkoff was terribly insecure and shy. He had few friends and no self-confidence. One day in October 1965, his high school English teacher Ruth Brauch gave the class an assignment. The students had been reading *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Now they were to write their own chapter that would follow the last chapter of the novel.

Today he cannot recall anything special about the chapter he wrote, or what grade Mrs. Brauch gave him. What he does remember- what he will never forget are the four words Mrs. Brauch wrote in the margin of the

paper. "This is good writing".

Four words! That changed his life. "Until I read those words, I had no idea of who I was or what I was going to be," he said. "After reading her note, I went home and wrote a short story, something I had always dreamt of doing but never believed I could do." Over the rest of that year in school, he wrote many stories and always brought them to school for Mrs. Brauch to evaluate. She was encouraging, rough and honest. "She was just what I needed," he said. His confidence grew, his horizons broadened; he started off on a successful, fulfilling life. Dalkoff is convinced that none of this would have happened had that woman not written those four words in the margin of his paper.

For his 30th high school reunion, Dalkoff went back and visited Mrs. Brauch, who had retired. He told her what her four words had done for him. He told her that because she had given him the confidence to be a writer he had been able to pass that confidence onto the woman who would become his wife, who became a writer herself. He also told Mrs. Brauch that a woman in his office, who was working the evenings towards a high school equivalency diploma, had come to him for advice and assistance. She had respected him and that is why she turned to him. Mrs. Brauch was especially moved by the story of helping the young woman. "At that moment I think we both realized that Mrs. Brauch had cast an incredibly long shadow," he said. "This is good writing" so few words. They can change anything.

Business-1

Look to locate

Searching for the nearest beauty parlor while on a backwater cruise? Or a Library while relaxing in an ayurvedic spa? Just hit the net. Quickerala.com. an online business directory was launched by Malayala Manorama chief editor Mammen Mathew on July 15th. The website offers a user-friendly yellow pages portal of businesses and services across Kerala.

"It is a listing service content to match the needs of the consumers to the local business available at the click of a key", said Matthew. The portal is the first of its kind.

Businesses and services can register their details on the website directly, or for those without email ids through telephone. As of July 19, more than 10,000 companies have registered on the website, and an average 300 users have been searching the site daily.

A free listing option allows the company to upload its name, description, contact details and address of one branch. Priority-listing at 750 for six months or 500 for a year offers search, highlighting and uploading one business photo and five branch addresses while premium listing at 2000 for six months and 3500 for a year allows links up to five photos, and ten branch addresses. Companies can edit their details directly up to 25 businesses or services can be posted in one registration, each of which will be treated as an individual business.

Quickerala.com is easy to navigate and is a one-stop resource for people across the world who seek information on services in the state. Users can search by category, from abrasives to zoos and sub categories like food, furniture, strollers and wholesalers within baby care. They can also search by locality, send enquiries about the company and contact the company instantly through SMS. Users can post comments and reviews on the business. A mobile version of the website will be released soon.

Business-2

Larsen and Toubro board announced a major restructuring plan based on the report of the Boston Consultancy Group prescribing transformation of the company into a premium conglomerate.

As per the blueprint prepared by the company, the business portfolio will consist of an engineering core and two thrust areas: cement and information technology and communication.

The plan envisages the creation of a separate division for L&T cement business. The initial public offering of its information technology business in mid-2001 was to reduce equity exposure in both the subsidiaries.

L&T is also considering an entry into other IT and communication services, such as Internet-based services and e-commerce in its pursuit of value creation.

Conversation-1

Mr. Rao: Hello, I'm Mr. Rao here, may I speak to Mr. Sen please.

Shreya: Hello..... Uncle, but... Dad is not at home.

Mr. Rao: When will he be back?

Shreya: Well. Uncle.... I'm not very sure....

Mr. Rao: You see.... I was supposed to meet him this evening. but I will not be able to make it. Look... could you pass on a message to him.

Shreya: Sure, I will uncle.

Mr. Rao: Please tell him I cannot meet him today... But I'm free tomorrow. Please ask him to call me up and fix a convenient time for the meeting.

Shreya: Fine uncle, I'll convey the message.

Mr. Rao: Thank you. Bye.

Conversation-2

Rajesh: Good morning, Sir, I'm Rajesh.

Secretary: Good morning, Rajesh, how can I help you?

Rajesh: I.... I'm new in this city sir... and I'm seeking admission in this college.

Secretary: What course are you interested in?

Rajesh: I'm interested in a B. Com degree.

Secretary: Fine... Can I have a look at your Marks Card..... You can apply for the course by the 15th of this month. That is the last date for the submission of application.

Rajesh: Can I apply online?

Secretary: Yes, you may. Here... take a look at the prospectus.

Rajesh: Thank you very much sir...What are the college timings?

Secretary: We work from 9AM to 5PM

Rajesh: Thank you, sir.

Secretary: Ok... Let us know if you have any other questions.

Science

SARS or severe acute respiratory syndrome is a respiratory illness that has recently been reported in Asia especially in the South East, North America and Europe. The epicenter of the disease is believed to be South-East Asia where the disease was first reported.

SARS generally begins with a fever exceeding 100.4°F. Other symptoms of the disease include headache, an overall feeling of discomfort and body aches. Some people may also experience mild respiratory symptoms. After two to seven days SARS patients develop a dry cough and have trouble in breathing. The minimum incubation period of the disease is 10 days.

SARS spreads through close person -to- person contact. Most cases of SARS have involved people who cared for or lived with someone with SARS or had direct contact with infectious material (for example, respiratory secretions) from a person who has SARS. Potential ways in which SARS can spread include touching the skin of other people or objects that are contaminated with infectious droplets and then touching your eyes, nose or mouth. This can happen when someone who is sick with SARS, coughs or sneezes droplets onto themselves, other people or nearby surfaces.

The high-risk category or those most vulnerable to SARS are health care workers and those sharing a household with a SARS infected person.

It is thus, necessary for health workers and others in contact with possible infected persons to observe precautions like wearing face masks and other infection control measures.

Practical Paper
Model Question Paper - Semester III

Time: 1 Hour **Max Marks: 20**

I. Answer any five of the following: 5X2=10

1.What is Discourse Analysis (DA)?

2.How is social context important in discourse? Give an example.

3.Explain cohesion and coherence with examples.

4.What is the expressive function of language?

5. Define Stylistics.

6. What are the different aspects of Stylistics?

7 Compare the Traditional notion of stylistics with the Linguistic notion of stylistics.

II. Read the following passage and answer the questions:

SARS or severe acute respiratory syndrome is a respiratory illness that has recently been reported in Asia especially in the South East, North America and Europe. The epicenter of the disease is believed to be South-East Asia where the disease was first reported.

SARS generally begins with a fever exceeding 100.4°F. Other symptoms of the disease include headache, an overall feeling of discomfort and body aches. Some people may also experience mild respiratory symptoms. After two to seven days SARS patients develop a dry cough and have trouble in breathing. The minimum incubation period of the disease is 10 days.

SARS spreads through close person to person contact. Most cases of SARS have involved people who cared for or lived with someone with SARS or had direct contact with infectious material (for example, respiratory secretions) from a person who has SARS. Potential ways in which SARS can be spread include touching the skin of other people or objects that are contaminated with infectious droplets and then touching your eyes, nose or mouth. This can happen when someone who is sick with SARS coughs or sneezes droplets onto themselves, other people or nearby surfaces. It is also possible that SARS can be spread more broadly through the air or by other ways.

The high-risk category or those most vulnerable to SARS are health care workers and those sharing a household with a SARS infected person.

It is thus, necessary for health workers and others in contact with possible infected persons to observe precautions like wearing face masks and other infection control measures.

Answer the questions below:

a. What is the Mode of the passage? Give two examples. 2

b. Identify the Domain of the passage. 2

c. What is the macro function? 2

d. Write a note on the tone of the passage. 2

e. Identify an example of- 2

i) Referential function

ii) Metalinguistic function.

Practical record and Presentation **10 marks**

EURIPIDES

MEDEA

Translated by Ian Johnston
Vancouver Island University
Nanaimo, British Columbia
Canada

This translation was first published on the internet and by Richer Resources Publications in 2008: ISBN 978-0-9818162-4-1; LCCN 2008931717. It has undergone minor revisions since.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Note that in the following translation the numbers without brackets refer to the English text, while the numbers in square brackets refer to the Greek text. In numbering the lines, the translator has normally counted a short-indented line with the short line immediately above. The stage directions and explanatory endnotes have been provided by the translator.

In this translation, possessives of words ending in -s are usually indicated in the common way (that is, by adding -*'s* (e.g. *Zeus* and *Zeus's*). This convention adds a syllable to the spoken word (the sound -*is*). Sometimes, for metrical reasons, this English text indicates such possession in an alternate manner, with a simple apostrophe. This form of the possessive does not add an extra syllable to the spoken name (e.g., *Pentheus* and *Pentheus'* are both three-syllable words; whereas, *Pentheus'*s has four syllables).

BACKGROUND NOTE

Jason was born the son of Aeson, king of Iolcus, a city in Thessaly (on the eastern coast of mainland Greece). When his father lost the kingship, Jason was secretly sent away and put into the care of the famous centaur Chiron, who raised him. As a young man Jason returned to Iolcus. The king, Pelias, who had deprived Aeson of the kingship, persuaded Jason to set off on an expedition to capture the Golden Fleece, the pure gold skin of a ram, which was in a sacred grove in Colchis (a barbarian region to the east of the Euxine sea, the Greek name for the Black Sea), where it was guarded by a dragon.

Jason put together a band of adventurers called the Argonauts. They took their name from the ship they sailed in, the Argo. The heroes had a number of adventures on the way to Colchis.

When they arrived in Colchis, king Aeetes set Jason a number of tasks, including yoking two fire-breathing bulls, ploughing a field with them, sowing the field with the teeth of a dragon, and then fighting the warriors who arose from the sown teeth. He also had to confront the dragon guarding the fleece.

To complete these tasks Jason enlisted the help of Medea, daughter of king Aeetes. She fell in love with Jason and used her magic to help him complete the tasks set by Aeetes and to steal the Golden Fleece. She then escaped with Jason, killing her brother in order to scatter his body on the sea, so that Aeetes would have to hold up his pursuit. Jason and Medea returned to Iolcus, where Medea's magic restored Jason's father, Aeson, to youthful health. Medea also tricked the daughters of king Pelias into killing their father by giving them ineffective medications and persuading them to try a course of treatment which was fatal. Because of their culpability in the death of Pelias, Jason and Medea were forced to leave Iolchus. They moved to Corinth, where, after a few years, Jason decided to leave Medea and marry the daughter of Creon, king of Corinth. The story of the play begins immediately after Jason's marriage to his new bride.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

NURSE: a servant of Medea
TUTOR: a servant assigned to Jason's children
MEDEA: wife of Jason
CHORUS: a group of Corinthian women
CREON: king of Corinth
JASON: husband of Medea
AEGEUS: king of Athens
MESSENGER: a servant of Jason's
CHILDREN: Medea's and Jason's two young sons
ATTENDANTS on Creon and Jason.

[Outside the home of Jason and Medea in Corinth. The NURSE, a slave who serves Medea, is standing by herself.]

NURSE

O how I wish that ship the Argo
had never sailed off to the land of Colchis,
past the Symplegades, those dark dancing rocks
which smash boats sailing through the Hellespont.
I wish they'd never chopped the pine trees down

in those mountain forests up on Pelion,
to make oars for the hands of those great men
who set off, on Pelias's orders,
to fetch the golden fleece. Then my mistress,
Medea, never would have sailed away
to the towers in the land of Iolcus,
her heart passionately in love with Jason.
She'd never have convinced those women,
Pelias' daughters, to kill their father,
and she'd not have come to live in Corinth
with her husband and her children—well-loved
in exile by those whose land she'd moved to.
She gave all sorts of help to Jason.
That's when life is most secure and safe,
when woman and her husband stand as one.
But that marriage changed. Now they're enemies.
Their fine love's grown sick, diseased, for Jason,
leaving his own children and my mistress,
is lying on a royal wedding bed.
He's married the daughter of king Creon,
who rules this country. As for Medea,
that poor lady, in her disgrace, cries out,
repeating his oaths, recalling the great trust
in that right hand with which he pledged his love.
She keeps calling to the gods to witness
how Jason is repaying her favours.
She just lies there. She won't eat—her body
she surrenders to the pain, wasting away,
always in tears, ever since she found out
how her husband has dishonoured her.
She's not lifted her eyes up from the ground,
or raised her head. She listens to advice,
even from friends, as if she were a stone,
or the ocean swell, except now and then
she twists that white neck of hers and weeps,
crying to herself for her dear father, her home,
her own land, all those things she left behind,
to come here with the man who now discards her.
Her suffering has taught her the advantages
of not being cut off from one's homeland.
Now she hates her children. When she sees them,
there is no joy in her. And I'm afraid

she may be up to some new mischief.
Her mind thinks in extremes. I know her well.
She'll not put up with being treated badly.
I worry she may pick up a sharp sword
and stab her stomach, or else she'll go
into the house, in silence, to that bed,
and kill the king and bridegroom Jason.
Then she'll face an even worse disaster.
She's a dangerous woman. It won't be easy
for any man who picks a fight with her
to think she's beaten and he's triumphed.

[Enter Medea's and Jason's CHILDREN with their TUTOR.]

Here come her children. They've finished playing.
They've no notion of their mother's troubles.
Young minds don't like to dwell on pain.

TUTOR

Old slave from my mistress's household,
why are you here, standing by the gate,
all alone, complaining to yourself
about what's wrong? How come Medea
is willing to stay inside without you?

NURSE

Old servant of Jason's children,
when a master's lot falls out badly,
that's bad for faithful servants, too—
it affects their hearts as well. My sorrow
was so great, I wanted to come here,
to speak to earth and heaven, to tell them
about the wrongs inflicted on my mistress.

TUTOR

Unhappy lady! Has she stopped weeping yet?

NURSE

Stopped crying? I envy your ignorance.
Her suffering has only just begun—
she's not even half way through it.

TUTOR

Poor fool—
if I can speak that way about my masters.
She knows nothing of her latest troubles.

NURSE

What's that, old man? Don't spare me the news.

TUTOR

Nothing. I'm sorry I said anything.

NURSE

Come on, don't hide it from a fellow slave.
I can keep quiet if I have to.

TUTOR

Well, I was passing by those benches
where the old men gamble by Peirene,
at the holy spring, and I heard someone say
(I was pretending I wasn't listening)
that Creon, king of this country, intends
to ship the children away from Corinth,
with their mother, too. I've no idea
if the story's true or not. I hope it's not.

NURSE

But surely Jason wouldn't let his children

go into exile, even if he's squabbling
with their mother?

TUTOR

Old devotions fade,
pushed aside by new relationships.
Jason is no friend of people in this house.

NURSE

If we must add these brand-new troubles
to our old ones, before we've dealt with them,
then we're finished.

TUTOR

But listen—the time's not right
to let your mistress know about these things.
So keep quiet. Don't mention anything.

NURSE

Children, do you hear what sort of man
your father is to you? My curse on him!
No. He is my master—but a bad man
to his own family. Of that he's guilty.

TUTOR

What mortal man is not? Don't you know yet
all men love themselves more than their neighbours.
And some are right to do that—while others
just want some benefit. But this father,
with his new wife, has no love for his children.

NURSE

Come on, children, get inside the house.
Things will be fine.

[To the TUTOR]

You must keep them away—
as far as possible—and don't bring them
near their mother when she's in this state.
I've seen her look at them with savage eyes,
as if she means to injure them somehow.
I know this anger of hers will not end,
not before she turns it loose on someone.
I hope it falls on enemies, not friends!

MEDEA *[crying from inside the house]*

I can't stand this pain, this misery.
What do I do? I wish that I could die!

NURSE

My dear children, you hear your mother's cry.
Her heart's upset. Her anger's growing, too.
So quickly now, run off inside the house.
Stay out of sight. Don't try to go and see her.
She's fierce, headstrong by nature. Take care.
So go now—inside as quickly as you can.

[The TUTOR and CHILDREN enter the house.]

It's obvious the cloud of bitter grief
rising in her is only just the start.
As her temper grows even more intense,
it will soon catch fire. She's a passionate soul,
hard to restrain. What will she do next,
now her heart's been bitten by these injuries?

MEDEA *[from inside the house]*

The pain of this suffering—this intense pain.

Am I not right to weep? O my children,
cursed children of a hateful mother—
may you die with your father and his house,
may it all perish, crash down in ruins!

NURSE

O the sorrow of it all. Poor woman!
Why link your children with the nasty things
their father's done? Why do you hate them so?
I'm terrified the children will be hurt.
The pride of rulers is something to fear—
they often order men, but seldom listen,
and when their tempers change it's hard to bear.
It's better to get used to living life
as an equal common person. Anyway,
I don't want a grand life for myself—
just to grow old with some security.
They say a moderate life's the best of all,
a far better choice for mortal men.
Going for too much brings no benefits.
And when the gods get angry with some home,
the more wealth it has, the more it is destroyed.

[Enter the CHORUS of Corinthian women.]

CHORUS LEADER

I heard her voice, I heard the cries
of that sad lady here from Colchis.
Has she not calmed down yet? Old nurse, tell me.
I heard from some household servant in there
that she's been screaming. I find no pleasure
in this house's suffering. We've been friends.

NURSE

This house is finished—already ruined.
For Jason's bound by his new marriage tie
to the king's daughter. As for my mistress,

her tears are washing away her life in there,
inside the house. She finds no consolation
in the words of any of her friends.

MEDEA *[still from inside the house]*

O why can't a bolt of lightning strike me?
What point is there in living anymore?
I want death to come and sweep me off!
Let me escape this life of suffering!

CHORUS

O Zeus and Earth and Sun—
do you hear how this young wife
sings out her misery?
Thoughtless lady,
why long for death's marriage bed
which human beings all shun?
Death comes soon enough
and brings an end to everything.
You should not pray for it.
And if your husband
devotes himself to some new bed,
why get angry over that?
Zeus will plead for you in this.
Don't waste your life away,
with too much wailing for your husband.

MEDEA *[within]*

O great Themis and noble Artemis,
do you see what I am having to endure,
when I'm the one who bound that cursed man,
my husband, with strong promises to me?
O how I want to see him and his bride
beaten down, destroyed—their whole house as well—
for these wrongs they dare inflict on me,
when I've done nothing to provoke them!
O father and city, I left you behind
in my disgrace when I killed my brother.

NURSE

Do you hear what's she's saying, how she calls
to Themis, who hears our prayers, and Zeus,
who guards, they say, the promises men swear.
She's bound to do something quite serious
before this rage of hers comes to an end.

CHORUS LEADER

I wish she'd let us see her face to face
and listen to what we have to tell her.
That might calm down her savage temper,
the fury in her heart. I'd like the chance
to show good will to a lady whom I like.
Go now—bring her here outside the house.
Tell her she'll be among some friends of hers.
And hurry, before she harms someone in there—
that power in her grief will make her act.

NURSE

All right, though I'm afraid I won't persuade
my mistress. Still, as a favour to you,
I'll see what I can do. Right now, she glares
at servants when they come close to her
to tell her something. She's just like a bull
or lioness with cubs—that's how she looks.
Those men from long ago—you'd not be wrong
to call them fools without much wisdom.
They thought up songs for celebrations,
feasts and banquets, bringing to human life
delightful music. But they found nothing
in music or the lyre's many strings
to end the bitterness of human life,
the pain in living, sorrows bringing on
deaths and horrifying calamities
that destroy whole families. What a blessing
it would be for human beings if music
could cure these sorrows. When people feast,

why should people sing? It's a waste of time.
People who eat well are happy anyway—
they've enjoyed the pleasure of the meal.

[NURSE exits into the house.]

CHORUS

I have heard Medea's crying,
full of sorrow, full of tears,
her shrill accusations against Jason,
the husband who's betrayed her.
Suffering such injustice, she cries out,
calling the gods—calling Themis,
Zeus's daughter, goddess of those promises
which carried her across the ocean
to Hellas, through the black salt waves,
through the place which few men penetrate,
that strait which guards the Pontic Sea.

[Enter MEDEA with the NURSE.]

MEDEA

Women of Corinth, I have come out here,
outside the house, so you won't think ill of me.
Many men, I know, become too arrogant,
both in the public eye and in their homes.
Others get a reputation for indifference,
because they stay at ease within the house.
There's no justice in the eyes of mortal men.
Before they know someone's deep character,
they hate the sight of her, though she's not hurt them.
A guest of the city must comply, of course,
act as the city wants. I don't commend
a stubborn man, not even a citizen,
who thanks to his stupidity annoys
his fellow townsmen. But in my case,
this unexpected blow that's hit me

has destroyed my heart. My life is over,
dear friends. I've lost all joy. I want to die.
The person who was everything to me

my own husband, has turned out to be
the worst of men. This I know is true.
Of all things with life and understanding,
we women are the most unfortunate.
First, we need a husband, someone we get
for an excessive price. He then becomes
the ruler of our bodies. And this misfortune
adds still more troubles to the grief we have.
Then comes the crucial struggle: this husband
we have selected, is he good or bad?
For a divorce loses women all respect,
yet we can't refuse to take a husband.
Then, when she goes into her husband's home,
with its new rules and different customs,
she needs a prophet's skill to sort out the man
whose bed she shares. She can't learn that at home.
Once we've worked hard at this, and with success,
our husband accepts the marriage yoke
and lives in peace—an enviable life.
But if the marriage doesn't work, then death
is much to be preferred. When the man tires
of the company he keeps at home, he leaves,
seeking relief for his distress elsewhere,
outside the home. He gets his satisfaction
with some male friend or someone his own age.
We women have to look at just one man.
Men tell us we live safe and secure at home,
while they must go to battle with their spears.
How stupid they are! I'd rather stand there
three times in battle holding up my shield
than give birth once. But your story and mine
are not the same. For you have a city,
you have your father's house, enjoy your life
with friends for company. But I'm alone.
I have no city, and I'm being abused
by my own husband. I was carried off,
a trophy from a barbarian land.
I have no mother, brother, or relation

to shelter with in this extremity.
And so I want to ask something from you.
If I find some way to punish Jason
for these injustices—his bride, as well,
and her father—say nothing. In other things
a woman may be timid—in watching battles
or seeing steel, but when she's hurt in love,
her marriage violated, there's no heart
more desperate for blood than hers.

CHORUS LEADER

I'll do what you request. For you are right
to pay back your husband. And, Medea,
I'm not surprised you grieve at these events.

[Enter Creon, with armed attendants.]

I see Creon, king of Corinth, coming.
He'll be bringing news, announcing
some new decision that's been made.

CREON

You there, Medea, scowling in anger
against your husband. I'm ordering you
out of Corinth. You must go into exile,
and take those two children of yours with you.
Go quickly. I'm here to make quite sure
that this decree is put into effect.
I'm not going back into the palace
until I've cast you out beyond our borders.

MEDEA

O now my sufferings will kill me. It's over.
My enemies have set full sail against me,
and there's no way I can avert disaster.
But, Creon, let me ask you something—

since I'm the one abused, why banish me?
What have I done?

CREON

I am afraid of you.
I won't conceal the truth. There's a good chance
you might well instigate some fatal harm
against my daughter. Many things lead me
to this conclusion: you're a clever woman,
very experienced in evil ways;
you're grieving the loss of your husband's bed;
and from reports I hear you're making threats
to take revenge on Jason, on his bride,
and on her father. Before that happens,
I'm taking some precautions. Woman,
it's better that you hate me than for me
to grow soft now and regret it later.

MEDEA

Alas, this is not the first time, Creon,
my reputation has badly damaged me.
It's happened often. No man with any sense
should ever educate his children
to know anything beyond what's normal.
Quite apart from charges of idleness
which other people bring against them,
they stir up in their fellow citizens
a hostile envy. If you offer fools
some brand new wisdom, they'll consider you
quite useless, not someone wise. And if,
within the city, people think of you
as greater than those men who seem quite wise,
you'll be a nuisance. So it is with me.
I'm a knowledgeable woman. I make
some people envious. Others say I'm shy.
Some the opposite. Some say I'm hostile.
I'm not that clever, but still you fear me.
Have I hurt you at all, made you suffer?
Don't fear me, Creon. It's not in me

to commit crimes against the men in charge.
Besides, in what way have you injured me?
Youv have married your daughter to a man,
one your heart selected. My husband's
the one I hate. In my view, you've acted
in this business with good sense. So now,
I'll not begrudge you your prosperity.
Have your marriage, and good luck to you.
But let me remain here, in this country.
Although I've suffered an injustice,
I'll obey the rulers and stay silent.

CREON

What you say sounds comforting enough,
but I'm still afraid that heart of yours
is planning something evil. At this point,
I trust you even less than previously.
Passionate people, women as well as men,
are easier to protect oneself against,
than someone clever who keeps silent.
No. You must leave Corinth—and right away.
No more speeches. I have made up my mind.
It's not possible for you to stay here,
not with us, given your hostility to me.

MEDEA *[kneeling in front of Creon]*

No, don't send me away. I'm begging you,
at your knee, in your daughter's name.

CREON

Your words are useless. You won't persuade me.

MEDEA

You'll send me into exile without hearing
my supplication?

CREON

Indeed I will.
I don't love you more than my own family.

MEDEA

O my homeland! How I'm thinking of you now.

CREON

Except for my own children, my country
is what I cherish most by far.

MEDEA

Alas,
love's a miserable thing for mortal men.

CREON

I think events determine if that's true.

MEDEA

O Zeus, don't overlook who bears the blame
for all this evil.

CREON

It's time to leave,
you foolish woman. Time to rid myself
of all this trouble.

MEDEA

We have trouble enough—
There's no need for any more.

CREON

Come on—
or my servants will force you into exile.

MEDEA

No, don't do that. I beg you, Creon . . .

[Medea seizes Creon's hand.]

CREON

Woman, it seems you're trying to provoke me.

MEDEA

All right then. I will go into exile.
I wasn't begging to escape from that.

CREON

Then why squeeze my hand so hard and not let go?

MEDEA

Let me remain here one day to prepare,
to get ready for my exile and provide
something for my children, since their father,
as one more insult, does nothing for them.
Have pity on them. You're a parent, too.
You should treat them kindly—that's what's right.
If I go into exile, I don't care,
but I weep for them in their misfortune.

CREON

For a tyrant my will is by nature tender,
and by feeling pity I've been hurt before,

more than once. And now, woman, I see
I'm making a mistake, for you can have
your extra day. But let me warn you—
if the sun catches you tomorrow
within the borders of this country,
you or your children, you'll be put to death.
Don't assume I'm not telling you the truth.
So, if you must remain, stay one more day.
In that time you can't do the harm, I fear.

[Exit Creon with his attendants.]

CHORUS LEADER

Alas for you, unfortunate woman—
how wretched your distress. Where will you turn?
Where will you find someone to take you in?
What country, what home will you ever find
to save you from misfortune?

MEDEA

Things have worked out badly in every way.
Who can deny the fact? But nonetheless,
you should not assume that's how things will stay.
The newly wedded pair still face some struggles,
and the man who made this marriage happen
might have serious problems yet. Do you think
I'd prostrate myself before a man like that,
if there was no advantage to be gained?
If I did not have some plan in mind,
I'd not have talked to him or grabbed his hand.
But the man's become completely foolish—
when he had the power to prevent me
from planning anything, by sending me
out of his land, he let me stay one day,
a day when I'll turn three of my enemies
to corpses—father, daughter, and my husband.
Now, I can slaughter them in many ways.
I'm not sure which one to try out first.

Perhaps I should set the bridal suite on fire
or sneak into the house in silence,
right up to their marriage bed, and plunge
some sharpened steel right through their guts.
There's just one problem. If I get caught
entering their house meaning to destroy it,
I'll be killed, and my enemies will laugh.
No. The best method is the most direct,
the one at which I have a special skill—
I'll murder them with poison. Yes, that's it.
But once they're dead, what city will receive me?
Who will give me safe shelter as a guest,
and offer me physical protection?
There's no one. Still, I'll wait a little while.
If someone shows up who can defend me,
I'll set my scheme in motion and kill them
without saying a word. But if events
force me to act openly, I'll use a sword.
Even though it will bring about my death,
I'll push my daring to the very limit
and slaughter them. By Hecate, goddess
I worship more than all the others,
the one I choose to help me in this work,
who lives with me deep inside my home,
these people won't bring pain into my heart
and laugh about it. This wedding of theirs,
I'll make it hateful for them, a disaster—
Creon's marriage ties, my exile from here,
he'll find those bitter. So come, Medea,
call on all those things you know so well,
as you plan this and set it up. Let the work,
this deadly business, start. It's a test of wills.
You know what you now have to deal with.
You must not let Jason's marriage make you
a laughing stock among Corinthians,
compatriots of Sisyphus, for you
trace your family from a noble father
and from Helios, the sun. So, get to work.
Besides, we possess a woman's nature—
powerless to perform fine noble deeds,
but very skilled in every form of evil.

CHORUS

The waters in the sacred rivers
are flowing in reverse.
And all well-ordered things
are once more turning on themselves.
Men's plans are now deceitful,
their firm trust in the gods is gone.
My life is changing—common talk
is giving me a better reputation.
Honour's coming to the female sex.
Slander will no longer injure women.

Those songs by ancient poets
will stop chanting of our faithlessness.
Phoebus, God of song and singing,
never put into our minds the gift
of making sacred music with the lyre,
or else I would have sung a song
in response to what the male sex sings.
For our lengthy past has much to say
about men's lives as well as ours.

You sailed here from your father's house,
your heart on fire, past those two rocks
that stand guard to the Euxine Sea.
You live now in a foreign land.
You've lost your marriage bed,
your husband, too, poor woman.
And now you're driven out,
hounded into exile in disgrace.
The honour in an oath has gone.

And all throughout wide Hellas
there's no shame any more.
Shame has flown away to heaven.
So to you, unhappy lady,
no father's house is open,
no haven on your painful voyage.
For now, a stronger woman

rules in your household,
queen of Jason's marriage bed.

[Enter Jason.]

JASON

Now is not the first time I've observed
how a harsh temper can make all things worse—
impossibly so. It's happened often.
You could have stayed here in this land and house,
if only you'd agreed to the arrangements
and showed some patience with those in command.
Now you're exiled for your stupid chatter.
Not that I care. You don't have to stop
calling Jason the worst man in the world,
but when you speak against the ruler here,
consider yourself very fortunate
that exile is your only punishment.
I've always tried to mollify the king—
he has a vicious temper—and have you stay.
But you just would not stop this silly rage,
always slandering the royal house.
That's why you have got to leave the country.
Anyway, I won't neglect my family.
I've come here, woman, looking out for you,
so you won't be thrown out with the children
in total need and lacking everything.
Exile brings with it all sorts of hardships.
Although you may well despise me now,
I could never have bad feelings for you.

MEDEA

As a man you're the worst there is—that's all
I'll say about you, no trace of manhood.
You come to me now, you come at this point,
when you've turned into the worst enemy
of the gods and me and the whole human race?
It isn't courage or firm resolution

to hurt your family and then confront them,
face to face, but a total lack of shame,
the greatest of all human sicknesses.
But you did well to come, for I will speak.
I'll unload my heart, describe your evil.
You listen. I hope you're hurt by what I say.
I'll begin my story at the very start.
I saved your life—every Greek who sailed with you
on board that ship the Argo can confirm it—
when you'd been sent to bring under the yoke
the fire-breathing bulls and then to sow
the fields of death. And I killed the dragon
guarding the Golden Fleece, coiled up there,
staying on watch and never going to sleep.
For you I raised the light which rescued you
from death. I left my father and my home,
on my own, and came with you to Iolcus,
beneath Mount Pelion. My love for you
was greater than my wisdom. Then I killed
Pelias in the most agonizing way,
at the hands of his own daughters,
and demolished his household, all of it.
Now, after I've done all this to help you,
you brute, you betray me and help yourself
to some new wife. And we have children!
If you'd had no children, I'd understand
why you're so keen on marrying this girl.
And what about the promises you made?
I don't know if you think the ancient gods
still govern or if new regulations
have recently been put in place for men,
but you must know you've broken faith with me.
By this right hand, which you have often held,
and by my knees, at which you've often begged,
it was all for nothing to be touched like that,
by such a worthless man. I've lost all hope.
But come now. I'll sort things out with you,
as if you were a friend. I've no idea
what sort of kindness to expect from you.
But let us see. The things I'll ask about
will make you look even more disgraceful.
Where do I now turn? To my father's house?

For your sake I betrayed my country,
to come here with you. Then should I go
to Pelias' daughters in their misery?
They'd surely welcome me with open arms,
since I killed their father. That's how things stand.
To my family I'm now an enemy,
and by assisting you I declared war
on people I had no need to injure.
For all the ways I've helped you, you made me,
in the eyes of many wives in Greece,
a lucky woman, blessed in many things.
But what a wonderful and trusting husband
I have in you now, in my misfortune,
if I go into exile, leave this land,
with no friends, all alone, abandoned,
with my abandoned children. And for you,
what a fine report for a new bridegroom,
his children wandering round like vagabonds
with the very woman who saved his life.
O Zeus, why did you give men certain ways
to recognize false gold, when there's no mark,
no token stamped on the human body,
to indicate which men are worthless.

CHORUS

When members of a family fight like this,
rage pushes them beyond all compromise.

JASON

Woman, it seems I'll need to give good reasons,
and, like a skillful helmsman on a ship,
haul in my sails and run before that storm
blowing from your raving tongue. In my view,
you overestimate your favours to me.
I consider goddess Aphrodite
the only one of gods or mortal men
who saved my expedition. As for you,
well, you've a subtle mind. But if I told
how Eros with his unerring arrows

forced you to save me, I could injure you.
So I won't press the matter very far.
However you helped me, you did it well.
But by saving me you got in return
more than you gave, as I will demonstrate.
First of all, you now live among the Greeks,
not in a country of barbarians.
You're familiar with justice and the laws,
rather than brute force. Besides, all the Greeks
know you're clever, so you have earned yourself
a fine reputation. If you still lived
out there at the boundary of the world,
no one would talk about you. And great fame
I'd sooner have than houses filled with gold
or the power to sing sweet melodies,
sweeter than all the songs of Orpheus.
That's my response to you about my labours.
Remember you started this war of words.
As for your complaints about this marriage,
I'll show you that in this I'm being wise
and moderate and very friendly to you
and to my children. You must have patience.
When I came here from the land of Iolcus,
I brought with me many troubles, hard ones,
things impossible for me to deal with.
What greater good fortune could I have found
than marrying the daughter of the king,
me—an exile? On the point that irks you,
it's not the case I hate our marriage bed,
overcome with lust for some new bride,
nor am I keen to rival other men
in the number of my many children.
We have enough. I'm not complaining.
The most important thing for us to do
is to live well and not in poverty,
knowing that everyone avoids a friend
once he's a pauper. As for my children,
I want to raise them in the proper way,
one worthy of my house, to have brothers
for the children born from you, and make them
all the same. Thus, with a united family
I might prosper. Do you need more children?

In my case, there's some benefit to have
new children to help those already born.
Was this a bad scheme? You'd agree with me,
if you weren't so upset about the sex.
But you women are so idiotic—
you think if everything is fine in bed,
you have all you need, but if the sex is bad,
then all the very best and finest things
you make your enemies. What mortals need
is some other way to get our children.
We ought to have no female sex and then
men would be rid of all their troubles.

CHORUS LEADER

Jason, your reasons here seem logical,
but it strikes me, if I may presume,
you're in the wrong abandoning your wife.

MEDEA

I'm very different from many others,
in all sorts of ways—in my opinion,
the unjust man who speaks so plausibly
brings on himself the harshest punishment.
Since he's sure his tongue can hide injustice,
he dares anything. But he's not that clever.
So you should not parade before me now
your clever words and specious reasoning.
One word demolishes your argument:
if you were not corrupt, you'd ask me first,
get my consent to undertake this marriage,
but you did not even tell your family.

JASON

O yes, if I'd told you of the wedding,
I'm sure you would have lent me fine support.
Even now you can't stand to set aside
that immense rage in your heart.

MEDEA

You're lying.
You thought as you grew old a barbarian wife
would bring you disrespect.

JASON

Get this straight—
this royal bride I have, I did not marry her
because of any woman. As I told you,
I wanted to save you and have children,
royal princes, with the same blood as my sons.
That way my house has more security.

MEDEA

May I never want a merely prosperous life,
accepting pain or great wealth at the expense
of happiness here in my heart.

JASON

Do you think
you can change that prayer and sound more sensible?
You should not consider this advantage
painful or pretend to be so wretched
when things are going well for you.

MEDEA

Keep up the insults. You have your refuge.
I'm alone and banished from this country.

JASON

That's what you've chosen. The blame rests with you.

MEDEA

What did I do? Marry and desert you?

JASON

You kept making all those bitter curses
against the ruling family in Corinth.

MEDEA

And I'm a curse against your family, too.

JASON

I'm not arguing with you any more
about all this. But if you want me
to provide some money, some assistance
for you and for the children in your exile,
just ask. I'm prepared to give you some,
and with a generous hand. I'll send my friends
introductory tokens, so they'll treat you well.
You'd be mad not to accept this offer.
Woman, stop being so angry. If you do,
things will turn out so much better for you.

MEDEA

I'll accept no assistance from your friends,
nor anything from you. Don't make the offer.
Gifts from a worthless man are without value.

JASON

All right, but I call the gods to witness
I'm willing to help you and the children.

But you reject my goods and stubbornly
push away your friends, and for that reason
you will suffer still more pain.

MEDEA

Get out of here.
For someone so in love with his new bride
you're spending far too long outside her home.
Go act married. The gods will see to it
your marriage changes into one of those
that makes you wish you had rejected it.

[Exit Jason.]

CHORUS

Erotic love with too much passion
brings with it no fine reputation,
and nothing virtuous to men.
But if Aphrodite comes in smaller doses,
no other god is so desirable.
Goddess, I pray you never strike me
with one of those poisoned arrows
shot from your golden bow.

I pray that moderation,
the gods' most beautiful gift,
will always guide me.
I pray that Aphrodite
never packs my heart with jealousy
or angry quarreling.
May she never fill me with desire
for sex in other people's beds.
May she bless peaceful unions,
using her wisdom to select
a woman's marriage bed.

O my country and my home,
I pray I never lack a city,
never face a hopeless life,
one filled with misery and pain.
Before that comes, let death,
my death, deliver me,
bring a fatal end to all my days.

For there's no affliction worse
than losing one's own land.

I say on this based on what I've seen,
not on what other people say.
For you are here without a city—
you have no friends to pity you,
as you suffer in this misery,
suffer in the harshest way.
The man who shames his family,
who does not open up his heart
and treat them in all honesty—
may he perish unlamented.
With him I never could be friends.

[Enter Aegeus, king of Athens.]

AEGEUS

I wish you all happiness, Medea.
There is no better way to greet one's friends.

MEDEA

All happiness to you, too, Aegeus,
wise Pandion's son. Where are you coming from?

AEGEUS

I've just left Apollo's ancient oracle.

MEDEA

The prophetic centre of the earth?**(4)**
What business took you there?

AEGEUS

To ask a question.

I want to know how I can have some children.

MEDEA

In the gods' name, have you lived so long
without ever having any children?

AEGEUS

Not one. Some god is doing this to me.

MEDEA

Do you have a wife? Or have you stayed unmarried?

AEGEUS

No, I am married. My wife shares my bed.

MEDEA

So what did Apollo say about it?

AEGEUS

Words too wise for human understanding.

MEDEA

It is appropriate for me to learn them?

AEGEUS

Of course. They need a clever mind like yours.

MEDEA

What was the prophecy? Tell it to me—

if it's all right for me to hear.

AEGEUS

He told me this:
"Don't untie the wineskin's foot. . ."

MEDEA

Until when?
Until you do what or reach what country?

AEGEUS

". . . until you come back to your hearth and home."

MEDEA

What were you looking for when you sailed here?

AEGEUS

A man called Pittheus, king of Troezen.

MEDEA

He's Pelops' son. They say he's a very holy man.

AEGEUS

I want to share the god's prophecy with him.

MEDEA

He's a wise man and skilled in things like that.

AEGEUS

And the friendliest of all my allies.

MEDEA

Well, good luck. I hope you find what you desire.

AEGEUS

Why are your eyes so sad, your cheeks so pale?

MEDEA

O Aegeus, my husband has been cruel—
of all men he has treated me the worst.

AEGEUS

What are you saying? Tell me truly—
what things have made you so unhappy?

MEDEA

Jason's abusing me. I've done him no harm.

AEGEUS

What has he done? Give me more details.

MEDEA

He's taken a new wife. She now rules his home,
instead of me.

AEGEUS

That's completely shameful.
He hasn't dared something like that, has he?

MEDEA

Indeed, he has. He's dishonored me, the wife
he used to love.

AEGEUS

Is this a new love affair,
or did he get fed up with you in bed?

MEDEA

A new love match—he's betrayed his family.

AEGEUS

Leave him, then, since, as you say, he's worthless.

MEDEA

His passion is to marry royalty.

AEGEUS

Who's giving her to him? Tell me the rest.

MEDEA

Creon, who rules this land of Corinth.

AEGEUS

Then, lady, it's quite understandable
why you're in such distress.

MEDEA

I'm done for, finished.
I'm being banished from this country

AEGEUS

By whom? You're speaking now of some new trouble.

MEDEA

Creon is driving me into exile,
forcing me out, away from Corinth.

AEGEUS

With Jason's full consent? I find that disgraceful.

MEDEA

He says not. Still, he's planning to accept it.
But, Aegeus, I beg you by your beard,
and at your knees implore you—have pity.
Take pity on me in my misfortune.
Don't let me be exiled without a friend.
Accept me as a suppliant in your home,
your native land. If you will take me in,
may the gods then answer your desire
to have children. May you die a happy man.
You don't know what a lucky one you are
to find me here. I'll end your childlessness.
I know the sorts of medicines to use,
and I can help you have many children.

AEGEUS

Lady, I'd like to grant this favour to you,
for many reasons. First, there's the gods.
Then, for the children you say I'll produce.
For there I've lost all sense of what to try.
Here's what I'll do. If you get to my country,
I'll strive to treat you as a foreign guest—
that's the proper thing for me to do.
But, Medea, I'll give you fair warning:

I won't plot to get you out of Corinth.
If you can reach my household on your own,
you may stay there in safety. Rest assured—
I won't surrender you to anyone.
But you must make your own escape from here.
I don't want my hosts finding fault with me.

MEDEA

That's fine with me. If you could promise this,
you'll have done me all the good you can.

AEGEUS

Don't you trust me? What in this still bothers you?

MEDEA

I do trust you. But the house of Pelias
dislikes me, and so does Creon's, too.
If you bind yourself to a promise now,
you'll not hand me over when they come,
seeking to remove me from your country.
If you use words, and don't swear by the gods,
you may become their friend and then comply
with their political demands. I'm weak,
and they have wealth, a king's resources.

AEGEUS

What you've just said is very shrewd. All right,
if it's what you want, I'm not unwilling
to do what you require. Your proposal
gives me some security. I can show
those hostile to you I've a good excuse.
And it makes your position more secure.
Tell me the gods that I should swear by.

MEDEA

Swear by the plain of Earth, by Helios,
my father's father, by the family of gods,
by all of them collectively.

AEGEUS

Tell me
what I must swear to do and not to do.

MEDEA

Never to cast me out from your own country.
And if some enemy of mine asks you
if he can take me off, you'll not agree,
not while you're still alive.

AEGEUS

To that I swear.
By the Earth, by Helios' sacred light,
by all the gods, I'll do what I've just heard.

MEDEA

That's good. And if you betray this promise,
what happens to you then?

AEGEUS

May I then suffer
the punishment that falls on profane men.

MEDEA

All is well. Now, go your way in peace.
I'll come to your city as quickly as I can,
once I've completed what I mean to do,
and my plans here have been successful.

[Exit Aegeus.]

CHORUS LEADER

May Hermes, noble son of Maia,
go with you on your return, Aegeus.
I hope you'll get what your heart's so set on,
for in my eyes you are a worthy man.

MEDEA

O Zeus and Justice, child of Zeus,
and flaming Helios—now, my friends,
we'll triumph over all my enemies.

The plans I've made have been set in motion.
I'm confident my enemies will pay—
they'll get their punishment. For at the point
when I was most in trouble, this man came
and helped me plan safe harbour for myself.
I'll lash my ship's cable to Aegeus,
once I've made it to Athena's city.
Now I'll tell you all the things I'm planning,
though you'll get little pleasure from my words.
I'm going to send one of my household slaves
to ask Jason to come and visit me.
Once he's here, my words will reassure him.
I'll tell him I agree with what he's doing,
that leaving me for this royal alliance
is a fine idea—he's acted properly
and made the right decisions. Then I'll ask
if my children can remain. My purpose
is not to leave them in a hostile land
surrounded by insulting enemies,
but a trick to kill the daughter of the king.
I'll send the children to her with some gifts.
They'll carry presents for the bride, as if
requesting to be spared their banishment—
a finely woven robe and a tiara
of twisted gold. If she accepts those presents
and puts them on, she'll die—and painfully.

And so will anyone who touches her.
I've smeared strong poisons on those gifts.
So much for that. I'll say no more about her.
But the next thing I'll do fills me with pain—
I'm going to kill my children. There's no one
can save them now. And when I've done this,
wiped out Jason's house completely, I'll leave,
evading the punishment I'd receive
for murdering my darling children,
a sacrilegious crime. You see, my friends,
I won't accept my enemies' contempt.
So be it. What good does life hold for me now?
I have no father, no home, no refuge.
I was wrong to leave my father's house,
won over by the words of that Greek man,
who now, with the gods' help, will pay the price.
He'll never see his children alive again,
the ones I bore him, nor have more children
with his new bride, for she's been marked to die
an agonizing death, poisoned by my drugs.
Let no one think that I'm a trivial woman,
a feeble one who sits there passively.
No, I'm a different sort—dangerous
to enemies, but well disposed to friends.
Lives like mine achieve the greatest glory.

CHORUS LEADER

Since you've shared your plans with me, I urge you
not to do this. I want to help you,
holding to the standards of human law.

MEDEA

In this matter there's no choice. I forgive
what you just said, because, unlike me,
you don't have to bear this suffering.

CHORUS LEADER

But, lady, can you stand to kill your children?

MEDEA

Yes. It will be a mortal blow to Jason.

CHORUS LEADER

But as a woman it will devastate you.

MEDEA

That's beside the point. Until that time
it's useless to continue talking.

[MEDEA goes to door of the house and calls inside.]

You in there . . .

[Enter NURSE from the house.]

. . . go and fetch Jason here.
When I need to trust someone, I choose you.
If you like your mistress and are a woman,
tell him nothing of what I mean to do.

[MEDEA goes into the house, and the NURSE moves off stage.]

CHORUS

Since ancient times, Erechtheus' sons
have been especially blessed,
children of the sacred gods,
from a holy country never conquered,
never ransacked by its enemies.
Fed on glorious fruits of wisdom,
they stride lithely through the sunlit air,

where, so the story goes, the Muses,
nine maidens of Pieria, gave birth
to golden-haired Hermione.
And people celebrate how Aphrodite,
while drawing water from the stream,
the flowing river of the lovely Cephissus,
breathes down upon the land
sweet, temperate winds,
while she binds within her hair
garlands of sweet-smelling roses,
sending Love to sit at Wisdom's side,
to foster all fine things.
How will this city of sacred streams,
this land of strolling lovers,
welcome you—a murderess
who slaughtered her own children,
an unholy woman—among its people?
Consider this—the killing of your children.
Consider the murder you are going to do.
By your knees we beg you,
in every way we know,
do not butcher your own children.

Where will your hands and heart
find the strength, the courage
to dare this dreadful action?
How will you look at them,
your children, and not weep
for their murderous fate?
When they kneel before you,
and implore your mercy,
you'll find it impossible
to steel your heart,
then soak your hands
in your own children's blood.

[Enter MEDEA from the house and, from the side, JASON with the NURSE.]

JASON

I've come, as you requested. You hate me,

but I'm here, and I'm prepared to listen.
Woman, what it is you now want from me?

MEDEA

Jason, I ask you to forgive me
for what I said before. My anger
you should be able to put up with,
since we two have shared many acts of love.
I've been debating with myself. I realize
I've been in the wrong. I tell myself,

"I'm a fool. Why am I in such a rage,
resenting those who offer good advice?
Why fight against the rulers of this land
or against my husband, whose actions serve
my own best interests with this royal marriage,
producing brothers related to my sons?
Why can't I stop being angry? What's wrong with me,
when gods are being so kind? Don't I have children?
Don't I know we're going into exile,
where friends are hard to find?"

With thoughts like these,
I recognized how foolish I had been,
how senseless it was to be so annoyed.
So now I agree with you. It strikes me
you've been acting prudently, by forging
this marriage link on our behalf. I was mad.
I should have worked with you in this design,
helped you with your plans, stood there beside you
in this marriage, rejoiced along with you
for this union with your bride. But women are,
well, I won't say bad—we are what we are.
You should not copy the bad things we do,
repaying foolishness with foolishness.
So I give in. I admit that I was wrong.
But now I see things in a better light.

[MEDEA goes to the door of the house and calls inside.]

Children, come out here—leave the house.

[Enter the CHILDREN with the TUTOR.]

Come on out. Welcome your father here—
talk to him with me. You and your mother
will end the bad blood in this family.
We've patched things up, and no one's angry now.
Take his right hand. O it's harsh to think
of what the future hides.

[MEDEA hugs her children.]

O my children,
will you keep holding your dear arms out like this
through all the many years you have to live?
O dear, I'm just too tearful, too afraid!
My delicate eyes keep filling up with tears,
now I've stopped this quarrel with your father.

CHORUS LEADER

My eyes, too, begin to weep pale tears.
May this bad luck proceed no further.

JASON

Lady, I approve of what you're saying now.
Not that I blame you for what went on before.
For it's quite natural in the female sex
to get angry when their husbands set up
secret schemes for another secret marriage.
But your heart has changed now for the better.
Although it took a while, you understand
the wiser course of action. In doing so,

you're acting like a woman of good sense.
Now, as for you, my children, your father
has not been neglectful. With the gods' help,
I've made secure provision for you both.
At some future date, you'll be leaders here,
in Corinth, alongside your new brothers.
But first you must grow up. As for the rest,
your father and the god who smiles on him
will take care of that. I pray I see you
mature into fine young men, victorious
over all my enemies.

[MEDEA starts to weep.]

Medea,
why turn away? Why weep and fill your eyes
with these pale tears? What I have said,
does that not make you happy?

MEDEA

It's nothing.
I was thinking of the children.

JASON

Cheer up.
I will see that they are well looked after.

MEDEA

I will cheer up. I trust what you have said.
But it's a woman's nature to shed tears.

JASON

But why be so tearful with the boys?

MEDEA

I gave birth to them. When you made that prayer
about them growing up, I felt pity,
wondering how things would turn out for them.
But let's discuss the reasons for your visit.
I've mentioned some. Now I'll let you know the rest.
Since the rulers here are keen to banish me,
I recognize the best thing I can do
is try not to stand in their way or yours,
by staying here. This royal house thinks me
their enemy. So I've made up my mind
to leave this country and go into exile.
But you should beg Creon to spare our boys,
not banish them, so they can grow up here,
under your direction.

JASON

Well, I don't know
if I can convince him. But I should try.

MEDEA

You could tell your wife to ask her father
not to send the children into exile.

JASON

A good idea. I think I can persuade her.

MEDEA

You will, if she's a woman like the rest.
And I'll give you some help. I'll send her gifts,
by far the finest human gifts I know,
a finely woven gown, a diadem
of twisted gold. The boys will take them.
One of my servants will fetch them here—

[MEDEA gestures to a SERVANT.]

You—bring me those presents right away.

[The SERVANT goes into the house.]

She's got more than one reason to be happy,
that wife of yours. She's blessed in countless ways.
In you she's found a very worthy man
to share her bed—and now she gets these gifts,
which my grandfather Helios once gave
to his descendants.

[The SERVANT returns with the gifts. MEDEA takes them and hands them over to the CHILDREN.]

Come now, children,
take up these wedding gifts and carry them
as offerings to the happy royal bride.
What she's getting will be worthy of her.

JASON

What are you doing, you foolish woman,
disposing of these things of yours? Do you think
the royal house lacks clothes or gold? Keep them.
Don't give them away. If my wife values me,
she'll set more store on what I want to do
than on rich possessions. I'm sure of that.

MEDEA

Don't say that. Even the gods, they claim,
are won by gifts. And among mortal men,
gold works more wonders than a thousand words.
Her fortune's on the rise. Gods favour her.
She's young, with royal power to command.

But to spare my children banishment,
I'd trade more than gold. I'd give my life.
Now, children, when you get inside the palace,
you must beg this new wife of your father's,
my mistress, not to send you into exile.
When you present these gifts, you must make sure
she takes them from you herself, in her own hands.
Now go and be quick about it. Good luck!
Bring your mother back news of your success,
the happy news she so desires to hear.

[Exit JASON and the CHILDREN, with the NURSE and TUTOR.]

CHORUS

I've no longer any hope
that these children stay alive,
as they stroll to their own slaughter.
The bride will take her diadem,
she'll take her golden ruin.
With her own hand she'll fix
across her lovely yellow hair
the jewelry of death.

The unearthly gleam, the charm
will tempt her to put on the robe
and ornament of twisted gold.
Her marriage bed will lie among the dead.
That's the trap she'll fall in.
That's how she'll die.
She can't escape destruction.

And you, unlucky man,
married to the daughter of a king—
how ignorant you are right now,
bringing death to both your sons,
to your bride an agonizing end.
You most unfortunate man,
how wrong you were about your destiny.

Next, I mourn your sorrows,

unhappy mother of these children,
intent on slaughtering your sons,
because your lawless husband
left you and your marriage bed
and now lives with another wife.

[Enter the TUTOR with the CHILDREN.]

TUTOR

My lady, your children won't be exiled.
The royal bride was happy to accept,
with own hands, the gifts you sent her.
Now the boys have made their peace with her.

[MEDEA starts to weep.]

What's wrong? Why do you stand there in distress?
Things have worked out well. Why turn away again?
Are you not happy with my splendid news?

MEDEA

Alas . . .

TUTOR

An odd response to the report I bring.

MEDEA

All I can say is that I feel so sad . . . .

TUTOR

Have I mistakenly said something bad?
Am I wrong to think my news is good?

MEDEA

You've reported what you had to tell me.
I'm not blaming you.

TUTOR

Then why avert your eyes?
Why are you crying?

MEDEA

Old man, I have my reasons.
The gods and I, with my worst intentions,
have made this situation what it is.

TUTOR

Be happy. Your children will one day
bring you back home again.

MEDEA

But before that,
I shall bring others to their homes—alas,
how much misery I feel.

TUTOR

You're not the only mother whose children
have been separated from her. We mortals
must bear our bad times patiently.

MEDEA

I'll do so.
But now go in the house. And carry on.
Give the children their usual routine.

[TUTOR exits into the house. The CHILDREN remain with MEDEA.]

O children, my children, you still have
a city and a home, where you can live,
once you have left me to my suffering.
You can live on here without your mother.
But I'll go to some other country,
an exile, before I've had my joy in you,
before I've seen you happy, or helped
to decorate your marriage beds, your brides,
your bridal chambers, or lifted high
your wedding torches. How miserable
my self-will has made me. I raised you—
and all for nothing. The work I did for you,
the cruel hardships, pains of childbirth—
all for nothing. Once, in my foolishness,
I had many hopes in you—it's true—
that you'd look after me in my old age,
that you'd prepare my corpse with your own hands,
in the proper way, as all people wish.
But now my tender dreams have been destroyed.
For I will live my life without you two,
in sorrow, and those loving eyes of yours
will never see your mother any more.
Your life is changing. O my children,
why are you looking at me in that way?
Why smile at me—that last smile of yours?
Alas, what shall I do? You women here,
my heart gives way when I see those eyes,
my children's smiling eyes. I cannot do it.
Good bye to those earlier plans of mine.
I'll take my children from this country.
Why harm them as a way to hurt their father
and have to suffer twice his pain myself?
No, I won't do that. And so farewell
to what I planned before. But what's going on?
What's wrong with me? Do I really want
my enemies escaping punishment,
while I become someone they ridicule?

I will go through with this. What a coward
I am to let my heart even admit
such sentimental reasons. Children,
you must go in the house.

[The CHILDREN move toward the house but remain at the door.]

Anyone forbidden
to attend my sacrifice, let such a man
concern himself about these children.
My hand will never lack the strength for this.
And yet . . . My heart, don't do this murder.
You're made of stone, but leave the boys alone.
Spare my children. If they remain alive,
with me in Athens, they'll make you happy.
No! By those avengers in lower Hell,
I'll never deliver up my children,
hand them over to their enemies,
to be humiliated. They must die—
that's unavoidable, no matter what.
Since that must happen, then their mother,
the one who gave them life, will kill them.
At all events it's settled. There's no way out.
On her head the royal bride already wears
the poisoned crown. That dress is killing her.
But I am treading an agonizing path
and send my children on one even worse.
What I want to do now is say farewell.

[MEDEA moves to the CHILDREN near the door, kneels down and hugs them.]

Give me your right hands, children. Come on.
Let your mother kiss them. Oh, these hands—
how I love them—and how I love these mouths,
faces—the bearing of such noble boys.
I wish you happiness—but somewhere else.
Where you live now your father takes away.
O this soft embrace! Their skin's so tender.

My boys' breathing smells so sweet to me.
But you must go inside. Go. I can't stand
to look at you any more like this.
The evil done to me has won the day.
I understand too well the dreadful act
I'm going to commit, but my judgment
cannot check my anger, and that incites
the greatest evils human beings do.

[MEDEA shepherds the CHILDREN into the house, leaving the CHORUS alone on stage.]

CHORUS

Often, before this present time,
I've had to make more complex arguments
and struggled with issues more serious
than those which women ought to wrestle with.
But we, too, have an artistic Muse
who lives among us to teach us wisdom.
But not all of us—the group of females
who can learn anything from her is small—
in a crowd of women you might find one.
So I can claim that among human beings
those who have no experience of children,
who have never given birth to offspring,
such people have far more happiness
than those who have been parents.
With those who have no children,
because they never come to see
whether their children grow up
to be a blessing or a curse to men,
their failure to have offspring
shields them from many grievances.
But those who in their own homes
have a sweet race of children growing,
I see them worn down with cares
their whole life long. First,
how they can raise their children well.
Next, how they can leave their sons
sufficient livelihood. And then,
it's by no means clear that all the work

produces good or useless children.
There's one final problem,
the worst for any mortal human being—
I'll tell you: suppose those parents
have found a satisfactory way of life
and seen their children grow
into strong, young, virtuous men,
if Fate so wills it, Death arrives,
and carries the children's bodies
away to Hades. What profit, then,
is there for us and our love of sons,
if the gods inflict on mortal men,
in addition to their other hardships,
this most painful further sorrow.

[Enter MEDEA from the house.]
MEDEA

My friends, I've long been waiting in suspense
to see what's happening in the royal house.
Now I see one of Jason's servants coming.
His frantic breathing indicates to me
he brings fresh news of some catastrophe.

[Enter the MESSENGER, coming from the royal palace.]

MESSENGER

Medea, you must escape—leave this place.
You've done an awful deed, broken every law.
Take ship and go by sea—or go overland
by chariot. But you must go from here.

MEDEA

What's happened that I have to run away?

MESSENGER

The king's daughter has just been destroyed,
her father, too—Creon. You poisoned them.

MEDEA

What really splendid news you bring.
From now on, I'll consider you a friend,
one of my benefactors.

MESSENGER

What's that?
Are you in your right mind, lady, or insane?
To commit this crime against the royal house,
and then be happy when you hear the news,
without being terribly afraid?

MEDEA

I have some remarks to offer in reply.
But, my friend, don't be in such a hurry.
Tell me of their deaths. If you report
they died in pain, you'll double my rejoicing.

MESSENGER

When your two children came with their father
and entered the bride's home, we servants,
who had shared in your misfortune, were glad,
for a rumour spread at once from ear to ear
that you and your husband's previous quarrel
was now over. Someone kissed the boys' hands,
someone else their golden hair. In my joy,
I went with the children right inside,
into the women's quarters. Our mistress,
whom we now look up to instead of you,
before she caught sight of your two children,
wanted to fix her eyes on Jason only.
But then she veiled her eyes and turned away
her white cheek, disgusted that they'd come.

Your husband tried to change the young bride's mood,
to soften her anger, saying these words,

"Don't be so hard-hearted with your family.
Check your anger, and turn your face this way,
look at us again, and count as friends of yours
those your husband thinks are friends of his.
Now, receive these gifts, and then, for my sake,
beg your father not to exile these two boys."

Once she saw the gifts, she did not hold out,
but agreed in everything with Jason.
And before your children and their father
had gone any distance from the palace,
she took the richly embroidered gown
and put it on, then arranged the golden crown,
fixing it in her hair at a bright mirror,
smiling at her body's lifeless image there.
Then she stood up from her seat and strolled
across the room, moving delicately
on her pale feet, delighted at the gifts,
with a great many glances to inspect
the straightness of the dress against her legs.
But then it happened—a horrific sight.
She changed colour, staggered back and sideways,
trembling, then fell into her chair again,
almost collapsing on the floor. An old woman,
one of her servants, thinking it was a fit
inspired by Pan or by some other god,
shouted in festive joy, until she saw
the white spit foaming in her mouth, her eyes
bulging from their sockets, and her pale skin
quite drained of blood. The servant screamed again—
this time, to make up for her former shout,
she cried out in distress. Another slave
ran off at once towards her father's palace,
and another to the girl's new husband
to tell him the grim fate his bride had met.
The whole house rang with people's footsteps,
as they hurried back and forth. By the time

it would take a fast runner to complete
two hundred yards and reach the finish line,
her eyes opened—the poor girl woke up,
breaking her silent fit with a dreadful scream.
She was suffering a double agony—
around her head the golden diadem
shot out amazing molten streams of fire
burning everything, and the fine woven robe,
your children's gift, consumed the poor girl's flesh.
She jumped up from the chair and ran away,
all of her on fire, tossing her head, her hair,
this way and that, trying to shake off
her golden crown—but it was fixed in place,
and when she shook her hair, the fire blazed
twice as high. Then she fell down on the ground,
overcome by the disaster. No one
could recognize her, except her father.
Her eyes had lost their clear expression,
her face had changed. And there was blood
across her head, dripping down, mixed with fire.
The flesh was peeling from her bones, chewed off
by the poison's secret jaws, just like resin
oozing from a pine tree. An appalling sight!
Everyone was too afraid to touch the corpse—
what we'd seen had warned us. But her father,
poor wretch, did not know what she'd been through.
He came unexpectedly into the house
and stumbled on the corpse. He cried aloud,
embraced his daughter and kissed her, saying,

"My poor child, what god has been so cruel
to destroy you in this way? Who's taken you
away from me, an old man near my death?
O my child, I wish I could die with you."

He ended his lamenting cries. But then,
when he tried to raise his old body up,
he was entangled in that woven dress,
like ivy wrapped around a laurel branch.
He struggled dreadfully, trying to get up

onto his knees, but she held him down.
If he used force, he tore his ancient flesh
clear from his bones. The poor man at last gave up.
His breathing stopped—he could not stand the pain
a moment longer. So the two of them lie dead—
the daughter, her old father, side by side.
It's horrible, something to make one weep.
Concerning you there's nothing I will say.
For you'll know well enough the punishment
that's coming to you. As for human life,
it seems to me, and not for the first time,
nothing but shadows. And I might say,
without feeling any fear, those mortals
who seem wise, who prepare their words with care,
are guilty of the greatest foolishness.
Among human beings no one is happy.
Wealth may flow in to produce a man
more lucky than another, but no man,
is ever happy, no one.

[Exit MESSENGER.]

CHORUS LEADER

This is the day, it seems,
the god tightens troubles around Jason,
and justly so. O poor Creon's daughter,
how we pity your misfortune. You're gone,
down into Hades' home—the price you pay
for marrying Jason.

MEDEA

I've made up my mind, my friends.
I'll do it—kill my children now, without delay,
and flee this land. I must not hesitate.
That would hand them over to someone else
to be slaughtered by a hand less loving.
No matter what, the children have to die.
Since that's the case, then I, who gave them life,

will kill them. Arm yourself for this, my heart.
Why do I put off doing this dreadful act,
since it must be done? Come, pick up the sword,
wretched hand of mine. Pick up the sword,
move to where your life of misery begins.
Don't play the coward. Don't remember now
how much you love them, how you gave them life.
For this short day forget they are your children
and mourn them later. Although you kill them,
still you loved them. As a woman, I'm so sad.

[Exit MEDEA into the house.]

CHORUS

Hail to Earth,
Hail to the Sun,
whose rays illuminate all things.
Turn your eyes, look down,
see this destroying woman,
before she sets her bloody hands,
her instruments of murder,
onto her own children,
those offshoots of your golden race.
It's a fearful thing for men
to spill the blood of gods.
O light which comes from Zeus,
stop her, take from the house
this blood-thirsty savage Fury
gripped by the spirit of revenge.

The pain you felt in giving birth
was useless, wasted.
Those children you so love,
you bore them all in vain.
You who left behind you
the inhospitable passage
where the Symplegades dance,
those deadly, dark-blue rocks,
you unhappy woman,

why does your anger
fall so heavily upon your heart,
and one harsh murder
follow so quickly on another?
The polluting moral stain
that taints all mortal men
who shed their family blood
upon the earth—that's hard to bear.
For the gods send down
onto the houses of the ones who kill
sorrows to match their crimes.

CHILD *[from inside the house]*

Help me . . . help . . .

CHORUS

Did you hear that?
Did you hear the children cry?
That wretched, evil woman!

CHILD *[from within]*

What do I do? How can I escape
my mother's hands?

SECOND CHILD

I don't know, dear brother.
It's over for us . . .

CHORUS *[shouting in response]*

Should I go in the house?
I'm sure I must prevent this murder.

CHILD

Yes—for the love of gods, stop this! And hurry!

SECOND CHILD

The sword has almost got us—like a snare!

CHORUS

You hard and wretched woman,
just like stone or iron—
to kill your children,
ones you bore yourself,
sealing their fate with your own hands.
Of all women that ever lived before
I know of one, of only one,
who laid hands on her dear children—
and that was Ino,
driven to madness by the gods,
when Hera, Zeus's wife,
sent her wandering in a fit
away from home,
that sad lady leapt into the sea,
because she'd killed her sons
a most unholy murder.
She walked into the surf
at the sea's edge, perishing
so she could join in death
her own two children.**(6)**
But what horror still remains
after what's happened here?
A woman's marriage bed—
so full of pain—how many evils,
has it brought on humankind?

[Enter JASON with attendants.]

JASON

You women standing there beside the house,
where's Medea, who's done these awful things?
Is she still inside? Or has she left here?

She'll have to hide herself under the earth
or else fly up to heaven's overarching vault,
if she's going to avoid her punishment
from the royal house. Did she really think
she could kill the rulers of this country
and get away unharmed? But at this point
she's no concern of mine. I'm worried
for my children. Those whom she has wronged
will take care of her. I've come for the boys,
to save their lives, in case the next of kin
try to harm me and mine, retribution
for their mother's profane murders.

CHORUS

Unhappy man, you don't know the full extent
of your misfortune, or you would not say this.

JASON

What is it? Does she plan to kill me, too?

CHORUS

Your boys are dead, killed by their mother's hand.

JASON

No. What are you telling me? Woman,
you have destroyed me.

CHORUS

The boys are dead.
You must fix your mind on that. They're gone.

JASON

Where did she do this? Inside or outside?

CHORUS

Open the doors and you will see them,
your slaughtered children.

JASON *[shouting into the house]*

You slaves in there,
remove the bar from this door at once,
withdraw the bolts, so I may see two things—
my dead sons and their murderer, that woman
on whom I shall exact revenge.

[JASON shakes the doors of the house, which remain closed. MEDEA appears in a winged chariot, rising above the house. The bodies of the two CHILDREN are visible in the chariot.]

MEDEA

Why are you rattling the doors like that,
trying to unbar them so you can find
their bodies and me, the one who killed them?
Stop trying. If you desire something from me,
then say so, if you want to. But you'll never
have me in your grasp, not in this chariot,
a gift to me from my grandfather Helios,
to protect me from all enemy hands.

JASON

You accursed woman, most abominable
to the gods and me and all mankind.
You dared to take the sword to your own boys,
you—the one who bore them—and to leave me
destroyed and childless. Having done this,
after committing this atrocious crime,
can you still look upon the earth and sun?
May you be destroyed! Now I understand—
I must have lost my mind to bring you here,
from that savage country, to a Greek home.

You were truly evil then—you betrayed
your father and the land that raised you.
But the avenging fury meant for you
the gods have sent to me. You slaughtered
your brother in your home, then came aboard
our fine ship, the Argo. That's how you began.
When you married me and bore my children,
in your lust for sex and our marriage bed,
you killed them. No woman from Greece would dare
to do this, but I chose you as my wife
above them all, and that has proved to be
a hateful marriage—it has destroyed me.
You're not a woman. You're a female lion.
Your nature is more bestial than Scylla,
the Tuscan monster. But my insults,
multiplied a thousand fold, don't hurt you.
Your heart's too hard for that. So be off,
you shameful murderer of your children.
Let me lament my fate. I'll get no delight
from my new bride, nor will I ever speak
to my own living children, the two boys
I bred and raised. They're lost to me.

MEDEA

I would reply to your words at length,
if father Zeus did not already know
what I did for you and what you did to me.
You weren't going to shame my marriage bed
and have a pleasant life ridiculing me,
nor was that royal bride or Creon,
who gave her to you, going to banish me,
throw me from here with impunity.
So if you want, call me a lioness
or Scylla, who lives on Tuscan shores.
For I've made contact with your heart at last.

JASON

You have your own share of pain and sorrow.

MEDEA

That's true. But there is relief in knowing
you cannot laugh at me.

JASON

O my children,
you had such an evil mother!

MEDEA

O my children,
victims of your father's evil actions!

JASON

At least it was not my hand that killed them.

MEDEA

No. It was an insult—your new marriage.

JASON

Was it right to murder them for that?

MEDEA

Do you think an insult to a woman
is something insignificant?

JASON

Yes, I do,
to a woman with good sense. But to you
it is completely evil.

MEDEA

Well, your sons are gone.
That should cause you pain.

JASON

I think their spirits live
to take out their revenge on you.

MEDEA

The gods are aware who began this fight.

JASON

Yes, they well know your detested heart.

MEDEA

Keep up your hate. How I loathe your voice.

JASON

And I hate yours. It won't be difficult
for the two of us to part.

MEDEA

Tell me how.
What shall I do? For that's what I want, too.

JASON

Let me bury these dead boys and mourn them.

MEDEA

Never. My own hands will bury them.
I'll take them to Hera's sacred lands
in Acraia, so no enemy of mine

will commit sacrilege against them
by tearing up their graves. And in this place,
this land of Sisyphus, I'll initiate
a solemn celebration, with mystic rites,
future atonement for this profane murder.
I'll now go to the land of Erechtheus,
to live with Aegeus, son of Pandion.
As for you, you'll have a miserable death,
as is fitting for a coward. Now you've seen
the bitter ending of your marriage to me,
your head will be smashed in, when you are hit
by a moldy relic of your ship the Argo.

JASON

May the avenging Fury of our children
destroy you—may you find blood justice.

MEDEA

What god or spirit listens to you,
a man who does not keep his promises,
a man who deceives and lies to strangers?

JASON

You polluted wretch! Child killer!

MEDEA

Go home.
Bury that wife of yours.

JASON

I'll go.
I've lost both my sons.

MEDEA

Your grief's not yet begun.
Wait until you're old.

JASON

O such loving children!

MEDEA

Their mother loved them. You did not.

JASON

And yet you killed them?

MEDEA

Yes, to injure you.

JASON

Alas, how I long to see my dear boys' faces,
to hold them in my arms.

MEDEA

So now, at this point,
you'll talk to them, you'll give them an embrace.
Before this, you shoved them from you.

JASON

By the gods,
I beg you, let me feel their tender skin.

MEDEA

No. Your words are wasted.

JASON

O Zeus,
do you hear how I'm being driven off,
what I must endure from this child killer,
this she lion, this abomination?
But I'll use the strength I have for grieving
and praying to the gods to bear witness
how you have killed my children and refuse
to let me hold their bodies or bury them.
How I wish I'd never been a father
and had to see you kill my children.

[MEDEA'S chariot takes her and the CHILDREN up and away from the scene. Exit JASON.]

CHORUS

Zeus on Olympus,
dispenses many things.
Gods often contradict
our fondest expectations.
What we anticipate
does not come to pass.
What we don't expect
some god finds a way
to make it happen.
So with this story.

[Exit CHORUS.]