

Modern Irish Drama

Oscar Wilde
(1854-1900)





THE IMPORTANCE OF
BEING EARNEST







The Importance of Being Earnest: A Trivial Comedy for Serious People

by Oscar Wilde (1895)

Algernon: Did you hear what I was playing, Lane?

Lane: I didn't think it polite to listen, sir.

Algie: I'm sorry for that for your sake. I don't play accurately – anyone can play accurately – but I play with wonderful expression. As far as the piano is concerned, sentiment is my forte. I keep science for life.

Lane: Yes, sir.

Algie: And, speaking of the science of life, have you got the cucumber sandwiches cut for Lady Bracknell?

Lane: Yes, sir

Algie: Oh!... By the way Lane, I see from your book that on Thursday night, when Lord Shoreman and Mr Worthing were dining with me, eight bottles of champagne are entered as having being consumed.

Lane: Yes, sir; eight bottles and a pint.

Algie: Why is it that at a bachelor's establishment the servants invariably drink the champagne? I ask merely for information.

Lane: I attribute it to the superior quality of the wine, sir. I have often observed that in married households the champagne is rarely of a first-rate brand.

Algie: Good heavens! Is marriage so demoralising as that?

Lane: I believe it *is* a very pleasant state, sir. I have had very little experience of it myself up to the present. I have only been married once. That was in consequence of a misunderstanding between myself and a young person.

Algie: I don't know that I am much interested in your family life, Lane.

Lane: No, sir; it is not a very interesting subject. I never think of it myself.

Algie: Lane's views on marriage seem somewhat lax. Really, if the lower orders don't set us a good example, what on earth is the use of them? They seem, as a class, to have absolutely no sense of moral responsibility.



George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950)

PYGMALION



BERNARD
SHAW



Audrey Hepburn Rex Harrison

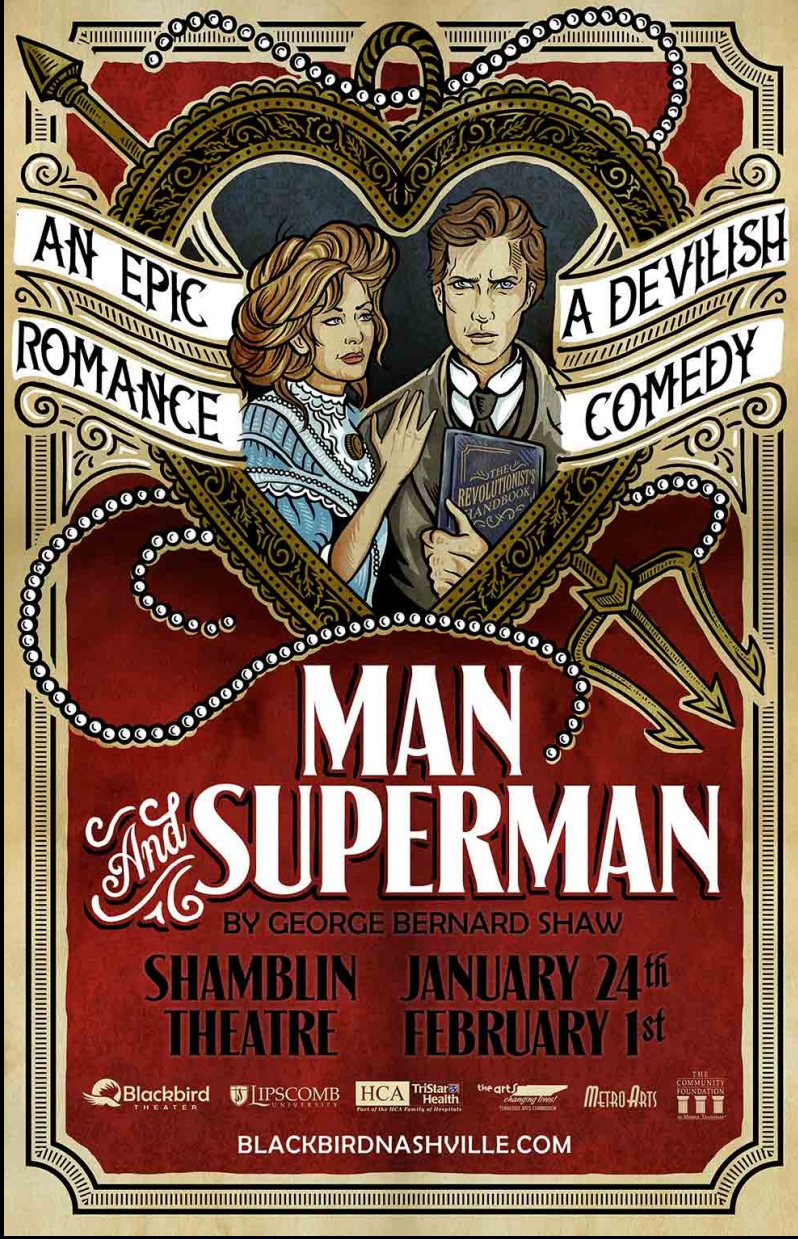
My Fair Lady

U



WINNER OF 3 ACADEMY AWARDS INCLUDING BEST PICTURE 1964

DVD VIDEO



AN EPIC
ROMANCE

A DEVILISH
COMEDY



MAN *and* SUPERMAN

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

SHAMBLIN THEATRE JANUARY 24th
FEBRUARY 1st

Blackbird THEATRE | LIPSCOMB UNIVERSITY | HCA | Tristar Health | the art fr. | Metro Arts | THE COMMUNITY FOUNDATION

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John Bull's Other Island
by
George Bernard Shaw
(1907)

Broadbent: All the capable people in Ireland are of English extraction. It has often struck me as a most remarkable circumstance that the only party in parliament which shows the genuine old English character and spirit is the Irish party. Look at its independence, its determination, its defiance of bad Governments, its sympathy with oppressed nationalities all the world over! How English!

Doyle: Not to mention the solemnity with which it talks old fashioned nonsense which it knows perfectly well to be a century behind the times. That's English, if you like.

Br: No, Larry no. You are thinking of the modern hybrids that now monopolize England. Hypocrites, humbugs, Germans, Jews, Yankees, foreigners, Park Laners, cosmopolitan riffraff. Don't call them English. They don't belong to the dear old island, but to their confounded new empire; and by George! they're worthy of it; and I wish them joy of it.

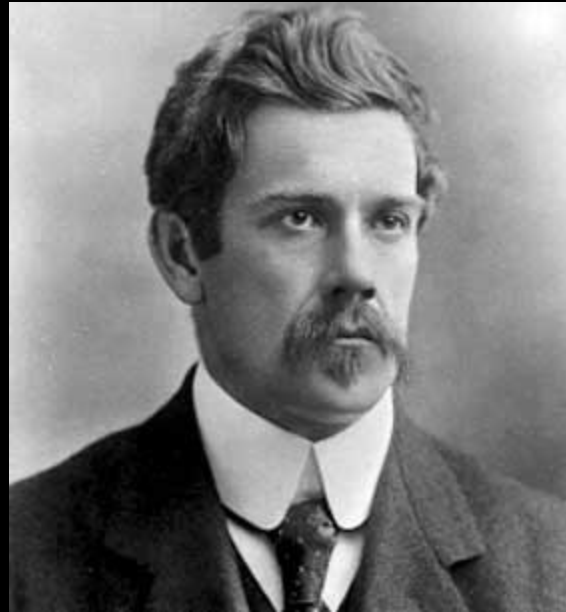
Doyle: My dear Tom, you only need a touch of the Irish climate to be as big a fool as I am myself. If all my Irish blood were poured into your veins, you wouldn't turn a hair of your constitution and character. Go and marry the most English Englishwoman you can find, and then bring up your son in Rosscullen; and that son's character will be so like mine and so unlike yours that everyone will accuse me of being the father. [*With sudden anguish*] Rosscullen! Oh, good Lord, Rosscullen! The dullness! the hopelessness! the bigotry!

Broadbent: [*matter-of-factly*] The usual thing in the country, Larry. Just the same here.

Doyle: No, no: the climate is different. Here, the life is dull, you can be dull too, and no great harm done [*Going off into a passionate dream*] But your wits can't thicken in that soft moist air, on those white springy roads, in those misty rushes and

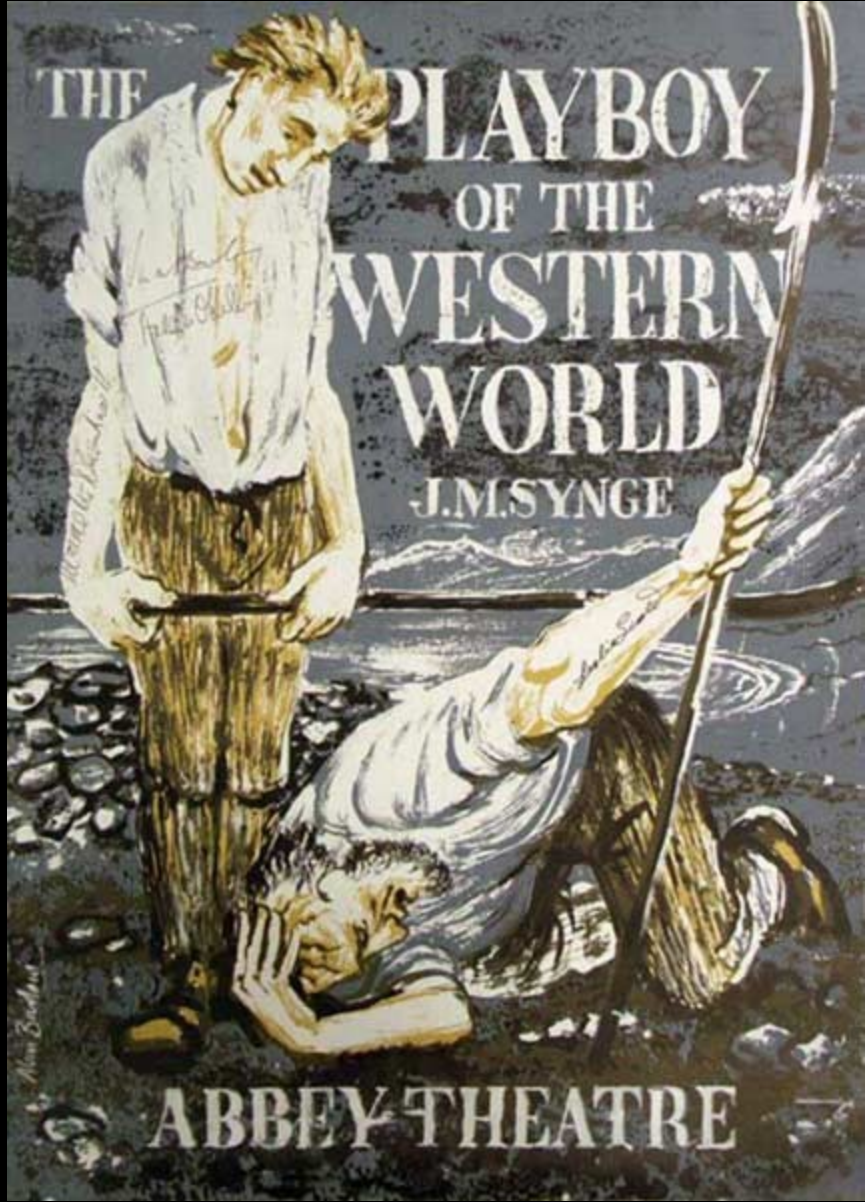
brown bogs, on those hillsides of granite rock and magenta heather. You've no such colours in the sky, no such lure in the distances...

...It's all dreaming, all imagination. He can't be religious. The inspired Churchman that teaches him the sanctity of life and the importance of conduct is sent away empty; while the poor village priest that gives him a miracle or a sentimental story of a saint, has cathedrals built for him out of the pennies of the poor. He can't be intelligently political: he dreams of what the Shan Van Vocht said in ninetyeight. If you want to interest him in Ireland you've got to call the unfortunate island Kathleen ni Hoohlihan and pretends she's a little old woman. It saves thinking. It saves working. It saves everything except imagination, imagination, imagination; and imagination's such a torture that you can't bear it without whisky.



J.M. Synge (1871-1909)

The Playboy of the Western World
by
John Millington Synge
(1907)









Jessica Fern Hunt
PHOTOGRAPHY

Philly: Well, that lad's a puzzle of the world.

Jimmy: He'd beat Dan Davies' circus or the holy missionaries Making sermons on the villainy of man. Try him again, Philly.

Philly: Did you strike golden guineas out of solder, young fellow, or shilling coins itself?

Christy: I did not mister, not a sixpence nor a farthing coin.

Jimmy: Did you marry three wives maybe? I'm told there's a sprinkling have done that among the holy Luthers of the preaching north.

Christy: (*shyly*) I never married with one, let alone a couple or three.

Philly: Maybe he went fighting for the Boers, the like of the man beyond, was judged to be hanged, quartered and drawn. Were you off east young fellow, fighting bloody wars for Kruger and the Boers?

Christy: I never left my own parish till Tuesday was a week.

Pegeen: (*coming from counter*) He's done nothing, so. (*To Christy*) If you didn't commit murder, or a bad, nasty thing, or false coining, or robbery, or butchery, or the like of them, there isn't anything would be worth your troubling for to run from now. You did nothing at all.

Christy: (*his feelings hurt*) That's an unkindly thing to be saying to a poor orphaned traveller, has a prison behind him, and hanging before, and hell's gaping below.

Pegeen: (*with a sign to the men to be quiet*) You're only saying it. You did nothing at all. A soft lad the like of you wouldn't slit the windpipe of a screeching sow.

Christy (*offended*) You're not speaking the truth.

Pegeen: (*in mock rage*) Not speaking the truth, is it? Would you have me knock the head of you with the butt of the broom?

Christy: (*twisting round on her with a sharp cry of horror*).
Don't strike me. I killed my poor father, Tuesday was a week,
for doing the like of that.

Pegeen: (*with blank amazement*) Is it killed your father?

Christy: (*subsiding*) With the help of God I did surely, and that
the Holy Immaculate Mother may intercede for his soul.

Philly: (*retreating with Jimmy*) There's a daring fellow.

Jimmy: Oh, Glory be to God!

Michael: (*with great respect*) That was a hanging crime, mister
honey. You should have had good reason for doing the like of
that.

Christy: (*in a very reasonable tone*) He was a dirty man, God
forgive him, and he getting old and crusty, the way I couldn't
put up with him at all.

Pegeen: And you shot him dead?

Christy: (*shaking his head*) I never used no weapons. I've no
licence, and I'm a law-fearing man.

Michael: It was with a hilted knife maybe? I'm told, in the big world, it's bloody knives they use.

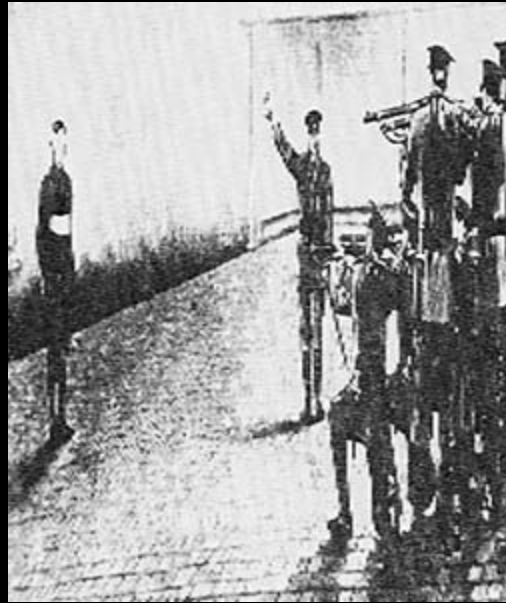
Christy: (*loudly, scandalized*) Do you take me for a slaughter-boy?

Pegeen: You never hanged him, the way Jimmy Farrell hanged his dog from the licence, and had it screeching and wriggling three hours at the butt of a string, and himself swearing it was a dead dog, and the peelers swearing it had life?

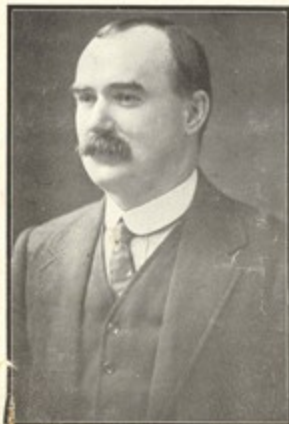
Christy: I did not then. I just riz the loy and let fall the edge of it on the ridge of his skull, and he went down at my feet like an empty sack, and never let a grunt or groan from him at all.







IRISH REBELLION, MAY 1916



JAMES CONNOLLY,
Commander-General, Dublin Division,
Executed May 23, 1916.
One of the signatories of the "Irish Republic Proclamation."



JOSEPH PLUNKETT (son of General Plunkett),
Commandant-General Irish Republican Army,
Executed May 23, 1916.
Who was married a few hours before his execution.

IRISH REBELLION, MAY 1916



THOMAS J. CLARKE,
Executed May 23, 1916.
One of the signatories of the "Irish Republic Proclamation."



SEAN MAC DIARMADA,
Executed May 23, 1916.
One of the signatories of the "Irish Republic Proclamation."

IRISH REBELLION, MAY 1916



P. H. PEARSE,
Commandant-General of the Army of the Irish Republic,
Executed May 23, 1916.
One of the signatories of the "Irish Republic Proclamation."



THOMAS MACDONAGH
Commandant of Dublin Street Army,
Executed May 23, 1916.
One of the signatories of the "Irish Republic Proclamation."



SARAH CURRAN
Wife of the Rev. John Curran,
Executed May 23, 1916.
One of the signatories of the "Irish Republic Proclamation."

Thomas
Macdonagh



John
MacBride





Constance Markiewicz



from *Easter 1916*
by
W.B. Yeats

Easter 1916

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

That woman's days were spent
In ignorant good-will,
Her nights in argument
Until her voice grew shrill.
What voice more sweet than hers
When, young and beautiful
She rode to harriers?
This man kept a school
And rode our winged horse;
This other his helper and friend
Was coming into his force;
He might have won fame in the end,
So sensitive his nature seemed
So daring and sweet in thought.
This other man I had dreamed
A drunken vainglorious lout.

He had done most bitter wrong
To some who are near my heart,
Yet I number him in the song;
He too, has resigned his part
In the casual comedy;
He, too, has been changed in his turn,
Transformed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

Hearts with one purpose alone
Through summer and winter seem
Enchanted to a stone
To trouble the living stream.
The horse that comes from the road,
The rider, the birds that range
From cloud to tumbling cloud,
Minute by minute thy change;

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

Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice?
That is Heaven's part, our part,
To murmur name upon name,
As a mother names her child
When sleep at last has come
On limbs that had run wild.
What is it but nightfall?

No, no, not night but death;
For England may keep faith
For all that is done and said.
We know their dream; enough
To know that they dreamed and are dead;
And what if excess of love
Bewildered them till they died?
I write it out in a verse –
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly;
A terrible beauty is born.

September 25, 1916

from *Ulysses*
by
James Joyce
(1922)







BY THE SAME WRITER

CHARLES WOOD
DUBLINER
A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN
Etc.

THE EGOSY PRESS
LONDON

ULYSSES

by

JAMES JOYCE

SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY
25, Rue de l'Odéon, 25
PARIS
1922

(Staggering Bob, a whitepolled calf, thrusts a ruminating head with humid nostrils through the foliage)

BLOOM: Simply satisfying a need. *(With pathos)* No girl would when I went girling. Too ugly. They wouldn't..._

(High on Ben Howth through rhododendrons a nanny goat passes, plumpuddered, buttytailed, dropping currants)

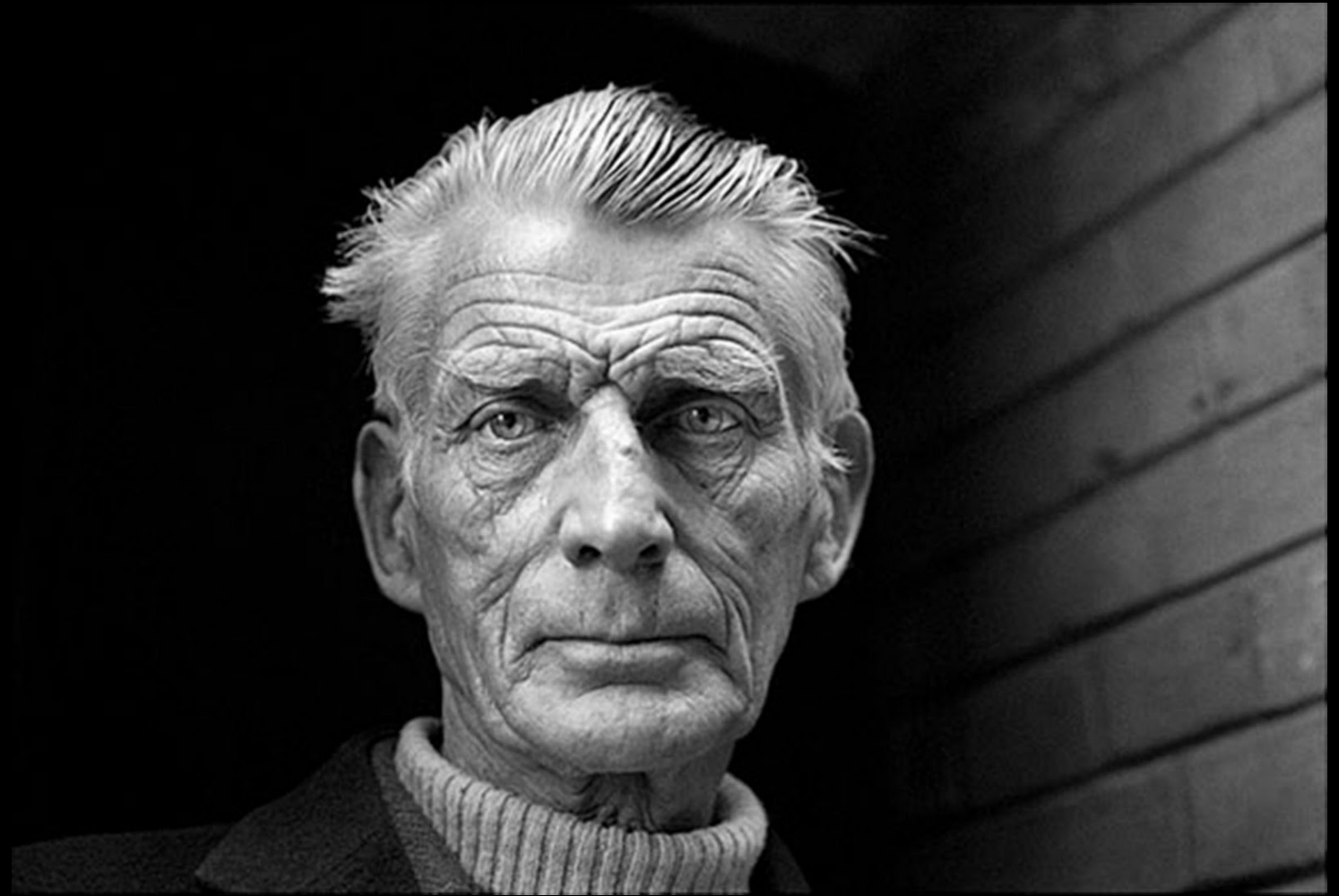
THE NANNYGOAT: *(Bleats)* Megegaggeg! Nannananny!

BLOOM: *(Hatless, flushed, covered with burrs of thistledown and gorsepine.)* Regularly engaged. Circumstances alter cases.*(He gazes intently downwards on the water)* Thirtytwo head over heels per second. Press nightmare. Giddy Elijah. Fall from cliff. Sad end of government printer's clerk. *(Through silversilent summer air the dummy of Bloom, rolled in a mummy, rolls rotatingly from the Lion's Head cliff into the purple waiting waters)*

THE DUMMYMUMMY: Bbbbbblllllbbbbbblodschbg?







Waiting for Godot
by
Samuel Beckett
(1952)



Vladmir (Didi): What do we do now?

Estragon (Gogo): Wait.

Didi: Yes, but while we're waiting?

Gogo: What about hanging ourselves?

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

Gogo: (*Highly excited.*) An erection!

Didi: With all that follows. Where it falls mandrakes grow. That's why they shriek when you pull them up. Did you know that?

Gogo: Let's hang ourselves immediately!

Dodo: From a bough? [*They go towards the tree.*] I wouldn't trust it.

Gogo: We can always try.

Didi: Go ahead.

Gogo: After you

Didi: No, no, you first.

Gogo: Why me?

Didi: You're lighter than I am.

Gogo: Just so.

Didi: I don't understand.

Gogo: Use your intelligence, can't you?

[*Vladimir uses his intelligence*]

Didi:[*Finally*] I remain in the dark

Gogo: This is how it is [*He reflects*] The bough... The bough...

[*Angrily*] Use your head, can't you?

Didi: You're my only hope.

Gogo: Gogo light – bough not break – Gogo dead. Didi heavy – bough break – Didi alone. Whereas –

Didi: I hadn't thought of that.

Gogo: If it hangs you it'll hang anything.

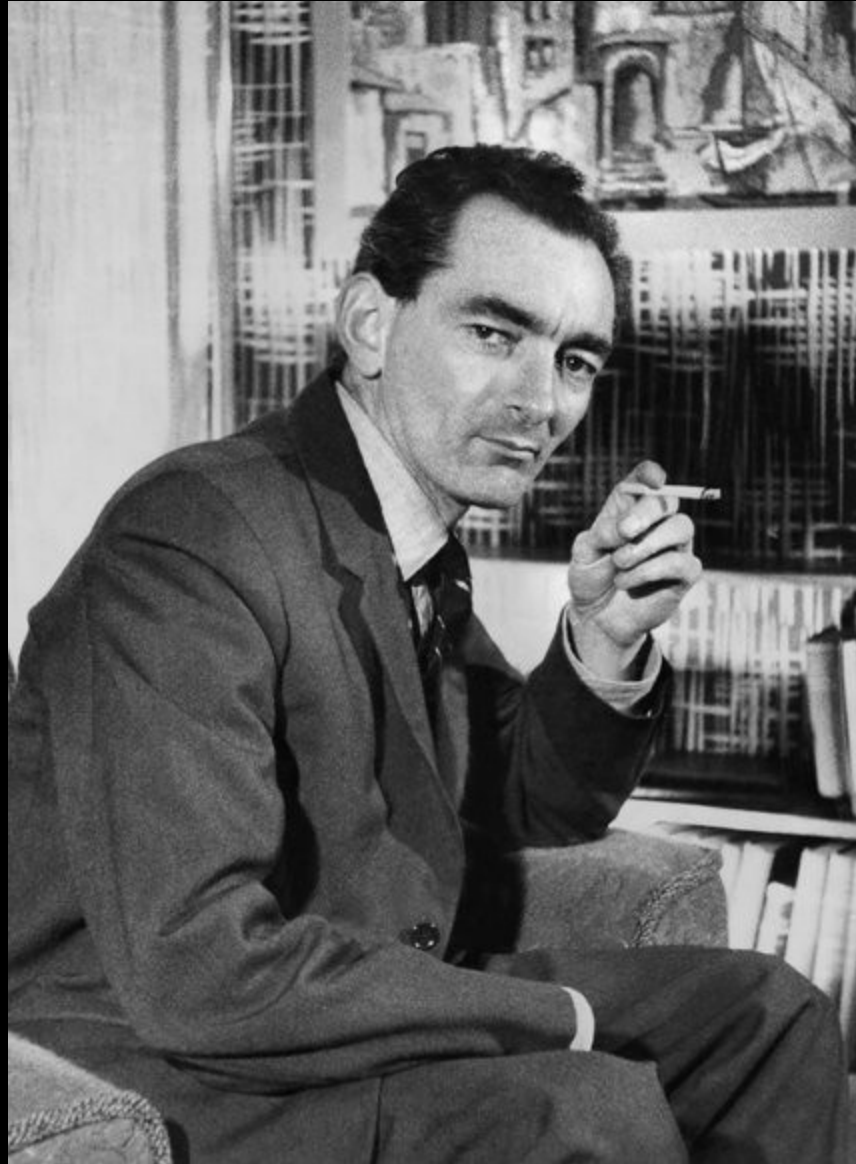
Didi: But am I heavier than you?

Gogo: So you tell me. I don't know. There's an even chance, or nearly.

Didi: Don't let's do anything. It's safer.

Gogo:Let's wait and see what he says.

Gogo: Who? **Didi:** Godot.



Translations

by

Brian Friel

(1981)











Maire: Lieutenant George.

Yolland: Don't call me that. I never think of myself as a lieutenant.

Maire: What-what?

Yolland: Sorry-sorry? (*He points to himself again.*)
George.

Maire nods: Yes-yes. Then points to herself.

Maire: Maire

Yolland: Yes, I know you're Maire. Of course I know you're Maire. I've been watching you night and day for the past...

Maire: (*eagerly*) What –what?

Yolland: (*Points.*) Maire. (*Points.*) George. (*Points both*)
Maire and George.

Maire nods: Yes-yes-yes.

I-I-I

Maire: Say anything at all. I love the sound of your speech.

Yolland: (*eagerly*) *Sorry-sorry?*

In acute frustration looks round, hoping for some inspiration that will provide him with communicative means. Now he has a thought: he tries raising his voice and articulating in a staccato style and with equal and absurd emphasis on each word.

Every-morning-I-see-you-feeding-brown-hens-and-giving-meal-to-black-calf (*the futility of it*) – O my God.

Maires smiles. She moves towards him. She will try to communicate in Latin.

Maire: *Tu es centurio – in –in-in exercitue Britannico –*

Yolland: Yes-yes? Go on – go on – say anything at all. I love the sound of your speech.

Maire: - *et es in castris quae – quae – quae sunt in agro – (the futility of it) – O my God.*

Yolland smiles. He moves towards her. Now for her English words.

George – water.

Yolland: 'Water'? Water! Oh yes – water –water – very good – water – good –good.

Maire: Fire.

Yolland: Fire – indeed – wonderful – fire, fire, fire – splendid – splendid!

Maire: Ah...ah...

Yolland: Yes? Go on.

Maire: Earth.

Yolland: 'Earth'?

Maire: Earth. Earth.

Yolland still does not understand.

Maire stoops down and picks up a handful of clay.

Holding it out.

Earth

Yolland: Earth! Yes, of course – earth! Earth. Earth. Good Lord, Maire, your English is perfect!

* * * * *

Yolland: Maire.

She moves away.

Maire Chatach

She still moves away.

Bun na habhan? (*He says the name softly, almost privately, very tentatively, as if he were searching for a sound he might respond to. He tries again.* Druim Dubh?

Maire turns towards him. She is listening. Yolland is encouraged.

Poll na gCoarach. Lis Maol.

Maire turns towards him.

Lis na nGall.

Maire: Lis na nGradh.

They are now facing each other and begin moving – almost imperceptibly – towards one another.

Carraig an Phoill.

Yolland: Carraig na Ri. Loch na nEan.

Maire: Loch an Iubhair. Machaire Buidhe.

Yolland: Machaire Mor. Cnoc na Mona.

Maire: Cnoc na nGhabar.

Yolland: Mullach.

Maire: Port.

Yolland: Tor.

Maire: Lag.

She holds out her hands to Yolland. He takes them.





The image shows a complex musical score for voice, flute, and piano. The score includes various musical notations, dynamics, and performance instructions. Key elements include:

- Top Staff (Voice):** Features notes with slurs and dynamic markings such as *mp sempre*, *sub. (3)*, *sub. vibr. ord.*, and *sub. voce*. There are also markings for *sub. (2)* and *sub. (1)*.
- Middle Staff (Piano):** Includes dense chordal textures and arpeggiated figures. Dynamics range from *fff* to *pp*. Instructions include *con. pedante in mp*, *quasi mf*, *poco p*, and *mp non troppo*. A section is marked *sempre* with a bracket.
- Bottom Staff (Flute):** Contains melodic lines with slurs and dynamics like *mf* and *ff*. It includes a section marked *Fantastico* and *legit. alternation*.
- Annotations:** "M.V. ben artic." is written above the flute staff. "sub." appears multiple times with various subscripts.
- Fingering Diagram:** A box labeled "(a) Rapid selection of fingerings from among (ascending):" contains a diagram showing vertical sequences of notes and finger numbers (1-5) for ascending passages.
- Bottom Box:** Contains the following text: "(a) Only these events expressed in exact rhythmic values are precisely fixed. The distribution of the secondary figures to proceed with regard to the duration available to them by the relative durations of their respective main notes."

riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.

Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr'over the short sea, had passencore rearrived from North Armorica on this side the scraggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselfe to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their mumper all the time: nor avoice from afire bellowsed mishe mishe to tauftauf thuartpeatrick: not yet, though venissoon after, had a kidscad buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all's fair in vanessy, were sosie sesthers wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and rory end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface.

The fall (**bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntonneronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohooorderenthurnuk!**) of a once wallstrait oldpart is retaled early in bed and later on life down through all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the offwall entailed at such short notice the pftjschute of Finnegan, erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead of humself promptly sends an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumptytumtoes: and their upturnpikepointandplace is at the knock out in the park where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since devlinsfirst loved livvy.

Timeline

- ⑩ Early modernity: Renaissance to Industrial Revolution
- ⑩ Modernity: Industrial Revolution (18th Century Enlightenment)
Modernism: (1910–1930)
- ⑩ Post– Modernity: Period of mass media (From 1960s to Present)
Postmodernism (1980s–

Modernism

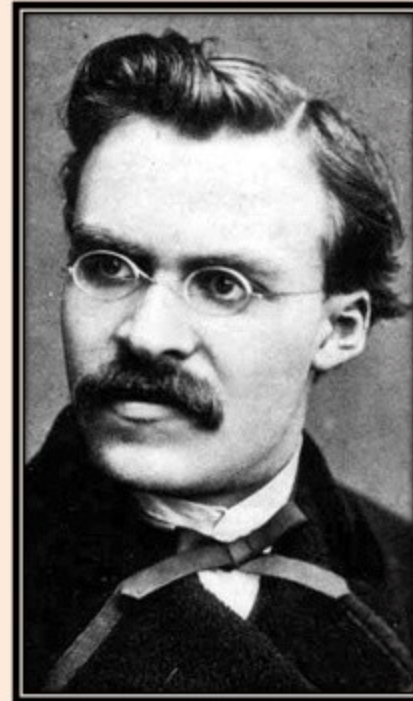
- Modernist literature developed out of a sense that the art forms of the late 19th Century were inadequate to describe the condition on Europe after WWI.
- Modernism is a rejection of Realism
 - Realism: science will save the world, notion of science and social determinism is idealized.
 - Modernism: science explains everything, which made the idea of God useless. Preoccupation with the meaning and purpose of existence. In search of new values.
- On other words, modernism is a rejection of tradition and a hostile attitude toward the past.

Literary Modernism

- Literature produced between the end of WWI and beginning of WWII
- Response to destruction and disruption caused by WWI
 - Which is why modernist literature and art is confusing and may not make sense at first read
- Modernism first took place in the Jazz age/roaring twenties, a time of prohibition, intolerance, flappers, gangsters, and crime
 - 18th Amendment: illegal to manufacture alcohol- create network of criminal organization (ex: Gatsby)

Friedrich Nietzsche 1844 - 1900

- “God is dead... and we have killed him...”
- The old religious/moral worldview, the **value system** the underpins society is *untenable* (no longer the “fittest” explanation of the world!)
- Problem: **NIHILISM** – the void left after the old value system has broken down. Nothing to believe in, no meaning or purpose or justification for life.



'Master Morality'

- Nietzsche regarded genuine or acceptable morality to be a 'master morality' – one which is given by brave and strong-willed men.
- The noble man is conscious of *determining* what is right and wrong. He realises what is harmful and what is valuable, and creates values according to this awareness.
- Because this is a self-autonomous, relativist view of ethics, Nietzsche saw the moral individual as the master, rather than the slave. This is drawn by an analogy with the classical world; we could be like the heroes of old.
- Since ethical people are self-autonomous, there is **no place for God** in this approach to ethics.

Aestheticism

- Many Victorians passionately believed that literature and art fulfilled important ethical roles
- Literature contributed models of proper behaviour:
 - -allowed people to analyse the situations
 - -spur people to action in the real world
- Aesthetes claimed that there is no space for morality in art
- They thought that it is pursuit of beauty and taste as well as beauty as a standard of living

WHAT IS AESTHETICISM?

- As defined by Dictionary.com; Aestheticism is the acceptance of artistic beauty and taste as a fundamental standard, ethical and other standards being secondary.
- It was a literary movement which adopted the approach to life that emphasised the importance of art above all else, and the pleasure which could be found in beautiful things.
- It was centred around the doctrine that art exists for the sake of it's beauty alone, and it does not need to dictate any other purpose, wether

Definition:

- A literary and cultural disposition which resisted the main streams of thought in realism and naturalism and presented an alternative set of concerns: with language, with poetic form, with evocation of mental states and ideal worlds, and the most intimate recesses of human subjectivity.

Charles Baudelaire
(1821-1867)



Theophile
Gautier
(1811-
1872)





l'art pour l'art

Studiegroep - woensdagmiddag - opgeven via: bestuur@stichting-art.nl

Stephane
Mallarme
(1842-1898)





Ford Madox Ford, James Joyce, Ezra Pound



C'ÉTAIT
issu stellaire

LE NOMBRE

EXISTÂT-IL
autrement qu'hallucination éparse d'agonie

COMMENÇÂT-IL ET CESSÂT-IL
sourdant que nié et clos quand apparu
enfin

par quelque profusion répandue en rareté
SE CHIFFRÂT-IL

évidence de la somme pour peu qu'une
ILLUMINÂT-IL

CE SERAIT
pire

non
davantage ni moins

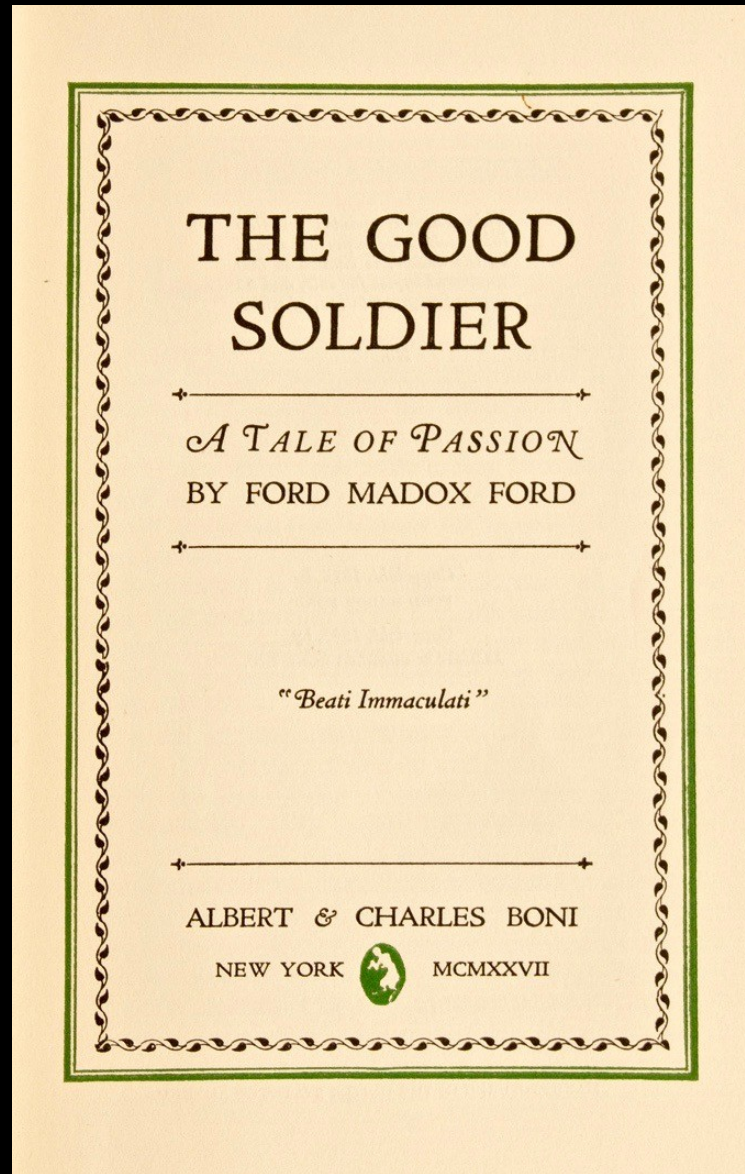
indifféremment mais autant

LE HASARD

Choit
la plume
rythmique suspens du sinistre

s'ensevelir
aux écumes originelles
naguères d'où sursauta son délire jusqu'à une cime
flétrie

Originally
Published
1915





OXFORD WORLD'S CLASSICS

HENRY JAMES
WHAT MAISIE KNEW





HEART OF DARKNESS

FIFTH
NORTON
CRITICAL
EDITION

JOSEPH CONRAD

Edited by Paul B. Armstrong

IN A STATION OF THE METRO

The apparition of these faces in the crowd :
Petals on a wet, black bough .

Ezra Pound

What is it?

- Imagism took place during the Modernist period.

- Definition:

Imagism: An English and American Poetry movement that flourished between 1908 and 1917. The Imagists used precise, clearly presented images in their works. They also used common, everyday speech and aimed for conciseness, concrete imagery, and the creation of new rhythms.

- "Making it new by cutting it down..."

Imagism: its definition

- T. E. Hulme: The image must enable one “to dwell and linger upon a point of excitement, to achieve the impossible and convert a point into a line”.
- Ezra Pound: An image is “that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time”.
- Richard Aldington: The exact word must bring the effect of the object before the reader as it had presented itself to the poet’s mind at the time of writing.

XXII

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens



Marcel Duchamp: 'Fountain' 1917



Tracey Emin: 'My Bed' (1998)

T.S. Eliot:
1920

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THE LOVE SONG OF J. ALFRED PRUFROCK

*S' io credessi che mia risposta fosse
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
Questa fiamma staria senza più scosse.
Ma perciocchè giammai di questo fondo
Non tornò vivo alcun, s' i' odo il vero,
Senza tema d' infamia ti rispondo.*

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question . . .

Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,

E.M. Forster
(1872-1970)



A Room with A View (1908)

Howard's End (1910)

Maurice (1913/14)

A Passage to India (1924)

D.H. Lawrence
(1885-1930)



Sons and Lovers (1913)

The Rainbow (1915)

Women in Love (1920)

Lady Chatterley's Lover (1928/9)

James Joyce
(1882-1941)



Dubliners (1914)

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

Ulysses (1922)

Finnegans Wake (1939)

Virginia
Woolf
(1882-
1941)



Jacob's Room (1922)

Mrs Dalloway (1925)

To The Lighthouse (1927)

Orlando (1928)

The Waves (1931)

But this service in King's College – why allow women to take part in it? Surely, if the mind wanders (and Jacob looked extraordinarily vacant, his head thrown back, his hymn-book open at the wrong place), if the mind wanders it is because several hat shops and cupboards upon cupboards of coloured dresses are displayed upon rush-bottomed chairs. Though heads and bodies may be devout enough, one has a sense of individuals – some like blue, others brown; some feathers, others pansies and forget-me-nots. No one would think of bringing a dog into church. For though a dog is all very well on a graveled path and shows no disrespect to flowers, the way he wanders down an aisle, looking, lifting a paw, and approaching a pillar with a purpose that makes the blood run cold with horror (should you be one of a congregation – alone, shyness is out of the question, a dog destroys the service completely. So do these women – though separately devout,

distinguished and vouched for by the theology, mathematics, Latin, and Greek of their husbands. Heaven knows why it is. For one thing, thought Jacob they're as ugly as sin.

WE ARE TRANSMITTERS

As we live, we are transmitters of life.
And when we fail to transmit life, life fails to throw through us.

That is part of the mystery of sex, it is a flow onwards.
Sexless people transmit nothing.

And if as we work, we can transmit life into our work,
life, still more life, rushes in to compensate, to be ready
and we ripple with life through the days.

Even if it is a woman making an apple dumpling, or a man a stool,
if life goes into the pudding, good is the pudding,
good is the stool,
content is the woman, with fresh life rippling into her,
content is the man.

Give, and it shall be given unto you
is still the truth about life.

But giving life is not so easy.

It doesn't mean handing it out to some mean fool,
or letting the living dead eat you up.

It means kindling the life quality where it was not,

Even if it's only in the whiteness of a washed
pocket-handkerchief.

Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steelyrining
Impethnthn thnthnthn.

Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnail, chips.
Horrid! And gold flushed more.

A husky fifenote blew.

Blew. Blue bloom is on the
Gold pinnacled hair.

A jumping rose on satiny breasts of satin, rose of Castille.
Trilling, trilling: Idolores.

Peep! Who's in the peep of gold?

Tink cried to bronze in pity.

And a call, pure, long and throbbing. Longindying call.

Decoy. Soft word. But look! The bright stars fade. O rose!

Notes chirruping answer. Castille. The morn is breaking.

Jingle jingle jaunted jingling.

Coin rang Clock clacked.

Avowal. *Sonnez* I could. Rebound of garter. Not leave thee.

Smack. *La cloche!* Thigh smack. Avowal. Warm. Sweetheart,
goodbye.

Jingle. Bloo.

Boomed crashing chords. When love absorbs. War! War!

The tympanum.

A sail! A veil upon the waves.

Lost throstle fluted. All is lost now.

Horn. Hawhorn.

When first he saw. Alas!

Full tup. Full throb.

Warbling. Ah, lure! Alluring.

Martha! Come!

Clapclop. Clipclop. Clappyclap.

Goodgod henev erheard inall.

Deaf bald pat brought pad knife took up.

A moonlight call: far : far.

I feel so sad. P.S. so lonely blooming.

Listen!



Katherine Mansfield (1888-1923)



Dorothy Richardson (1873-1957)



Evelyn Waugh (1903-1966)

Graham Greene
(1904-1991)



George Orwell
(1903-1950)



Samuel Beckett
(1906-1989)

