

Texas Christian University

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Jane Eyre and Antigone:

The Cost of making a moral decision

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1. Charlotte Brontë's novels are subjective in the sense that they capitalize on her own experience and that is perhaps their importance in the history of the novel. *Jane Eyre* is conceived in a vein of authentic passion. Charlotte is at her best in humble scenes of *Jane Eyre*, and the atmosphere of gloomy foreboding was the very air she breathed in her little corner of Yorkshire. The emotional tension of *Jane Eyre* is so well-managed that the book is still exciting to read—even with its flaws:

- a. pathetic ignorance of the ways of the world,
- b. dialogue between speakers of the higher ranks in society is unconvincing and stilted,
- c. attempts at humor are even sadder.

2. The 19th century saw the flowering of the English novel as an instrument portraying a middle-class society. *Jane Eyre* is an important development in the history of the novel because of the vitality of the teller. What was new about *Jane Eyre* was that everything was seen through the eyes of Jane herself, and she is intensely real.

“The real innovation of Charlotte Brontë is that she writes fiction from the point of view of an individual and not from the point of view of society in general. She projects herself without reserve into her leading characters and allows her inmost feelings, her secret impulses, to color her narrative...”

“Her aim was not simply to provoke sympathy for her heroine but rather to express or realize her. She was like Wordsworth, possessed by her feelings as well as possessing them. .. She did not attempt to get at the sources of behavior but simply to present it. What is vital in her work will not quickly perish because it deals with life in terms which do not generally change.”

3. Presentation of Charlotte's convictions—convictions which are of permanent importance in human life:

- a. the right of the humblest person to affection and self-realization (even women)
- b. honesty and integrity
- c. the right to speak out frankly
- d. the claims of morality and religion

The inner story of the novel, much more important than the melodramatic plot on which it hangs, is the story of Jane's long struggle to attain these values, to become a person who is admired, respected, and cared for, without compromising any of her principles.

Jane learns:

- a. to assert herself (at Gateshead)
- b. to recognize her right to be loved (“)
- c. to be realistic and objective (“)—knows why her aunt doesn't like her but admits she doesn't want to live with poor relatives
- d. about real humility and genuine religious faith from Helen and learns to endure her punishment stoically (Lowood)
- e. to be indignant about women's place in society
- f. to keep her feet on the ground and remind herself of her position when she falls in love with

Rochester

g. to act with courage and discretion (w/Mason)

h. to bear the snubs of her cousins

i. to pity her aunt

j. to forgive

k. not to make Rochester her idol, but to learn to serve God first

l. not to compromise herself when Rochester wants her to go away with him—her soul is her own

m. to recognize at Moor's End that she is fully responsible for what she is and does

n. to handle the money left to her without greed or injustice

o. to resist St John's offer of a life of self-sacrifice, duty, and usefulness; but without love. She recognizes instinctively that marriage without love is prostitution,

The joyful conclusion for Jane—she's earned it. Without violating her integrity or her conscience, Jane's struggle for self-realization and her longing for love and fulfillment are both realized.

"Jane suits me: do I suit her" he asks.

"To the finest fibre of my nature, sir."

The finest fibre" is moral and spiritual as well as emotional. Jane's achievement of it is the meaning of the book.

To Sum Up:

Jane Eyre is an intensely personal book

It's not historical.

It's not satirical.

It doesn't mirror society.

It doesn't really have a social message.

It maps a private world. Private, but not eccentric. You don't have to know the period, be able to discriminate past from present, imaginary from actual, be aware of difficulties, or have to adapt to unfamiliar manners or conventions.

Its timelessness is part of the perennial appeal of the book.

"The urban world with all its complications and trivial motives (every day chatter, newspapers, fashions, business houses, duchesses, footmen and snobs) is gone. Instead, the gale rages under the elemental sky, while indoors, their faces rugged the fierce firelight, austere figures of no clearly defined class or period declare eternal love and hate to one another in phrases of stilted eloquence and staggering candor."

Hard to rank Charlotte with other novelists—too faulty to be ranked with the very greatest writers (Shakespeare, Jane Austen), but can't consider her a minor figure.

Because of her creative inspiration, she will find followers in every age.

A unique, a thrilling, a perennial fascination.

Margaret Smith's introduction to the World's Classics *Jane Eyre* summarizes the formative influence of Charlotte Brontë's reading in the Bible, Bunyan, Shakespeare, Scott, and Wordsworth. Smith expertly identifies the Byronic and Miltonic elements which fuse into the mighty conception of Edward Fairfax Rochester. There is, however, a principal source for *Jane Eyre* which Smith does not mention--a 'fairy story' which, one assumes, was read by or to the Brontë children in their nursery years.

The story of Bluebeard ('Barbe Bleue') was given its authoritative literary form in Charles Perrault *Histoire du temps passé* (1697). Perrault's fables were much reprinted and adapted by the Victorians into children's picture books, burlesque, and pantomime. By the 1840s the story of the bad man who locked his superfluous wives in his attic would have been among the best-known of fables. In the twentieth century the Bluebeard story, with its savagely misogynistic overtones, has fallen into disfavour. ¹ It survives as the source (sometimes unrecognized) for such adult productions as Maeterlinck play, *Ariane et Barbe Bleue* (1901), Béla Bartok *Duke Bluebeard's Castle* (1911), John Fowles *The Collector* (1963), and Margaret Atwood's *Lady Oracle* (1976). ² Among its other distinctions, *Jane Eyre* can claim to be the first adult, nonburlesque treatment of the Bluebeard theme in English literature.

Perrault 'Bluebeard' is the story of a rich, middle-aged gentleman, named for his swarthy chin and saturnine manner, who marries a young woman. They take up residence in his country castle. Mr Bluebeard leaves on a trip, giving his wife the keys to the house with a strict instruction not to go to 'the small room at the end of the long passage on the lower floor'. The wife's curiosity is piqued and she disobeys his instruction. In the little room she finds the butchered corpses of Bluebeard's previous wives. In her shock, she drops the key into a pool of blood. On his return Bluebeard sees the stain on the key and deduces what has happened. She must die too, he declares. She is saved in the nick of time by her brothers, who ride to her rescue. They kill Bluebeard and enrich his young widow with her former husband's possessions.

The echoes of 'Bluebeard' in *Jane Eyre* are obvious. Rochester is a swarthy, middle-aged, rich country gentleman, with a wife locked up in a secret chamber in his house. He wants another wife--like Bluebeard, he is a man of voracious sexual appetite. Bertha is 'saved', after a fashion, by her brother. Ingenuity **can** find numerous other parallels. ³ But what is most striking is Brontë's inversion of the conclusion of the fable. In *Jane Eyre* we are encouraged, in the last chapters, to feel sympathy for Bluebeard--a husband more sinned against than sinning. The locked-up wife is transformed into the villain of the piece. It is as if one were to rewrite *Little Red Riding Hood* so as to generate sympathy for the wolf, or *Jack and the Beanstalk* to generate sympathy for the giant who grinds Englishmen's bones to make his bread.

Not only is sympathy demanded. We are to assume that--after some moral re-education--**Jane will be** blissfully **happy** with a Bluebeard who has wholly mended his ways. It is the more daring since (putting to one side the intent to commit bigamy), Edward Rochester is responsible for Bertha Rochester's death. Although he claims that 'indirect assassination' is not in his nature, this is exactly how he disposes of his superfluous first wife. Why did he not place her in one of the 'non-restraint' institutions which were transforming treatment of the insane in England in the late 1830s? The York Retreat (where Grace Poole and her son previously worked, we gather) and John Conolly's Hanwell Asylum in Middlesex were achieving remarkable results by *not* immuring patients in 'goblin cells' but allowing them a normal social existence within humanely supervised environments. ⁴ Bertha Mason, we learn, has lucid spells which sometimes last for weeks. In squalid, solitary confinement, with only Grace Poole as her wardress, what wonder that she relapses? Why, one may ask, does Rochester not put his wife into professional care? Lest in one of her lucid spells she divulges whose wife she is. What 'care' does he provide for her? An alcoholic crone, a diet of porridge, and a garret. ⁵ And then there is the business of Bertha's actual death, as related by the innkeeper at the Rochester Arms: 'I witnessed, and several more witnessed Mr Rochester ascend through the skylight on to the roof: we heard him call "Bertha!" We saw him approach her; and then, ma'am, she yelled, and gave a spring, and the next minute she lay smashed on the pavement' (p. 451).

It is clear from the form of words ('I witnessed and several more witnessed') that the innkeeper (formerly the Thornfield butler) is parroting verbatim his testimony at the coroner's inquest. As a pensioner of the Rochesters, he doubtless said what was required. There is no clear evidence that Edward went up to the burning roof to save Bertha--it could well be that he said something, inaudible to those below, that drove her to jump. His 'Bertha!' may have been uttered in a threatening tone. At the very least Mr Rochester, if no wife-murderer, might be thought indictable for manslaughter by virtue of persistent neglect. There have been previous warnings that Bertha is a threat to herself, and to others, under the gin-sodden care of Mrs Poole. Who is responsible for the fire at Thornfield--the madwoman, the drunk woman, or the husband who, despite these warnings, did not dismiss the drunk woman and put the madwoman under proper supervision? Is Edward Rochester a man to whom we entrust Jane Eyre with confidence, should she suffer a *crise de nerfs* later in life?

The main grounds for a reversal of the traditional antipathy towards Bluebeard the wife-killer are stated by Rochester himself in his explanations to Jane after their disastrously interrupted wedding. Edward was spoiled as a child. It is only late in life that he has gained moral maturity. His father and elder brother intended he should marry money, and conspired with the Mason family in Jamaica to unite him with Bertha. He was kept in the dark as to the madness rampant in the Mason line. Besotted by lust he married, only to discover that his much older wife was incorrigibly 'intemperate and unchaste' (less unchaste, perhaps, than Edward Rochester during his ten-years' philandering through the ranks of 'English ladies, French comtesses, Italian signoras, and German Grafinnen', p. 328). But before the aggrieved husband can use her vile adulteries as grounds for divorce, Bertha cheats him by falling victim to the Mason curse. Lunatics cannot be held responsible in law for their acts. Edward is chained to Bertha. He brings her to England, where no one knows he is married. Nor shall they know. Servants who are necessarily aware of her existence assume she is 'my bastard half-sister; my cast-off mistress' (p. 305). He is free to range Europe in search of sexual relief from mistresses not yet cast off. Sexual fulfilment eludes him. Only another marriage will answer his needs. Bigamy it must be.

Is Bluebeard-Rochester justified in his attempted act of bigamy? Are there mitigating circumstances, or just a middle-aged roué's glib excuses? In answering the question it is necessary first to determine the date of the action: more particularly, whether Rochester's foiled union with Jane takes place before or after the *English Marriage Act of 1835*. It was this act which clearly stated that marriage with a mad spouse could not be dissolved if the spouse were sufficiently sane at the time of the ceremony to understand the nature of the contract involved. Subsequent lunacy was no grounds for divorce even if compounded with other offences (violence, infidelity, desertion, cruelty). If the marriage in Jane Eyre is construed as taking place after 1835, then Edward is clearly guilty of a serious felony (intent to commit bigamy). It would be the responsibility of the clergyman, Mr Wood, to report Rochester (and Mr Carter, the physician, who criminally conspired with him) to the police. It is one of the small mysteries in Jane Eyre that Rochester seems to suffer no consequences, nor any visits from the authorities, following the 'bigamous' service.

If the marriage ceremony is construed as taking place before the firmer legislation of 1835, then Rochester may have a case for thinking that his earlier marriage is either null, or dissoluble on grounds of Bertha's premarital deceits, her subsequent adulteries, or the fact that the marriage may not have been consummated. He persistently refers to his wife as 'Bertha Mason', not 'Bertha Rochester', which suggests that he does not regard himself as married to the horrible woman. A good lawyer might fudge the issue for his client--not sufficiently to get him off the hook, but sufficiently to suggest that he honestly felt himself justified in making a second marriage.

When, then, is Jane Eyre set? The 1944 Orson Welles film explicitly declares that the central events occur in 1839. But in the novel dates are a minefield. The editor who has looked into them most clearly, Michael Mason, identifies two conflicting pieces of dating evidence. When she came over from France (a few months before Jane's arrival at Thornfield, p. 106), Adela recalls 'a great ship with a chimney that

smoked--how it did smoke!' Steam-driven vessels were plying up and down the eastern coast of Britain as early as 1821. Scott travelled down by one ('the Edinburgh') to the coronation in 1821. Like Adela, he found the vessel exceptionally smoky and he nicknamed it the 'New Reekie'. Cross-channel steam services seem to have started later in the 1820s.

If steam-driven ships are momentarily glimpsed (or smelled) in **Jane Eyre**, steam-engined trains are wholly absent. This is the prelapsarian world of the stage coach. When **Jane** waits for her coach at the George Inn at Millcote she has leisure to examine the furniture. On the wall there are a number of prints: 'including a portrait of George the Third, and another of the Prince of Wales, and a representation of the death of Wolfe.' Clearly this is some point before the mid-1830s, when Millcote (Leeds) would have been served by the railway. But it would **be** interesting to know how faded those prints on the wall are. George III died in 1820; his son ceased to **be** Prince of Wales, and became Prince Regent, in 1811. West's famous picture of the death of Wolfe as engraved by John Boydell was most popular from around 1790 to 1810.

The clearest but most perplexing date-marker occurs late in the narrative when **Jane** is with St John Rivers at Morton School. On 5 November (an anti-Papist holiday) St John brings **Jane** 'a book for evening solace'. It is 'a poem: one of those genuine productions so often vouchsafed to the fortunate public of those days--the golden age of modern literature. Alas! the readers of our era are less favoured . . . while I was eagerly glancing at the bright ages of Marmion (for Marmion it was), St John stooped to examine my drawing' (p. 390).

Scott's long narrative poem *Marmion* was published in late February 1808 as a luxurious *quarto*, costing a guinea and a half. The month doesn't fit, although the year might **be** thought to chime with the earlier 'Prince of Wales' reference. But 1808 makes nonsense of critical elements in the characters' prehistories. It would give **Jane**, for instance, a birth-date of 1777. It would mean that Rochester impregnated Céline with Adela (if he is indeed the little girl's father) around 1799. We would have to picture him, an Englishman, gallivanting round France during the Napoleonic Wars, crossing paths with the Scarlet Pimpernel and Sidney Carton. Those wars would still **be** going on in the background of the main action of **Jane Eyre**.

Sea-going steamers aside, Charlotte Brontë's novel does not 'feel' as if it is taking place in the first decade of the nineteenth century. There are numerous incidental allusions which place it at least a couple of decades later. ⁶What seems most likely is that the 'new publication' of *Marmion* is the 'Magnum Opus' edition of 1834. This cheap edition (which came out with Scott's collected works) was hugely popular, and cost 6 shillings--more appropriate to the frugal pocket of St John Rivers than the *de luxe* version of 1808. It is quite possible that what Brontë is recalling in this little digression is the excitement which the purchase of the same, Magnum Opus, volume excited at Haworth Parsonage when she was 19.

A 'best date' for the main action of **Jane Eyre** would **be** the early to mid-1830s--a year or two before the critical date of 1835, which may **be** seen as foreshadowing but not as yet clearly defining the grounds for, divorce or annulment. This historical setting would not exonerate Rochester's intended bigamy, but in the legally blurred context of pre- 1835 it would not **be** as deliberately felonious an act as it would **be** in the film's 1839.

Rochester is an inscrutable man whom we never know on the inside. If we want to prognosticate whether, in the years of their marriage, he will make **Jane Eyre happy** it is important to extricate his motives for marrying her in the first place--more particularly the series of events that lead to his dropping Blanche Ingram in favour of 'You-poor and obscure, and small and plain as you are'.

When Mr Rochester brings Blanche Ingram and her grand entourage to Thornfield Hall, there is every expectation of an imminent **happy** event. 'I saw he was going to marry her', says **Jane** (p. 195) and so, apparently, does everyone else. Negotiations have been in train for some time. Lawyers have been

consulting. It is common knowledge that the Ingram estate is entailed, which is why they are smiling on a match with an untitled suitor who happens to be very wealthy. It augurs well that Blanche has the physical attributes to which Rochester is addicted. Like her predecessor, Miss Ingram is 'moulded like a Dian'; she has the same 'strapping' beauty and jet-black tresses that captivated Edward in Jamaica fifteen years before.

The visit of the Ingram party calls for unprecedented preparations at the hall, as Jane observes:

I had thought all the rooms at Thornfield beautifully clean and well-arranged: but it appears I was mistaken. Three women were got to help; and such scrubbing, such brushing, such washing of paint and beating of carpets, such taking down and putting up of pictures, such polishing of mirrors and lustres, such lighting of fires in bed-rooms, such airing of sheets and feather-beds on hearths, I never beheld, either before or since. (p. 172)

The pre-nuptial junketing at Thornfield is interrupted by the unannounced arrival of Richard Mason from the West Indies. Rochester is not present to greet him (he is mounting his gypsy fortune-teller charade), but his reaction on being told of the Banquo visitation at his feast is dramatic:

'A stranger!--no: who can it be? I expected no one: is he gone?'

'No: he said he had known you long, and that he could take the liberty of installing himself till you returned.'

'The devil he did! Did he give his name?'

'His name is Mason, sir; and he comes from the West Indies: from Spanish Town, in Jamaica, I think.'

Mr Rochester was standing near me: he had taken my hand, as if to lead me to a chair. As I spoke, he gave my wrist a convulsive grip; the smile on his lips froze: apparently a spasm caught his breath.

'Mason!--the West Indies!' he said, in the tone one might fancy a speaking automaton to enounce its single words. (p. 213)

There follows Mason's disastrous interview with his demented sister, uproar in the house, and a new bond of intimacy between Rochester and Jane. Shortly after Mason has gone (back to Jamaica, as Rochester thinks, see p. 223), Jane is called to the Reeds' house fifty miles away at Gateshead. There she remains a month settling old scores. After her return, Mr Rochester is then himself away for some weeks. During this interval 'nothing was said of the master's marriage, and I saw no preparation going on for such an event'. It seems from a later conversation with Jane that Rochester has suddenly decided to put Miss Ingram to the test, and found her wanting in affection. 'I caused a rumour to reach her that my fortune was not a third of what was supposed, and after that I represented myself to see the result: it was coldness both from her and her mother' (p. 267).

Having found Blanche and her mother lacking in warmth towards him, Edward proposes to Jane. It is no fashionable wedding that he offers. Their union will be private, furtive even. There are no relatives (apart from the distant Mrs Fairfax) on his side, and as Jane puts it (with an allusion to the dragonish Lady Ingram), 'There will be no-one to meddle, sir. I have no kindred to interfere.' There is a month of courtship--long enough for the banns to be discreetly called. Three short months after the world supposed Edward Rochester to be affianced to Miss Ingram, Rochester takes Jane Eyre up the aisle. The difference between the two planned weddings could not be greater. After the ceremony with Jane, the newly weds will leave immediately for London. There is to be no wedding breakfast. The ceremony itself

takes place in a deserted church. There are 'no groomsmen, no bridesmaids, no relatives' (p. 301) present. The assembled congregation is one person--Mrs Fairfax (what Rochester is to do for witnesses is not clear). The proceedings are then interrupted by the two strangers whom Jane has seen lurking around the graveyard: 'Mr Rochester has a wife now living', it is proclaimed. The strangers are, of course, Rochester's badpenny brother-in-law and a London solicitor.

This is the second time that Richard Mason has arrived to foil Rochester's imminent marriage. On both occasions his appearance is out of the blue and uncannily timely. At Thornfield Hall, Rochester evidently thinks his brother-in-law dead, gone mad like the rest of the Masons, or safely ignorant of what is going on 3,000 miles away. Why does Richard turn up at this critical moment in Rochester's life, and what does he say to his brother-in-law about the law that joins them, and the impending 'marriage' with the Hon. Miss Ingram? After seeing him off Rochester clearly thinks that Richard is on his way back to Jamaica. He refers twice to this fact (pp. 223, 227). But Richard Mason, it emerges in the Thornfield church, is not safely in the West Indies. Moreover, during the three intervening months he has had sent him a copy of Edward and Bertha Rochester's marriage certificate.

Who informed Mason of details of the forthcoming nuptials with Jane Eyre? It would have to be some insider in possession of two privileged pieces of knowledge: (1) the date, exact time, and place of the clandestine marriage--something known only to the two principals, the clergyman, and the three servants at Thornfield Hall; (2) that Richard Mason was the brother-in-law of Rochester's still-living wife, Bertha.

As Rochester later discloses, only four people in England are in possession of that second piece of information: himself, Bertha during her lucid periods, Carter the physician, and Grace Poole (p. 326). There is, however, one other who may have penetrated the mystery. Rochester suspects that his distant kinswoman Mrs Fairfax may . . . have suspected something'. Certain of her remarks suggest that this is very likely. Mrs Fairfax, alone of all the Thornfield household, dismisses out of hand the likelihood that her relative will ever marry Blanche Ingram ('I scarcely fancy Mr Rochester would entertain an idea of the sort', p. 168). And Mrs Fairfax is very alarmed when she subsequently learns that Jane is to marry her master and very urgent in her dissuasions (p. 276): It is also relevant that, immediately after the wedding débâcle, Rochester dismisses Mrs Fairfax from his employment at Thornfield (p. 450). Nor is she called back after his blinding, when her presence would seem desirable as his only living relative and former housekeeper.

The most likely construction to put on this series of events is the following. Rochester had every intention of marrying Blanche Ingram, until the unexpected arrival of Richard Mason at Thornfield Hall. Who summoned him? Mrs Fairfax (although Rochester probably thought at the time that it was an unlucky coincidence). We do not know what was said between the two men. But Richard, timid though he is, would hardly give his blessing to bigamy and the threat of exposure would be implied, if not uttered. His hopes with Blanche dashed, Rochester still longed for a wife. Another marriage in high life, such as the Rochester-Ingram affair, would attract huge publicity. That option was now too dangerous. Having packed Richard Mason back to the other side of the globe, Rochester put his mind to a partner whom he might marry without anyone knowing. He wanted nothing to get into newspapers which might subsequently find their way to the West Indies. Up to this point, Rochester must have thought of Jane Eyre as a potential future mistress. Now, with Blanche Ingram out of play, she was to be promoted. Carter was somehow squared. Poole was no problem; neither was Bertha. But, unfortunately for Rochester, Jane wrote to her uncle in Madeira, who fortuitously conveyed the news to Richard Mason (who happened to be in Madeira for his health). We can assume that it was Mrs Fairfax, again, who alerted Mason as to the exact time and place of the wedding (something that Jane did not know, when she wrote). He in turn took legal advice and came back to Thornfield with his legally drawn-up 'impediment'. At this point, his marriage hopes in ruins, Rochester discerned who had betrayed him and sent Mrs Fairfax 'away to her friends at a distance' (p. 450). Being the man he is, he also settled an annuity on her, presumably with the

understanding that she stay out of his presence for ever (she is not mentioned in **Jane**'s ten-years-after epilogue).

Bluntly, Rochester proposed to **Jane** as a *faute de mieux*--the *mieux* being Blanche Ingram. The notion sometimes advanced that the Ingram courtship was a charade designed to 'test' **Jane** is unconvincing. There was no need to test her, and if there were a need something much less elaborate might **be** devised (at the very least, something that might not land Rochester in a breach-of-promise suit). With many of Rochester's amoral acts (his adoption of Adela, for example) there is a kind of careless grandeur. His courtship of **Jane Eyre**, by contrast, has something sneaking about it. Would he have proposed to the governess had Mason not arrived to foil his courtship of the society beauty? Probably not.

Like Samson, Rochester is ultimately humbled by tribulation and physical mutilation. 'A sightless block', he discovers Christianity and for the first time in his adult life has 'begun to pray' (p. 471). But again, **Jane** would seem to **be** a *faute de mieux*. Supposing Edward Rochester had emerged from the blazing ruins of Thornfield with his limbs and organs intact, would it have been **Jane** he cried for at midnight? Possibly, possibly not. Blind and crippled, no *comtesse*, Blanche Ingram, or *signorina* will have him now. Only **Jane** will. Doubtless if, instead of killing Bluebeard, the wife's brothers had merely blinded him and cut off a hand (with the threat that if he did not behave himself they would come back and cut off some more), the old rogue might have become a tolerably good husband. But what if, like Edward Rochester, after ten years of marriage, his sight were to return and--barring the minor blemish of a missing hand (common enough, and even rather glamorous in these post-war years)-- Bluebeard still cut a handsome figure. Could one **be** entirely confident that his wife-killing ways would not return?

The Oxford World's Classics **Jane Eyre** is edited by Margaret Smith .

Twenty-minute time limit.

Choose 2 (TWO) of the following quotations, and write an explanation of the context of the quote—what is happening, who is saying the quote if it's in dialogue, whom the quote refers to, implications for the characters, etc. 100 words min. for EACH response.

1. (Chapter 2) This room was chill, because it seldom had a fire; it was silent, because remote from the nursery and kitchen; solemn, because it was known to be so seldom entered. The house-maid alone came here on Saturdays, to wipe from the mirrors and the furniture a week's quiet dust: and Mrs. Reed herself, at far intervals, visited it to review the contents of a certain secret drawer in the wardrobe, where were stored divers parchments, her jewel-casket, and a miniature of her deceased husband; and in those last words lies the secret of the red-room--the spell which kept it so lonely in spite of its grandeur.

2. (Chapter 3) "Would you like to go to school?"

Again I reflected: I scarcely knew what school was: Bessie sometimes spoke of it as a place where young ladies sat in the stocks, wore backboards, and were expected to be exceedingly genteel and precise: John Reed hated his school, and abused his master; but John Reed's tastes were no rule for mine, and if Bessie's accounts of school-discipline (gathered from the young ladies of a family where she had lived before coming to Gateshead) were somewhat appalling, her details of certain accomplishments attained by these same young ladies were, I thought, equally attractive. She boasted of beautiful paintings of landscapes and flowers by them executed; of songs they could sing and pieces they could play, of purses they could net, of French books they could translate; till my spirit was moved to emulation as I listened. Besides, school would be a complete change: it implied a long journey, an entire separation from Gateshead, an entrance into a new life.

"I should indeed like to go to school," was the audible conclusion of my musings.

3. (Chapter 4) Who could want me?" I asked inwardly, as with both hands I turned the stiff door-handle, which, for a second or two, resisted my efforts. "What should I see besides Aunt Reed in the apartment?--a man or a woman?" The handle turned, the door unclosed, and passing through and curtsying low, I looked up at--a black pillar!--such, at least, appeared to me, at first sight, the straight, narrow, sable-clad shape standing erect on the rug: the grim face at the top was like a carved mask, placed above the shaft by way of capital.

Twenty-minute time limit.

Choose 2 (TWO) of the following quotations, and write an explanation of the context of the quote—what is happening, who is saying the quote if it's in dialogue, whom the quote refers to, implications for the characters, etc. 100 words min. for EACH response.

1. (Chapter 2) "Unjust!--unjust!" said my reason, forced by the agonising stimulus into precocious though transitory power: and Resolve, equally wrought up, instigated some strange expedient to achieve escape from insupportable oppression--as running away, or, if that could not be effected, never eating or drinking more, and letting myself die.

2. (Chapter 3) "No; I should not like to belong to poor people," was my reply.

"Not even if they were kind to you?"

I shook my head: I could not see how poor people had the means of being kind; and then to learn to speak like them, to adopt their manners, to be uneducated, to grow up like one of the poor women I saw sometimes nursing their children or washing their clothes at the cottage doors of the village of Gateshead: no, I was not heroic enough to purchase liberty at the price of caste.

3. (Chapter 4) I stepped across the rug; he placed me square and straight before him. What a face he had, now that it was almost on a level with mine! what a great nose! and what a mouth! and what large prominent teeth!

"No sight so sad as that of a naughty child," he began, "especially a naughty little girl. Do you know where the wicked go after death?"

"They go to hell," was my ready and orthodox answer.

"And what is hell? Can you tell me that?"

"A pit full of fire."

"And should you like to fall into that pit, and to be burning there for ever?"

"No, sir."

"What must you do to avoid it?"

I deliberated a moment; my answer, when it did come, was objectionable: "I must keep in good health, and not die."

Twenty-minute time limit.

Choose 2 (TWO) of the following quotations, and write an explanation of the context of the quote—what is happening, who is saying the quote if it's in dialogue, whom the quote refers to, implications for the characters, etc. 100 words min. for EACH response.

1. (Chapter 5) "You had this morning a breakfast which you could not eat; you must be hungry:--I have ordered that a lunch of bread and cheese shall be served to all."

The teachers looked at her with a sort of surprise.

"It is to be done on my responsibility," she added, in an explanatory tone to them, and immediately afterwards left the room.

The bread and cheese was presently brought in and distributed, to the high delight and refreshment of the whole school. The order was now given "To the garden!" Each put on a coarse straw bonnet, with strings of coloured calico, and a cloak of grey frieze. I was similarly equipped, and, following the stream, I made my way into the open air.

2. (Chapter 6) "Miss Temple is full of goodness; it pains her to be severe to any one, even the worst in the school: she sees my errors, and tells me of them gently; and, if I do anything worthy of praise, she gives me my meed liberally. One strong proof of my wretchedly defective nature is, that even her expostulations, so mild, so rational, have not influence to cure me of my faults; and even her praise, though I value it most highly, cannot stimulate me to continued care and foresight."

3. (Chapter 7) "My dear children," pursued the black marble clergyman, with pathos, "this is a sad, a melancholy occasion; for it becomes my duty to warn you, that this girl, who might be one of God's own lambs, is a little castaway: not a member of the true flock, but evidently an interloper and an alien. You must be on your guard against her; you must shun her example; if necessary, avoid her company, exclude her from your sports, and shut her out from your converse. Teachers, you must watch her: keep your eyes on her movements, weigh well her words, scrutinise her actions, punish her body to save her soul: if, indeed, such salvation be possible, for (my tongue falters while I tell it) this girl, this child, the native of a Christian land, worse than many a little heathen who says its prayers to Brahma and kneels before Juggernaut--this girl is--a liar!"

Twenty-minute time limit.

Choose 2 (TWO) of the following quotations, and write an explanation of the context of the quote—what is happening, who is saying the quote if it's in dialogue, whom the quote refers to, implications for the characters, etc. 100 words min. for EACH response.

1. (Chapter 5) Ravenous, and now very faint, I devoured a spoonful or two of my portion without thinking of its taste; but the first edge of hunger blunted, I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess; burnt porridge is almost as bad as rotten potatoes; famine itself soon sickens over it. The spoons were moved slowly: I saw each girl taste her food and try to swallow it; but in most cases the effort was soon relinquished. Breakfast was over, and none had breakfasted. Thanks being returned for what we had not got, and a second hymn chanted, the refectory was evacuated for the schoolroom. I was one of the last to go out, and in passing the tables, I saw one teacher take a basin of the porridge and taste it; she looked at the others; all their countenances expressed displeasure, and one of them, the stout one, whispered -

"Abominable stuff! How shameful!"

2. (Chapter 6) "Then learn from me, not to judge by appearances: I am, as Miss Scatcherd said, slatternly; I seldom put, and never keep, things, in order; I am careless; I forget rules; I read when I should learn my lessons; I have no method; and sometimes I say, like you, I cannot BEAR to be subjected to systematic arrangements. This is all very provoking to Miss Scatcherd, who is naturally neat, punctual, and particular."

3. (Chapter 7) "This I learned from her benefactress; from the pious and charitable lady who adopted her in her orphan state, reared her as her own daughter, and whose kindness, whose generosity the unhappy girl repaid by an ingratitude so bad, so dreadful, that at last her excellent patroness was obliged to separate her from her own young ones, fearful lest her vicious example should contaminate their purity: she has sent her here to be healed, even as the Jews of old sent their diseased to the troubled pool of Bethesda; and, teachers, superintendent, I beg of you not to allow the waters to stagnate round her."

Asyndeton – a deliberate omission of conjunctions in a series of related clauses; it speeds the pace of the sentence.

Chapter 27 (352) in the paragraph that begins “Well, Jane, being so, it was his resolution...”

“Her relatives encouraged me; competitors piqued me; she allured me; a marriage was achieved before I knew where I was”

Additional example

"Duty, Honor, Country: Those three hallowed words reverently dictate what you ought to be, what you can be, what you will be. They are your rallying points: **to build courage when courage seems to fail; to regain faith when there seems to be little cause for faith; to create hope when hope becomes forlorn.**"

-- General Douglas MacArthur, Thayer Award Acceptance Address

Ellipsis – the deliberate omission of word or words that are readily implied by the context; it creates an elegant or daring economy of words.

Chapter 2 (9) in the paragraph that begins with the sentence.

“This room was chill, because it seldom had a fire; it was silent, because [it was] remote from the nursery and kitchens; [it was] solemn, because it was know to be so seldom entered.”

Additional examples

"The average person thinks he isn't [average]." –Father Larry Lorenzoni

John forgives Mary and Mary [forgives], John.

Parallel structure (parallelism) refers to a grammatical or structural similarity between sentences or parts of a sentence. It involves an arrangement of words, phrases, sentences, and paragraphs so that elements of equal importance are equally developed and similarly phrased.

Chapter 28 (375) in the paragraph that begins “What a still, hot, prefect day!”

“The burden must be carried; the want provided for; the suffering endured; the responsibility fulfilled.”

Additional example

The coach told the players that **they should get a lot of sleep, not eat too much, and do some warm-up exercises before the game.**

Polysyndeton – the deliberate use of many conjunctions for special emphasis – to highlight quantity or mass of detail or create a flowing, continuous sentence pattern.

Chapter 10 (94) in the paragraph that begins “I went to my window, opened it, and looked out.”

“I had had no communication by letter or message with the outer world: school-rules, school-duties, school habits and notions, and voices, and faces, and phrases, and costumes, and preferences, and antipathies: such was what I knew of existence.”

Additional example

"Oh, my piglets, we are the origins of war -- not history's forces, **nor the times, nor justice, nor the lack of it, nor causes, nor religions, nor ideas, nor kinds of government** -- not any other thing. We are the killers."
-- delivered by Katherine Hepburn (from the movie *The Lion in Winter*)

Repetition – a device in which words, sounds, and ideas are used more than once to enhance rhythm and to create emphasis.

Chapter 2 (10) in the paragraph that begins with the sentence

“All John Reed’s violent tyrannies, all his sisters’ proud indifference, all his mother’s aversion, all the servants’ partiality, turned up in my disturbed mind like a dark deposit in a turbid well.”

Anadiplosis – the repetition of the last word of one clause at the beginning of the following clause; it ties the sentence to its surroundings.

Chapter 15 (159) in the paragraph that begins with the sentence.

“He then said that she was the daughter of a French opera-dancer, Celine Varens, towards whom he had once cherished what he called a ‘*grande passion*.’ This passion Celine had professed to return with even superior ardour.”

Additional examples

"They call for you: The general who became a slave; the slave who became a gladiator; the gladiator who defied an Emperor. Striking story."
-- delivered by Joaquin Phoenix (from the movie *Gladiator*)

"Somehow, with the benefit of little formal education, my grandparents recognized the inexorable downward spiral of conduct outside the guardrails: If you lie, you will cheat; if you cheat, you will steal; if you steal, you will kill."

-- USSC Justice Clarence Thomas, 1993 Mercer Law School Address

Anaphora – the repetition of the same word or group of words at the beginning of successive clauses; it helps establish a strong rhythm and produces a powerful emotional effect.

Chapter 4 (30) in the paragraph that begins "I stepped across the rug; ..."

"What a face he had, now that it was almost on a level with mine! What a great nose! And what a mouth! And what large prominent teeth."

Additional examples

"To raise a happy, healthy, and hopeful child, it takes a family; it takes teachers; it takes clergy; it takes business people; it takes community leaders; it takes those who protect our health and safety. It takes all of us."

-- Hillary Clinton, 1996 Democratic National Convention Address

Mad world! Mad kings! Mad composition!

— (William Shakespeare, King John, II, i)

What the hammer? what the chain?

In what furnace was thy brain?

What the anvil? what dread grasp

Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

— (William Blake, from "The Tyger")

Epanalepsis – the repetition at the end of the clause of the word that occurred at the beginning of the clause; it tends to make the sentence or clause in which it occurs stand apart from its surroundings.

Chapter 5 (47) in the paragraph that begins "Ravenous, and now very faint, I devoured ..."

"Breakfast was over, and none had breakfasted."

Additional examples

"Control, control, you must learn control."

-- from the movie *The Empire Strikes Back*

"A minimum wage that is not a livable wage can never be a minimum wage."
-- Ralph Nader

The King is dead. Long live the King!

Epistrophe – the repetition of the same word or group of words at the ends of successive clauses; it sets up a pronounced rhythm and gains a special emphasis both by repeating the word and by putting the word in the final position.

Chapter 17 (196) in the paragraph that begins with the sentence.

"Genius is said to be self-conscious: I cannot tell whether Miss Ingram was a genius, but she was self-conscious – remarkably self-conscious indeed."

Chapter 23 (293) in the paragraph that begins with the sentence.

"Oh, Jane, you torture me! he exclaimed. 'With that searching and yet faithful and generous look, you torture me!'"

Additional examples

"What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny compared to what lies within us."
—Emerson

We are born to sorrow, pass our time in sorrow, end our days in sorrow.

Antimetabole – a sentence strategy in which the arrangement of ideas in the second clause is a reversal of the first; it adds power through its inverse repetition.

Chapter 23 (291) in the paragraph that begins "I tell you I must go!"

"And if God had gifted me with some beauty and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me, as it is now for me to leave you."

Additional examples

"The absence of evidence is not the evidence of absence." -- Carl Sagan

"We do not stop playing because we are old; we grow old because we stop playing." -- George Bernard Shaw

"And so, my fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country."

-- John F. Kennedy, Inaugural Address

Inverted order of a sentence (*inversion*) involves constructing a sentence so the predicate comes before the subject. This is a device in which typical sentence patterns are reversed to create an emphatic or rhythmic effect.

Chapter 4 (27) in the paragraph that begins with the sentence.

“Long did the hours seem while I waited the departure of the company, and listened for the sound of Bessie’s step on the stairs...”

Additional examples

Not only is the standard American aluminum can light in weight and rugged but it is also about the same height and diameter as the traditional drinking tumbler. [beginning with negative, not only]

--William Hostold and John Duncan, "The Aluminum Beverage Can," Scientific American

After the elephants came the clowns.

Beyond the river lay the cliffs.

ONE-PAGER ON *JANE EYRE* SETTING

Directions:

1. Use one sheet of paper (8 ½ x 11”).
2. Carefully place the following on **one** side of the paper:
 - a. name of the setting
 - b. at least 2 significant (and complete) quotations from the novel with chapter and page #'s in parentheses following them
 - c. the prominent season associated with the setting
 - d. the prominent color(s) associated with the setting
 - e. a list of the major characters Jane meets at this place
 - f. an illustration/picture/symbol that reflects something significant about the setting
 - g. a statement of the setting's influence upon Jane Eyre

Ch.	Setting	Main Action
Vol. I		
1	Gateshead	Jane and Beewick's Birds / the attack of John Reed
2	Gateshead	The Red Room
3	Gateshead	Dr. Lloyd's visit
4	Gateshead	Mr. Brocklehurst / Jane's rebellion against Aunt Reed
5	Lowood	Journey & arrival / Jane's first day at Lowood
6	Lowood	The lesson of Helen Burns
7	Lowood	Mr. Brocklehurst / Jane presented to the school for ridicule
8	Lowood	same day / Miss Temple's goodness
9	Lowood	Typhus / Helen Burns dies in Jane's arms
10	Lowood	summary acceleration [8 yrs.] / Jane leaves Lowood
11	Thornfield	Arrival / the battlements & "Grace Poole"
12	Thornfield	The Battlements and Jane's yearning / Rochester comes home
13	Thornfield	1st interview with Rochester / Jane's paintings
14	Thornfield	2nd interview with Rochester / "Do you think me handsome?"
15	Thornfield	3rd interview with Rochester / Céline Varens / The Burning Bed
Vol. II		
1/16	Thornfield	Rochester gone / interview with Grace Poole
2/17	Thornfield	Rochester returns / Blanche Ingram / Jane in love / "Governesses"
3/18	Thornfield	Charades / Richard Mason / Fortune Telling

4/19	Thornfield	Jane & the "Gypsy"
5/20	Thornfield	Richard Mason attacked on the third floor / Jane tends his wounds
6/21	Gateshead	Return for Aunt Reed's death / Jane gains an uncle
7/22	Thornfield	Return to Rochester / Jane insists she must leave his service
8/23	Thornfield	Proposal in the garden / the blasted chestnut
9/24	Thornfield	Post-proposal shopping / Jane rejects Rochester's gifts
10/25	Thornfield	Jane's dreams / Jane's night visitor
11/26	Thornfield	The "wedding" to Rochester / discovery of Bertha Mason
Vol. III		
1/27	Thornfield	Rochester's explanation [his story] / parting & flight
2/28	Moors	Wandering / discovery of the Rivers / "Jane Elliott"
3/29	Moor House	Recovery with the Rivers
4/30	Moor House	Utopia / Death of "Uncle John"
5/31	Morton School	Jane as schoolmistress
6/32	Morton School	Rosamond Oliver & St. John Rivers
7/33	Morton School	Revelation of Jane's past and legacy
8/34	Moor House	Family reunion / St. John's 1st proposal
9/35	Moor House	2nd & 3rd proposals / negotiation / voices
10/36	Thornfield	Return to the ruins / the story of the fire
11/37	Ferndean	Reunion with Rochester
12/38	Ferndean	Epilogue / Time of the narrating

The way we make sense of a text (regardless of critical approach) is through the tracing of repeated images or themes, and whether they change during the course of the text. *Jane Eyre* is no exception to this rule--in fact, Brontë's novel is probably one of the richest tapestries of significant imagery and thematic elements in all British fiction. The following is a partial list of images and themes to be alert to in *Jane Eyre*, but also in the other "*Jane Eyre* novels" you might read.

- birds (and other animal imagery)
- fire and ice
- seasons of the year
- Jane's painting
- education for women
- disguise (themes of identity)
- nature
- indoors vs. outdoors
- freedom vs. captivity
- rooms (and other images of enclosure)
- day/night
- the Moon
- calm/storm
- fathers and mothers (all manifestations of "family" relations)
- illness and death
- economics (wealth vs. begging)
- the "reader" (different manifestations)
- fairy tales and other embedded narratives or narrations
- clothing (and other signs in the semiotics of social standing)
- marriage; the social act and the social role of the wife and husband
- water (especially images of the sea and drowning)
- hair and other indicators of physiognomy-codes of the body
- speech/silence
- master/ "slave"
- "useful and pleasant"/"passionate and rude"
- sanity/insanity
- mirrors
- reality/fantasy
- reality/desire
- dreams
- the female "monster," "angel," "witch," "fairy"
- character doubles
- vision /blindness and other indicators of eyes and especially the act of "gazing"
- plotting
- religion (power of conventional morality as well as images drawn on The Bible)
- woman as property, object, employee/female autonomy
- power/powerlessness
- laughter (female/male; object/subject)
- walking; images and theme of the journey
- the return (other images of repeating and doubling)
- chosen vs. compelled behavior

Graphic : Jane Eyre

Student Name: _____ Period _____ Date _____

CATEGORY	90 - 100	80-89	70-79	60-69
Action	Action makes sense from one panel to another.	Most of the actions make sense from one panel to another.	Some of the action makes sense from one panel to another.	Action does not make sense from one panel to another.
Characters	Characters are believable in all panels.	Characters are believable in most panels.	Characters are adequate in some panels.	Characters are not believable
Setting and landscape	Setting and landscape relate to the action and characters in all panels.	Setting and landscape relate to the action and characters in most panels.	Setting and landscape relate to the action and characters in at least one panel.	Setting and landscape are not well chosen or do not make sense.
Captions	Captions are well written and reflect knowledge of the text of Jane Eyre.	Captions make sense and reflect some knowledge of the text of Jane Eyre.	Captions may or may not always make sense and reflect little knowledge of the text of Jane Eyre.	Captions do not make sense and do not reflect knowledge of the text of Jane Eyre.
Choice of text	Student has chosen a text to illustrate with care and the choice reflects an excellent knowledge of Jane Eyre.	Student has chosen a text to illustrate with some care and the choice reflects an adequate knowledge of Jane Eyre.	Student has chosen a text to illustrate with little care and the choice reflects a less than adequate knowledge of Jane Eyre.	Student has not taken care in selecting the text to illustrate and does not reflect knowledge of Jane Eyre.

There was once a man who had fine houses, both in town and country, a deal of silver and gold plate, embroidered furniture, and coaches gilded all over with gold. But this man was so unlucky as to have a blue beard, which made him so frightfully ugly that all the women and girls ran away from him.

One of his neighbors, a lady of quality, had two daughters who were perfect beauties. He desired of her one of them in marriage, leaving to her choice which of the two she would bestow on him. Neither of them would have him, and they sent him backwards and forwards from one to the other, not being able to bear the thoughts of marrying a man who had a blue beard. Adding to their disgust and aversion was the fact that he already had been married to several wives, and nobody knew what had become of them.

Bluebeard, to engage their affection, took them, with their mother and three or four ladies of their acquaintance, with other young people of the neighborhood, to one of his country houses, where they stayed a whole week.

The time was filled with parties, hunting, fishing, dancing, mirth, and feasting. Nobody went to bed, but all passed the night in rallying and joking with each other. In short, everything succeeded so well that the youngest daughter began to think that the man's beard was not so very blue after all, and that he was a mighty civil gentleman.

As soon as they returned home, the marriage was concluded. About a month afterwards, Bluebeard told his wife that he was obliged to take a country journey for six weeks at least, about affairs of very great consequence. He desired her to divert herself in his absence, to send for her friends and acquaintances, to take them into the country, if she pleased, and to make good cheer wherever she was.

"Here," said he, "are the keys to the two great wardrobes, wherein I have my best furniture. These are to my silver and gold plate, which is not everyday in use. These open my strongboxes, which hold my money, both gold and silver; these my caskets of jewels. And this is the master key to all my apartments. But as for this little one here, it is the key to the closet at the end of the great hall on the ground floor. Open them all; go into each and every one of them, except that little closet, which I forbid you, and forbid it in such a manner that, if you happen to open it, you may expect my just anger and resentment."

She promised to observe, very exactly, whatever he had ordered. Then he, after having embraced her, got into his coach and proceeded on his journey.

Her neighbors and good friends did not wait to be sent for by the newly married lady. They were impatient to see all the rich furniture of her house, and had not dared to come while her husband was there, because of his blue beard, which frightened them. They ran through all the rooms, closets, and wardrobes, which were all so fine and rich that they seemed to surpass one another.

After that, they went up into the two great rooms, which contained the best and richest furniture. They could not sufficiently admire the number and beauty of the tapestry, beds, couches, cabinets, stands, tables, and looking glasses, in which you might see yourself from head to foot; some of them were framed with glass, others with silver, plain and gilded, the finest and most magnificent that they had ever seen.

They ceased not to extol and envy the happiness of their friend, who in the meantime in no way diverted herself in looking upon all these rich things, because of the impatience she had to go and open the closet on the ground floor. She was so much pressed by her curiosity that, without considering that it was very uncivil for her to leave her company, she went down a little back staircase, and with such excessive haste that she nearly fell and broke her neck.

Having come to the closet door, she made a stop for some time, thinking about her husband's orders, and considering what unhappiness might attend her if she was disobedient; but the temptation was so strong that she could not overcome it. She then took the little key, and opened it, trembling. At first she could not see anything plainly, because the windows were shut. After some moments she began to perceive that the floor was all covered over with clotted blood, on which lay the bodies of several dead women, ranged against the walls. (These were all the wives whom Bluebeard had married and murdered, one after another.) She thought she should have died for fear, and the key, which she, pulled out of the lock, fell out of her hand.

After having somewhat recovered her surprise, she picked up the key, locked the door, and went upstairs into her chamber to recover; but she could not, so much was she frightened. Having observed that the key to the closet was stained with blood, she tried two or three times to wipe it off; but the blood would not come out; in vain did she wash it, and even rub it with soap and sand. The blood still remained, for the key was magical and she could never make it quite clean; when the blood was gone off from one side, it came again on the other.

Bluebeard returned from his journey the same evening, saying that he had received letters upon the road, informing him that the affair he went about had concluded to his advantage. His wife did all she could to convince him that she was extremely happy about his speedy return.

The next morning he asked her for the keys, which she gave him, but with such a trembling hand that he easily guessed what had happened.

"What!" said he, "is not the key of my closet among the rest?"

"I must," said she, "have left it upstairs upon the table."

"Fail not," said Bluebeard, "to bring it to me at once."

After several goings backwards and forwards, she was forced to bring him the key. Bluebeard, having very attentively considered it, said to his wife, "Why is there blood on the key?"

"I do not know," cried the poor woman, paler than death.

"You do not know!" replied Bluebeard. "I very well know. You went into the closet, did you not? Very well, madam; you shall go back, and take your place among the ladies you saw there."

Upon this she threw herself at her husband's feet, and begged his pardon with all the signs of a true repentance, vowing that she would never more be disobedient. She would have melted a rock, so beautiful and sorrowful was she; but Bluebeard had a heart harder than any rock!

"You must die, madam," said he, "at once."

"Since I must die," answered she (looking upon him with her eyes all bathed in tears), "give me some little time to say my prayers."

"I give you," replied Bluebeard, "half a quarter of an hour, but not one moment more."

When she was alone she called out to her sister, and said to her, "Sister Anne" (for that was her name), "go up, I beg you, to the top of the tower, and look if my brothers are not coming. They promised me that they would come today, and if you see them, give them a sign to make haste."

Her sister Anne went up to the top of the tower, and the poor afflicted wife cried out from time to time, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?"

And sister Anne said, "I see nothing but a cloud of dust in the sun, and the green grass."

In the meanwhile Bluebeard, holding a great saber in his hand, cried out as loud as he could bawl to his wife, "Come down instantly, or I shall come up to you."

"One moment longer, if you please," said his wife; and then she cried out very softly, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

And sister Anne answered, "I see nothing but a cloud of dust in the sun, and the green grass."

"Come down quickly," cried Bluebeard, "or I will come up to you."

"I am coming," answered his wife; and then she cried, "Anne, sister Anne, do you not see anyone coming?"

"I see," replied sister Anne, "a great cloud of dust approaching us."

"Are they my brothers?"

"Alas, no my dear sister, I see a flock of sheep."

"Will you not come down?" cried Bluebeard.

"One moment longer," said his wife, and then she cried out, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see nobody coming?"

"I see," said she, "two horsemen, but they are still a great way off."

"God be praised," replied the poor wife joyfully. "They are my brothers. I will make them a sign, as well as I can for them to make haste."

Then Bluebeard bawled out so loud that he made the whole house tremble. The distressed wife came down, and threw herself at his feet, all in tears, with her hair about her shoulders.

"This means nothing," said Bluebeard. "You must die!" Then, taking hold of her hair with one hand, and lifting up the sword with the other, he prepared to strike off her head. The poor lady, turning about to him, and looking at him with dying eyes, desired him to afford her one little moment to recollect herself.

"No, no," said he, "commend yourself to God," and was just ready to strike.

At this very instant there was such a loud knocking at the gate that Bluebeard made a sudden stop. The gate was opened, and two horsemen entered. Drawing their swords, they ran directly to Bluebeard. He knew them to be his wife's brothers, one a dragoon, the other a musketeer; so that he ran away immediately to save himself; but the two brothers pursued and overtook him before he could get to the steps of the porch. Then they ran their swords through his body and left him dead. The poor wife was almost as dead as her husband, and had not strength enough to rise and welcome her brothers.

Bluebeard had no heirs, and so his wife became mistress of all his estate. She made use of one part of it to marry her sister Anne to a young gentleman who had loved her a long while; another part to buy captains' commissions for her brothers, and the rest to marry herself to a very worthy gentleman, who made her forget the ill time she had passed with Bluebeard.

The wife of a rich man fell sick, and as she felt that her end was drawing near, she called her only daughter to her bedside and said, "Dear child, be good and pious, and then the good God will always protect you, and I will look down on you from heaven and be near you."

Thereupon she closed her eyes and departed. Every day the maiden went out to her mother's grave, and wept, and she remained pious and good. When winter came the snow spread a white sheet over the grave, and by the time the spring sun had drawn it off again, the man had taken another wife.

The woman had brought with her into the house two daughters, who were beautiful and fair of face, but vile and black of heart. Now began a bad time for the poor step-child. "Is the stupid goose to sit in the parlor with us," they said. "He who wants to eat bread must earn it. Out with the kitchen-wench." They took her pretty clothes away from her, put an old grey bedgown on her, and gave her wooden shoes.

"Just look at the proud princess, how decked out she is," they cried, and laughed, and led her into the kitchen. There she had to do hard work from morning till night, get up before daybreak, carry water, light fires, cook and wash. Besides this, the sisters did her every imaginable injury - they mocked her and emptied her peas and lentils into the ashes, so that she was forced to sit and pick them out again. In the evening when she had worked till she was weary she had no bed to go to, but had to sleep by the hearth in the cinders. And as on that account she always looked dusty and dirty, they called her Cinderella.

It happened that the father was once going to the fair, and he asked his two step-daughters what he should bring back for them.

"Beautiful dresses," said one, "Pearls and jewels," said the second.

"And you, Cinderella," said he, "what will you have?"

"Father break off for me the first branch which knocks against your hat on your way home."

So he bought beautiful dresses, pearls and jewels for his two step-daughters, and on his way home, as he was riding through a green thicket, a hazel twig brushed against him and knocked off his hat. Then he broke off the branch and took it with him. When he reached home he gave his step-daughters the things which they had wished for, and to Cinderella he gave the branch from the hazel-bush. Cinderella thanked him, went to her mother's grave and planted the branch on it, and wept so much that the tears fell down on it and watered it. And it grew and became a handsome tree. Thrice a day Cinderella went and sat beneath it, and wept and prayed, and a little white bird always came on the tree, and if Cinderella expressed a wish, the bird threw down to her what she had wished for.

It happened, however, that the king gave orders for a festival which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful young girls in the country were invited, in order that his son might choose himself a bride. When the two step-sisters heard that they too were to appear among the number, they were delighted, called Cinderella and said, "comb our hair for us, brush our shoes and fasten our buckles, for we are going to the wedding at the king's palace."

Cinderella obeyed, but wept, because she too would have liked to go with them to the dance, and begged her step-mother to allow her to do so.

"You go, Cinderella," said she, "covered in dust and dirt as you are, and would go to the festival. You have no clothes and shoes, and yet would dance." As, however, Cinderella went on asking, the step-mother said at last, "I have emptied a dish of lentils into the ashes for you, if you have picked them out again in two hours, you shall go with us."

The maiden went through the back-door into the garden, and called, "You tame pigeons, you turtle-doves, and all you birds beneath the sky, come and help me to pick

the good into the pot,
the bad into the crop."

Then two white pigeons came in by the kitchen window, and afterwards the turtle-doves, and at last all the birds beneath the sky, came whirring and crowding in, and alighted amongst the ashes. And the pigeons nodded with their heads and began pick, pick, pick, pick, and the rest began also pick, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good grains into the dish. Hardly had one hour passed before they had finished, and all flew out again.

Then the girl took the dish to her step-mother, and was glad, and believed that now she would be allowed to go with them to the festival.

But the step-mother said, "No, Cinderella, you have no clothes and you can not dance. You would only be laughed at." And as Cinderella wept at this, the step-mother said, if you can pick two dishes of lentils out of the ashes for me in one hour, you shall go with us. And she thought to herself, that she most certainly cannot do again.

When the step-mother had emptied the two dishes of lentils amongst the ashes, the maiden went through the back-door into the garden and cried, "You tame pigeons, you turtle-doves, and all you birds beneath the sky, come and help me to pick

the good into the pot,
the bad into the crop."

Then two white pigeons came in by the kitchen-window, and afterwards the turtle-doves, and at length all the birds beneath the sky, came whirring and crowding in, and alighted amongst the ashes. And the doves nodded with their heads and began pick, pick, pick, pick, and the others began also pick, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good seeds into the dishes, and before half an hour was over they had already finished, and all flew out again. Then the maiden was delighted, and believed that she might now go with them to the wedding.

But the step-mother said, "All this will not help. You cannot go with us, for you have no clothes and can not dance. We should be ashamed of you." On this she turned her back on Cinderella, and hurried away with her two proud daughters.

As no one was now at home, Cinderella went to her mother's grave beneath the hazel-tree, and cried,

"Shiver and quiver, little tree,
Silver and gold throw down over me."

Then the bird threw a gold and silver dress down to her, and slippers embroidered with silk and silver. She put on the dress with all speed, and went to the wedding. Her step-sisters and the step-mother however did not know her, and thought she must be a foreign princess, for she looked so beautiful in the golden dress. They never once thought of Cinderella, and believed that she was sitting at home in the dirt, picking lentils out of the ashes. The prince approached her, took her by the hand and danced with her. He would dance with no other maiden, and never let loose of her hand, and if any one else came to invite her, he said, "This is my partner."

She danced till it was evening, and then she wanted to go home. But the king's son said, "I will go with you and bear you company," for he wished to see to whom the beautiful maiden belonged. She escaped from him, however, and sprang into the pigeon-house. The king's son waited until her father came, and then he told him that the unknown maiden had leapt into the pigeon-house. The old man thought, "Can it be Cinderella." And they had to bring him an axe and a pickaxe that he might hew the pigeon-house to pieces, but no one was inside it. And when they got home Cinderella lay in her dirty clothes among the ashes, and a dim little oil-lamp was burning on the mantle-piece, for Cinderella had jumped quickly down from the back of the pigeon-house and had run to the little hazel-tree, and there she had taken off her beautiful clothes and laid them on the grave, and the bird had taken them away again, and then she had seated herself in the kitchen amongst the ashes in her grey gown.

Next day when the festival began afresh, and her parents and the step-sisters had gone once more, Cinderella went to the hazel-tree and said,

"Shiver and quiver, my little tree,
Silver and gold throw down over me."

Then the bird threw down a much more beautiful dress than on the preceding day. And when Cinderella appeared at the wedding in this dress, every one was astonished at her beauty. The king's son had waited until she came, and instantly took her by the hand and danced with no one but her. When others came and invited her, he said, "This is my partner." When evening came she wished to leave, and the king's son followed her and wanted to see into which house she went. But she sprang away from him, and into the garden behind the house. Therein stood a beautiful tall tree on which hung the most magnificent pears. She clambered so nimbly between the branches like a squirrel that the king's son did not know where she was gone. He waited until her father came, and said to him, "The unknown maiden has escaped from me, and I believe she has climbed up the pear-tree." The father thought, "Can it be Cinderella." And had an axe brought and cut the tree down, but no one was on it. And when they got into the kitchen, Cinderella lay there among the ashes, as usual, for she had jumped down on the other side of the tree, had taken the beautiful dress to the bird on the little hazel-tree, and put on her grey gown.

On the third day, when the parents and sisters had gone away, Cinderella went once more to her mother's grave and said to the little tree,

"Shiver and quiver, my little tree,
silver and gold throw down over me."

And now the bird threw down to her a dress which was more splendid and magnificent than any she had yet had, and the slippers were golden. And when she went to the festival in the dress, no one knew how to speak for astonishment. The king's son danced with her only, and if any one invited her to dance, he said this is my partner.

When evening came, Cinderella wished to leave, and the king's son was anxious to go with her, but she escaped from him so quickly that he could not follow her. The king's son, however, had employed a ruse, and had caused the whole staircase to be smeared with pitch, and there, when she ran down, had the maiden's left slipper remained stuck. The king's son picked it up, and it was small and dainty, and all golden.

Next morning, he went with it to the father, and said to him, no one shall be my wife but she whose foot this golden slipper fits. Then were the two sisters glad, for they had pretty feet. The eldest went with the shoe into her room and wanted to try it on, and her mother stood by. But she could not get her big toe into it, and the shoe was too small for her. Then her mother gave her a knife and said, "Cut the toe off, when you are queen you will have no more need to go on foot." The maiden cut the toe off, forced the

foot into the shoe, swallowed the pain, and went out to the king's son. Then he took her on his his horse as his bride and rode away with her. They were obliged, however, to pass the grave, and there, on the hazel-tree, sat the two pigeons and cried,

"Turn and peep, turn and peep,
there's blood within the shoe,
the shoe it is too small for her,
the true bride waits for you."

Then he looked at her foot and saw how the blood was trickling from it. He turned his horse round and took the false bride home again, and said she was not the true one, and that the other sister was to put the shoe on. Then this one went into her chamber and got her toes safely into the shoe, but her heel was too large. So her mother gave her a knife and said, "Cut a bit off your heel, when you are queen you will have no more need to go on foot." The maiden cut a bit off her heel, forced her foot into the shoe, swallowed the pain, and went out to the king's son. He took her on his horse as his bride, and rode away with her, but when they passed by the hazel-tree, the two pigeons sat on it and cried,

"Turn and peep, turn and peep,
there's blood within the shoe,
the shoe it is too small for her,
the true bride waits for you."

He looked down at her foot and saw how the blood was running out of her shoe, and how it had stained her white stocking quite red. Then he turned his horse and took the false bride home again. "This also is not the right one," said he, "have you no other daughter." "No," said the man, "there is still a little stunted kitchen-wench which my late wife left behind her, but she cannot possibly be the bride." The king's son said he was to send her up to him, but the mother answered, oh, no, she is much too dirty, she cannot show herself. But he absolutely insisted on it, and Cinderella had to be called.

She first washed her hands and face clean, and then went and bowed down before the king's son, who gave her the golden shoe. Then she seated herself on a stool, drew her foot out of the heavy wooden shoe, and put it into the slipper, which fitted like a glove. And when she rose up and the king's son looked at her face he recognized the beautiful maiden who had danced with him and cried, "That is the true bride." The step-mother and the two sisters were horrified and became pale with rage, he, however, took Cinderella on his horse and rode away with her. As they passed by the hazel-tree, the two white doves cried,

"Turn and peep, turn and peep,
no blood is in the shoe,
the shoe is not too small for her,
the true bride rides with you."

And when they had cried that, the two came flying down and placed themselves on Cinderella's shoulders, one on the right, the other on the left, and remained sitting there. When the wedding with the king's son was to be celebrated, the two false sisters came and wanted to get into favor with Cinderella and share her good fortune. When the betrothed couple went to church, the elder was at the right side and the younger at the left, and the pigeons pecked out one eye from each of them. Afterwards as they came back the elder was at the left, and the younger at the right, and then the pigeons pecked out the other eye from each. And thus, for their wickedness and falsehood, they were punished with blindness all their days.

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About Me: (at least 100 words)

THE WALL (USE THE BACK OF THE PAPER)

5 total posts, at least 3 of the 5 have to be different characters

Name Post

Robert Frost

Fire and Ice

**Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.**

.....

He sat down: but he did not get leave to speak directly. I had been struggling with tears for some time: I had taken great pains to repress them, because I knew he would not like to see me weep. Now, however, I considered it well to let them flow as freely and as long as they liked. If the flood annoyed him, so much the better. So I gave way and cried heartily.

Soon I heard him earnestly entreating me to be composed. I said I could not while he was in such a passion.

"But I am not angry, Jane: I only love you too well; and you had steeled your little pale face with such a resolute, frozen look, I could not endure it. Hush, now, and wipe your eyes."

His softened voice announced that he was subdued; so I, in my turn, became calm. Now he made an effort to rest his head on my shoulder, but I would not permit it. Then he would draw me to him: no.

"Jane! Jane!" he said, in such an accent of bitter sadness it thrilled along every nerve I had; "you don't love me, then? It was only my station, and the rank of my wife, that you valued? Now that you think me disqualified to become your husband, you recoil from my touch as if I were some toad or ape."

These words cut me: yet what could I do or I say? I ought probably to have done or said nothing; but I was so tortured by a sense of remorse at thus hurting his feelings, I could not control the wish to drop balm where I had wounded.

"I DO love you," I said, "more than ever: but I must not show or indulge the feeling: and this is the last time I must express it."

"The last time, Jane! What! do you think you can live with me, and see me daily, and yet, if you still love me, be always cold and distant?"

"No, sir; that I am certain I could not; and therefore I see there is but one way: but you will be furious if I mention it."

"Oh, mention it! If I storm, you have the art of weeping."

"Mr. Rochester, I must leave you."

"For how long, Jane? For a few minutes, while you smooth your hair--which is somewhat dishevelled; and bathe your face--which looks feverish?"

"I must leave Adele and Thornfield. I must part with you for my whole life: I must begin a new existence among strange faces and strange scenes."

"Of course: I told you you should. I pass over the madness about parting from me. You mean you must become a part of me. As to the new existence, it is all right: you shall yet be my wife: I am not married. You shall be Mrs. Rochester--both virtually and nominally. I shall keep only to you so long as you and I live. You shall go to a place I have in the south of France: a whitewashed villa on the shores of the Mediterranean. There you shall live a happy, and guarded, and most innocent life. Never fear that I wish to lure you into error--to make you my mistress. Why did you shake your head? Jane, you must be reasonable, or in truth I shall again become frantic."

His voice and hand quivered: his large nostrils dilated; his eye blazed: still I dared to speak.

"Sir, your wife is living: that is a fact acknowledged this morning by yourself. If I lived with you as you desire, I should then be your mistress: to say otherwise is sophistical--is false."

"Jane, I am not a gentle-tempered man--you forget that: I am not long-enduring; I am not cool and dispassionate. Out of pity to me and yourself, put your finger on my pulse, feel how it throbs, and--beware!"

He bared his wrist, and offered it to me: the blood was forsaking his cheek and lips, they were growing livid; I was distressed on all hands. To agitate him thus deeply, by a resistance he so abhorred, was cruel: to yield was out of the question. I did what human beings do instinctively when they are driven to utter extremity-- looked for aid to one higher than man: the words "God help me!" burst involuntarily from my lips.

"I am a fool!" cried Mr. Rochester suddenly. "I keep telling her I am not married, and do not explain to her why. I forget she knows nothing of the character of that woman, or of the circumstances attending my infernal union with her. Oh, I am certain Jane will agree with me in opinion, when she knows all that I know! Just put your hand in mine, Janet--that I may have the evidence of touch as well as sight, to prove you are near me--and I will in a few words show you the real state of the case. Can you listen to me

"Yes, sir; for hours if you will."

"I ask only minutes. Jane, did you ever hear or know at I was not the eldest son of my house: that I had once a brother older than I?"

"I remember Mrs. Fairfax told me so once."

"On a frosty winter afternoon, I rode in sight of Thornfield Hall. Abhorred spot! I expected no peace--no pleasure there. On a stile in Hay Lane I saw a quiet little figure sitting by itself. I passed it as negligently as I did the pollard willow opposite to it: I had no presentiment of what it would be to me; no inward warning that the arbitress of my life--my genius for good or evil--waited there in humble guise. I did not know it, even when, on the occasion of Mesrour's accident, it came up and gravely offered me help. Childish and slender creature! It seemed as if a linnet had hopped to my foot and proposed to bear me on its tiny wing. I was surly; but the thing would not go: it stood by me with strange perseverance, and looked and spoke with a sort of authority. I must be aided, and by that hand: and aided I was.

"When once I had pressed the frail shoulder, something new--a fresh sap and sense--stole into my frame. It was well I had learnt that this elf must return to me--that it belonged to my house down below- -or I could not have felt it pass away from under my hand, and seen it vanish behind the dim hedge, without singular regret. I heard you come home that night, Jane, though probably you were not aware that I thought of you or watched for you. The next day I observed you--myself unseen--for half-an-hour, while you played with Adele in the gallery. It was a snowy day, I recollect, and you could not go out of doors. I was in my room; the door was ajar: I could both listen and watch. Adele claimed your outward attention for a while; yet I fancied your thoughts were elsewhere: but you were very patient with her, my little Jane; you talked to her and amused her a long time. When at last she left you, you lapsed at once into deep reverie: you betook yourself slowly to pace the gallery. Now and then, in passing a casement, you glanced out at the thick-falling snow; you listened to the sobbing wind, and again you paced gently on and dreamed. I think those day visions were not dark: there was a pleasurable illumination in your eye occasionally, a soft excitement in your aspect, which told of no bitter, bilious, hypochondriac brooding: your look revealed rather the sweet musings of youth when its spirit follows on willing wings the flight of Hope up and on to an ideal heaven. The voice of Mrs. Fairfax, speaking to a servant in the hall, wakened you: and how curiously you smiled to and at yourself, Janet! There was much sense in your smile: it was

very shrewd, and seemed to make light of your own abstraction. It seemed to say--'My fine visions are all very well, but I must not forget they are absolutely unreal. I have a rosy sky and a green flowery Eden in my brain; but without, I am perfectly aware, lies at my feet a rough tract to travel, and around me gather black tempests to encounter.' You ran downstairs and demanded of Mrs. Fairfax some occupation: the weekly house accounts to make up, or something of that sort, I think it was. I was vexed with you for getting out of my sight.

"Impatiently I waited for evening, when I might summon you to my presence. An unusual--to me--a perfectly new character I suspected was yours: I desired to search it deeper and know it better. You entered the room with a look and air at once shy and independent: you were quaintly dressed--much as you are now. I made you talk: ere long I found you full of strange contrasts. Your garb and manner were restricted by rule; your air was often diffident, and altogether that of one refined by nature, but absolutely unused to society, and a good deal afraid of making herself disadvantageously conspicuous by some solecism or blunder; yet when addressed, you lifted a keen, a daring, and a glowing eye to your interlocutor's face: there was penetration and power in each glance you gave; when plied by close questions, you found ready and round answers. Very soon you seemed to get used to me: I believe you felt the existence of sympathy between you and your grim and cross master, Jane; for it was astonishing to see how quickly a certain pleasant ease tranquillised your manner: snarl as I would, you showed no surprise, fear, annoyance, or displeasure at my moroseness; you watched me, and now and then smiled at me with a simple yet sagacious grace I cannot describe. I was at once content and stimulated with what I saw: I liked what I had seen, and wished to see more. Yet, for a long time, I treated you distantly, and sought your company rarely. I was an intellectual epicure, and wished to prolong the gratification of making this novel and piquant acquaintance: besides, I was for a while troubled with a haunting fear that if I handled the flower freely its bloom would fade--the sweet charm of freshness would leave it. I did not then know that it was no transitory blossom, but rather the radiant resemblance of one, cut in an indestructible gem. Moreover, I wished to see whether you would seek me if I shunned you--but you did not; you kept in the schoolroom as still as your own desk and easel; if by chance I met you, you passed me as soon, and with as little token of recognition, as was consistent with respect. Your habitual expression in those days, Jane, was a thoughtful look; not despondent, for you were not sickly; but not buoyant, for you had little hope, and no actual pleasure. I wondered what you thought of me, or if you ever thought of me, and resolved to find this out.

"I resumed my notice of you. There was something glad in your glance, and genial in your manner, when you conversed: I saw you had a social heart; it was the silent schoolroom--it was the tedium of your life--that made you mournful. I permitted myself the delight of being kind to you; kindness stirred emotion soon: your face became soft in expression, your tones gentle; I liked my name pronounced by your lips in a grateful happy accent. I used to enjoy a chance meeting with you, Jane, at this time: there was a curious hesitation in your manner: you glanced at me with a slight trouble--a hovering doubt: you did not know what my caprice might be-- whether I was going to play the master and be stern, or the friend and be benignant. I was now too fond of you often to simulate the first whim; and, when I stretched my hand out cordially, such bloom and light and bliss rose to your young, wistful features, I had much ado often to avoid straining you then and there to my heart."

"Don't talk any more of those days, sir," I interrupted, furtively dashing away some tears from my eyes; his language was torture to me; for I knew what I must do--and do soon--and all these reminiscences, and these revelations of his feelings only made my work more difficult.

"No, Jane," he returned: "what necessity is there to dwell on the Past, when the Present is so much surer--the Future so much brighter?"

I shuddered to hear the infatuated assertion.

"You see now how the case stands--do you not?" he continued. "After a youth and manhood passed half in unutterable misery and half in dreary solitude, I have for the first time found what I can truly love--I have found you. You are my sympathy--my better self--my good angel. I am bound to you with a strong attachment. I think you good, gifted, lovely: a fervent, a solemn passion is conceived in my heart; it leans to you, draws you to my centre and spring of life, wraps my existence about you, and, kindling in pure, powerful flame, fuses you and me in one.

"It was because I felt and knew this, that I resolved to marry you. To tell me that I had already a wife is empty mockery: you know now that I had but a hideous demon. I was wrong to attempt to deceive you; but I feared a stubbornness that exists in your character. I feared early instilled prejudice: I wanted to have you safe before hazarding confidences. This was cowardly: I should have appealed to your nobleness and magnanimity at first, as I do now--opened to you plainly my life of agony--described to you my hunger and thirst after a higher and worthier existence--shown to you, not my RESOLUTION (that word is weak), but my resistless BENT to love faithfully and well, where I am faithfully and well loved in return. Then I should have asked you to accept my pledge of fidelity and to give me yours. Jane--give it me now."

A pause.

"Why are you silent, Jane?"

I was experiencing an ordeal: a hand of fiery iron grasped my vitals. Terrible moment: full of struggle, blackness, burning! Not a human being that ever lived could wish to be loved better than I was loved; and him who thus loved me I absolutely worshipped: and I must renounce love and idol. One drear word comprised my intolerable duty--"Depart!"

"Jane, you understand what I want of you? Just this promise--'I will be yours, Mr. Rochester.'"

"Mr. Rochester, I will NOT be yours."

Another long silence.

"Jane!" recommenced he, with a gentleness that broke me down with grief, and turned me stone-cold with ominous terror--for this still voice was the pant of a lion rising--"Jane, do you mean to go one way in the world, and to let me go another?"

"I do."

"Jane" (bending towards and embracing me), "do you mean it now?"

"I do."

"And now?" softly kissing my forehead and cheek.

"I do," extricating myself from restraint rapidly and completely.

"Oh, Jane, this is bitter! This--this is wicked. It would not be wicked to love me."

"It would to obey you."

A wild look raised his brows--crossed his features: he rose; but he forebore yet. I laid my hand on the back of a chair for support: I shook, I feared--but I resolved.

"One instant, Jane. Give one glance to my horrible life when you are gone. All happiness will be torn away with you. What then is left? For a wife I have but the maniac upstairs: as well might you refer me to some corpse in yonder churchyard. What shall I do, Jane? Where turn for a companion and for some hope?"

"Do as I do: trust in God and yourself. Believe in heaven. Hope to meet again there."

"Then you will not yield?"

"No."

"Then you condemn me to live wretched and to die accursed?" His voice rose.

"I advise you to live sinless, and I wish you to die tranquil."

"Then you snatch love and innocence from me? You fling me back on lust for a passion--vice for an occupation?"

"Mr. Rochester, I no more assign this fate to you than I grasp at it for myself. We were born to strive and endure--you as well as I: do so. You will forget me before I forget you."

"You make me a liar by such language: you sully my honour. I declared I could not change: you tell me to my face I shall change soon. And what a distortion in your judgment, what a perversity in your ideas, is proved by your conduct! Is it better to drive a fellow-creature to despair than to transgress a mere human law, no man being injured by the breach? for you have neither relatives nor acquaintances whom you need fear to offend by living with me?"

This was true: and while he spoke my very conscience and reason turned traitors against me, and charged me with crime in resisting him. They spoke almost as loud as Feeling: and that clamoured wildly. "Oh, comply!" it said. "Think of his misery; think of his danger--look at his state when left alone; remember his headlong nature; consider the recklessness following on despair--soothe him; save him; love him; tell him you love him and will be his. Who in the world cares for YOU? or who will be injured by what you do?"

Still indomitable was the reply--"I care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself. I will keep the law given by God; sanctioned by man. I will hold to the principles received by me when I was sane, and not mad--as I am now. Laws and principles are not for the times when there is no temptation: they are for such moments as this, when body and soul rise in mutiny against their rigour; stringent are they; inviolate they shall be. If at my individual convenience I might break them, what would be their worth? They have a worth--so I have always believed; and if I cannot believe it now, it is because I am insane--quite insane: with my veins running fire, and my heart beating faster than I can count its throbs. Preconceived opinions, foregone determinations, are all I have at this hour to stand by: there I plant my foot."

I did. Mr. Rochester, reading my countenance, saw I had done so. His fury was wrought to the highest: he must yield to it for a moment, whatever followed; he crossed the floor and seized my arm and grasped my waist. He seemed to devour me with his flaming glance: physically, I felt, at the moment, powerless as stubble exposed to the draught and glow of a furnace: mentally, I still possessed my soul, and with it the certainty of ultimate safety. The soul, fortunately, has an interpreter--often an unconscious, but still a

truthful interpreter--in the eye. My eye rose to his; and while I looked in his fierce face I gave an involuntary sigh; his gripe was painful, and my over-taxed strength almost exhausted.

"Never," said he, as he ground his teeth, "never was anything at once so frail and so indomitable. A mere reed she feels in my hand!" (And he shook me with the force of his hold.) "I could bend her with my finger and thumb: and what good would it do if I bent, if I uptore, if I crushed her? Consider that eye: consider the resolute, wild, free thing looking out of it, defying me, with more than courage--with a stern triumph. Whatever I do with its cage, I cannot get at it--the savage, beautiful creature! If I tear, if I rend the slight prison, my outrage will only let the captive loose. Conqueror I might be of the house; but the inmate would escape to heaven before I could call myself possessor of its clay dwelling- place. And it is you, spirit--with will and energy, and virtue and purity--that I want: not alone your brittle frame. Of yourself you could come with soft flight and nestle against my heart, if you would: seized against your will, you will elude the grasp like an essence--you will vanish ere I inhale your fragrance. Oh! come, Jane, come!"

As he said this, he released me from his clutch, and only looked at me. The look was far worse to resist than the frantic strain: only an idiot, however, would have succumbed now. I had dared and baffled his fury; I must elude his sorrow: I retired to the door.

"You are going, Jane?"

"I am going, sir."

"You are leaving me?"

"Yes."

"You will not come? You will not be my comforter, my rescuer? My deep love, my wild woe, my frantic prayer, are all nothing to you?"

What unutterable pathos was in his voice! How hard it was to reiterate firmly, "I am going."

"Jane!"

"Mr. Rochester!"

"Withdraw, then,--I consent; but remember, you leave me here in anguish. Go up to your own room; think over all I have said, and, Jane, cast a glance on my sufferings--think of me."

He turned away; he threw himself on his face on the sofa. "Oh, Jane! my hope--my love--my life!" broke in anguish from his lips. Then came a deep, strong sob.

I had already gained the door; but, reader, I walked back--walked back as determinedly as I had retreated. I knelt down by him; I turned his face from the cushion to me; I kissed his cheek; I smoothed his hair with my hand.

"God bless you, my dear master!" I said. "God keep you from harm and wrong--direct you, solace you--reward you well for your past kindness to me."

"Little Jane's love would have been my best reward," he answered; "without it, my heart is broken. But Jane will give me her love: yes--nobly, generously."

Up the blood rushed to his face; forth flashed the fire from his eyes; erect he sprang; he held his arms out; but I evaded the embrace, and at once quitted the room.

"Farewell!" was the cry of my heart as I left him. Despair added, "Farewell for ever!"

"Now, Jane, you shall take a walk; and with me."

"I will call Diana and Mary."

"No; I want only one companion this morning, and that must be you. Put on your things; go out by the kitchen-door: take the road towards the head of Marsh Glen: I will join you in a moment."

..."Let us rest here," said St. John, as we reached the first stragglers of a battalion of rocks, guarding a sort of pass, beyond which the beck rushed down a waterfall; and where, still a little farther, the mountain shook off turf and flower, had only heath for raiment and crag for gem--where it exaggerated the wild to the savage, and exchanged the fresh for the frowning--where it guarded the forlorn hope of solitude, and a last refuge for silence.

I took a seat: St. John stood near me. He looked up the pass and down the hollow; his glance wandered away with the stream, and returned to traverse the unclouded heaven which coloured it: he removed his hat, let the breeze stir his hair and kiss his brow. He seemed in communion with the genius of the haunt: with his eye he bade farewell to something.

"And I shall see it again," he said aloud, "in dreams when I sleep by the Ganges: and again in a more remote hour--when another slumber overcomes me--on the shore of a darker stream!"

Strange words of a strange love! An austere patriot's passion for his fatherland! He sat down; for half-an-hour we never spoke; neither he to me nor I to him: that interval past, he recommenced -

"Jane, I go in six weeks; I have taken my berth in an East Indiaman which sails on the 20th of June."

"God will protect you; for you have undertaken His work," I answered.

"Yes," said he, "there is my glory and joy. I am the servant of an infallible Master. I am not going out under human guidance, subject to the defective laws and erring control of my feeble fellow-worms: my king, my lawgiver, my captain, is the All-perfect. It seems strange to me that all round me do not burn to enlist under the same banner,--to join in the same enterprise."

"All have not your powers, and it would be folly for the feeble to wish to march with the strong."

"I do not speak to the feeble, or think of them: I address only such as are worthy of the work, and competent to accomplish it."

"Those are few in number, and difficult to discover."

"You say truly; but when found, it is right to stir them up--to urge and exhort them to the effort--to show them what their gifts are, and why they were given--to speak Heaven's message in their ear,--to offer them, direct from God, a place in the ranks of His chosen."

"If they are really qualified for the task, will not their own hearts be the first to inform them of it?"

I felt as if an awful charm was framing round and gathering over me: I trembled to hear some fatal word spoken which would at once declare and rivet the spell.

"And what does YOUR heart say?" demanded St. John.

"My heart is mute,--my heart is mute," I answered, struck and thrilled.

"Then I must speak for it," continued the deep, relentless voice. "Jane, come with me to India: come as my helpmeet and fellow-labourer."

The glen and sky spun round: the hills heaved! It was as if I had heard a summons from Heaven--as if a visionary messenger, like him of Macedonia, had enounced, "Come over and help us!" But I was no apostle,--I could not behold the herald,--I could not receive his call.

"Oh, St. John!" I cried, "have some mercy!"

I appealed to one who, in the discharge of what he believed his duty, knew neither mercy nor remorse. He continued -

"God and nature intended you for a missionary's wife. It is not personal, but mental endowments they have given you: you are formed for labour, not for love. A missionary's wife you must--shall be. You shall be mine: I claim you--not for my pleasure, but for my Sovereign's service."

"I am not fit for it: I have no vocation," I said.

He had calculated on these first objections: he was not irritated by them. Indeed, as he leaned back against the crag behind him, folded his arms on his chest, and fixed his countenance, I saw he was prepared for a long and trying opposition, and had taken in a stock of patience to last him to its close--resolved, however, that that close should be conquest for him.

"Humility, Jane," said he, "is the groundwork of Christian virtues: you say right that you are not fit for the work. Who is fit for it? Or who, that ever was truly called, believed himself worthy of the summons? I, for instance, am but dust and ashes. With St. Paul, I acknowledge myself the chiefest of sinners; but I do not suffer this sense of my personal vileness to daunt me. I know my Leader: that He is just as well as mighty; and while He has chosen a feeble instrument to perform a great task, He will, from the boundless stores of His providence, supply the inadequacy of the means to the end. Think like me, Jane--trust like me. It is the Rock of Ages I ask you to lean on: do not doubt but it will bear the weight of your human weakness."

"I do not understand a missionary life: I have never studied missionary labours."

"There I, humble as I am, can give you the aid you want: I can set you your task from hour to hour; stand by you always; help you from moment to moment. This I could do in the beginning: soon (for I know your powers) you would be as strong and apt as myself, and would not require my help."

"But my powers--where are they for this undertaking? I do not feel them. Nothing speaks or stirs in me while you talk. I am sensible of no light kindling--no life quickening--no voice counselling or cheering. Oh, I wish I could make you see how much my mind is at this moment like a rayless dungeon, with one shrinking fear fettered in its depths--the fear of being persuaded by you to attempt what I cannot accomplish!"

"I have an answer for you--hear it. I have watched you ever since we first met: I have made you my study for ten months. I have proved you in that time by sundry tests: and what have I seen and elicited? In the village school I found you could perform well, punctually, uprightly, labour uncongenial to your habits and inclinations; I saw you could perform it with capacity and tact: you could win while you controlled. In the calm with which you learnt you had become suddenly rich, I read a mind clear of the vice of Demas:--lucre had no undue power over you. In the resolute readiness with which you cut your wealth into four shares,

keeping but one to yourself, and relinquishing the three others to the claim of abstract justice, I recognised a soul that revelled in the flame and excitement of sacrifice. In the tractability with which, at my wish, you forsook a study in which you were interested, and adopted another because it interested me; in the untiring assiduity with which you have since persevered in it--in the unflagging energy and unshaken temper with which you have met its difficulties--I acknowledge the complement of the qualities I seek. Jane, you are docile, diligent, disinterested, faithful, constant, and courageous; very gentle, and very heroic: cease to mistrust yourself--I can trust you unreservedly. As a conductress of Indian schools, and a helper amongst Indian women, your assistance will be to me invaluable."

My iron shroud contracted round me; persuasion advanced with slow sure step. Shut my eyes as I would, these last words of his succeeded in making the way, which had seemed blocked up, comparatively clear. My work, which had appeared so vague, so hopelessly diffuse, condensed itself as he proceeded, and assumed a definite form under his shaping hand. He waited for an answer. I demanded a quarter of an hour to think, before I again hazarded a reply.

"Very willingly," he rejoined; and rising, he strode a little distance up the pass, threw himself down on a swell of heath, and there lay still.

.....

I looked towards the knoll: there he lay, still as a prostrate column; his face turned to me: his eye beaming watchful and keen. He started to his feet and approached me.

"I am ready to go to India, if I may go free."

"Your answer requires a commentary," he said; "it is not clear."

"You have hitherto been my adopted brother--I, your adopted sister: let us continue as such: you and I had better not marry."

He shook his head. "Adopted fraternity will not do in this case. If you were my real sister it would be different: I should take you, and seek no wife. But as it is, either our union must be consecrated and sealed by marriage, or it cannot exist: practical obstacles oppose themselves to any other plan. Do you not see it, Jane? Consider a moment--your strong sense will guide you."

I did consider; and still my sense, such as it was, directed me only to the fact that we did not love each other as man and wife should: and therefore it inferred we ought not to marry. I said so. "St. John," I returned, "I regard you as a brother--you, me as a sister: so let us continue."

"We cannot--we cannot," he answered, with short, sharp determination: "it would not do. You have said you will go with me to India: remember--you have said that."

"Conditionally."

"Well--well. To the main point--the departure with me from England, the co-operation with me in my future labours--you do not object. You have already as good as put your hand to the plough: you are too consistent to withdraw it. You have but one end to keep in view--how the work you have undertaken can best be done. Simplify your complicated interests, feelings, thoughts, wishes, aims; merge all considerations in one purpose: that of fulfilling with effect-- with power--the mission of your great Master. To do so, you must have a coadjutor: not a brother--that is a loose tie--but a husband. I, too, do

not want a sister: a sister might any day be taken from me. I want a wife: the sole helpmeet I can influence efficiently in life, and retain absolutely till death."

I shuddered as he spoke: I felt his influence in my marrow--his hold on my limbs.

"Seek one elsewhere than in me, St. John: seek one fitted to you."

"One fitted to my purpose, you mean--fitted to my vocation. Again I tell you it is not the insignificant private individual--the mere man, with the man's selfish senses--I wish to mate: it is the missionary."

"And I will give the missionary my energies--it is all he wants--but not myself: that would be only adding the husk and shell to the kernel. For them he has no use: I retain them."

"You cannot--you ought not. Do you think God will be satisfied with half an oblation? Will He accept a mutilated sacrifice? It is the cause of God I advocate: it is under His standard I enlist you. I cannot accept on His behalf a divided allegiance: it must be entire."

"Oh! I will give my heart to God," I said. "YOU do not want it."

I will not swear, reader, that there was not something of repressed sarcasm both in the tone in which I uttered this sentence, and in the feeling that accompanied it. I had silently feared St. John till now, because I had not understood him. He had held me in awe, because he had held me in doubt. How much of him was saint, how much mortal, I could not heretofore tell: but revelations were being made in this conference: the analysis of his nature was proceeding before my eyes. I saw his fallibilities: I comprehended them. I understood that, sitting there where I did, on the bank of heath, and with that handsome form before me, I sat at the feet of a man, caring as I. The veil fell from his hardness and despotism. Having felt in him the presence of these qualities, I felt his imperfection and took courage. I was with an equal--one with whom I might argue--one whom, if I saw good, I might resist.

He was silent after I had uttered the last sentence, and I presently risked an upward glance at his countenance.

His eye, bent on me, expressed at once stern surprise and keen inquiry. "Is she sarcastic, and sarcastic to ME!" it seemed to say. "What does this signify?"

"Do not let us forget that this is a solemn matter," he said ere long; "one of which we may neither think nor talk lightly without sin. I trust, Jane, you are in earnest when you say you will serve your heart to God: it is all I want. Once wrench your heart from man, and fix it on your Maker, the advancement of that Maker's spiritual kingdom on earth will be your chief delight and endeavour; you will be ready to do at once whatever furthers that end. You will see what impetus would be given to your efforts and mine by our physical and mental union in marriage: the only union that gives a character of permanent conformity to the destinies and designs of human beings; and, passing over all minor caprices--all trivial difficulties and delicacies of feeling--all scruple about the degree, kind, strength or tenderness of mere personal inclination-- you will hasten to enter into that union at once."

....."St. John!" I exclaimed, when I had got so far in my meditation.

"Well?" he answered icily.

"I repeat I freely consent to go with you as your fellow-missionary, but not as your wife; I cannot marry you and become part of you."

"A part of me you must become," he answered steadily; "otherwise the whole bargain is void. How can I, a man not yet thirty, take out with me to India a girl of nineteen, unless she be married to me? How can we be for ever together--sometimes in solitudes, sometimes amidst savage tribes--and unwed?"

"Very well," I said shortly; "under the circumstances, quite as well as if I were either your real sister, or a man and a clergyman like yourself."

"It is known that you are not my sister; I cannot introduce you as such: to attempt it would be to fasten injurious suspicions on us both. And for the rest, though you have a man's vigorous brain, you have a woman's heart and--it would not do."

"It would do," I affirmed with some disdain, "perfectly well. I have a woman's heart, but not where you are concerned; for you I have only a comrade's constancy; a fellow-soldier's frankness, fidelity, fraternity, if you like; a neophyte's respect and submission to his hierophant: nothing more--don't fear."

"It is what I want," he said, speaking to himself; "it is just what I want. And there are obstacles in the way: they must be hewn down. Jane, you would not repent marrying me--be certain of that; we MUST be married. I repeat it: there is no other way; and undoubtedly enough of love would follow upon marriage to render the union right even in your eyes."

"I scorn your idea of love," I could not help saying, as I rose up and stood before him, leaning my back against the rock. "I scorn the counterfeit sentiment you offer: yes, St. John, and I scorn you when you offer it."

He looked at me fixedly, compressing his well-cut lips while he did so. Whether he was incensed or surprised, or what, it was not easy to tell: he could command his countenance thoroughly.

"I scarcely expected to hear that expression from you," he said: "I think I have done and uttered nothing to deserve scorn."

I was touched by his gentle tone, and overawed by his high, calm mien.

"Forgive me the words, St. John; but it is your own fault that I have been roused to speak so unguardedly. You have introduced a topic on which our natures are at variance--a topic we should never discuss: the very name of love is an apple of discord between us. If the reality were required, what should we do? How should we feel? My dear cousin, abandon your scheme of marriage--forget it."

"No," said he; "it is a long-cherished scheme, and the only one which can secure my great end: but I shall urge you no further at present. To-morrow, I leave home for Cambridge: I have many friends there to whom I should wish to say farewell. I shall be absent a fortnight--take that space of time to consider my offer: and do not forget that if you reject it, it is not me you deny, but God. Through my means, He opens to you a noble career; as my wife only can you enter upon it. Refuse to be my wife, and you limit yourself for ever to a track of selfish ease and barren obscurity. Tremble lest in that case you should be numbered with those who have denied the faith, and are worse than infidels!"

He had done. Turning from me, he once more

"Looked to river, looked to hill."

But this time his feelings were all pent in his heart: I was not worthy to hear them uttered. As I walked by his side homeward, I read well in his iron silence all he felt towards me: the disappointment of an austere

and despotic nature, which has met resistance where it expected submission--the disapprobation of a cool, inflexible judgment, which has detected in another feelings and views in which it has no power to sympathise: in short, as a man, he would have wished to coerce me into obedience: it was only as a sincere Christian he bore so patiently with my perversity, and allowed so long a space for reflection and repentance.

That night, after he had kissed his sisters, he thought proper to forget even to shake hands with me, but left the room in silence. I--who, though I had no love, had much friendship for him--was hurt by the marked omission: so much hurt that tears started to my eyes.

"I see you and St. John have been quarrelling, Jane," said Diana, "during your walk on the moor. But go after him; he is now lingering in the passage expecting you--he will make it up."

I have not much pride under such circumstances: I would always rather be happy than dignified; and I ran after him--he stood at the foot of the stairs.

"Good-night, St. John," said I.

"Good-night, Jane," he replied calmly.

"Then shake hands," I added.

What a cold, loose touch, he impressed on my fingers! He was deeply displeased by what had occurred that day; cordiality would not warm, nor tears move him. No happy reconciliation was to be had with him--no cheering smile or generous word: but still the Christian was patient and placid; and when I asked him if he forgave me, he answered that he was not in the habit of cherishing the remembrance of vexation; that he had nothing to forgive, not having been offended.

And with that answer he left me. I would much rather he had knocked me down.

What is it like to live in a world without technology? You are about to find out.

You must minimize all technology use for a 24 hour period. You may choose the 24 hour period between now and February 7th. However, your parent/guardian must sign the bottom of this page to help keep you honest. You will have a writing assignment over your experience, so be sure to avoid all technology possible.

Points to remember...

- ⌚ Make a real effort to avoid all technology
- ⌚ If in school, avoid friends' technology, computers etc. (unless absolutely necessary for school work)
- ⌚ Basically, anything available in the year 1900, you may use. This means...
 - No computers
 - No TVs, no radios
 - No cell phones (landlines are ok)
 - No mp3 players, cds, etc.
 - No microwaves (stoves are ok)
 - Yes, you may use electricity (unless you prefer candle light and fireplaces!)

Things to think about during your 24 hours...

- ⚡ Could you live like this for an extended period of time?
- ⚡ How does it feel not to have technology?
- ⚡ Does it change how you think about your life?
- ⚡ How did you change your routine? How difficult is it to avoid technology?
- ⚡ Did other people help you succeed in avoiding things? Did they try to tempt you to use technology?
- ⚡ How do you think other cultures in the world live without so much technology?

Dear Parent/Guardian:

As you can read from above, your student is about to begin a 24 hour assignment. Please do everything you can to help him/her succeed. Please sign below as part of your student's grade.

Bringing this page back signed is worth 10 points of your grade for this assignment.

I, _____, promise that I have not used technology for 24 hours starting on January/February _____ at _____ am/pm and ending on January/February _____ at _____ am/pm.

Student Signature

Parent/Guardian Signature

Technology Avoidance Reflective Essay

Write a reflective essay regarding your time away from technology. Be sure to include details, thought and insight.

✚ Write at least two paragraphs to include the following:

- How did it feel to avoid technology?
- How much did it change your daily routine?
- Did this change anyone else's routine (friends, family, etc.)? How?
- How did avoiding technology make you feel about yourself? Better or worse?
- Was there a point when you "cheated" and plugged in? Explain why and for how long. Did you feel guilty?
- Explain why technology is important enough for us to have everywhere.
- Which elements of technology do you feel are absolutely necessary and which are simply luxuries?
- Does technology help us identify ourselves?

✚ Your next paragraph(s) must discuss your view and commentary on the following quote.

"The cost, he says, outweighs the convenience. Kids are writing more than ever online or in text messages, but it's not the kind of narrative skill needed as adults, he says. 'Those forms groove bad habits, so when it comes time to produce an academic paper ... or when they enter the workplace, their capacity breaks down.'

Social networking sites can give young users 'the sense of them being the center of the universe,' Bauerlein says.

That gives them a distorted understanding of how the world works, he says. 'If you go into a room of strangers, you don't know how to relate. You can't replicate your IM habits,' he says. 'It closes people off from a wider engagement with the world.'

- Excerpt from USA Today article by Erin Thompson on Mark Bauerlein's book, *The Dumbest Generation: How the Digital Age Stupefies Young Americans and Jeopardizes Our Future*

✚ Your last paragraph(s) must discuss other cultures that live without technology.

- What cultures do you know of that do not have technology?
- How would you cope if you had to relocate to one of these locations for six months?
- Do you believe it is the responsibility of developed countries to try and aid these cultures in gaining technology?
- Do you think the introduction of technology into these cultures would be better or worse for the people? Explain.

REFLECTIVE ESSAY RUBRIC:

EXCELLENT (100-90):

- ✓ *Paragraphs are completed with all requirements met*
- ✓ *Discussion is insightful, convincing and fully developed*
- ✓ *All ideas are well elaborated*
- ✓ *Error free writing*

PROFICIENT (89-80):

- ✓ *Paragraphs are completed with all requirements met*
- ✓ *Discussion is convincing and developed*
- ✓ *Most ideas are well elaborated*
- ✓ *Some grammar/spelling errors*

ADEQUATE (79-70):

- ✓ *Paragraphs are written with most requirements met*
- ✓ *Discussion is limited or repetitious*
- ✓ *Some ideas are elaborated*
- ✓ *Frequent grammar/spelling errors*

NOT ADEQUATE (50-69)

- ✓ *Paragraphs meet few requirements*
- ✓ *Discussion is repetitious and/or incomplete*
- ✓ *Few ideas are present*
- ✓ *Frequent grammar/spelling errors*

Directions: In the following three excerpts, determine *who* is the speaker and *what* is the occasion? How do you know? Give examples from the text that helped you determine the speaker and occasion.

Dear Father. The thirty thousand pounds have been paid to me without question or condition. No provision made for her (that must be seen to). I have a modest competence now. I will never be a disgrace to you or to my dear brother the son you love. No begging letters, no mean requests. None of the furtive shabby manoeuvres of a younger son. I have sold my soul or you have sold it, and after all is it such a bad bargain? The girl is thought to be beautiful, she is beautiful. And yet...

Dear Father, we have arrived from Jamaica after an uncomfortable few days. This little estate in the Windward Islands is part of the family property and Antoinette is much attached to it. She wished to get here as soon as possible. All is well and has gone according to your plans and wishes. I dealt of course with Richard Mason. His father died soon after I left for the West Indies as you probably know. He is a good fellow, hospitable and friendly; he seemed to become attached to me and trusted me completely. This place is very beautiful but my illness has left me too exhausted to appreciate it fully. I will write again in a few days' time.

I reread this letter and added a postscript:

I feel that I have left you too long without news for the bare announcement of my approaching marriage was hardly news. I was down with fever for two weeks after I got to Spanish Town. Nothing serious but I felt wretched enough. I stayed with the Frasers, friends of the Masons. Mr Fraser is an Englishman, a retired magistrate, and he insisted on telling me at length about some of his cases. It was difficult to think or write coherently. In this cool and remote place it is called Granbois (the High Woods I suppose) I feel better already and my next letter will be longer and more explicit.

Additional Directions: In this selection the speaker states “Names matter...”. Do you agree with the speaker? Why or why not? Why does the speaker say she “saw Antoinette drifting out of the window”? The speaker uses the word “cardboard” three times in this selection. Why?

There is one window high up – you cannot see out of it. My bed had doors but they have been taken away. There is not much else in the room. Her bed, a black Press, the table in the middle and two black chairs carved with fruit and flowers. They have high backs and no arms. The dressing-room is very small, the room next to this one is hung with tapestry. Looking at the tapestry one day I recognized my mother dressed in an evening gown but with bare feet. She looked away from me, over my head just as she used to do. I wouldn't tell Grace this. Her name oughtn't to be Grace. Names matter, like when he wouldn't call me Antoinette, and I saw Antoinette drifting out of the window with her scents, her pretty clothes and her looking-glass.

There is no looking-glass here and I don't know what I am like now. I remember watching myself brush my hair and how my eyes looked back at me. The girl I saw was myself yet not quite myself. Long ago when I was a child and very lonely I tried to kiss her. But the glass was between us – hard, cold and misted over with my breath. Now they have taken everything away. What am I doing in this place and who am I?

The door of the tapestry room is kept locked. It leads, I know, into a passage. That is where Grace stands and talks to another woman whom I have never seen. Her name is Leah. I listen but I cannot understand what they say.

So there is still the sound of whisperings that I have heard all my life, but these are different voices.

When night comes, and she has had several drinks and sleeps, it is easy to take the keys. I know now where she keeps them. Then I open the door and walk into their world. It is, as I always knew, made of cardboard. I have seen it before somewhere, this cardboard world where everything is coloured brown or dark red or yellow that has no light in it. As I walk along the passages I wish I could see what is behind the cardboard. They tell me I am in England but I don't believe them. We lost our way to England.

Additional Directions: Why does this selection seem familiar to you? Where have you seen this scene before? How is this selection different from the previous selection?

One morning when I woke I ached all over. Not the cold, another sort of ache. I saw that my wrists were red and swollen. Grace said, 'I suppose you're going to tell me that you don't remember anything about last night.'

'When was last night? I said.

'Yesterday.'

'I don't remember yesterday.'

'Last night a gentleman came to see you,' she said.

'Which of them was that?'

Because I knew that there were strange people in the house. When I took the keys and went into the passage I heard them laughing and talking in the distance, like birds, and there were lights on the floor beneath.

...

She said, 'It's my belief that you remember much more than you pretend to remember. Why did you behave like that when I had promised you would be quiet and sensible? I'll never try and do you a good turn again. Your brother came to see you.'

'I have no brother.'

'He said he was your brother.'

A long long way my mind reached back.

'Was his name Richard?'

'He didn't tell me what his name was.'

'I know him,' I said, and jumped out of bed. 'It's all here, it's all here, but I hid it from your beastly eyes as I hide everything. But where is it? Where did I hide it? The sole of my shoes? Underneath the mattress? On top of the press? In the pocket of my red dress? Where, where is this letter? It was short because I remembered that Richard did not like long letters. Dear Richard please take me away from this place where I am dying because it is so cold and dark.'

...

Grace Poole said, '...I didn't hear all he said except "I cannot interfere legally between yourself and your husband"'. It was when he said

"legally" that you flew at him and when he twisted the knife out of your hand you bit him. Do you mean to say that you don't remember any of this?'

I remember now that he did not recognize me. I saw him look at me and his eyes went first to one corner and then to another, not finding what they expected. He looked at me and spoke to me as though I were a stranger. What do you do when something happens to you like that? Why are you laughing at me?

Abandoned Farmhouse

Ted Kooser

He was a big man, says the size of his shoes
on a pile of broken dishes by the house;
a tall man too, says the length of the bed
in an upstairs room; and a good, God-fearing man,
says the Bible with a broken back
on the floor below the window, dusty with sun;
but not a man for farming, say the fields
cluttered with boulders and the leaky barn.

A woman lived with him, says the bedroom wall
papered with lilacs and the kitchen shelves
covered with oilcloth, and they had a child,
says the sandbox made from a tractor tire.
Money was scarce, say the jars of plum preserves
and canned tomatoes sealed in the cellar hole.
And the winters cold, say the rags in the window
frames.

It was lonely here, says the narrow country road.
Something went wrong, says the empty house
in the weed-choked yard. Stones in the fields
say he was not a farmer; the still-sealed jars
in the cellar say she left in a nervous haste.
And the child? Its toys are strewn in the yard
like branches after a storm - a rubber cow,
a rusty tractor with a broken plow,
a doll in overalls. Something went wrong, they say.

Thought: Note agreement of subject and verb. As you put your model together, pay especially close attention to the plural or singular noun(s) used. It may be especially tricky when the verb is listed first. Also, remember the use of "and" or "or" when joining nouns together; they can cause subject/verb problems.

Thought: Note the specific description ("the jars of plum preserves"). Try to be as specific as possible. Think about the reader attempting to paint exactly what you have described. Make each word be exactly the one you want to use.

Thought: Use stanzas that point out separate things - parents, siblings, rooms in your house, the house you live in, the property the house is on, the neighborhood your house is part of, the community you live in. Try to center in on just one idea, well-developed, in each stanza. Pay attention to the punctuation of Kooser's poem.

Greek Theatre Terms

Define these terms as you view the presentation on Greek Theatre. As we read *Oedipus the King*, *Oedipus at Colonus*, and *Antigone*, locate examples of the terms. Describe how knowing these terms facilitates or changes your understanding of the play.

Orchestra:

Theatron:

Skene:

Parodos:

Greek Tragedy:

Prologue:

Parodos:

Episode:

Stasimon:

Ode:

Exodos:

Chorus:

Anagnorisis:

Catharsis:

Dramatic Irony:

Fate:

Hamartia:

Hubris:

Peripetia:

How does ancient Greek theater differ from modern theater?

1. Who are Antigone and Ismene? Who are Polynices and Eteocles?
2. What are Antigone's first words, and what do these words suggest about her commitment to family?
3. Why does Ismene say that she has been robbed of two brothers by "a double blow"? How did her brothers die?
4. What degree has been issued by Creon about the burial of the two brothers? Why is Polynices being treated differently than Eteocles?
5. What is the penalty for breaking the decree set forth by Creon?
6. What does Antigone wish to do for Polynices? Describe the conflict being established between Antigone and Creon.
7. Describe Ismene's character. What advice does she give Antigone?
8. Antigone makes what is, in essence, a religious argument to her sister. What is her argument? Quote the text to support answer.
9. Describe Antigone's character. How are we to view Antigone and Ismene as opposite characters? What kind of language does Ismene use to describe her sister?

Enter chorus:

10. Summarize the tone and content of the chorus's first song.

Enter Creon:

11. How, according to Creon, do you "measure... a man's quality . . ."?
12. How is Creon's speech, especially lines such as "the man who puts the interests of his friends, /, Or his relations, before his country/There is nothing good can be said of him." meant to be contrasted with Antigone's earlier speeches to her sister?
13. Analyze this statement, "The State, the Fatherland, is everything/To us, the ship we all sail in. If she sinks, we all drown...."
 - a. Discuss the sailing metaphor and its implications. How does the metaphor describe Creon's view of his leadership position? See also Creon's first words.
14. What command does Creon give to the city's elders? What does this command say about his leadership style?

Enter Sentry (a guard)

15. According to the Sentry, how has the body of Polynices been treated or "buried"?

16. What question does the chorus leader ask Creon about this “burial”?
17. Why does Creon believe the Gods could not be responsible for this “burial”? What is Creon’s theory about what happened to the body?
18. Why is the Sentry thrilled to have Antigone arrested? What event does the Sentry describe?
19. What argument does Antigone make to Creon about the “the language of eternity, /Are not written down, and never change.”
20. The chorus leader describes Antigone as “Stubborn” and “won’t give way. Do these words appear to be positive or negative qualities within the play’s thematic? Explain.
21. Who does Creon accuse and condemn along with Antigone? Is this decision valid? What kind of leader is Creon?
22. After Antigone remarks that “No, I was born with love enough/To share: no hate for anyone.” a remark which seems to represent her character generally, Creon asserts, “Share it with the dead. ... Law is law/And will remain so while I am alive --/And no woman will get the better of me...” Why is it especially significant that Antigone is a woman? How would the Greeks have understood the dynamic between Antigone and Creon?
23. What is ironic about the fact that Creon calls Ismene a “Snake! Slithering silently/About my house”.
24. Why does Antigone tell Ismene that “I am well suited/To pay honour to the dead, and die for it”
25. New information enters the scene... To whom is Antigone scheduled to marry? What is Creon’s view of woman?
26. What is the main idea of the chorus’s song which begins, “They can call themselves lucky, the fortunate few/Who live their lives through/Never drinking from the bitter cup of pain.”
27. How does Creon begin the conversation his son?
28. During his speech to his son, Creon says, “A man who rules wisely/Within his own family, is more likely/To make sensible judgments in political matters/In his direction of the State.” How might this statement foreshadow disaster?
29. Observe Creon language and his emphasis on “discipline” and his fear of “Anarchy.” Haemon, on the other hand, explains that he can “hear what people whisper”. What argument is Haemon making to Creon about being overly single-minded?

30. What arguments does Haemon use to try to persuade his father to change his mind?
31. What does Haemon threaten to do if Antigone dies? How does Creon respond to this threat?
32. Creon feels that Antigone will probably plead “family ties” to avoid being punished for breaking the law. Explain how Creon has completely misread Antigone’s character.
33. What metaphors does Haemon use to argue that Creon should be flexible?
34. Later, Creon uses a similar argument against Antigone. At this point in the play, do you think that both Antigone and Creon should be more yielding, or do you believe that there are some principles that a person cannot compromise? Explain your opinions.
35. Why do you think Creon refuses to change his mind? Does he believe what he is doing what is best for Thebes, or is he afraid to appear weak?
36. How do Creon’s attitudes toward women seem to influence his decision about Antigone?
37. How does Creon change his mind about Antigone’s punishment? Why do you think he does so?
38. Do you agree that the method he proposes absolves the State of her death? Why or why not?
39. Earlier, Creon accuses the Sentry of having sold out for money. Later, what does he accuse Haemon of having sold out to?
40. Do you agree with the Chorus that Haemon’s motive in defending Antigone is love? Or is Haemon motivated by something else? Explain.
41. “The State is the statesman who rules it, it reflects/His judgment, it belongs to him” declares Creon. “Go,” replies Haemon, “and rule in the desert then There’s nobody there/To argue with you! What a king you’ll be there.” What do you think Haemon means? Do you agree with him? Why or why not?
42. At this point in the play, how do you respond to Haemon’s threat? Do you take it seriously, or do you think he is just trying to pressure his father into changing his mind? Explain.
43. Whose fate does Antigone compare to her own?

44. What does Antigone look forward to in death?
45. What curse does Antigone place on Creon?
46. Antigone rebukes the Chorus for laughing at her and questions “Am I a figure of fun/To be treated like a child, insulted and humiliated/As I leave you forever?” Is she right about the Chorus? Why or why not?
47. What does Antigone mean when she says that her father’s “Marriage to the woman of Argos finished my brother/ And finished me too. One death breeds another.”
48. How does the Chorus argue against her?
49. Do you agree with the Chorus’ opinion that Antigone is responsible for her own death? Why or why not?
50. What are your feelings about Antigone in this scene? Does she seem to have changed in any way since the beginning of the play? If so, do you find her more sympathetic as a character or less? Explain.
51. The Chorus alludes to three Greek myths. What fate does Antigone share with Danae, Lycurgos, and sons of Phineus? Would you say the purpose of this ode is to glorify Antigone’s fate or to condemn her pride? Explain.
52. What mistakes does Teiresias say Creon has made? What does he advise Creon to do?
53. What does Creon accuse Teiresias of? After the accusation, what fate does Teiresias prophesy for Creon?
54. Why is it ironic that the prophet Teiresias is blind? What added meaning does this irony give to his prophecy?
55. Why do you think Creon finally changes his mind about freeing Antigone and burying Polynices?
56. Find two passages in this scene that comment on pride.
57. How would you define pride? In your opinion, has Creon been guilty of pride, or has he been acting according to the dictates of his conscience? Explain.
58. The Chorus appeals to the gods after Creon has changed his mind but before the plot is resolved. At this point in the play, why is it appropriate for the Chorus to call on

the god Dionysus (Bacchus) to come? What is the Chorus asking the god to heal?

59, The violent resolution of the plot takes place offstage. Briefly summarize the news the Messenger brings and the reaction of the characters who hear this news.

60. In the Messenger's speech, and notice that Creon goes to bury Polynices before he rushes to free Antigone. What do you think of his decision? Might he have prevented the tragedy if he had freed Antigone first?

61, At the end of the play, Eurydice blames Creon for the tragic turn of events, and Creon accepts her curse, saying, "All the guilt is mine". Do you agree that Creon is completely responsible for the play's tragic ending? Or do you think the blame should be shared-- or even that Creon was merely an innocent instrument of the god's revenge on the House of Oedipus? Explain.

The Play as a Whole

1. Describe the major conflict in *Antigone*. Is it a conflict between absolute good and absolute evil, or a more subtle conflict between two opposing goods? What seems to be Sophocles' stand on this conflict? Do you agree with him? Explain.
2. Do you think that Antigone is a completely admirable character, or is she just as proud, unyielding, and foolish as Creon? In your opinion, is Antigone an innocent martyr, or do the gods punish her for her pride, just as they punish Creon for his? Explain your opinion.
3. Did your feelings about Creon change during the course of the play? Did you pity him in the *Exodos*, or did you feel that he got what he deserved? Explain your response.
4. What is the role of the Chorus and Chorus in *Antigone*? To what extent do they influence the action of the play, and to what extent do they simply comment upon it or serve as a barometer of public opinion?
5. Find at least three passages in the play that seem to summarize the theme of *Antigone*. How would you state this theme in your own words?
6. How does the level of violence in *Antigone* contrast with what we are used to seeing today in movies and on television?

ANTIGONE: The same blood
Flows in both our Veins, doesn't it, my sister,
The blood of Oedipus. And suffering,
Which was his destiny, is our punishment too,
The sentence passed on all his children.
Physical pain, contempt, insults,
Every kind of dishonour: we've seen them all,
And endured them all, the two of us.

But there's more to come. Now, today...
Have you heard it, this new proclamation,
Which the king has made to the whole city?
Have you heard how those nearest to us
Are to be treated, with the contempt
We reserve for traitors? People we love!

ISMENE: No one has told me anything, Antigone,
I have heard nothing, neither good nor bad
About anyone we love...

ANTIGONE: I thought you hadn't. That's why I asked you
To meet me here, where I can tell you everything
Without any risk of being overheard.

ISMENE: What is it then? More terrible news?
Something black and frightening, I can see that.

ANTIGONE: Well, what do you think, Ismene? Perhaps
You can guess. We have two brothers,
Both of them dead. And Creon has decreed
That a decent burial shall be given to one,
But not to the other. Eteocles, apparently,
Has already been buried, with full military honours,
And all the formalities due to the dead
Meticulously observed. So that his rest
In the underworld among the heroes is assured.

But Polynices, who died in agony
Just as certainly as his brother did,
Is not to be buried at all. The decree
Makes that quite plain. He is to be left
Lying where he fell, with no tears,
And no ceremonies of mourning, to stink
In the open: till the kites and vultures
Catch the scent, and tear him to pieces
And pick him to the bone. Left unburied
There is no rest for him in the underworld,
No more than here. What a great king
Our Creon is, eh Sister? . . . The punishment
For anyone who disobeys the order
Is public stoning to death. So that's the news,
And you know it now. The time has come
For you too to stand up and be counted
With me: and to show whether you are worthy
Of the honour of being Oedipus' daughter.

ISMENE: Wait a minute Antigone, don't be so headstrong!
If all this is as you say it is,

What can I do, one way or the other?

ANTIGONE: Just say you will help me. Commit yourself.

ISMENE: To do what? Something dangerous?
ANTIGONE: Just to give me a hand to lift the body.
It's too heavy for me to move on my own.
ISMENE: To bury him you mean? In spite of the decree?
ANTIGONE: He is my brother. And like it or not
He's yours too. I won't betray him
Now that he's dead. No one will ever
Throw that in my face.
ISMENE: You must be mad!
Creon has publicly forbidden it.
ANTIGONE: He can't forbid me to love my brother.
He has neither the right nor the power to do that.
ISMENE: Have you forgotten what happened to our father?
Contempt and loathing from everyone,
Even from himself, that was his reward
Think for a moment Antigone, please!
We are women, that's all. Physically weaker —
And barred from any political influence.
How can we fight against the institutionalised strength
Of the male sex? They are in power,
And we have to obey them — this time
And maybe in worse situations than this.
May God forgive me, and the spirits of the dead,
I have no choice! State power
Commands, and I must do as I am told.
When you are powerless, wild gestures
And heroic refusals are reserved for madmen!
ANTIGONE: Don't say any more. I won't ask again.
In fact, if you were to offer help now,
I would refuse it. Do as you please.
I intend to bury my brother,
And if I die in the attempt, I shall die
In the knowledge that I have acted justly.
I) o as you please. Live, by all means.
The laws *you* will break are not of man's making.
ISMENE: I reverence them. But how can I defy
The unlimited power of the State? What weapons
Of mine are strong enough for that?
ANTIGONE: Fine. That's a good excuse. I'll go
And shovel the earth on my brother's body.
ISMENE: I'm frightened, Antigone. I'm frightened for you.
ANTIGONE Don't be frightened for me. Fear for yourself.
ISMENE: For God's sake, keep it quiet. Don't tell anyone.
I'll keep our meeting secret.
ANTIGONE: Don't you dare!
You must tell everybody, shout it in the streets.
If you keep it secret, I shall begin to hate you.
ISMENE: There's a fire burning in you Antigone,
But it makes me go cold just to hear you!
ANTIGONE: I'm not doing it to please you. It's for him.
ISMENE: This obsession will destroy you! You're certain to fail!
ANTIGONE: I shall fail when I have failed. Not before.
ISMENE But you know it's hopeless. Why begin

When you know you can't possibly succeed!

ANTIGONE: Be quiet, before I begin to despise you

For talking so feebly! *He* will despise you

Too, and justly. You can go now. Go!

If I'm mad, you can leave me here with my madness

Which will doubtless destroy me soon enough.

Death is the worst thing that can happen,

And some deaths are more honourable than others.

ISMENE: If you've made your mind up. . . Antigone, it's
madness...

Remember, I love you . . . whatever happens...

Exit Antigone and Ismene in opposite directions.

HAEMON: Father, the most enviable of a man's gifts
Is the ability to reason clearly,
And it's not for me to say you are wrong,
Even if I were clever enough, or experienced enough,
Which I'm not. But it's also true to say
That some men think differently about these things,
And as your son, my most useful function,
It seems to me, is to keep you in touch
With what other people are thinking,
What they say, and do, and approve or disapprove of,
And sometimes what they leave unsaid.
The prospect of your disapproval is great
Silence of most men's tongues, and some things
Are never said, for fear of the consequences.
But I can sometimes hear what people whisper
Behind their hands: and everywhere, I hear sympathy
Expressed for this unfortunate girl,
Condemned, as she is, to a horrifying death
That no woman has ever suffered before,
And unjustly, in most people's eyes.
In burying her brother, who was killed
In action, she did something most people consider
Decent and honourable — rather than leaving him
Naked on the battlefield, for the dogs to tear at
And kites and scavengers to pick to the bone.
She should be given a medal for it,
Those same people say, and her name inscribed
On the roll of honour. Such things are whispered
In secret, Father, and they have reached my ears.
Sir, your reputation matters to me
As much as your good health and happiness do,
Indeed, your good name matters more.
What can a loving son be more jealous of
Than his father's reputation, and what could please
A father more than to see his son's concern
That people will think well of him?
Then let me beg you to have second thoughts,
And not be certain that your own opinion
Is the only right one, and that all men share it.
A man who thinks he has the monopoly
Of wisdom, that only what *he* says
And what *he* thinks are of any relevance,
Reveals his own shallowness of mind
With every word he says. The man of judgement
Knows that it is a sign of strength,
Not weakness, to value other opinions,
And to learn from them: and when he is wrong,
To admit it openly and change his mind.
You see it when a river floods, the trees
That bend, survive, those whose trunks
Are inflexible, are snapped off short
By the weight of the water. And a sailor in a storm
Who refuses to reef his sail, and run

With the wind, is likely to end up capsized.
I beg you Father, think twice about this.
Don't let your anger influence you. If a man
Of my age may lay some small claim
To common sense, let me say this:
Absolute certainty is fine, if a man
Can be certain that his wisdom is absolute.
But such certainty and such wisdom
Is rare among men: and that being so,
The next best, is to learn to listen,
And to take good advice when it is offered.
CHORUS: There's a lot of sense, my Lord Creon,
In what this young man has said: as indeed,
There was in everything that you said too.
The fact is, you are both in the right,
And there's a good deal to be said for either.
CREON: Is there indeed? Am I expected to listen
And take lessons in political tactics
At my age, from a mere boy?
HAEMON: I'm a man, Father, and my arguments are just.
They stand upon their merits, not my age.
CREON: Oh, they stand upon their merits do they? What merit
Is there, please tell me, in breaking the law?
HAEMON: If she'd done something shameful I wouldn't defend her.
CREON: She has brought the law into contempt! That's shameful!
HAEMON: Listen to the people in the street, Father,
The ordinary Thebans! They say she hasn't!
CREON: I have never based my political principles
On the opinions of people in the Street!
HAEMON: Now you're the one who's speaking like a boy!
CREON: I'm speaking like a king. It's my responsibility,
And I will act according to my own convictions!
HAEMON: When the State becomes one man it ceases to be a State!
CREON: The State is the statesman who rules it, it reflects
His judgement, it belongs to him!
HAEMON Go and rule in the desert then! There's nobody there
To argue with you! What a king you'll be there!
CREON: This boy of mine is on the woman's side!
HAEMON: Yes, if *you* are a woman, I am.
I'm on your side Father, I'm fighting for you.
CREON: You damned impertinent devil! Every word
You say is against me. Your own father!
HAEMON: When I know you are wrong, I have to speak.
CREON: How am I wrong? By maintaining my position
And the authority of the State? Is that wrong?
HAEMON: When position and authority
Ride roughshod over moral feeling...
CREON: You're weak, and uxorious, and contemptible,
With no will of your own. You're a woman's mouthpiece!
HAEMON I'm not ashamed of what I'm saying.
CREON: Every word you have said pleads for her cause.
HAEMON I plead for you, and for myself,
And for common humanity, respect for the dead!

CREON: You will never marry that woman, she won't
Live long enough to see that day!

HAEMON: If she dies,

She won't die alone. There'll be two deaths, not one.

CREON: Are you threatening me? How dare you threaten...

HAEMON: No, that's not a threat. I'm telling you

Your policy was misbegotten from the beginning.

CREON: Misbegotten! Dear God, if anything's misbegotten

Here, it's my son. You'll regret this, I promise you.

HAEMON: If you weren't my father, I'd say you were demented.

CREON: Don't father me! You're a woman's plaything,
A tame lap dog!

HAEMON: Is anyone else

Allowed to speak? Must you have the last word

In everything, must all the rest of us be gagged?

CREON: I must, and I will! And you, I promise you,

Will regret what you have spoken here

Today. I will not be sneered at or contradicted

By anyone. Sons can be punished too.

Bring her out, the bitch, let her die here and now,

In the open, with her bridegroom beside her

As a witness! You can watch the execution!

HAEMON: That's one sight I shall never see!

Nor from this moment, Father, will you

Ever see me again. Those that wish

To stay and watch this disgusting spectacle

In company with a madman, are welcome to it!

Exit Haemon.

Antigone – Creon and Haemon

In using a discourse analysis framework to analyse a text, we ask ourselves the following questions:

Content:

- Who speaks, how often, and for how long?
- What kind of contribution does each speaker make? (questions, statements, type of information, etc.)
- Who interrupts and gets interrupted?
- Who influences the agenda and controls the topic?

Features of language:

- How do the speakers address each other?
- What distinguishes the vocabulary, phrase and sentence constructions of each speaker?
- In the case of a literary discourse, what effect does connotative / figurative language and imagery have on the development of tone?
- What added elements do non-verbal cues (such as stage directions) contribute to how lines are delivered and perceived?

Using these questions, we arrive at our thesis – a conclusion about what is going on in the scene, the relationships between the characters, and their attitudes towards the situation they are in.

Read the exchange between Creon and Haemon.

Analyze their interaction, commenting on THREE of the following:

- characterization
- relationship between Creon and Haemon
- nature / progression of conflict
- attitudes towards/position on
 - gender OR
 - the nature of a ruler OR
 - piety

Use specific examples from the text (with line references), and, where applicable, demonstrate a knowledge of this passage within the context of the play as a whole (though this should not form the bulk of your analysis).

You may use any notes you have that will be helpful to your analysis.

Your final piece will be approximately 1 page, 1.5 spacing.

Discourse Analysis Evaluation

Criteria	60-69 Touches on but details not addressed	70-79 Some details addressed but needs fleshing out	80-89 A wide variety of details, some better explained than others	90-99 A wide variety of details, all closely linked to a solid under- standing of the scene and play
Clearly identifies character relationships / attitudes (<i>aspects</i>)	3 aspects identified but may be flawed / weak	3 aspects solidly identified	3 aspects identified – 1 or more are subtle	aspects are identified with attention to subtlety
Explains character relationships and attitudes with a focus on content of discourse (agenda, contributions by speakers, etc.) – <i>examples of content</i>	may generalize or find inadequate examples for one of the aspects	at least one concrete example for each point	some aspects may have multiple examples	all aspects have multiple examples OR examples of each aspect are particularly well-chosen
Explains character relationships and attitudes with a focus on particulars of language (forms of address, speaking style, diction, figurative language/imagery, etc.) – <i>explanation and interpretation of techniques</i>	mainly content; doesn't look at language techniques	too heavily focused on one technique beyond content	several techniques explained	several techniques explained, showing particular insight
Communication/Application	many rough spots	some parts are rough	needs some polishing	polished
Diction is rich and varied, and appropriately selected for meaning and connotation				
Evidence is well-integrated into writing (including line references)				
Mechanics are clean				
TOTAL				

