



THE
Pilgrim's Progress:
FROM
This WORLD, to that
Which is to COME:
Delivered under the SIMILITUDE of a
DREAM.

Wherein is discover'd,
The MANNER of his Setting Out,
His Dangerous JOURNEY, and
Safe Arrival at the Desired Country.

In Two PARTS, Complete.

By JOHN BUNYAN.

I have used SIMILITUDES. Hosea xii. 10.

The Two and Twentieth Edition, adorned with
Twenty-two Copper Plates, engraven by J. Sturt.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. CLARKE at the *Golden Ball* in *Duck-Lane*, and J. BROTHERTON at the *Bible* next the *Fleecer-Tavern* in *Cornhill*. M DCC XXVIII.

John Bunyan "The Pilgrim's Progress (1678)



Aphra Behn Oroonoko (1688)

Thomas Sprat
(1653-1713)



1667



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Royal-Society
OF
LONDON,
For the Improving of
NATURAL KNOWLEDGE.

BY
T H O. S P R A T.

L O N D O N,
Printed by T. R. for J. Martyn at the Bell without
Temple-bar, and J. Allisry at the Rose and Crown in
Duck-lane, Printers to the Royal Society.
MDCLXVII.

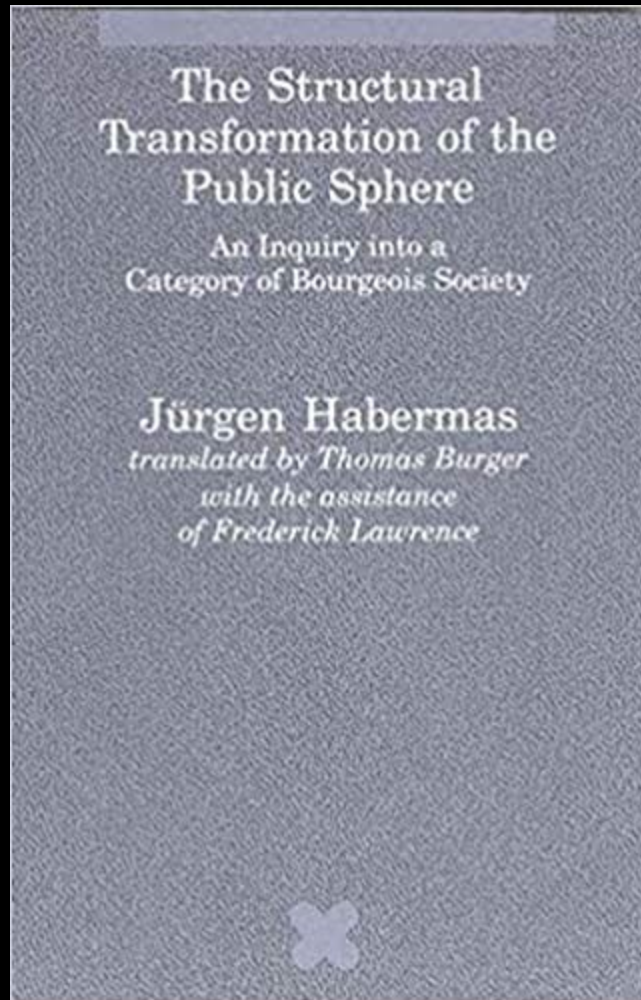


London coffee house

William III
(reigned
1689-1702)



1962/1989



The T A T L E R.

By Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.

Tuesday, April 12. 1709.

TH^O the other Papers which are publish'd for the Use of the good People of England have certainly very wholesom Effects, and are laudable in their particular Kind; they do not seem to come up to the main Design of such Narrations which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the Use of Politick Persons, who are so publick-spirited as to neglect their own Affairs to look into Transactions of State. Now these Gentlemen, for the most Part, being Persons of strong Zeal and weak Intelleſts; It is both a Charitable and Necessary Work to offer something, whereby such worthy and well-affect'd Members of the Commonwealth may be instructed, after their Reading, what to think: Which shall be the End and Purpose of this my Paper, wherein I shall from Time to Time Report and Consider all Matters of what Kind soever that shall occur to Me, and publish such my Advices and Reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, in the Week, for the Convenience of the Post. It is also resolv'd by me to have something which may be of Entertainment to the Fair Sex, in Honour of whom I have taken the Title of this Paper. I therefore earnestly desire all Persons, without Distinction, to take it in for the present Gratis, and hereafter at the Price of one Penny, forbidding all Hackners to take more for it at their Peril. And I desire all Persons to consider, that I am at a very great Charge for proper Materials for this Work, as well as that before I resolv'd upon it, I had settled a Correspondence in all Parts of the Known and Knowing World; and forasmuch as this Globe is not trodden upon by mere Drudges of Business only, but that Men of Spirit and Genius are justly to be esteem'd as considerable Agents in it, we shall not upon a Dearth of News present you with many Foreign Edicts, or dull Proclamations, but shall divide our Relation of the Passages which occur in Action or Discourse throughout this Town, as well as elsewhere, under such Dates of Places as may prepare you for the Matter you are to expect, in the following Manner:

All Accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure, and Entertainment, shall be under the Article of White's Chocolate-house; Poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; Learning, under the Title of Græcian; Foreign and Domestick News, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I shall on any other Subject offer, shall be dated from my own Apartment.

Once more desire my Reader to consider, That as I cannot keep an Ingenious Man to go daily to White's, under Twopence each Day merely for his Charge; to White's, under Sixpence; nor to the Græcian, without allowing him some Plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the Learned Table; and that a good Observer cannot speak with even Kidney at St. James's without clean Linnen. I say, these Considerations will, I hope, make all Persons willing to comply with my Humble Request (when my Gratis Stock is exhausted) of a Penny a Piece; especially since they are sure of some Proper Amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want Means to entertain 'em, having, besides the Help of my own Parts, the Power of Divination, and that I can, by casting a Figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

But this last Faculty I shall use very sparingly, and not speak of any Thing 'till it is pass'd, for fear of divulging Matters which may offend our Superiors.

White's Chocolate-house, April 7.

TH^E deplorable Condition of a very pretty Gentleman, who walks here at the Hours when Men of Quality first appear, is what is very much lamented. His History is, That on the 9th of September, 1705, being in his One and twentieth Year, he was washing his Teeth at a Tavern Window in Pall-Mall, when a fine Equipage pass'd by, and in it a young Lady who look'd up at him; away goes the Coach, and the young Gentleman pull'd off his Night-Cap, and instead of rubbing his Gums, as he ought to do, out of the Window till about Four a Clock, he sits him down, and spoke not a Word till Twelve at Night; after which, he began to enquire, If any Body knew the Lady --- The Company ask'd, What Lady? But he said no more, till they broke up at Six in the

Morning. All the ensuing Winter he went from Church to Church every Sunday, and from Play-house to Play-house all the Week, but could never find the Original of the Picture which dwelt in his Bosom. In a Word, his Attention to any Thing, but his Passion, was utterly gone. He has lost all the Money he ever play'd for, and been confuted in every Argument he has enter'd upon since the Moment he first saw her. He is of a Noble Family, has naturally a very good Air, is of a frank, honest Temper: But this Passion has so extremely maul'd him, that his Features are set and uniform'd, and his whole Viſage is deaden'd by a long Absence of Thought. He never appears in any Alacrity, but when rais'd by Wine; at which Time he is sure to come hither, and throw away a great deal of Wit on Fellows, who have no Sense further than just to observe, That our poor Lover has most Understanding

The SPECTATOR.

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.* Hor.

To be Continued every Day.

Thursday, March 1. 1711.

I Have observed, that a Reader seldom peruses a Book with Pleasure 'till he knows whether the Writer of it be a black or a fair Man, of a mild or choleric Disposition, Married or a Bachelor, with other Particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right Understanding of an Author. To gratify this Curiosity, which is so natural to a Reader, I design this Paper, and my next, as Prefatory Discourses to my following Writings, and shall give some Account in them of the several Persons that are engaged in this Work. As the chief Trouble of Composing, Digging and Coercing will fall to my Share, I must do my self the Justice to open the Work with my own History.

I was born to a small Hereditary Estate, which I find, by the Writings of the Family, was bounded by the same Hedges and Ditches in *William the Conqueror's* Time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire, without the Loss or Acquisition of a single Field or Meadow, during the Space of six hundred Years. There goes a Story in the Family, that when my Mother was gone with Child of me about three Months, the dreamt that he was brought to Bed of a Judge: Whether this might proceed from a Law-Suit which was then depending in the Family, or my Father's being a Justice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it prefiged any Dignity that I should arrive at in my future Life, though that was the Interpretation which the Neighbourhood put upon it. The Gravity of my Behaviour at my very first Appearance in the World, and all the Time that I sucked, seemed to favour my Mother's Dream: For, as she has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two Months old, and would not make use of my Crib 'till they had taken away the Belts from it.

As for the rest of my Infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in Silence. I find, that, during my Nonage, I had the Reputation of a very fallen Youth, but was always a Favourite of my School-Master, who used to say, that my Parts were solid and would wear well. I had not been long at the University, before I di-

tinguished my self by a most profound Silence: For during the Space of eight Years, excepting in the publick Exercises of the College, I scarce uttered the Quantity of an hundred Words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three Sentences together in my whole Life. Whilst I was in this Learned Body I applied my self with so much Diligence to my Studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the Learned or the Modern Tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the Death of my Father I was resolv'd to travel into Foreign Countries, and therefore left the University, with the Character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable Thirst after Knowledge carried me into all the Countries of *Europe*, where there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a Degree was my Curiosity raised, that having read the Controversies of some great Men concerning the Antiquities of *Egypt*, I made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpose to take the Measure of a Pyramid; and as soon as I had fit my self right in that Particular, returned to my Native Country with great Satisfaction.

I have pass'd my latter Years in this City, where I am frequently seen in most publick Places, tho' there are not above half a dozen of my select Friends that know me; of whom my next Paper shall give a more particular Account. There is no Place of Publick Resort, wherein I do not often make my Appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my Head into a Round of Politicians at *Will's*, and listening with great Attention to the Narratives that are made in those little Circular Audiences. Sometimes I stoak a Pipe at *Child's*; and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Post-Man*, over-hear the Conversation of every Table in the Room. I appear on Sunday Nights at *St. James's Coffee-House*, and sometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the Inner-Room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My Face is likewise very well known at the *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, and in the Taverns both of *Dorset-Lane*, and the *Hay-Market*. I have been taken for a Merchant

THE
L I F E,
And STRANGE SURPRIZING
ADVENTURES
OF
ROBINSON CRUSOE,
Of YORK, MARINER:

Who lived eight and twenty Years all alone in
an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of AMERICA,
near the Mouth of the Great River *Oroonoque*;
having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, where-
in all the Men perished but himself.

With an ACCOUNT how he was at last as
strangely deliver'd by PYRATES.

Written by Himself.

The Fifth Edition.

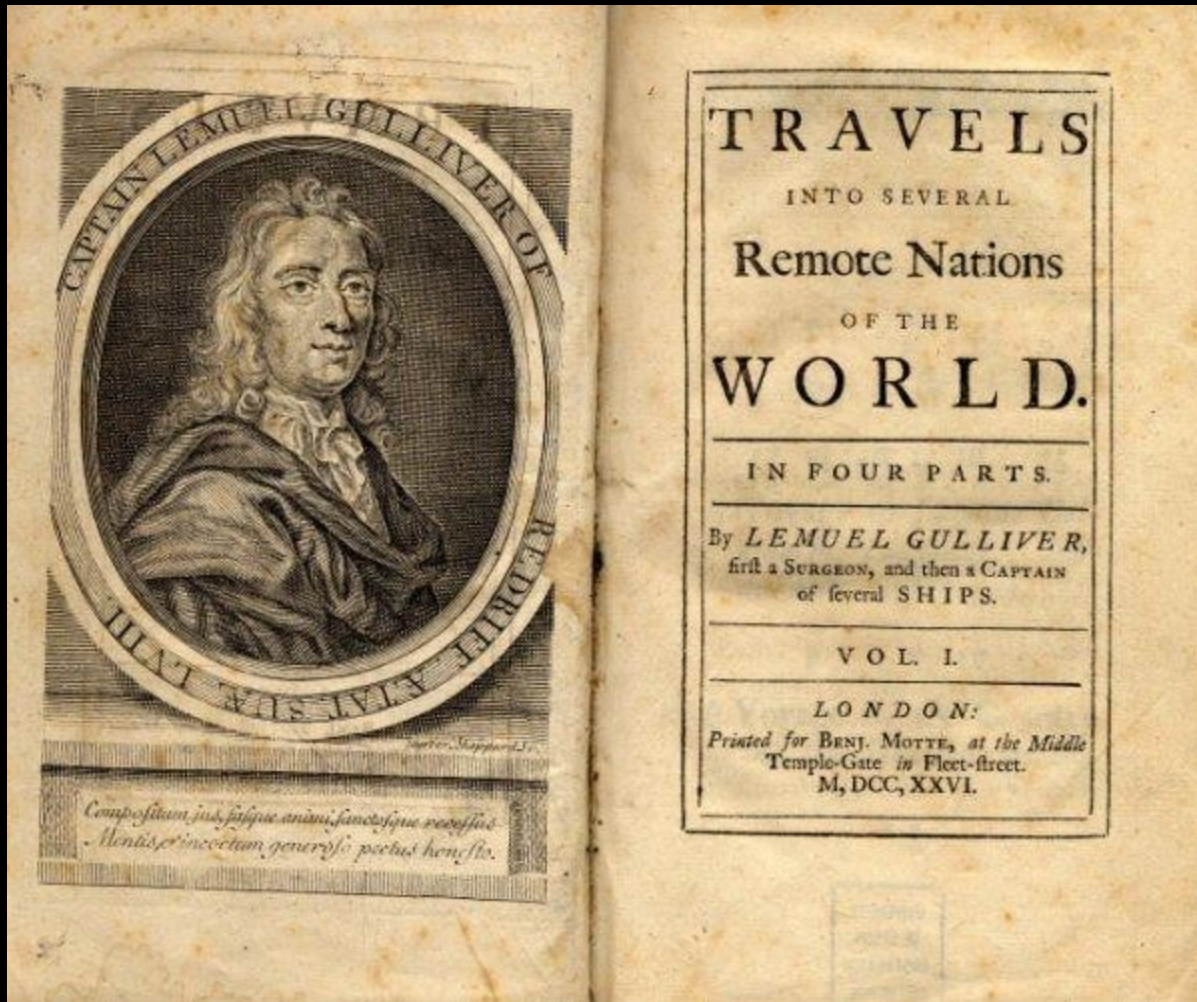
To which is added a Map of the World, in which is
Delincated the Voyages of ROBINSON CRUSOE.



LONDON: Printed for W. TAYLOR at the
Ship in Pater-Noster-Row. MDCCLXX.



Daniel Defoe: Robinson Crusoe (1719)



Jonathan Swift 'Gulliver's Travels' (1726)

MOLL FLANDERS

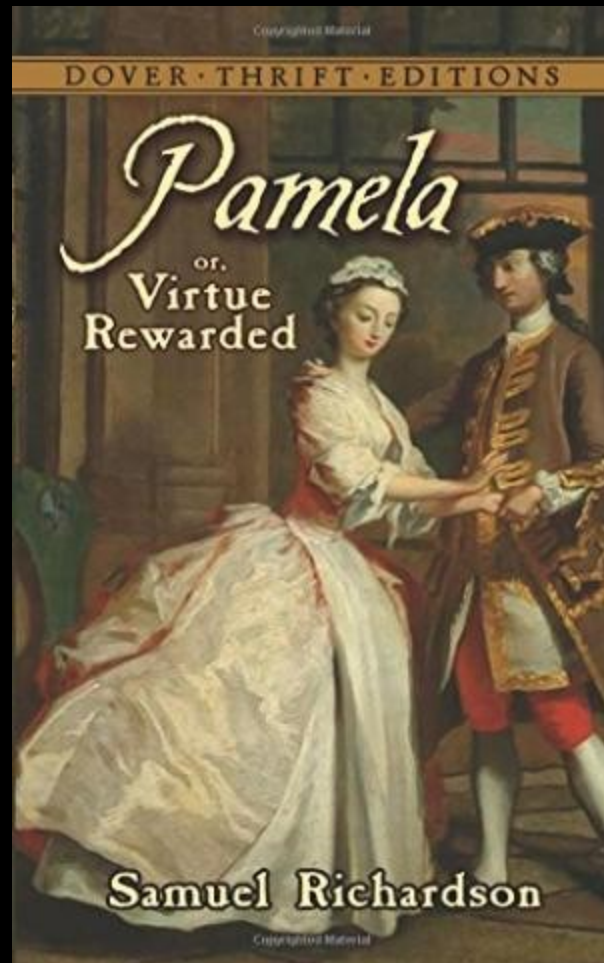
Daniel Defoe




BARNES
& NOBLE
CLASSICS

Introduction and Notes by Michael Scidel

(1722)



1740

xii]
 a pedantic young Clergyman,
 and Classical Quotations.
 AT, THOMAS DOLEMAN,
 WILLE, THOMAS BELTON,
 and Companions of Mr. LOVE-
 ally, a Fifth Friend and Com-
 Lovelace; and his principal
 confident.
 the pretended Name of a pri-
 vateer in London.
 the assumed Name of a vil-
 lous to the Debaucheries of Mr.
 a Widow-Gentlewoman, keeping
 her at Hampstead.
 a notable young Gentlewoman
 her husband.
 a Widely Widow of the same Place.
 POLLY HORTON, Assistan-
 ters with, the infamous Mr.
 William Summers, Hannah
 Barnes, Dorcas Wykes, and
 are to the principal Persons.
 THE



THE
HISTORY
 OF
 Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER I.
 Miss ANNA HOWE, To Miss CLARISSA
 HARLOWE.

Jan. 10.



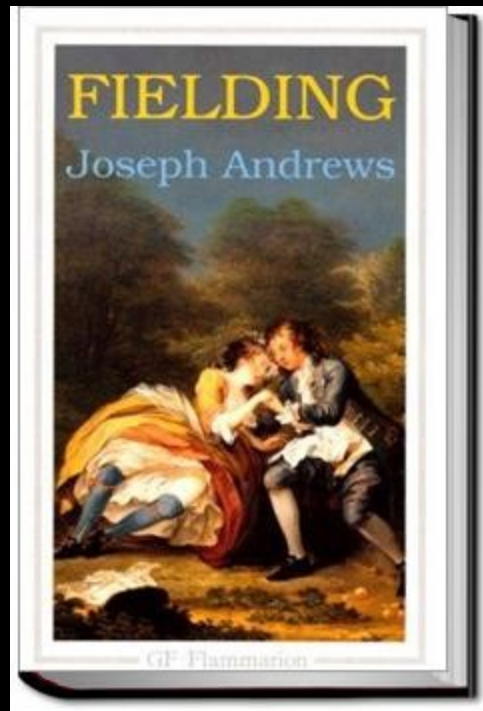
AM extremely concerned, my dearest friend, for the disturbances that have happened in your family. I know how it must hurt you, to become the subject of the public talk: And yet, upon an occasion so generally known, it is impossible but that whatever relates to a young lady, whose distinguished merits have made her the public care, should engage every-body's attention. I long to have the particulars from yourself; and of the usage I am told you receive upon an accident you could not help; and in which, as far as I can learn, the sufferer was the aggressor.

VOL. I. B Mr.

Samuel
 Richardson
 (1748)



Henry Fielding : 'Shamela' (1741)



'Joseph Andrews' (1742)



YOONIQ Images

#102312008

T A C I



The Discovery of the Foundling.

Published as the Act directs. 15 July 1780.

THE
HISTORY
OF
TOM JONES,
A
FOUNDLING.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

— *Mores hominum multorum vidit* —

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOSEPH WENMAN,
No. 144, FLEET-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

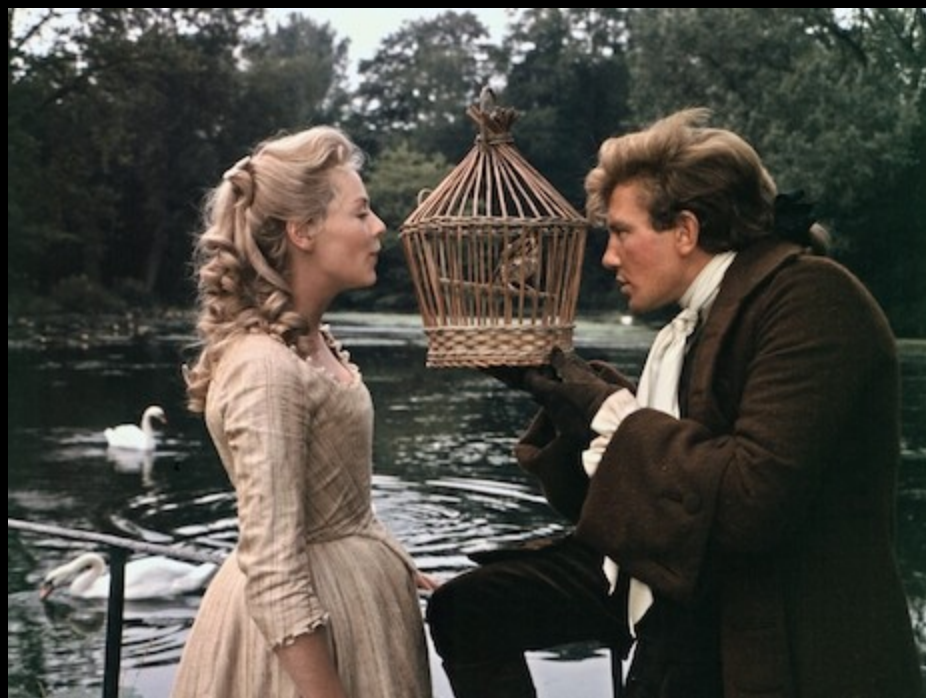
'Tom
Jones'
(1749)











HORACE WALPOLE
THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO

(1764)



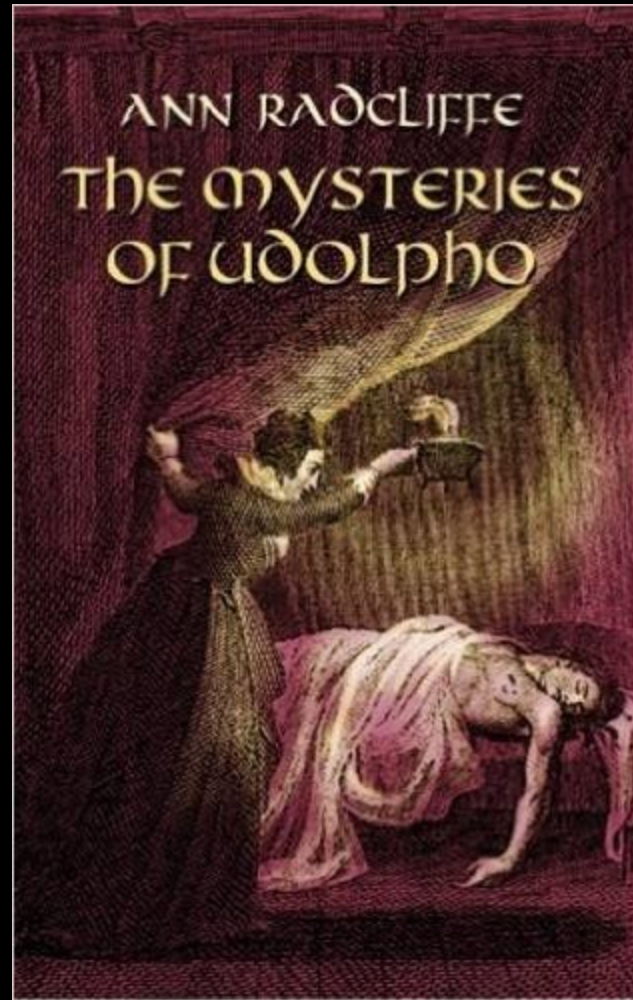


Girlebooks Presents

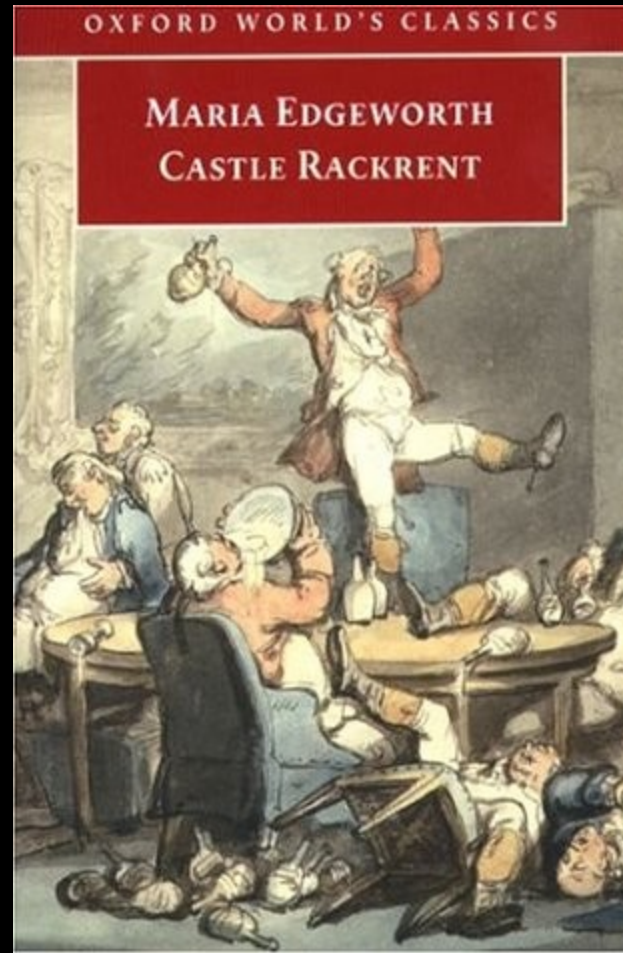
EVELINA
BY FANNY BURNEY

1778

(1794)



(1800)





(1775-1817)

Northanger
Abbey





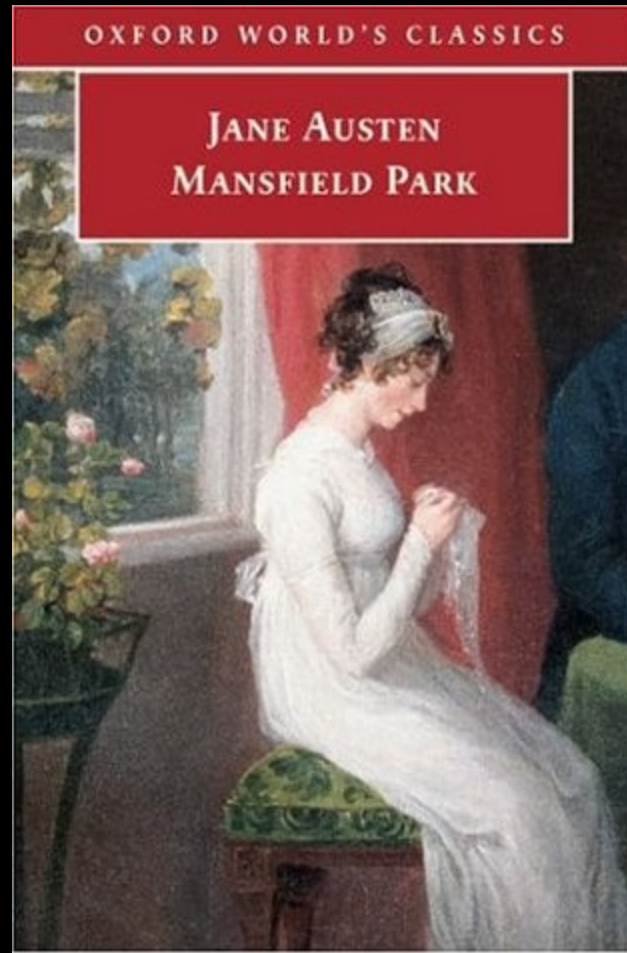
Sense and Sensibility (1811)

Pride and Prejudice

1813



(1814)



It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a good wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My Dear Mr Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr Bennet made no answer.

"Do you not want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently."

"*You* want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.



Emma (1815)



Persuasion (1818)

Sir
Walter
Scott
(1771-
1832)



Walter Scott

Waverley

(1814)

CONNOISSEUR EDITION

WAVERLEY

OR

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

With Introductory Essay and Notes

By ANDREW LANG



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON

ESTES AND LAURIAT

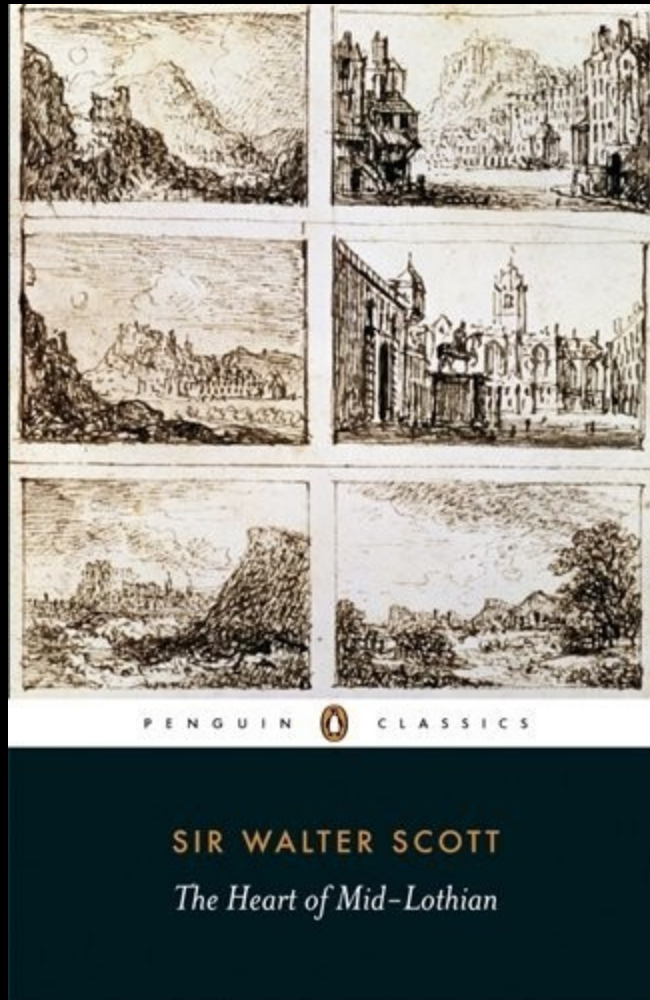
1893

OXFORD WORLD'S CLASSICS

SIR WALTER SCOTT
ROB ROY



(1816)



Sir Walter Scott's
Ivanhoe

Newly adapted for the modern reader by David Purdie



(1820)

William
Makepeace
Thackeray
(1811-1863)



Vanity Fair
(1847)

VANITY FAIR

William Makepeace Thackeray



'The most adventurous classic adaptation to date'
Sunday Times

1847-8

OXFORD WORLD'S CLASSICS

W. M. THACKERAY
BARRY LYNDON



1844





Charles Dickens (1812-1870)

Tycoon

SKETCHES BY "BOZ,"

ILLUSTRATIVE OF
EVERY-DAY LIFE,
AND
EVERY-DAY PEOPLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:
JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

MDCCCXXXVI.



George Cruikshank

Election for Beadle

Vol. I. p. 47.

London, John Macrone, 1836.

1836

THE
PICKWICK PAPERS
BY
CHARLES DICKENS.
VOL. I.



(1836-7)







Oliver asking for more.

London: Richard D. No. 1, 1837.

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE

PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY "BOZ."

PLATES

DESIGNED AND ETCHED

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1838.

Oliver Twist (1837-9)



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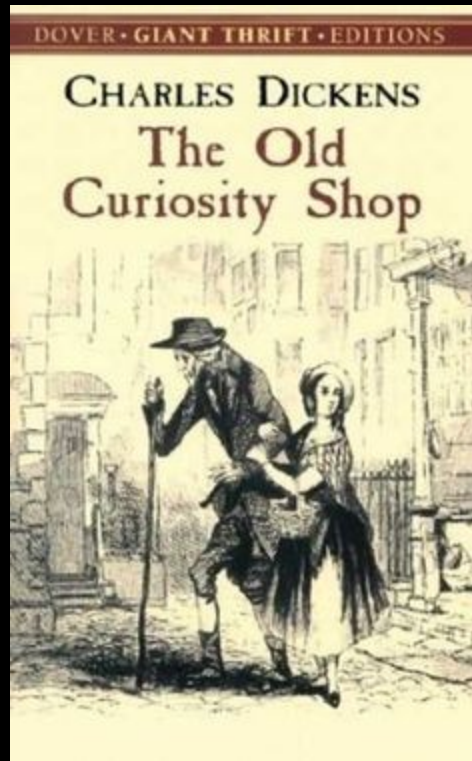


Fagin



Bill Sykes

(1840-1)





The Death of Little Nell



John Leech

Mr. Fezziwig's Ball.

London, Chapman & Hall, 186, Strand.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IN PROSE.

BEING

A Ghost Story of Christmas.

BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN LEECH.



LONDON:

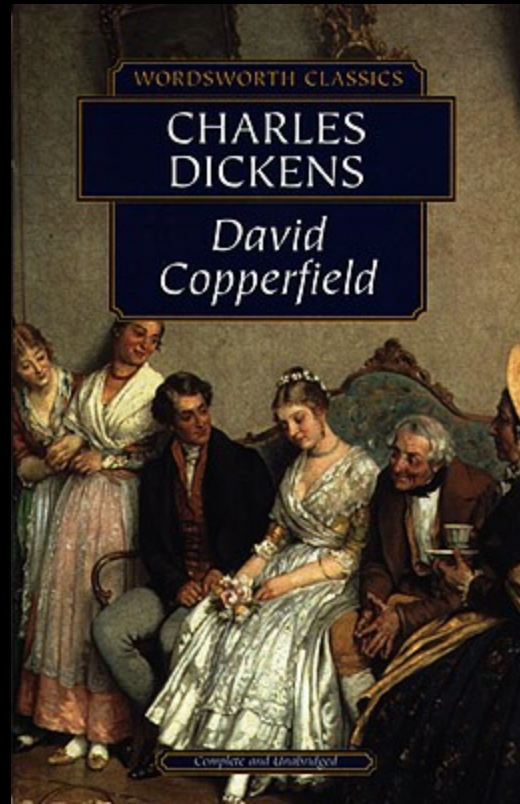
CHAPMAN & HALL, 186, STRAND.

MDCCLXIII.

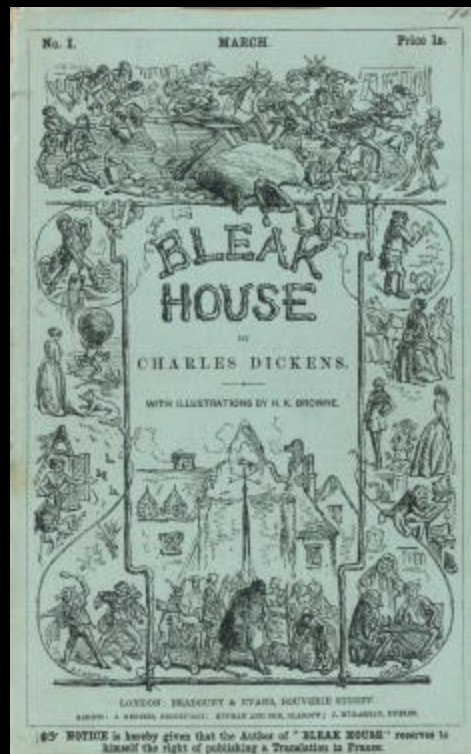
(1843)

Scrooge





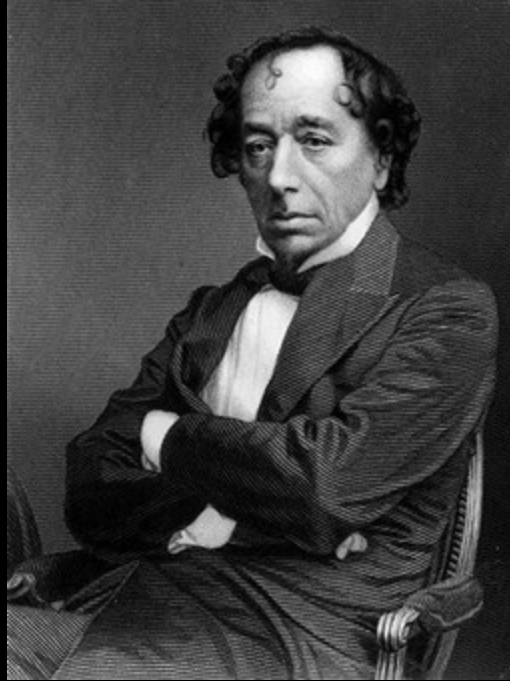
(1849-50)



(1852-3)

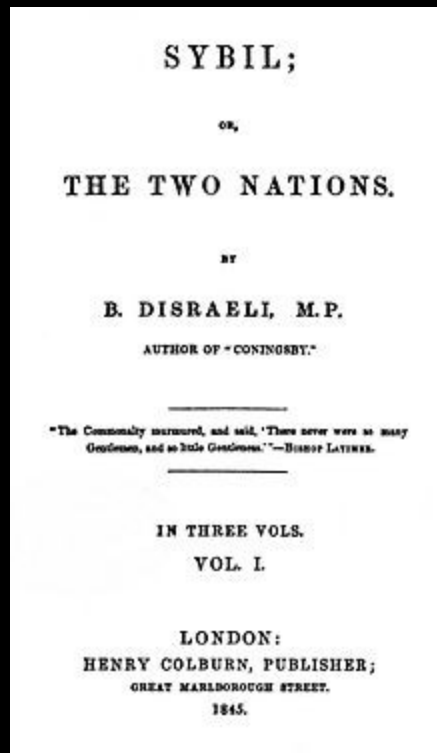
London. Michaelmas Term lately over, and the Lord Chancellor Sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall. Implacable November weather. As much mud in the streets, as if the waters had but newly Retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill. Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snow flakes – gone into mourning, one might imagine for the death of the sun. Dogs undistinguishable in mire. Horses, scarcely better; splashed to their very blinkers. Foot passengers, jostling one another's umbrellas, in a general infection of ill-temper, and losing their foot-hold at street-corners, where tens of thousands of other foot passengers have been slipping and sliding since the day broke (if this day ever broke), adding new deposits to the crust upon crust of mud, sticking at those points tenaciously to the pavement, and accumulating at compound interest.

The Condition of England Novel

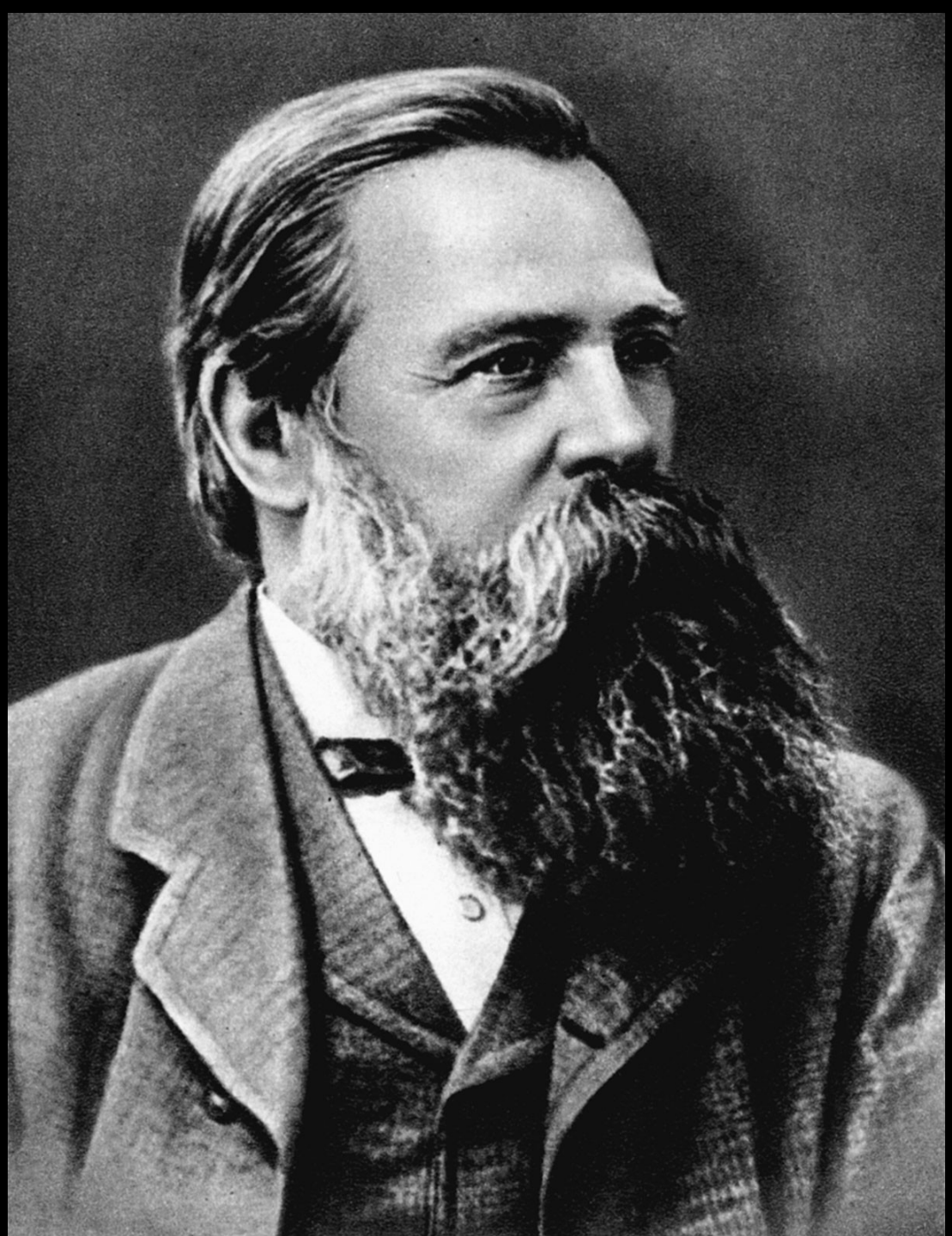


Benjamin Disraeli (1804-1881)

Sybil or The
Two Nations
(1845)



1820-95



*The Condition of the
Working Class in England
(1845/1887/1891)*



PENGUIN CLASSICS



ELIZABETH GASKELL

MARY BARTON

1848





Elizabeth Gaskell (1810-1865)

MARY BARTON:

A

TALE OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

~~~~~  
"How knowest thou," may the distressed Novel-wright exclaim, "that I, here where I sit, am the Foolishest of existing mortals; that this my Long-car of a fictitious Biography shall not find one and the other, into whose still longer ears it may be the means, under Providence, of instilling somewhat?" We answer, "None knows, none can certainly know: therefore, write on, worthy Brother, even as thou canst, even as it is given thee."

~~~~~  
CARLYLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

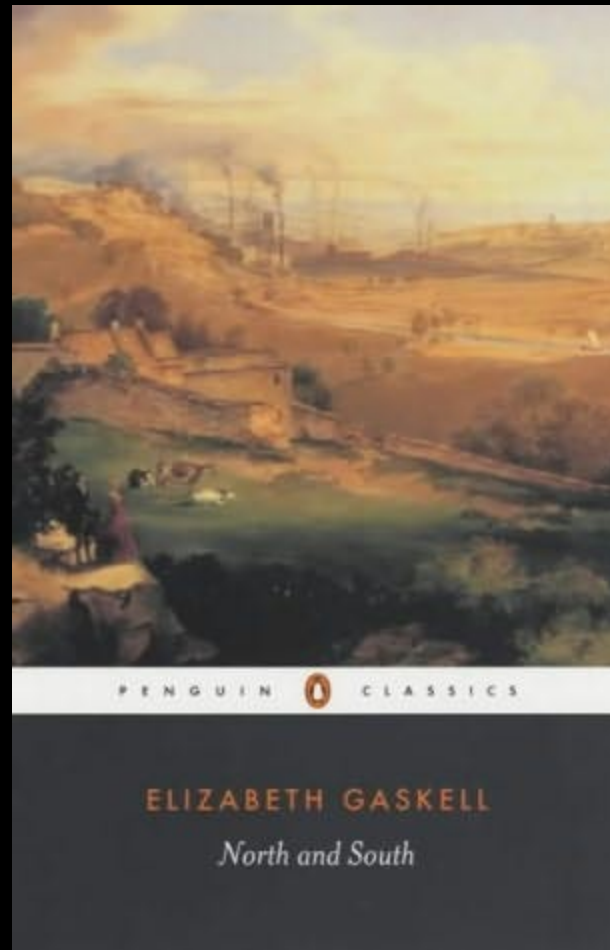
LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

MDCCCXLVIII.

1848

North and
South
(1854-5)



The Bronte
Sisters



Charlotte
Brontë

(1816-
1855)





Jane Eyre
(1847)



Emily Brontë (1818-1848)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

A NOVEL,

BY

ELLIS BELL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

THOMAS CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
72, MORTIMER St., CAVENDISH Sq.

1847.



'This is nothing', cried she: 'I was only going to say that heaven did not seem to be my home; and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth; and the angels were so angry that they flung me out on into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights where I awoke sobbing for joy.

*

*

*

*

My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath:
a source of little visible delight but necessary. Nelly I *am*
Heathcliff!

Anne
Bronte
(1820-
1849)



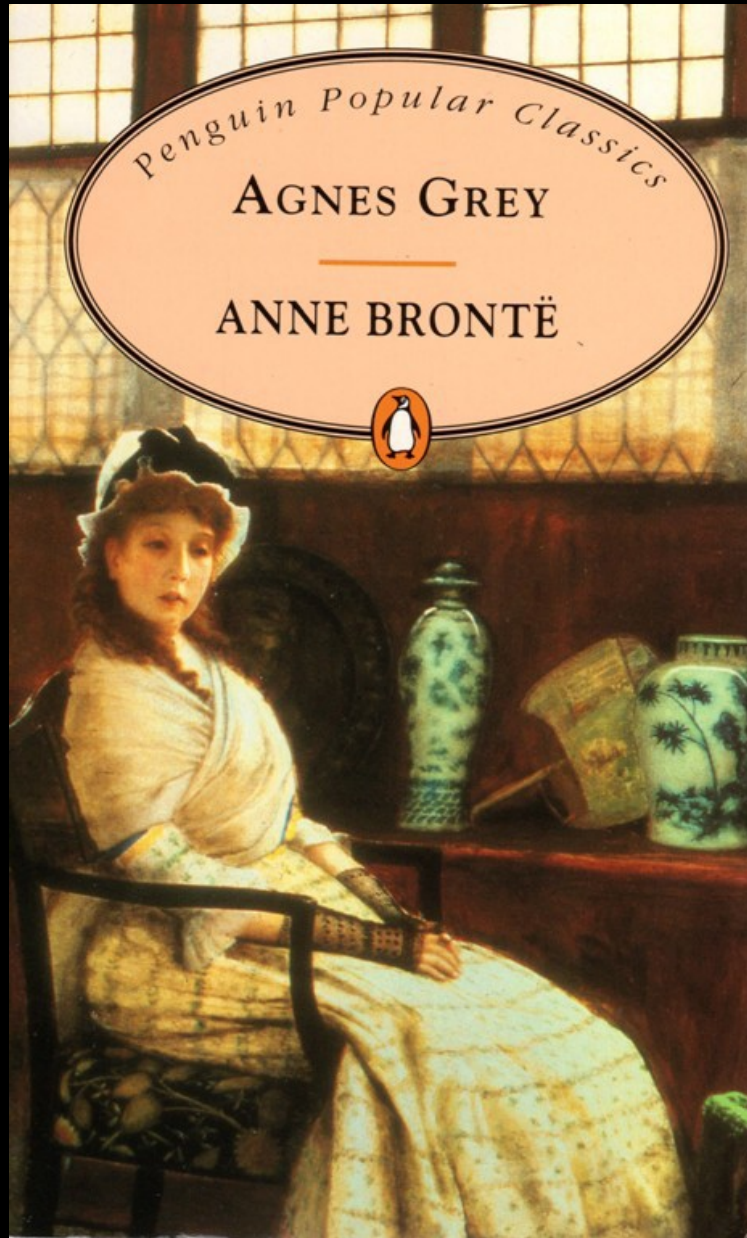
Penguin Popular Classics

AGNES GREY

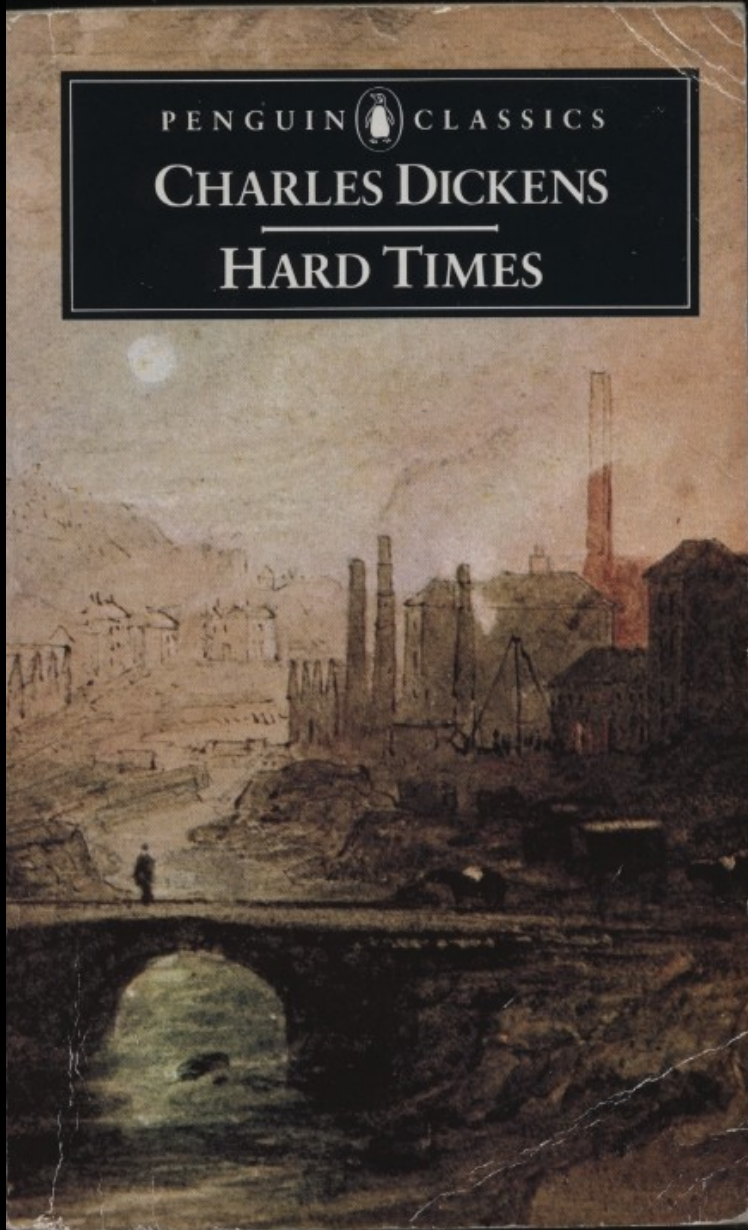
ANNE BRONTË



(1847)



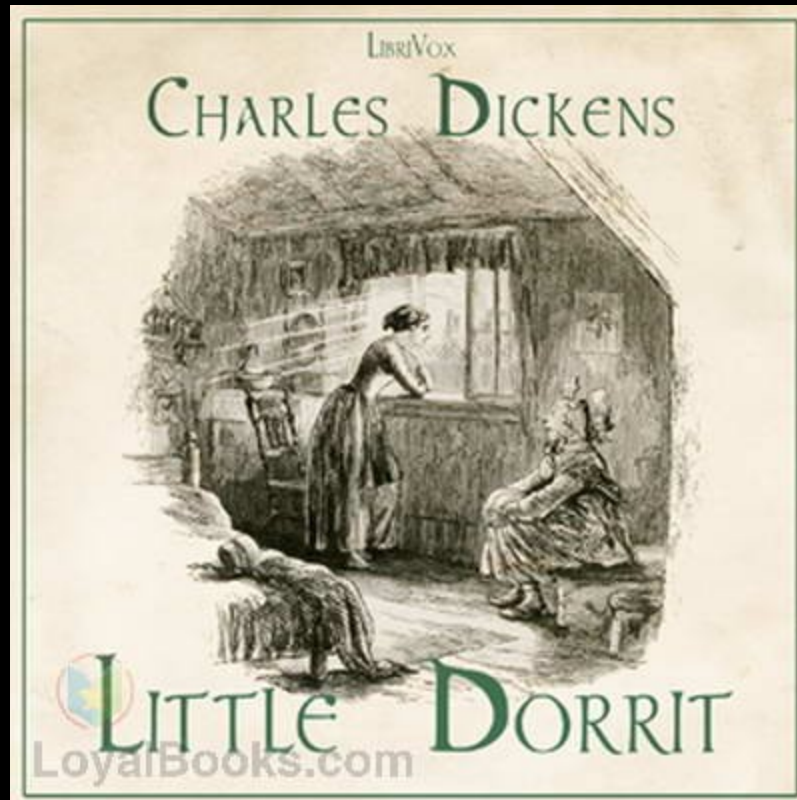
PENGUIN CLASSICS
CHARLES DICKENS
HARD TIMES



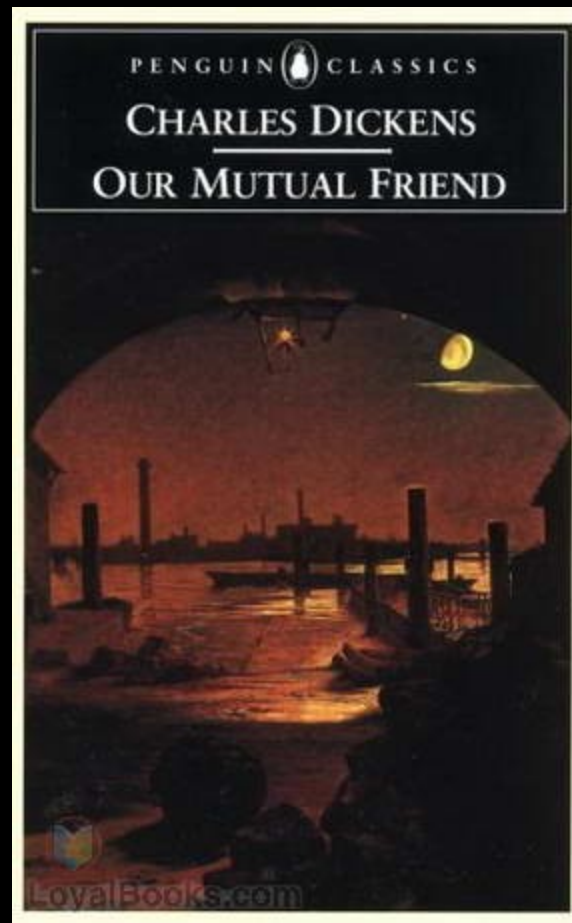
(1854)



Mr Gradgrind



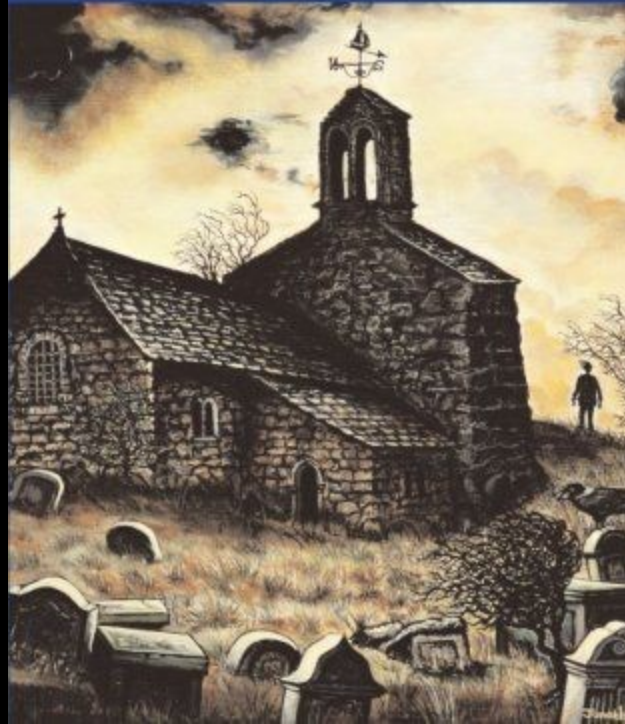
(1855-7)



(1864-5)

WORDSWORTH CLASSICS

Great Expectations
CHARLES DICKENS



(1860-1)

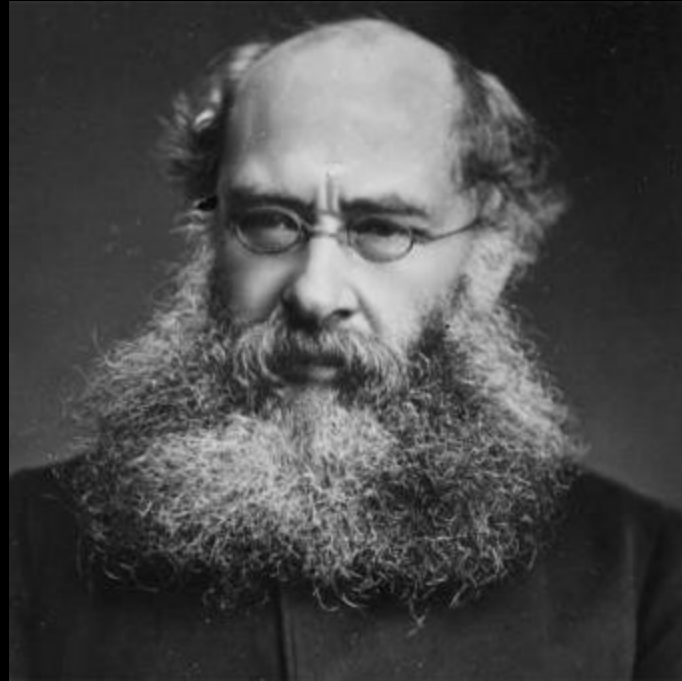


Magwitch



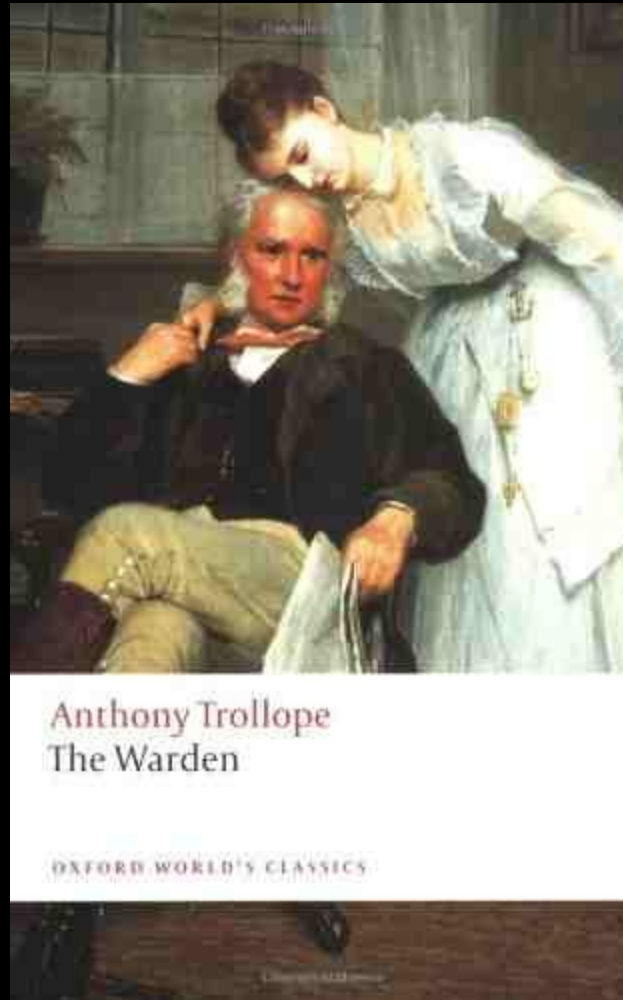
Miss Havisham



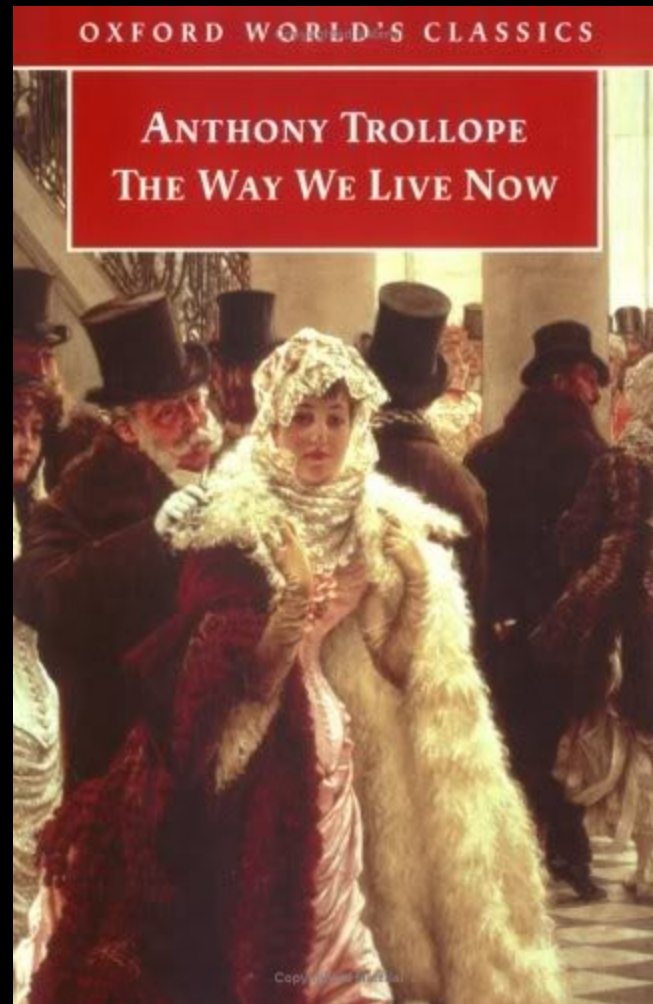


Anthony Trollope (1815-1882)

1855



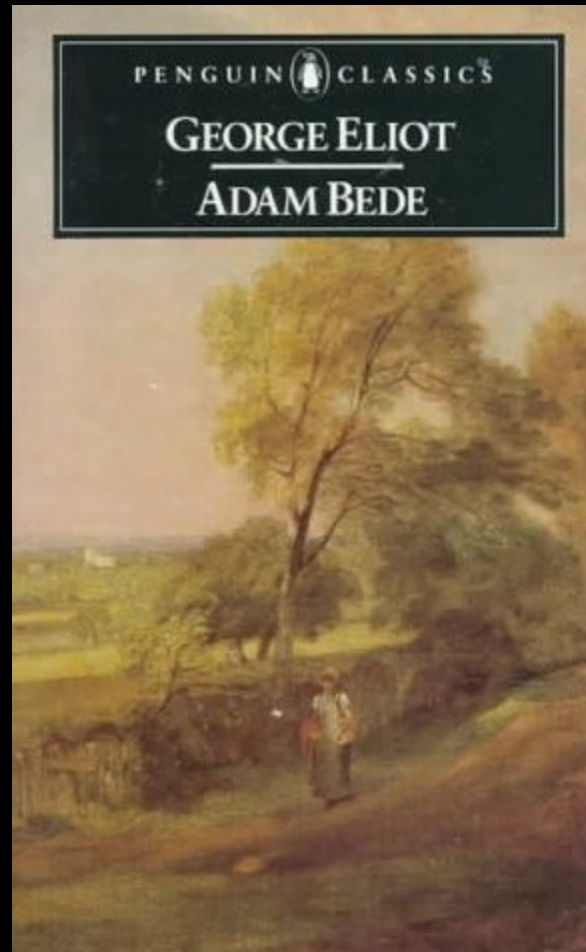
1875



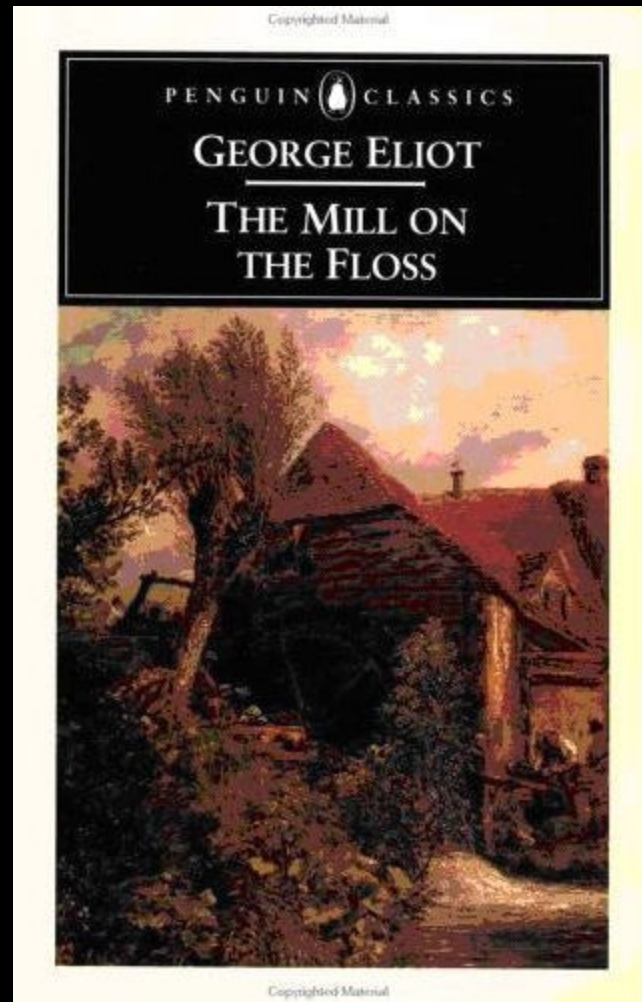
George
Eliot
(1819-
1880)



(1859)



1860)



WORDSWORTH CLASSICS

Middlemarch

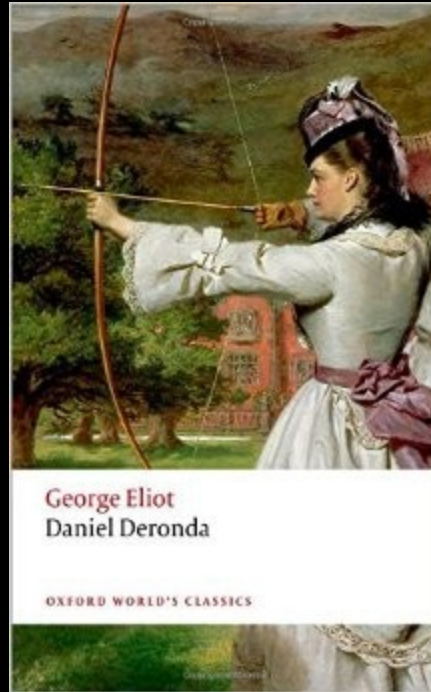
GEORGE ELIOT

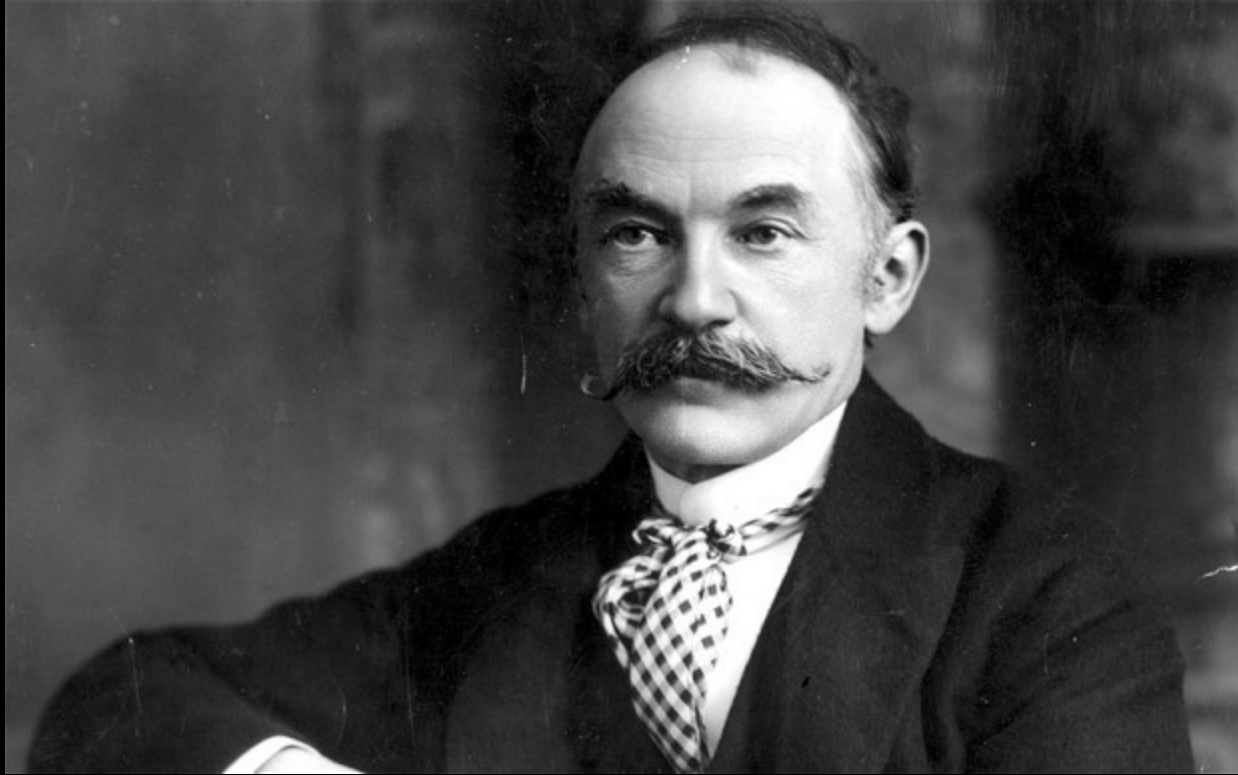


(1871-2)

Nor can I suppose that when Mrs Casaubon is discovered in a fit of weeping six weeks after her wedding, the situation will be regarded as tragic. That element of tragedy which lies in the very fact of frequency, has not yet wrought itself into the coarse emotion of mankind; and perhaps our frames could hardly bear much of it. If we had a keen vision of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. As it is, the quickest of us walk about well wadded with stupidity.

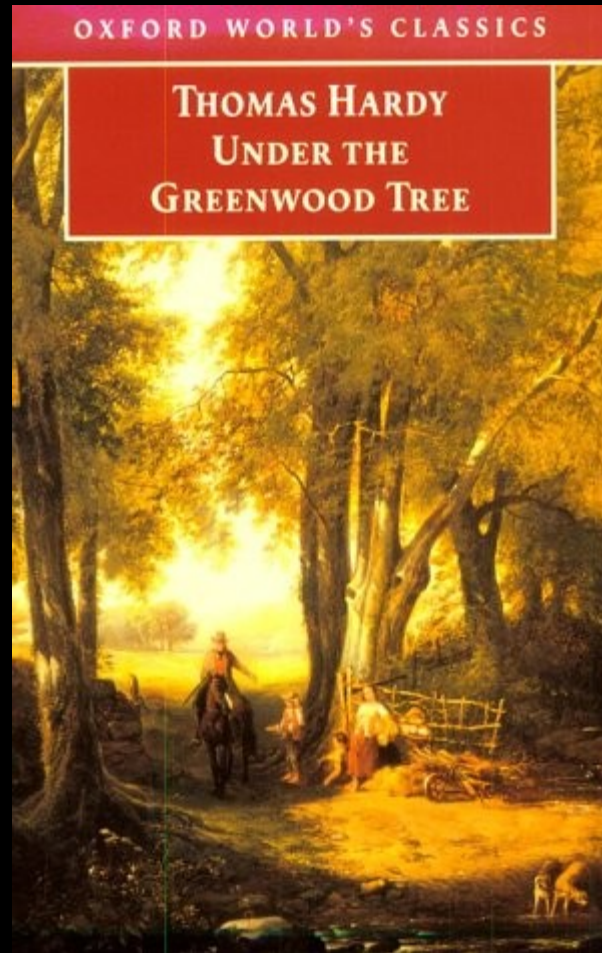
(1876)



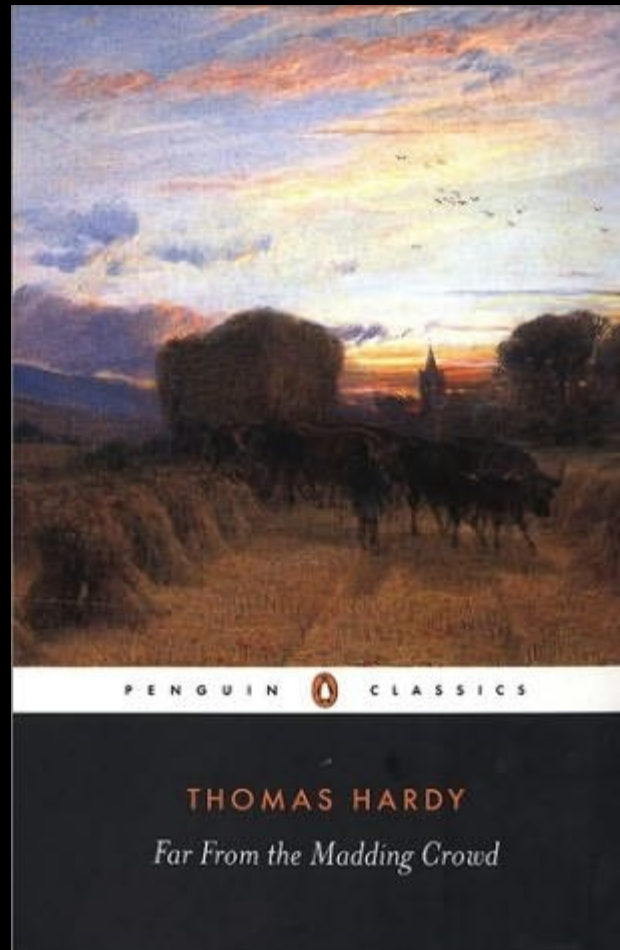


Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

(1872)



(1874)

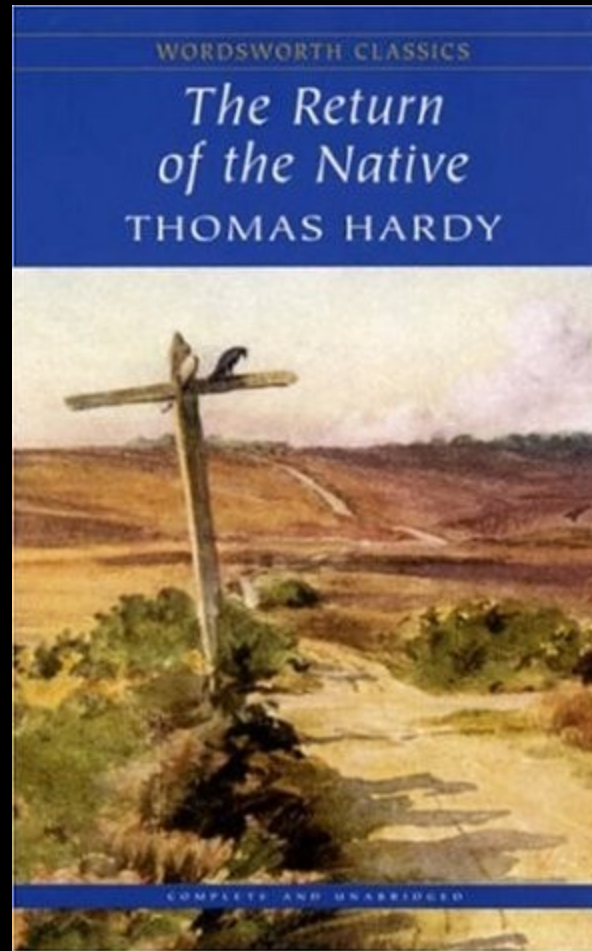








(1878)

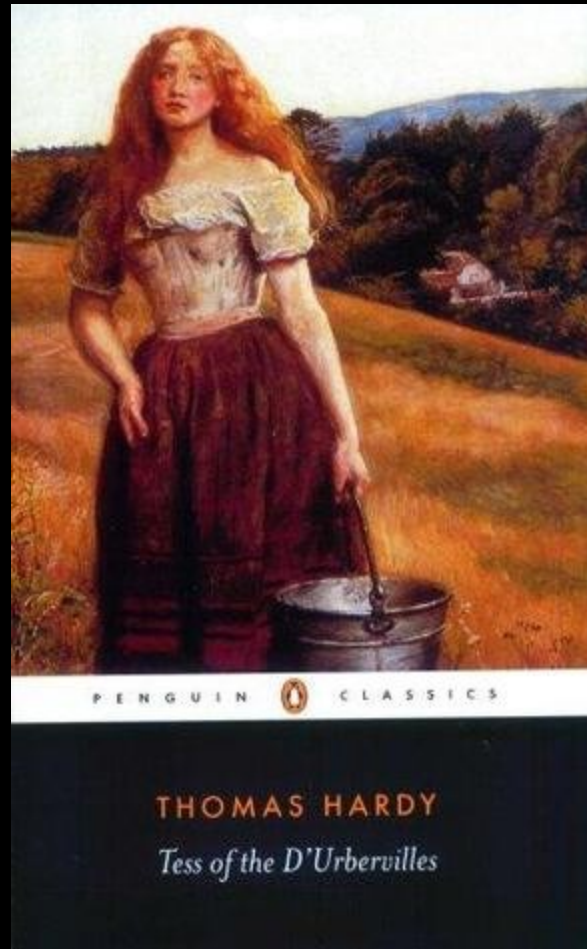




A Saturday afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight, and the vast tract of unenclosed wild known as Egdon Heath embrowned itself moment by moment. Overhead the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was as a tent which had the whole heath for its floor.

The heaven being spread with this pallid screen and the earth and the earth with their darkest vegetation, their meeting-line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such contrast the heath wore the appearance of an instalment of night which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come: darkness had to a great extent arrived hereon, while day stood distinct in the sky. Looking upwards, a furze-cutter would have been inclined to continue work; looking down, he would have decided to finish his faggot and go home. The distant rims of the world and of the firmament seemed to be a division of time no less than a division of matter.

(1891)







(1895)



PENGUIN  CLASSICS

THOMAS HARDY

Jude the Obscure

1895



Christminster

JUDE THE OBSCURE

BY

THOMAS HARDY

'The letter killeth'

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

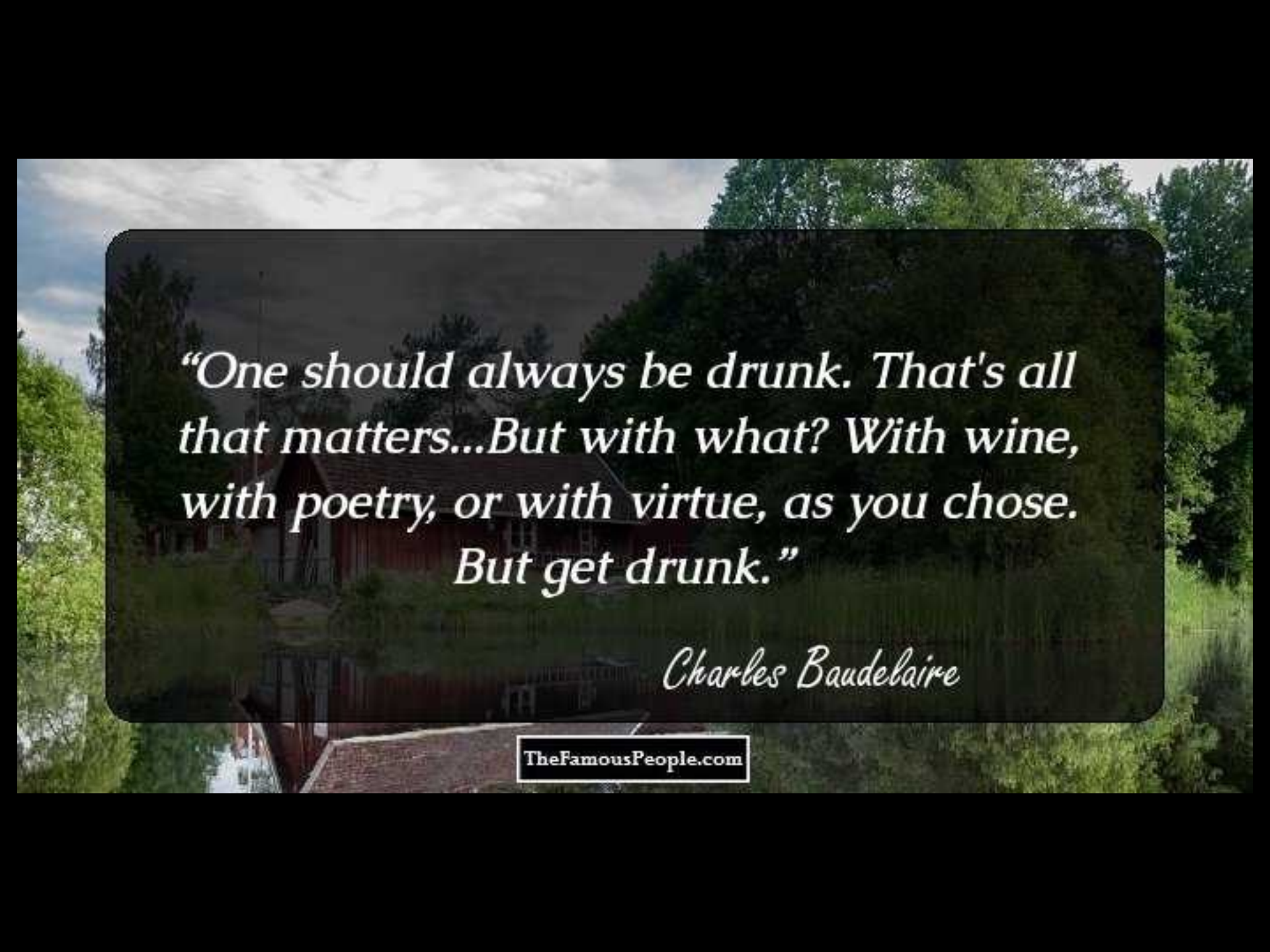
1912

British Modernisms

Theophile Gautier
(1811-1872)

L'art pour l'art

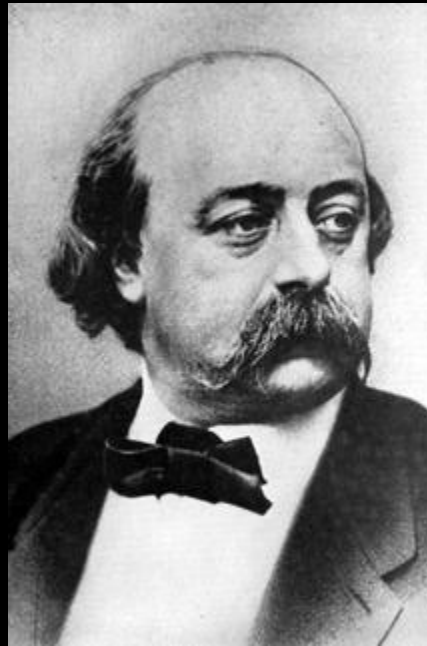




“One should always be drunk. That's all that matters...But with what? With wine, with poetry, or with virtue, as you chose. But get drunk.”

Charles Baudelaire

Gustave Flaubert
(1821-1880)



Madame Bovary
(1856)



There are neither good nor bad subjects. From the point of view of pure Art, you could almost establish it as an axiom that the subject is irrelevant, style itself being an absolute manner of seeing things.

Gustave Flaubert

www.blueblog.net

Charles Baudelaire
(1821-1867)



Les Fleurs du Mal
(1857)

BIBLIOTHÈQUE CONTEMPORAINE

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

OEUVRES COMPLÈTES

I

LES FLEURS
DU MAL

ÉDITION DÉFINITIVE

PRÉCÉDÉE D'UNE NOTICE PAR THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

ET ORNÉE D'UN BEAU PORTRAIT GRAVE SUR ACIER



PARIS

MICHEL LÉVY FRÈRES, ÉDITEURS

RUE VIVIENNE 2 BIS, ET BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS 15

A LA LIBRAIRIE NOUVELLE

1869

Art is beauty,
the perpetual invention of detail,
the choice of words,
the exquisite care of execution.

--Theophile
Gautier

The
Flaneur

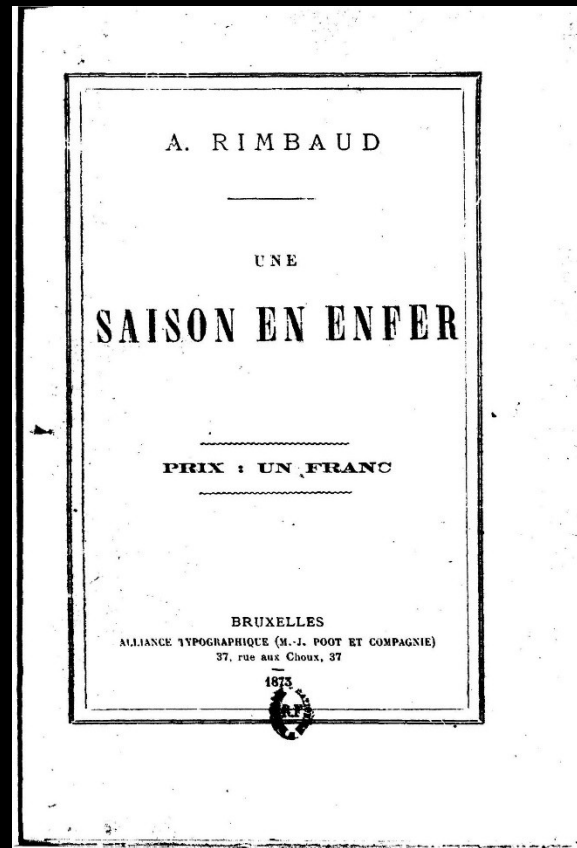




Flaneur taking a lobster for a walk



Arthur Rimbaud (1854-1891)



'A Season in Hell' (1873)

Stephane Mallarme
(1842-1898)



STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

UN COUP DE DÉS
JAMAIS N'ABOLIRA
LE HASARD

POÈME



CALLIMARD



IT WAS
stellar outcome

THE NUMBER

WERE IT TO HAVE EXISTED
other than as a fragmented agonised hallucination

WERE IT TO HAVE BEGUN AND ENDED
a surging that denied and closed when visible
at last

by some profusion spreading in sparseness
WERE IT TO HAVE AMOUNTED

to the fact of the total though as little as one
WERE IT TO HAVE ILLUMINATED

IT WOULD BE
worse

no

more nor less

indifferently but as much

CHANCE

Falls

the plume

rhythmic suspense of the disaster

to bury itself

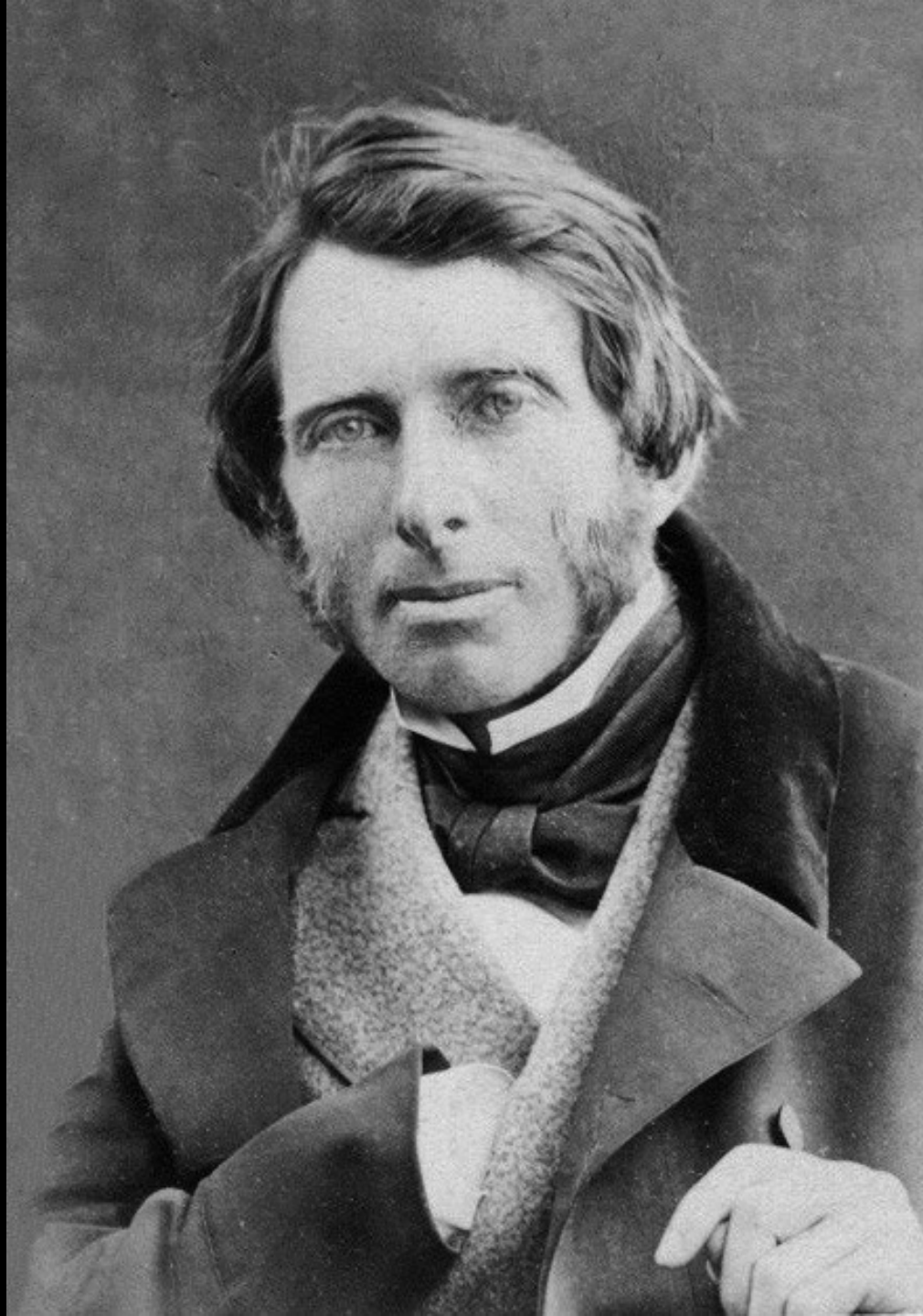
in the original foam

from which its delirium formerly leapt to the summit

faded

by the same neutrality of abyss

John Ruskin
(1819-1900)



1843
to
1860



LAKE, LAND, AND CLOUD (NEAR COMO)

M.P., III.]

[front.]

MODERN PAINTERS

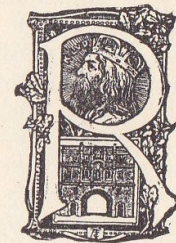
By
JOHN RUSKIN

VOLUME III

CONTAINING

PART IV

Of Many Things



LONDON

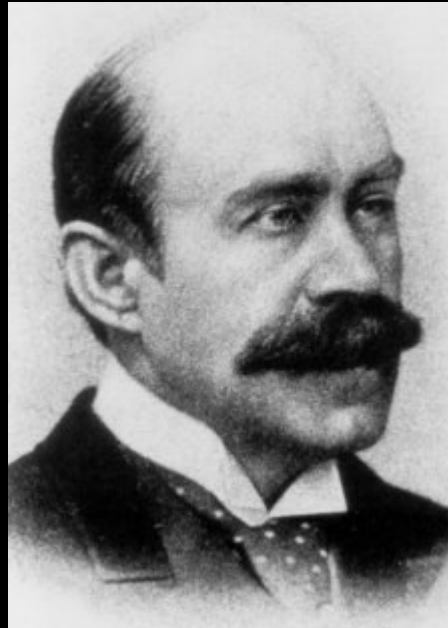
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS LIMITED

NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO



Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood
(John Millais)

Walter Pater
(1839-94)



STUDIES
IN THE HISTORY OF THE
RENAISSANCE

BY

WALTER H. PATER

FELLOW OF BRASENOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1873

[*All rights reserved*]

Gerard
Manley
Hopkins
(1884-
1889)



The Windhover :

To Christ our Lord

I CAUGHT this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Fal-
con, in his riding

Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and
striding

High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy ! then off, off forth on swing,

As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend :
the hurl and gliding

Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the
thing !

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a
billion


Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier !

No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down
sillion

Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

Oscar Wilde
(1854-1900)

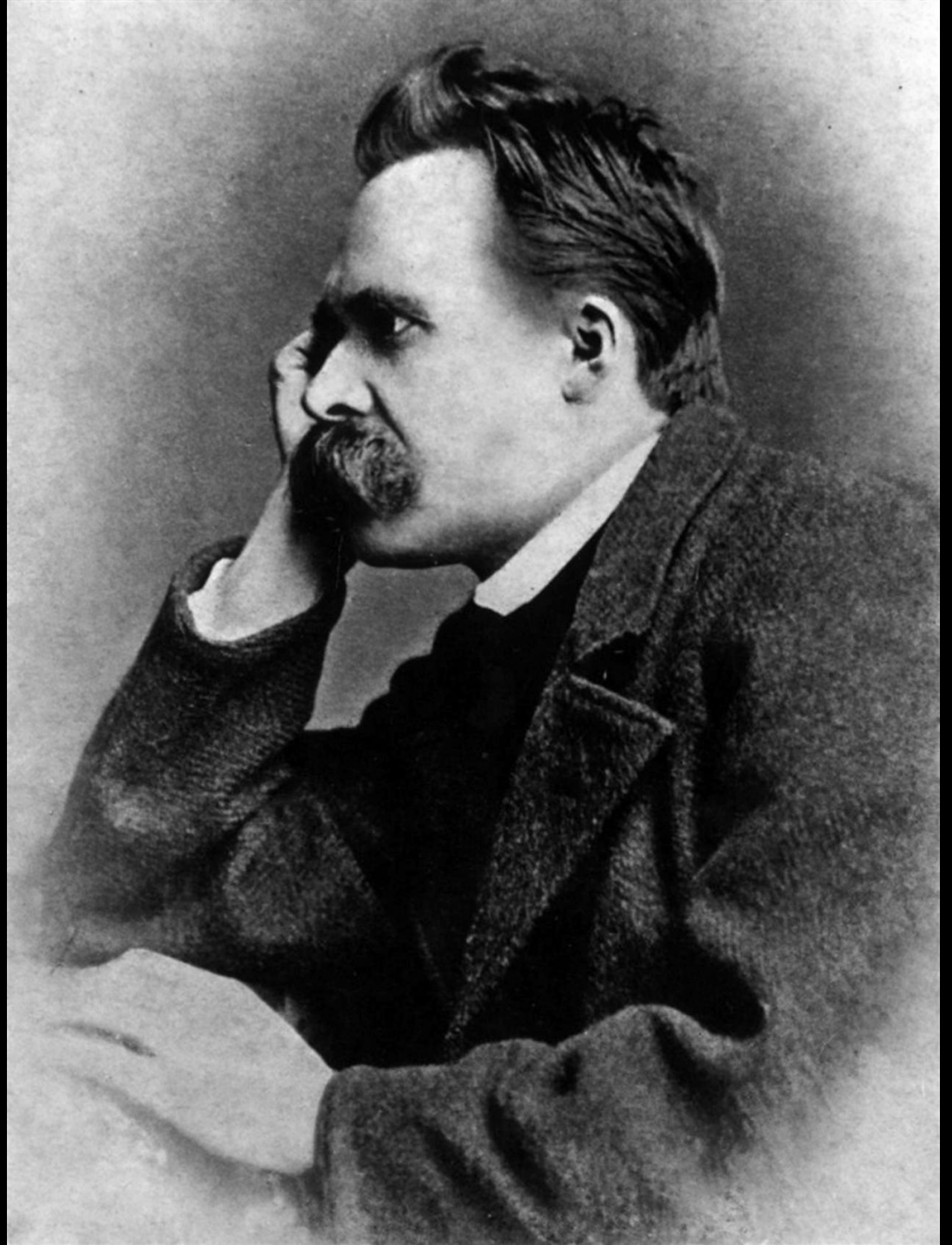




**“ Be yourself; everyone else is
already taken. ”**

Oscar Wilde

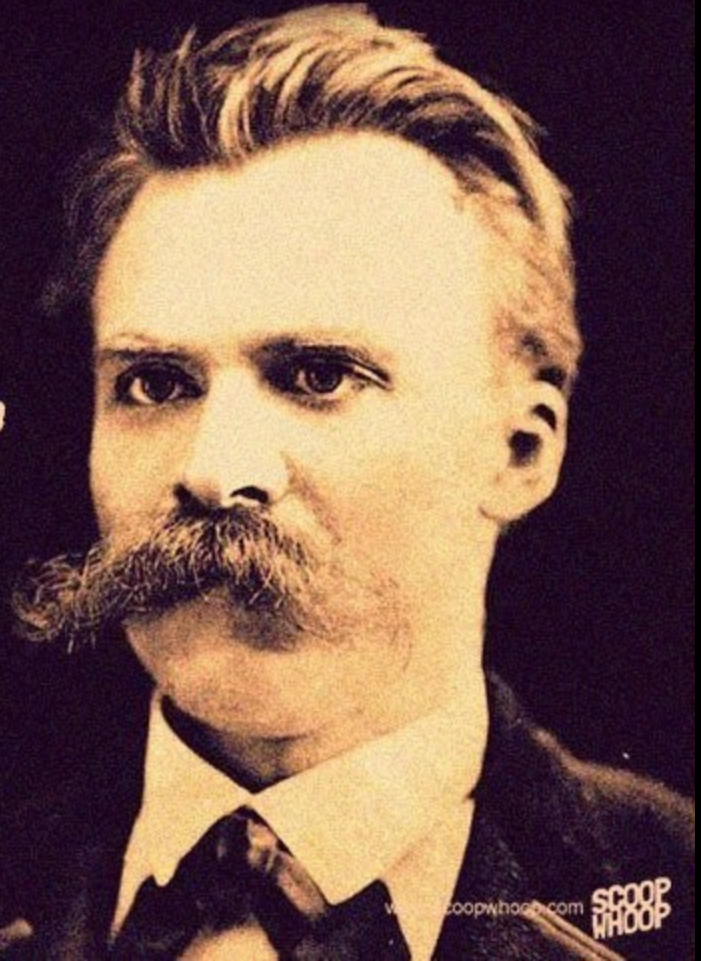
Friedrich
Nietzsche
(1844-
1900)

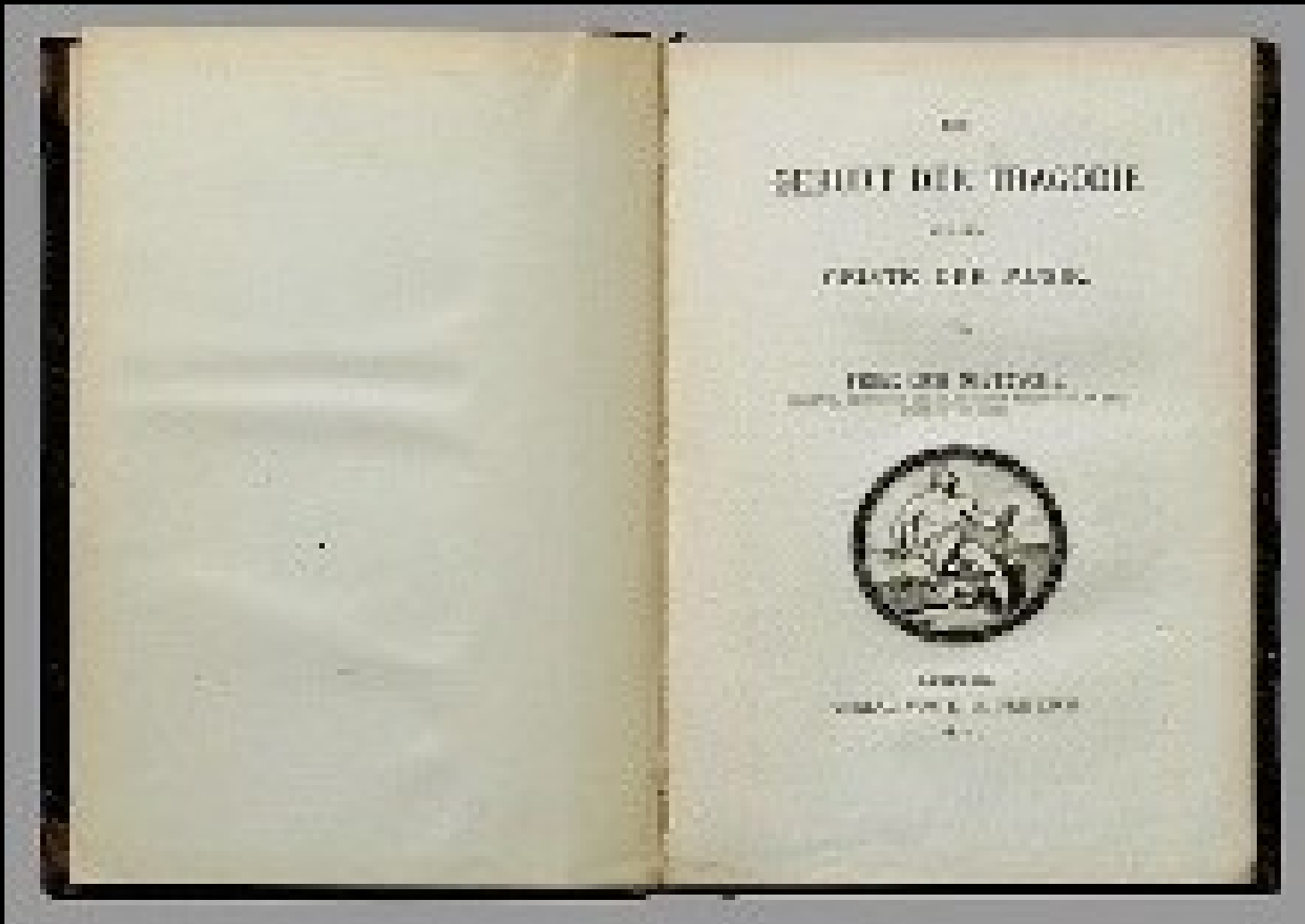


NIETZSCHE QUOTES

"There are no facts,
only interpretations."

Friedrich Nietzsche





The Birth of Tragedy (1872)

Genealogy of
Morals
(1887)

Zur
Genealogie der Moral.

Eine Streitschrift

von

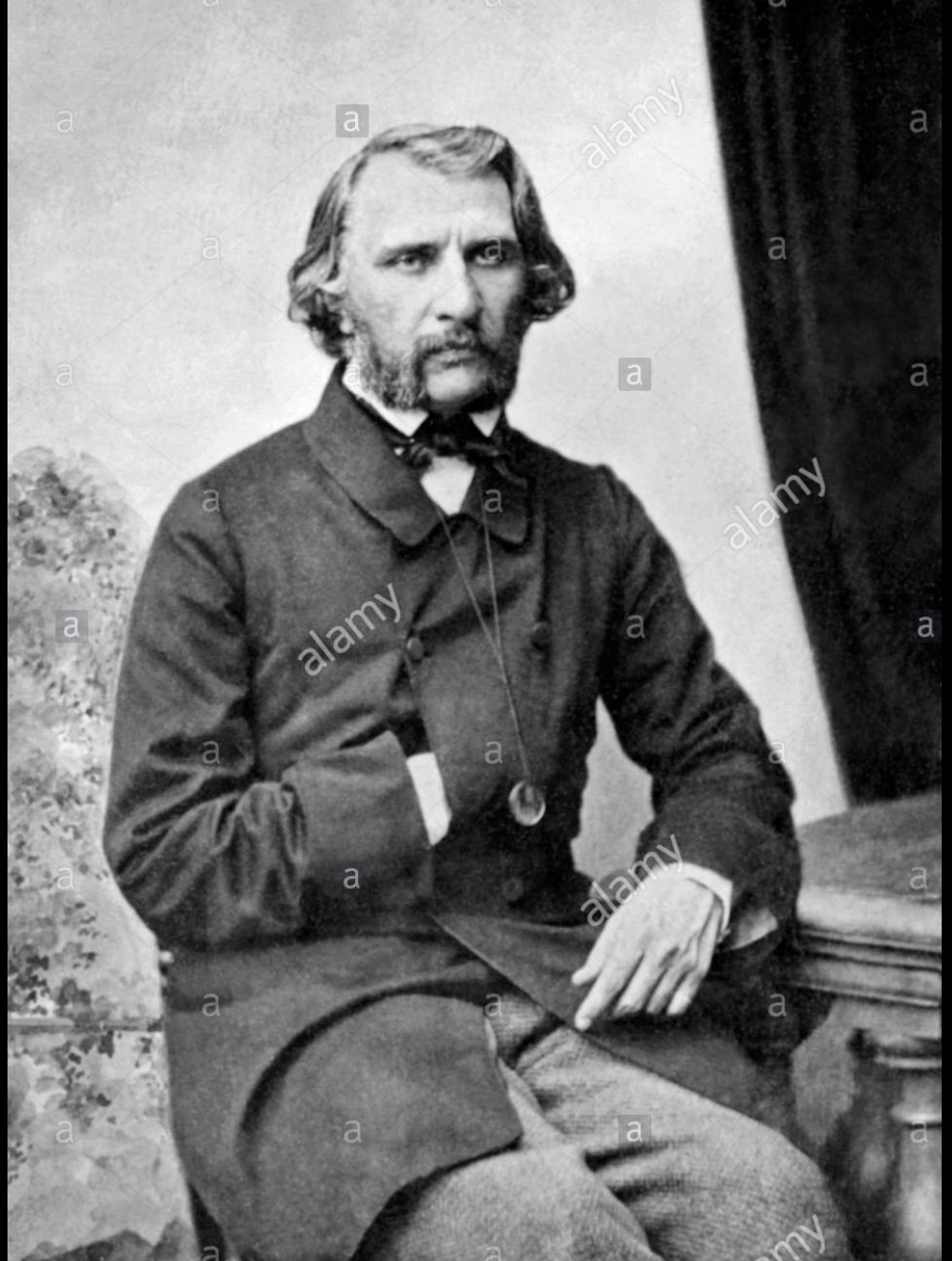
Friedrich Nietzsche.

LEIPZIG

Verlag von C. G. Naumann.

1887.

Ivan Sergejevic
Turgenev
(1818-1883)



Turgenev, Ivan Sergeevich
"

ОТЦЫ И ДѢТИ.

Ottsy i deti
"

СОЧ.

ИВ. ТУРГЕНЕВА.

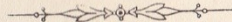
ВТОРОЕ ИЗДАНИЕ.

PG

3420

.08

1880



ЛЕЙПЦИГЪ,
Вольфгангъ Гергардъ.

LEIPZIG,
Wolfgang Gerhard.

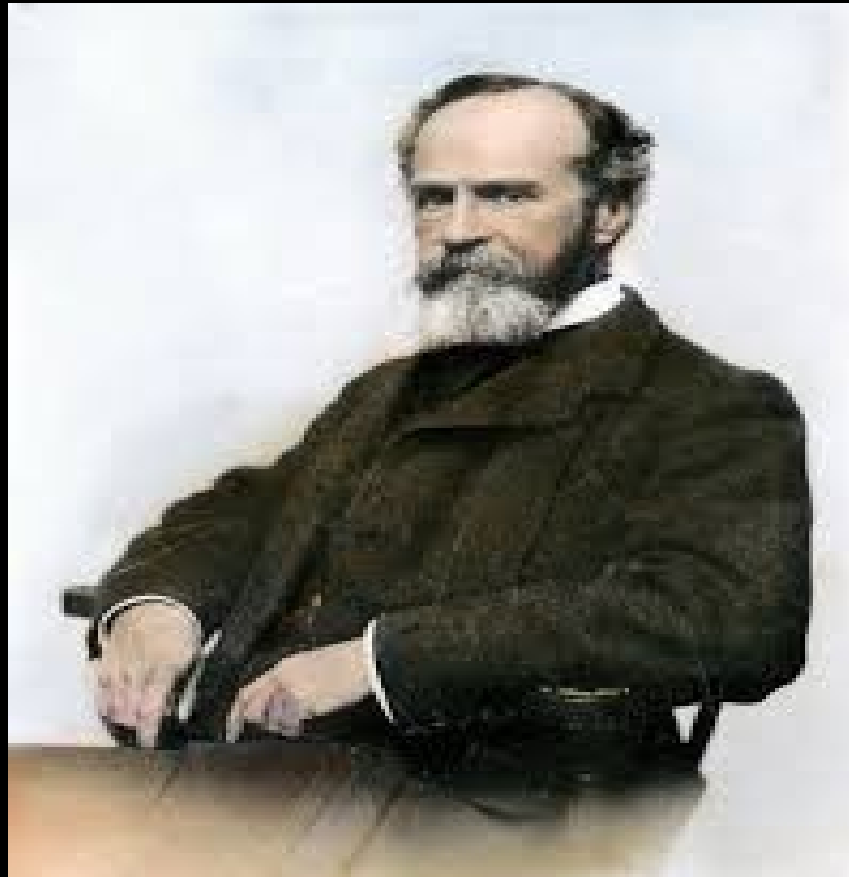
Центральный книжный магазинъ для славянскихъ странъ.

1880.

Fathers and
Sons (1862)

Henry James
(1843-1916)





William James (1842-1910)



The Turn of the Screw
(1898)

The Portrait of a Lady
(1881)

Books.

FR TALES. 12mo,
\$2.00.
o, \$2.00.
o.

12mo, \$2.00.
ing also. Pando-
ity; Four Meas-
o The Pension
to.
e Impressions
England Winter.

2.00.

THE

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

BY

HENRY JAMES, JR.

SIXTEENTH EDITION.

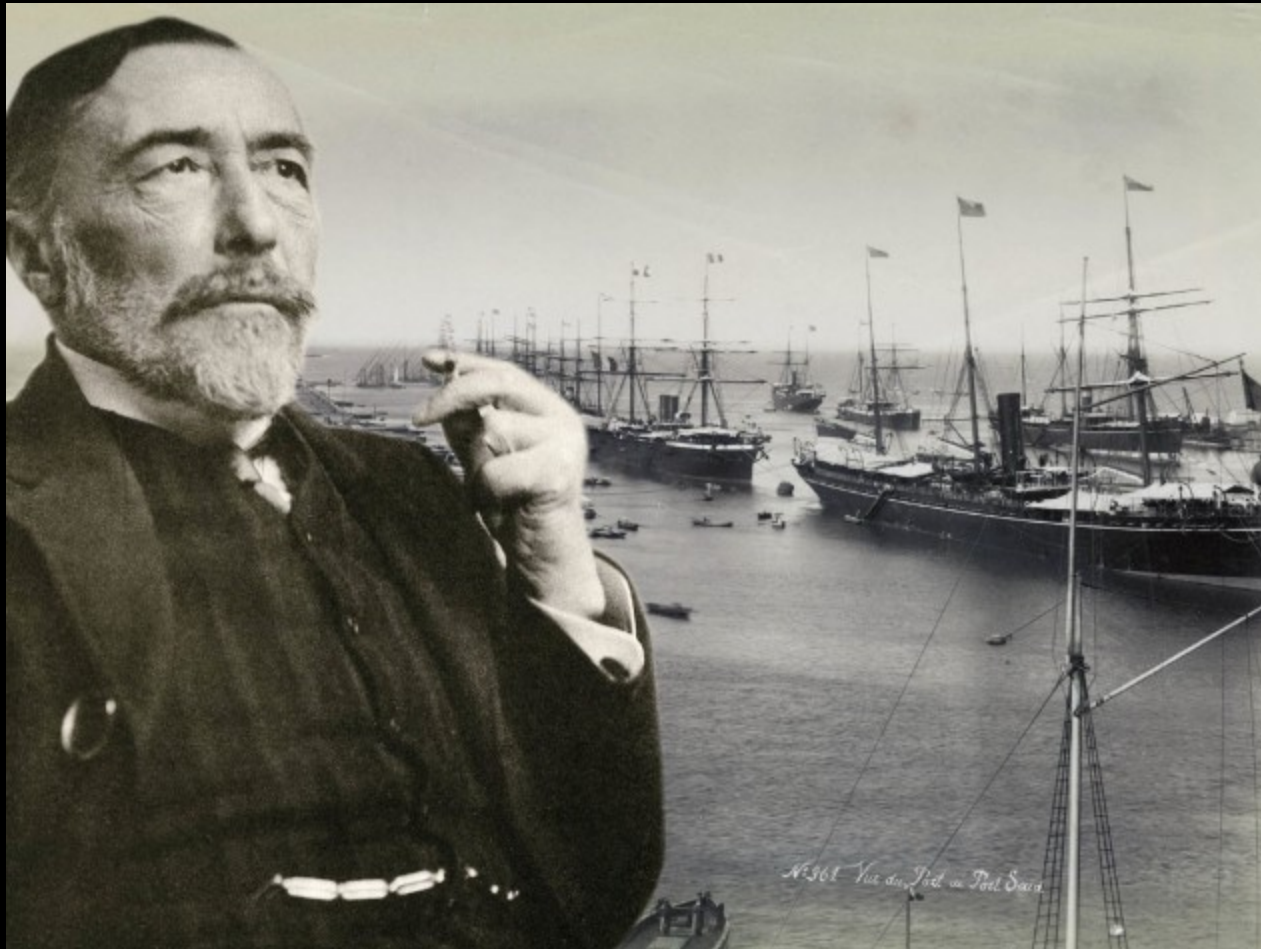


BOSTON:
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.

NEW YORK: 11 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

1894



Joseph Conrad (1857-1924)

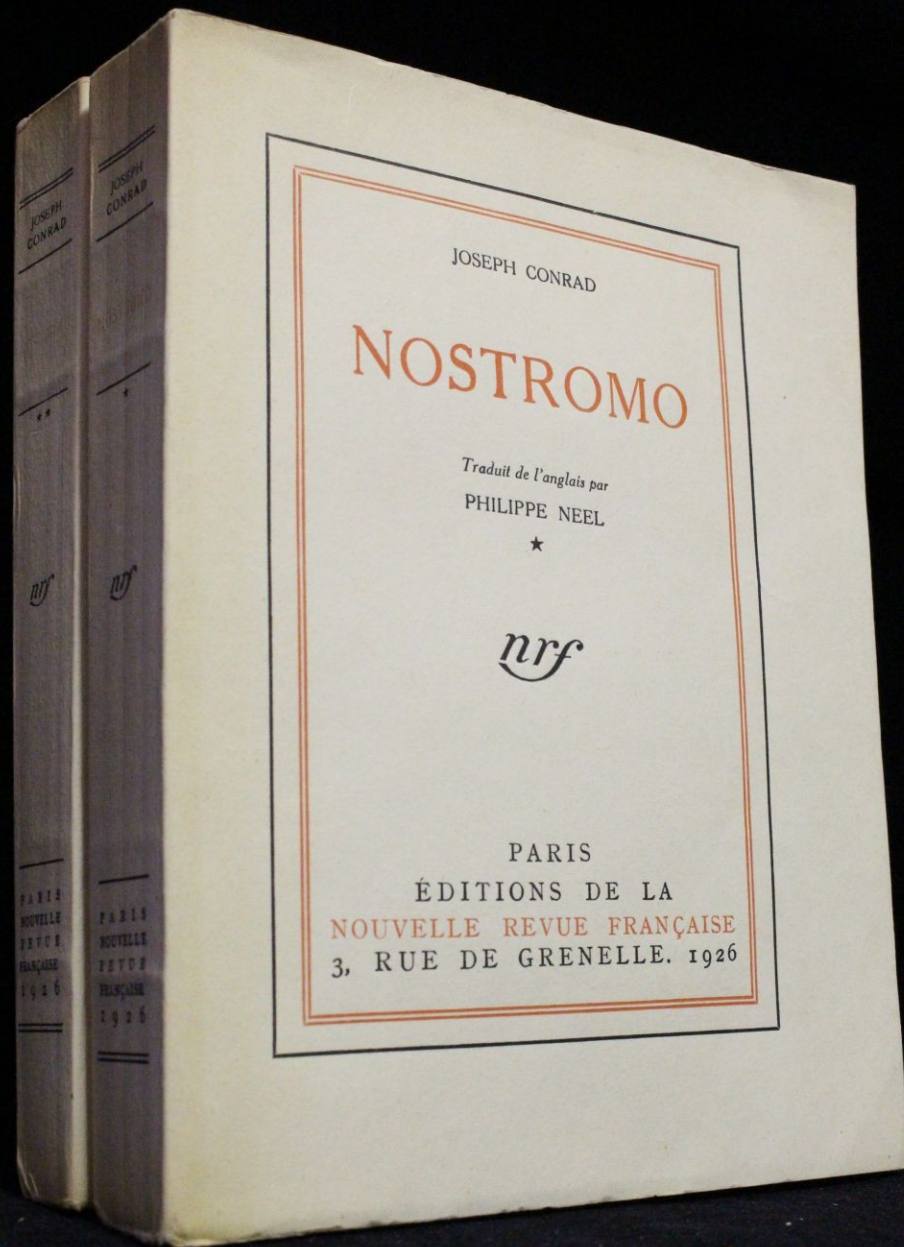
*Heart Of
Darkness*

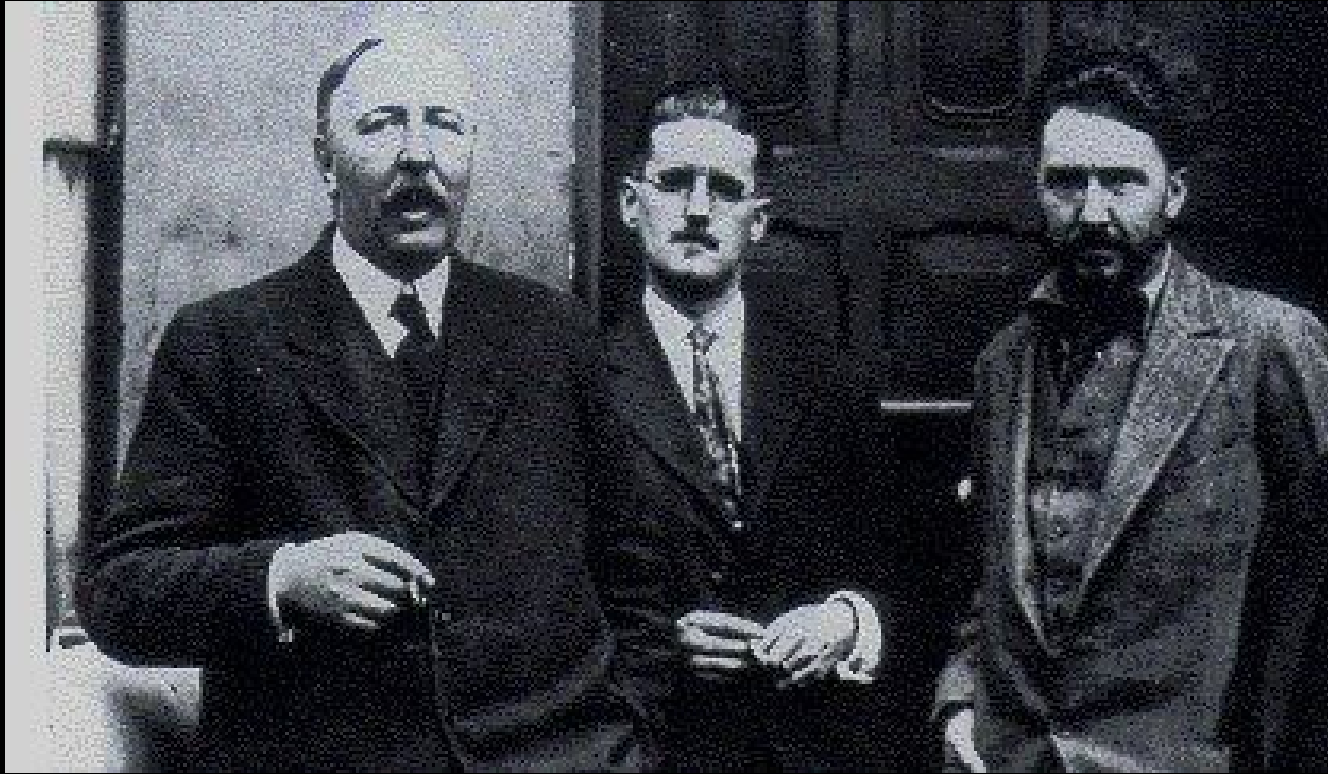


Joseph Conrad

1899

Nostromo
(1904)





Ford Madox Ford (formerly Ford Madox Hueffer) (1873-1939) with James Joyce (centre) and Ezra Pound (right)

THE SADDEST STORY

OR

THE
GOOD SOLDIER

A TALE OF PASSION

BY

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

AUTHOR OF "THE FIFTH QUEEN," ETC.

"Beati Immaculati"

LONDON : JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK : JOHN LANE COMPANY
MCMXV

1915

Ezra Pound
(1885-1972)



Ezra Pound on Imagism

4. An 'Image' is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time.
5. It is better to present one Image in a lifetime than to produce voluminous works.
6. Use no superfluous word, no adjective which does not reveal something.

In a Station of the Metro

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

- Ezra Pound



William Carlos Williams (1883-1963)

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens

T.S.Eliot
(1888-1965)



PRUFROCK
AND
OTHER OBSERVATIONS

BY
T. S. ELIOT

THE EGOIST LTD
OAKLEY HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET
LONDON
1917

Characteristics of Modernism

- Thematic Characteristics
 - Breakdown of social norms and cultural traditions
 - Stream of consciousness
 - Dislocation of meaning and sense from its normal context
 - Disillusionment
 - Valorization of the despairing individual in the face of an unmanageable future

- Formal Characteristics
 - Open form
 - Free Verse
 - Discontinuous narrative
 - Juxtaposition
 - Intertextuality
 - Classical allusions
 - Borrowing from different cultures and languages
 - Unconventional use of metaphors
 - Fragmentation



**“FOR I HAVE KNOWN THEM
ALL ALREADY,
KNOWN THEM ALL—
HAVE KNOWN THE EVENINGS,
MORNINGS, AFTERNOONS,
I HAVE MEASURED OUT
MY LIFE WITH
COFFEE SPOONS.”**

T.S. Eliot
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock



THE WASTE LAND

BY

T. S. ELIOT

"NAM Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis
vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent:
Σιβυλλα τί θέλεις; respondebat illa: ἀποθανεῖν θέλω."

NEW YORK
BONI AND LIVERIGHT

1922

THE WASTE LAND

1922

"NAM Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi
in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Σίβυλλα τί
θέλεις; respondebat illa: ἀποθανεῖν θέλω."

(Petronius)

(I WISH TO DIE)

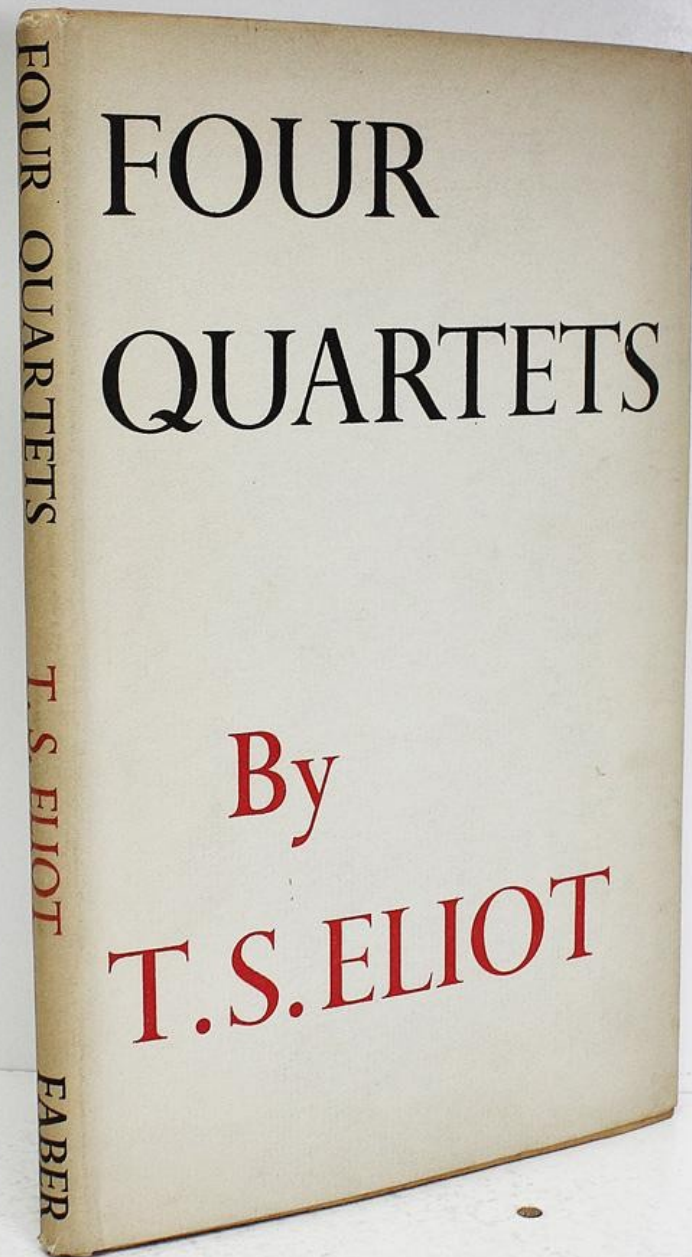
(That greater magician)

For Ezra Pound
il miglior fabbro.

For once I saw myself saw with my own eyes, the Sibyl
at Cumae, hanging in a cage, and when the boys said
to her 'Sibyl, what do you want', she answered 'I want
to die.'

From the 'Satyricon' by Petronius (c.27-66 A.D)

1943



T. S. ELIOT

EAST
COKER

FABER AND
FABER

T. S. ELIOT

BURNT
NORTON

FABER AND
FABER

T. S. ELIOT

THE DRY
SALVAGES

FABER AND
FABER

T. S. ELIOT

LITTLE
GIDDING

FABER AND
FABER

Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.
If all time is eternally present
All time is unredeemable.
What might have been is an abstraction
Remaining a perpetual possibility
Only in a world of speculation.
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.
Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
into the Rose Garden. My words echo
Thus, in your mind.

...history is a pattern
of timeless moments.
So, while the light fails
on a winter's afternoon,
in a secluded chapel
History is now and England.

gimme
some
READS
#TS Eliot

E.M. Forster(1879-1970)



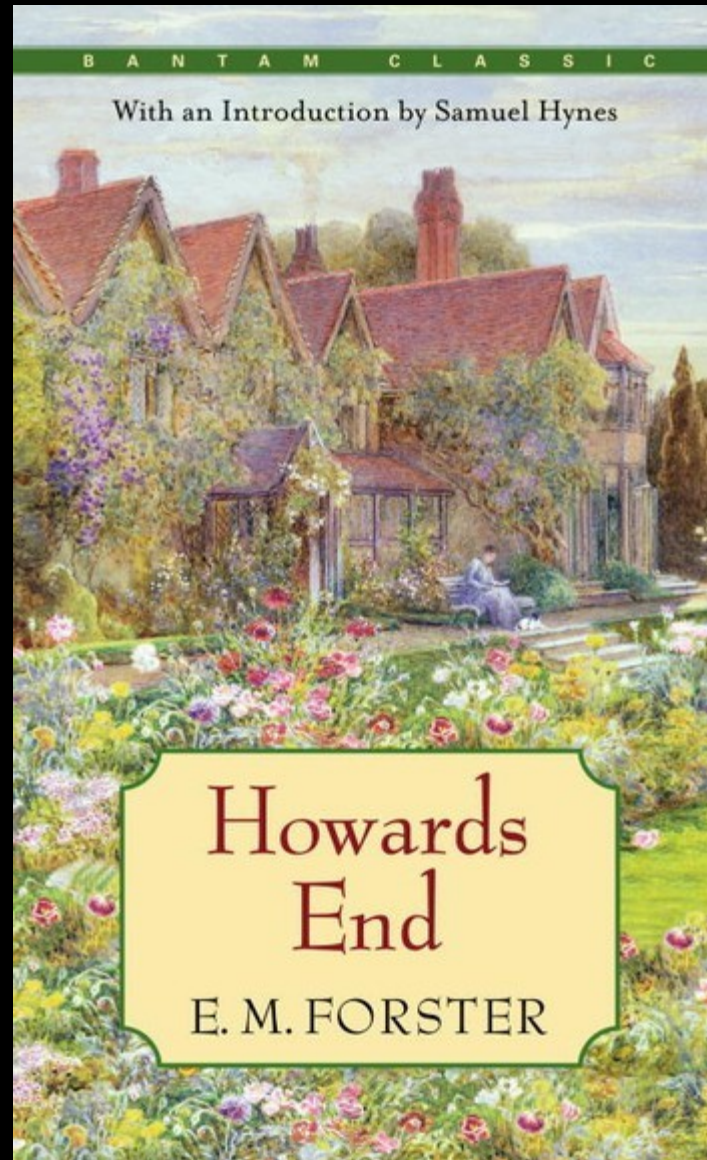


A Room With A View (1908)

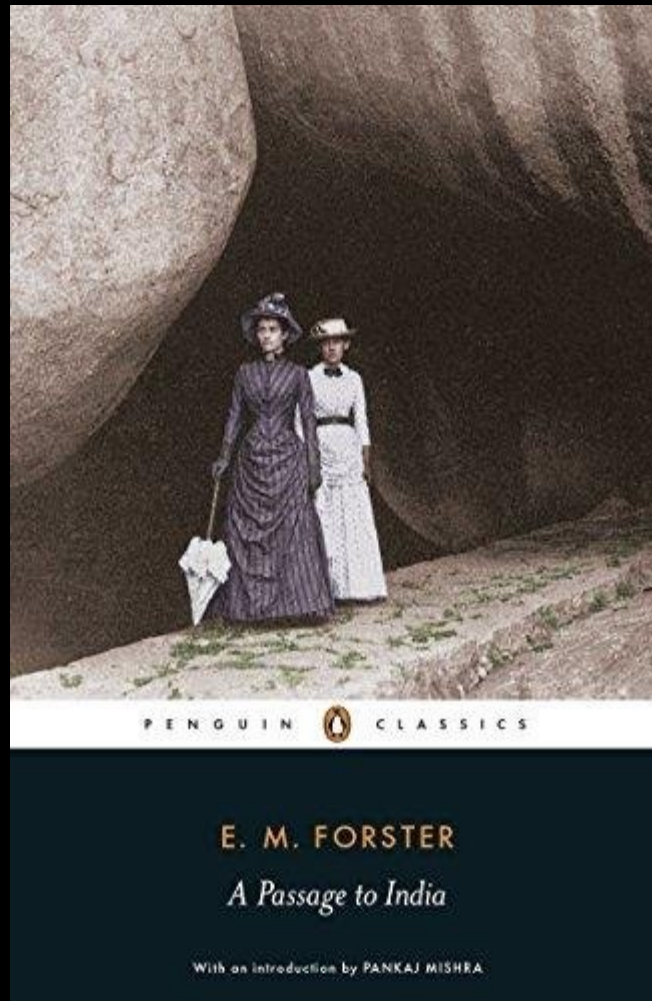


1985

1910



1924





1984

D.H.
Lawrence

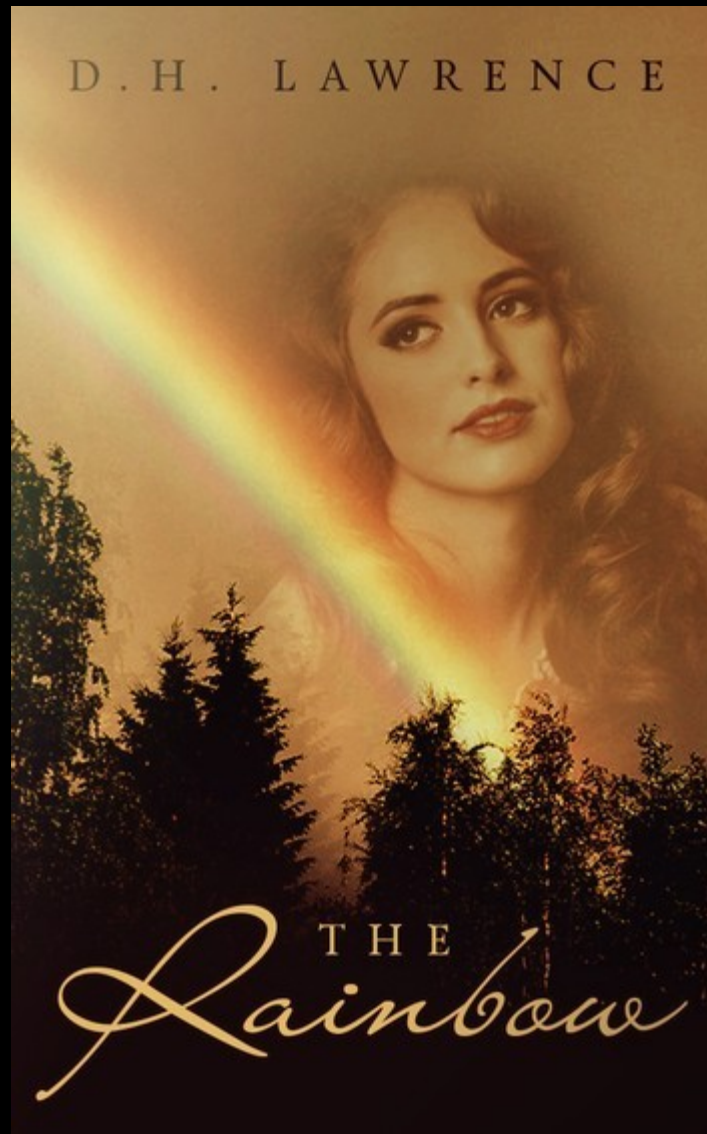
(1880-
1930)



Sons and Lovers
(1913)



1915





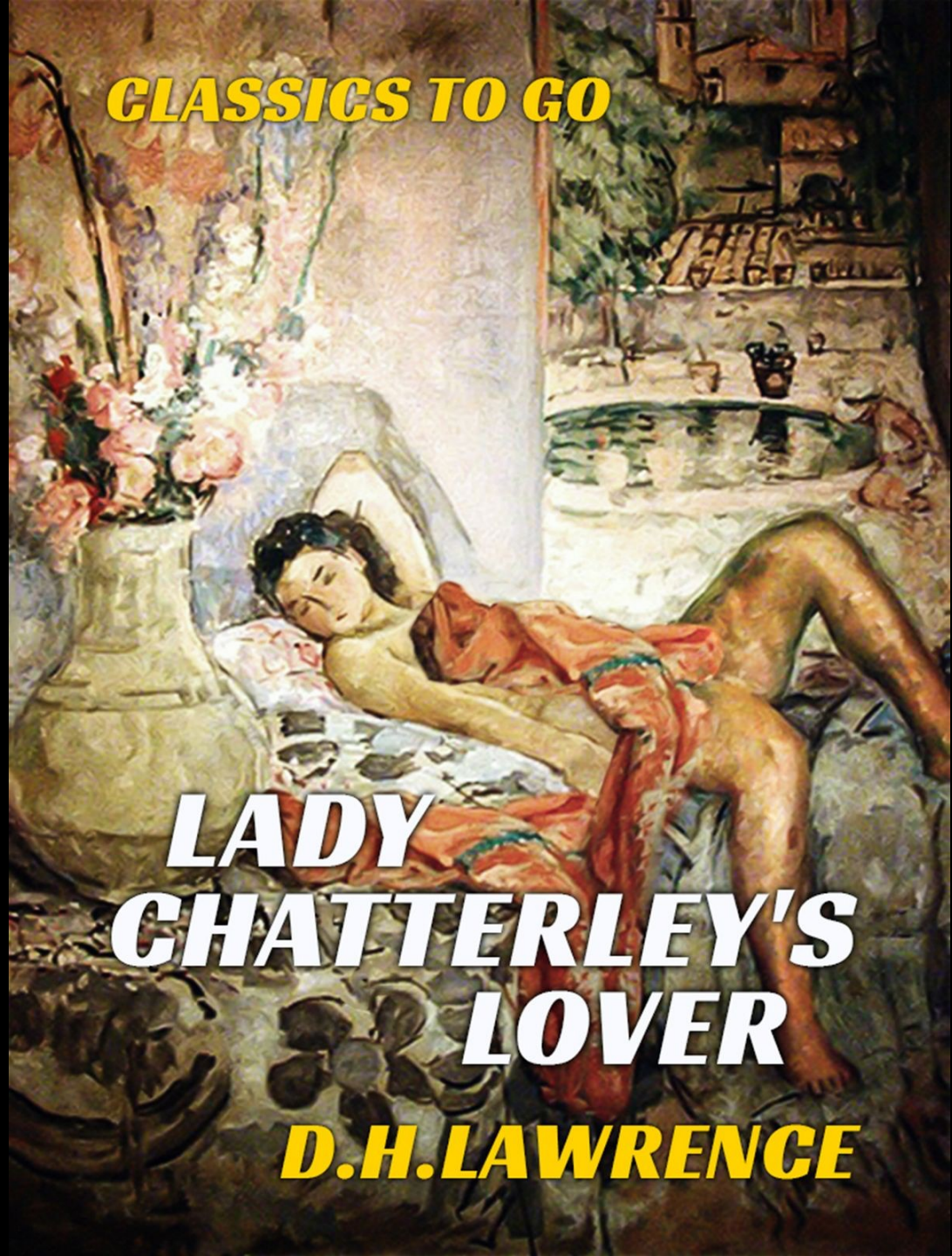
Women in Love (1920)

CLASSICS TO GO

1928, Italy

**LADY
CHATTERLEY'S
LOVER**

D.H.LAWRENCE



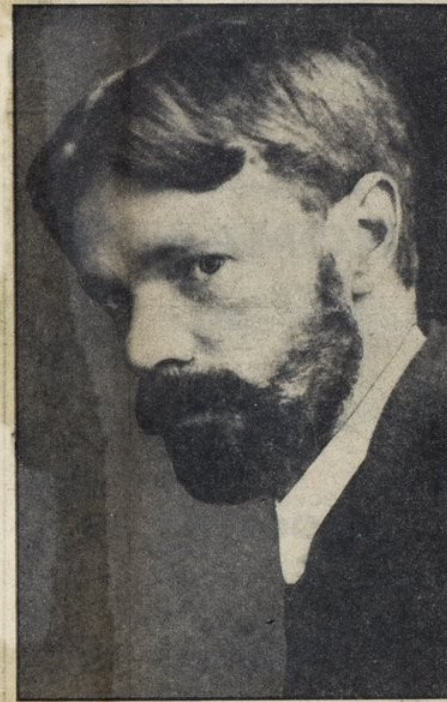
**Daily
Mirror**

1/4d. Thursday, November 3 1960 No. 17,693

**NINE MEN and
THREE WOMEN give
their verdict on:**

FOUR-LETTER WORDS

! ★ ? !
? ! ★ X
X ! ★ ?



**LADY CHATTERLEY
IS INNOCENT**

See Centre
Pages

1960,
England

'Tha's got such a nice tail on thee,' he said, in the throaty carressive. 'Tha's got the nicest arse of anybody. It's the nicest, nicest woman's arse as is! An 'ivery bit of it is woman, woman sure as nuts. Thar't not one o' them button-arsed lasses as should be lads, art,ter! Tha's got a real soft sloping bottom on thee, as man loves in his guts. It's a bottom as could hold up the world, it is!'

All the while he spoke he exquisitely stroked the rounded tail, till it seemed as if a slippery sort of fire came from it into his hands. And his finger-tips touched the two secret openings to her body, time after time, with a soft little brush of fire.

'An' if tha' shits an' if tha pisses, Im glad. I don't want a woman as couldn't shit nor piss.'



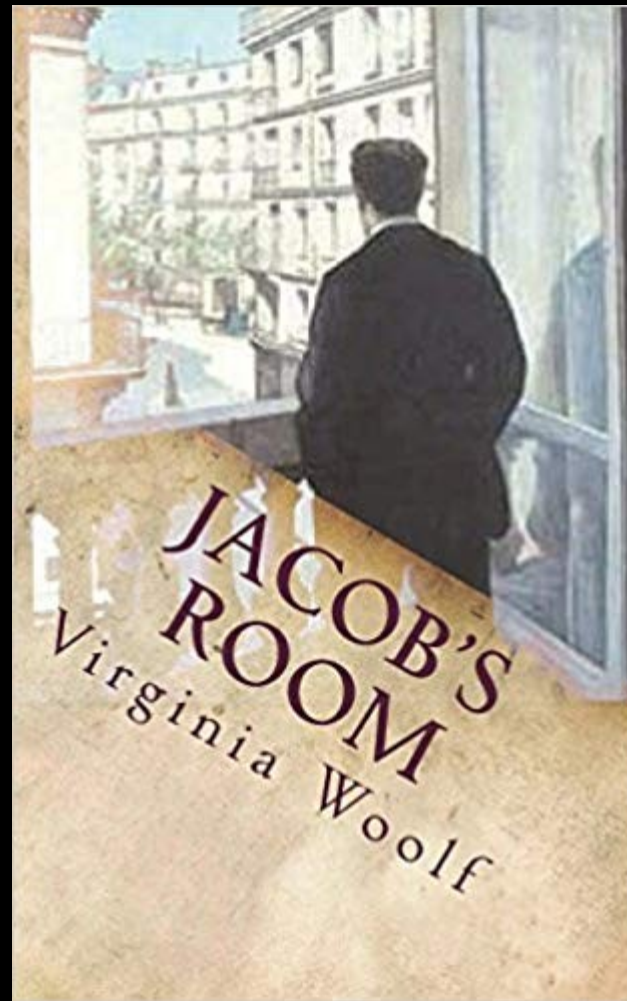
Virginia Woolf (1882-1941)



ERECTED BY CAMDEN LONDON BOROUGH COUNCIL

HERE AND
IN NEIGHBOURING
HOUSES DURING
THE FIRST HALF OF
THE 20th CENTURY
THERE LIVED SEVERAL
MEMBERS OF THE
BLOOMSBURY GROUP
INCLUDING
VIRGINIA WOOLF
CLIVE BELL AND
THE STRACHEYS

1922



VIRGINIA
WOOLF

Mrs DALLOWAY

1925



Le
LIVRE
de
POCHE

biblio

But this question of love (she thought, putting her coat away), this falling in love with women. Take Sally Seton; her relation in the old days with Sally Seton. Had not that, after all, been love?

*

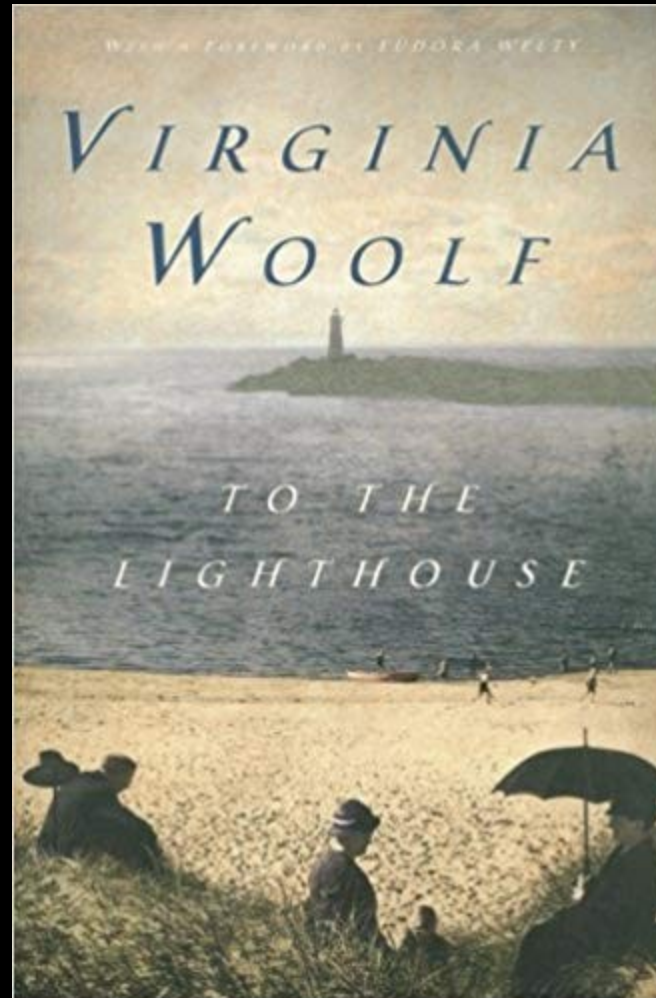
*

*

The strange thing, on looking back, was the purity, the integrity of her feeling for Sally. It was not like one's feeling for a man. It was completely disinterested, and besides, it had a quality which could only exist between women, between women just grown up....

...the charm was overpowering, to her at least, so that she could remember standing in her bedroom at the top of the house holding the hot water-can in her hands and saying Aloud, 'She is beneath this roof...She is beneath this roof!'

1927

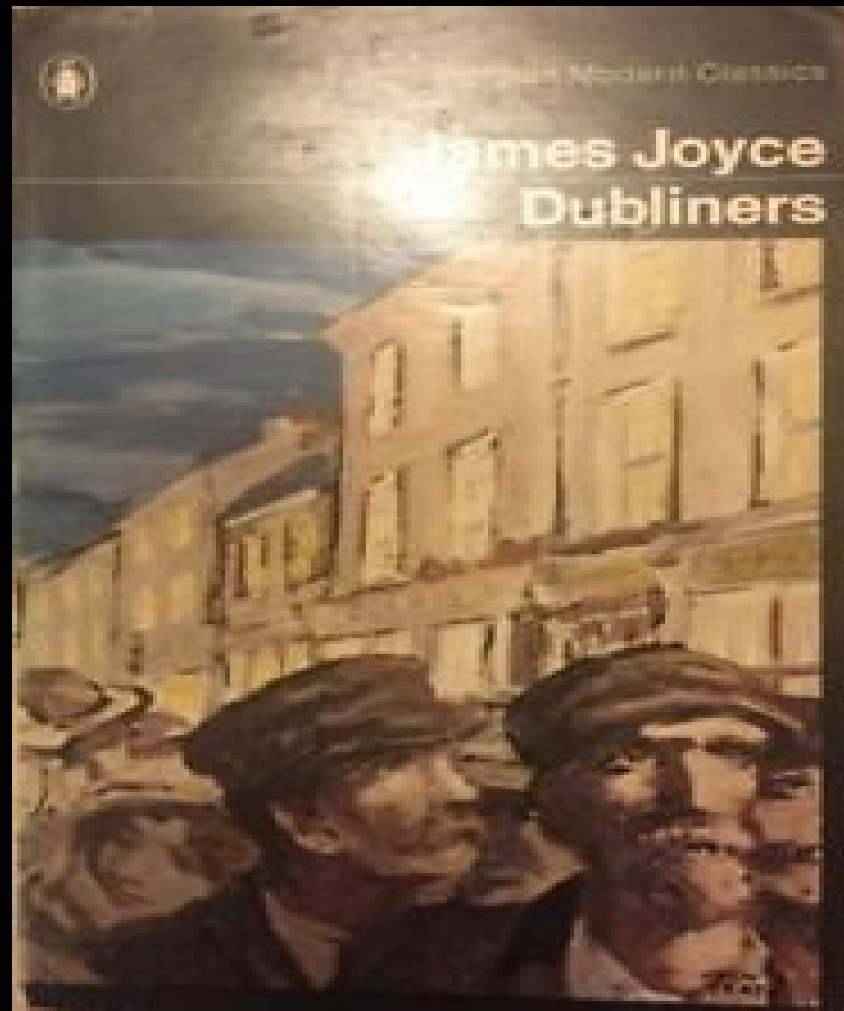


She could have wept. It was bad, it was bad, it was infinitely bad. She could have done it differently of course; the colour could have been thinner and faded; the shapes etherealized; that was how Pauncefort would have seen it. But then she did not see it like that. She saw the colour burning on a framework of steel; the light of a butterfly's wing lying upon the arches of a cathedral. Of all that only a few random marks scrawled upon the canvas remained. And it would never be seen; never be hung even, and there was Mr Tansley whispering in her ear, 'Women can't paint, women can't write...'

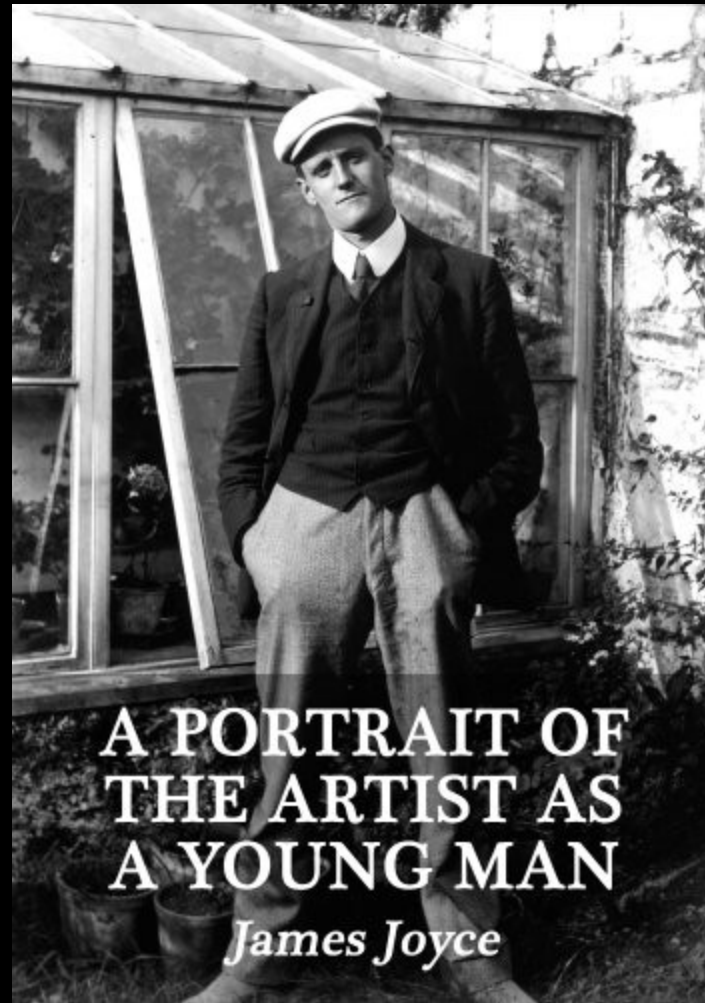
James Joyce
(1882-1941)



Dubliners
(1914)



1916



**A PORTRAIT OF
THE ARTIST AS
A YOUNG MAN**

James Joyce

ULYSSES

by

JAMES JOYCE

SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY

12, RUE DE L'ODÉON, 12

PARIS

1928

1922

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

The ferretyeyed porkbutcher folded the sausages he had snipped off with blotchy fingers, sausageepink. Sound meat there like a stalled heifer.

Persecution, says he, all the history of the world is full of it. Perpetuating national hatred among nations.

- But do you know what a nation means? says Joe Wyse.
- Yes, says Bloom. A nation is the same people living in the same place.
- By God, then says Ned, laughing, if that's so I'm a nation for I'm living in the same place for the past five years.

*

*

*

- Are you talking about the new Jerusalem? Says the citizen.
- I'm talking about injustice says Bloom...Force, hatred, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that's it's the very opposite of that that is really life.
- What? Says Alf.
- Love says, Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred. I must go now, he says to John Wise. Just round to the court a moment to see if Martin is still there. (pp.430-2

Love loves to love love. Nurse loves the new chemist.
Constable 14 A loves Mary Kelly. Gerty MacDowell loves the girl
that has the bicycle. M.B. loves a fair gentleman. Li Chi Han
lovey up kissy
Cha Poo Chow. Jumbo, the elephant, loves Alice, the elephant.
Old Mr Verschoyle with the eartrumpet loves old Mrs
Verschoyle with the turned in eye. The man in the brown
mackintosh loves a lady who is dead. His Majesty the King
loves Her Majesty the Queen. Mrs Norman W. Tupper loves
officer Taylor. You love a
certain person. And this person loves that other person
because everybody loves somebody but God loves everybody.
(p.433)

Loonely in my loneness. For all their faults. I am passing out.
O bitter ending. I'll slip away before they're up. They'll never
see. Not know. Nor miss me. And it's old and old it's sad and
old it's sad and weary I go back to you my cold father, my cold
mad father, my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the
mere size of him, the moyle and moyles of it, moananoaning,
makes me seasilt saltsick and I rush, my only into your arms. I
see them rising! Save me form those therrble prongs! Two
more. Onetwo moremens more. S. Alevel. My leaves have
drifted from me...Yes, tid. There's where. First. We pass
through brass. Behush the bush to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far
call. Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Tillthousands thee.
Lps.The keys to. Given. A way a lone a last a loved a long the

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



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COMEDY



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BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

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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.

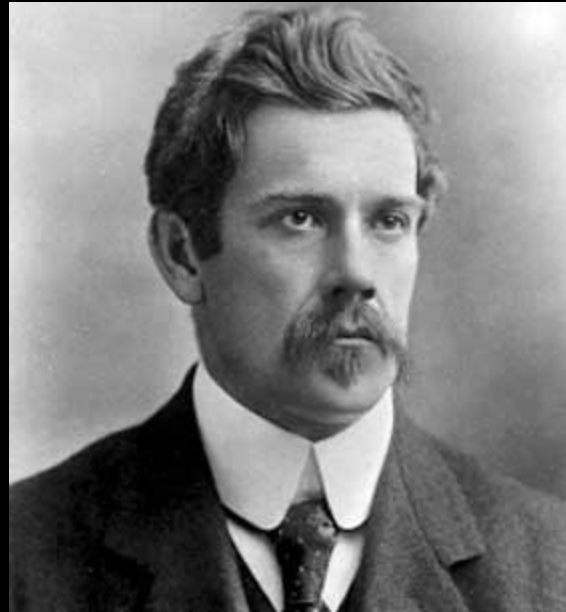
Doyle: My dear Tom, you only need a touch of the Irish climate to be as big a fool as I am myself. If all my Irish blood were poured into your veins, you wouldn't turn a hair of your constitution and character. Go and marry the most English Englishwoman you can find, and then bring up your son in Rosscullen; 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

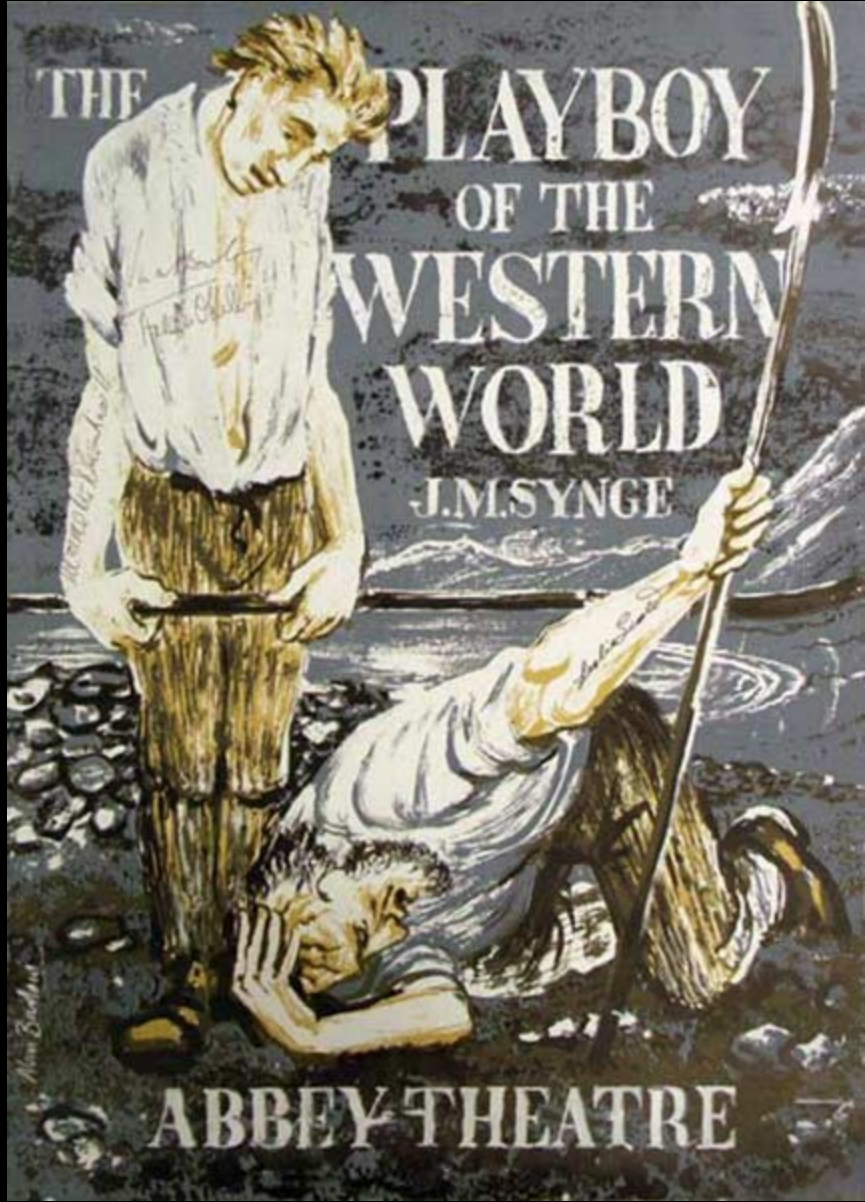
brown bogs, on those hillsides of granite rock and magenta heather. You've no such colours in the sky, no such lure in the distances...

...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)



THE PLAYBOY
OF THE
WESTERN
WORLD
J.M. SYNGE

ABBNEY THEATRE







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.

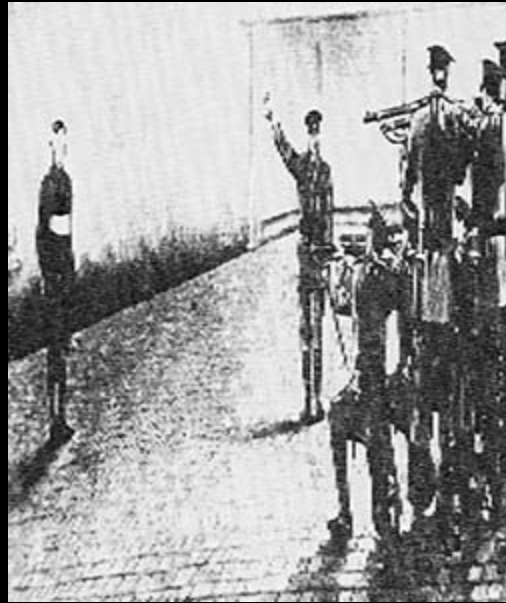
Christy: (*loudly, scandalized*) Do you take me for a slaughter-boy?

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?

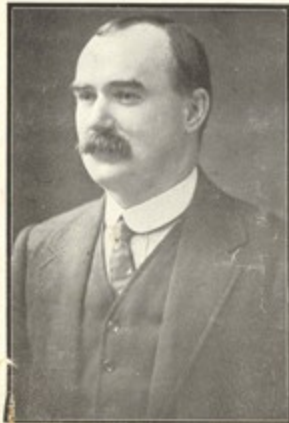
Christy: I did not then. I just riz the loy and let fall the edge of it on the ridge of his skull, and he went down at my feet like an empty sack, and never let a grunt or groan from him at all.







IRISH REBELLION, MAY 1916



JAMES CONNOLLY,
Commander-General, Dublin Division,
Executed May 12th, 1916.
One of the signatories of the "Irish Republic Proclamation."



JOSEPH PLUNKETT (son of General Plunkett),
Commandant-General Irish Republican Army,
Executed May 12th, 1916.
Who was married a few hours before his execution.

IRISH REBELLION, MAY 1916



THOMAS J. CLARKE,
Executed May 3rd, 1916.
One of the signatories of the "Irish Republic Proclamation."



SEAN MAC DIARMADA,
Executed May 16th, 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 3rd, 1916.
One of the signatories of the "Irish Republic Proclamation."



THOMAS MACDONAGH
Commandant of Dublin District, 1916.
Executed May 12th, 1916.
One of the signatories of the "Irish Republic Proclamation."



SARAH CURRAN
Wife of the Rev. John Curran,
Executed May 13th, 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 plashes within it;
The long-legged moor-hens dive,
And hens to moor-cocks call;
Minute by minute they live:
The stone's in the midst of all.

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

No, no, not night but death;
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)

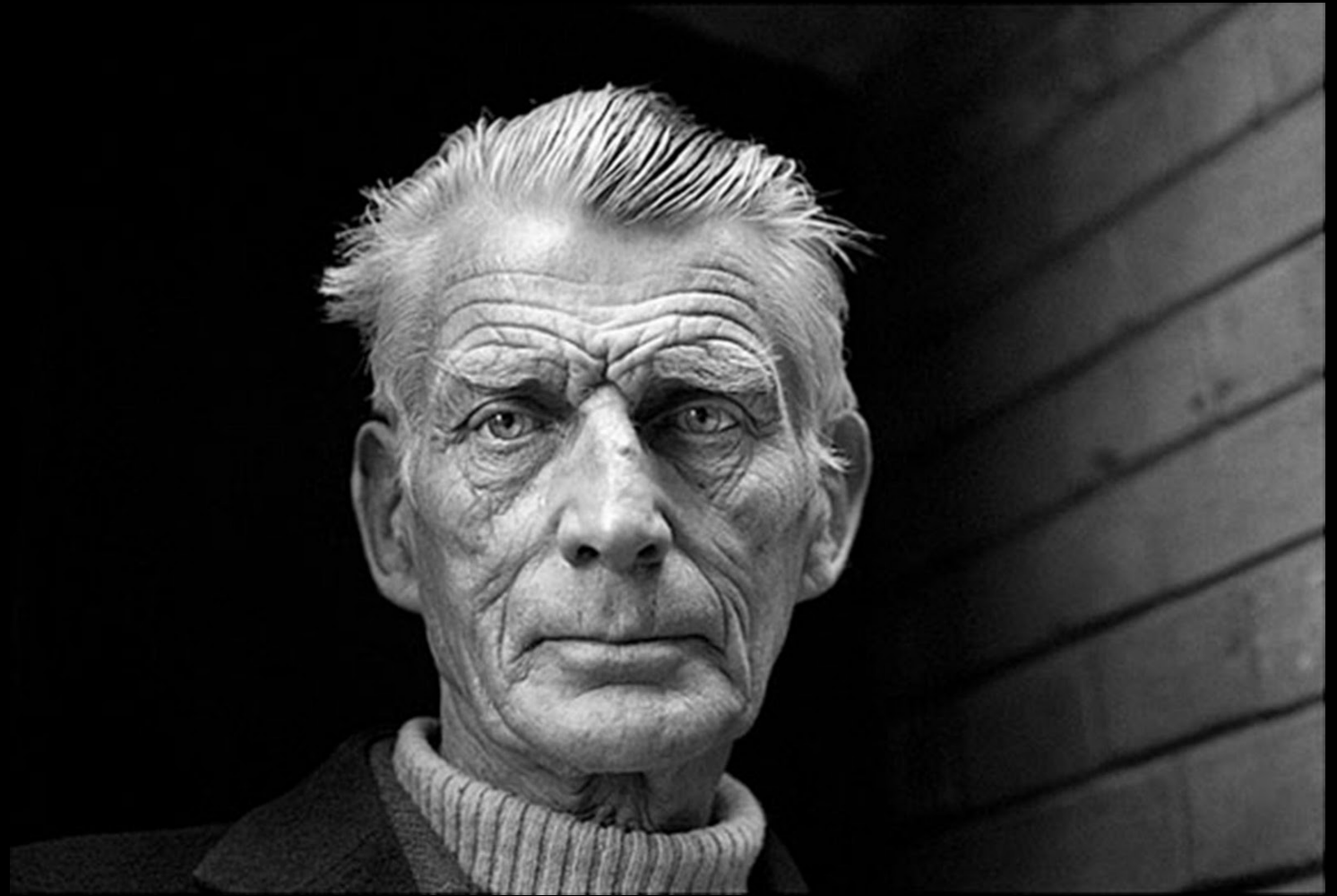
THE NANNYGOAT: *(Bleats)* Megegaggeg! Nannananny!

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: Bbbbblllllbbblblodschbg?







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.

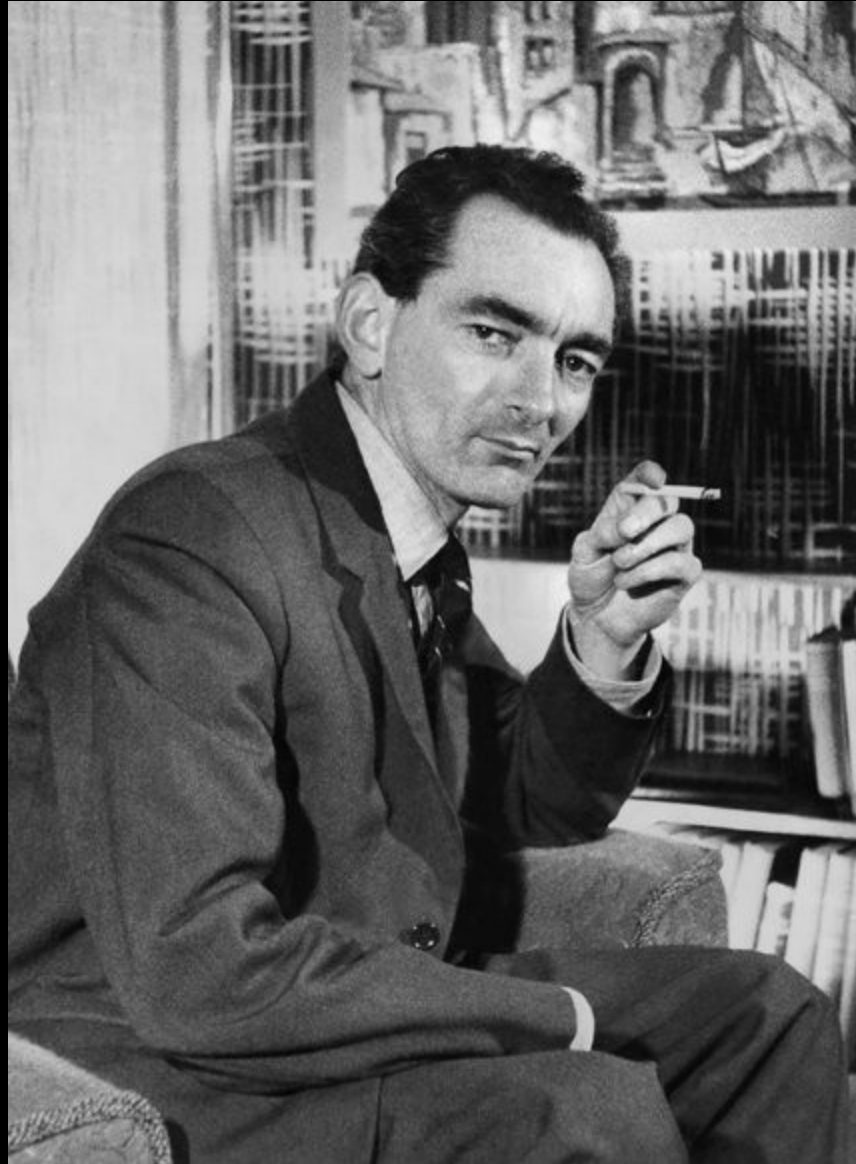
Didi: But am I heavier than you?

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.





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

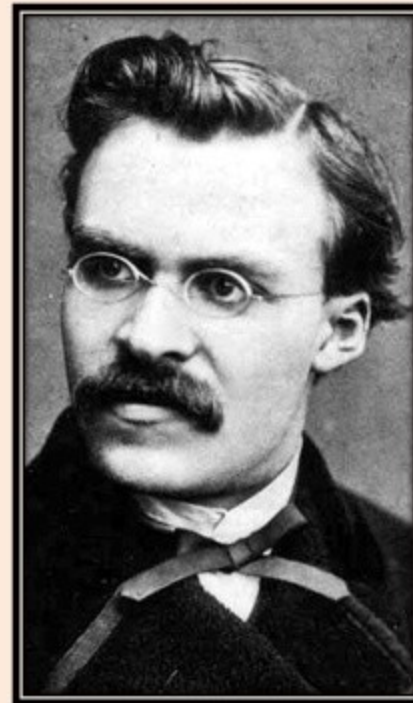
- Modernist literature developed out of a sense that the art forms of the late 19th Century were inadequate to describe the condition on Europe after WWI.
- Modernism is a rejection of Realism
 - Realism: science will save the world, notion of science and social determinism is idealized.
 - Modernism: 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



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)



