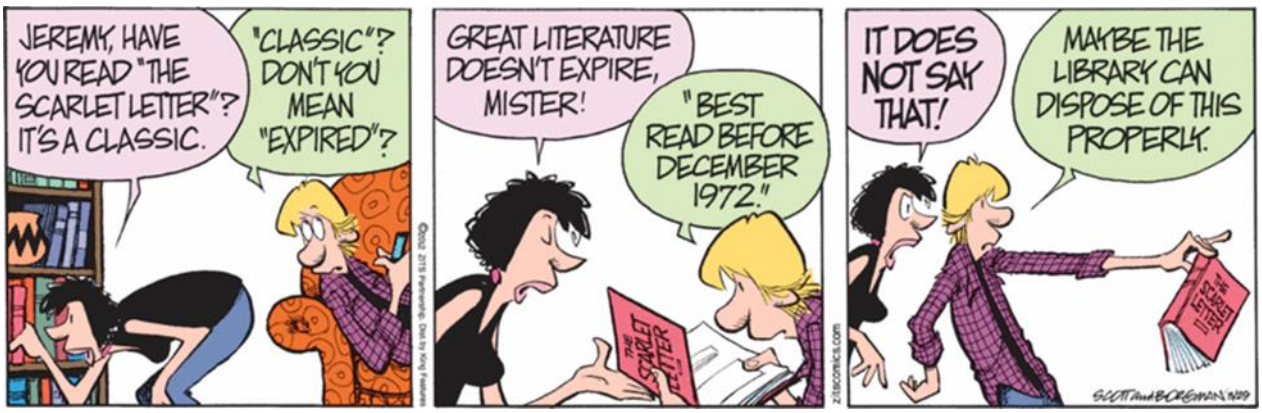
GREAT NOVELS
1850-PRESENT

Code: HUM1014, period 4



2017/2018

TABLE OF CONTENTS

To **prepare** for this course, read through the introduction carefully and make sure that you have access to the necessary reading materials! In case reading materials are not available, please contact the course coordinator.

All students are expected to have read the information provided in this course book. Your questions will only be answered when referring to things that are NOT explained in the course book.

INTRODUCTION

1. Contact information

Course coordinator and tutor:
Dr. Josje Weusten
Office: Grote Gracht 90-92, room C2.09
e-mail: josje.weusten@maastrichtuniversity

2. Course description and objectives

For centuries, the body of work referred to as 'literature' would first of all entail drama and poetry. But in the course of the nineteenth century, the novel took flight. As its name indicates, the novel was a new genre. But what exactly is a novel, this 'most pliable of forms', as Virginia Woolf described it? Why did it become such a dominant genre? Some have argued that the novel was so successful because it became the medium of the middle class, and the vehicle of its emancipation. To be sure, the novel helped shape ideas about modern society, about what an individual is or can be, about self and other, about love, sex, marriage and property. But even if all those functions can be attributed to the 19th century novel, can the same be said about the 20th century novel? How did the novel as a genre change over time?

This course will address these and other questions, first and foremost by reading primary texts - key novels from the Western tradition - from 1850 onwards. You will read novels by British, French, German, Czech and American authors. The reading and discussion of the primary works is the main objective for this course. In addition, the course will introduce you to the scholarly analysis of literary works. It will acquaint you with major developments in the history of Western literature since 1850, moving from Realism to Modernism to Postmodernism. However, these developments not only affect the work of literary authors, they also affect the work of literary scholars. Starting from basic elements in literary theory, the course lectures and secondary reading materials will take you through a variety of perspectives used by literary scholars, including critical ones such as Marxist theory, feminist and queer theory. You will gain experience in reading, analysing and writing about literature.

The title of this course, 'Great Novels' can be read in two ways. On the one hand, it refers to a notion of canonical 'greatness' that all of these novels have been awarded with in the past. This course will address the viability of a notion of literary greatness, which has been contested in the past decades, both in literary studies and beyond. A related meaning of 'great novels', but closer to home, might refer to a rewarding reading experience, as in 'this is great!'. This course wants to give you a taste of great novels. Whether this will turn out to be great in the first or in the second sense of the phrase is up to you.

3. Course Material

During this course you will read five novels, which are listed below. Though specific editions have been indicated in the list, any unabridged edition is allowed. You are encouraged to read the novels in their original language, as long as you also have access to an English edition in order to facilitate the discussion in class. Two copies of each novel are available in the Reading Room, but you are strongly advised to buy the books, so you can annotate, underline, in short, use them. The novels can be found very cheaply through Amazon or Book Depository. Some older works, depending on copyrights, are freely available through Project Gutenberg (indicated below). Bookshops Dominicanen and Tribune in Maastricht may sell new copies (which are not so expensive either).

Next to the novels we will read and discuss Andrew Bennett and Nicholas Royle (2009). *An Introduction to Literature, Criticism and Theory*. Routledge, 3rd or 4th ed. This is available in the Reading Room and also for sale at Bookshop Dominicanen.

The following primary sources (novels) will be read and discussed:

- Gustave Flaubert – *Madame Bovary*. Penguin Popular Classics 1995 [1857]. Also available through Gutenberg http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/2413

- Franz Kafka – *The Metamorphosis* [1915]. F.e. transl. by David Wyllie, Classix Press (2009). Also available through Gutenberg http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/5200
- Virginia Woolf – *Mrs Dalloway* (1925). F.e. Penguin Modern Classics. Also available through Gutenberg Australia http://www.gutenberg.net.au/ebooks02/0200991h.html
- Carson McCullers – *The Member of the Wedding* (1946). F.e. Penguin Modern Classics
- Michael Cunningham – *The Hours* (1998). F.e. Harper Perennial.

Secondary sources:

- Andrew Bennett and Nicholas Royle, *An Introduction to Literature, Criticism and Theory*. Routledge, 3rd or 4th ed. (2009).
- e-reader

4. Assessment

The assessment in this course consists of:

- A short presentation (5-10 min) for one of the literary theory seminars. Satisfactory performance of this assignment is required for a "pass" on your participation.

- A short presentation (5-10 min) on your plans for the final paper (detailing research question, approach, outline and first ideas)

- A book trailer for one of the first three books in this course. The book trailer constitutes 30% of your final grade. Precise details of the assignment will be announced in the first week of the course on the UM Student Portal.

- A final academic essay of 2,500-3,000 words in which you will be asked to compare and analyze two novels from this course of your own choosing. For such an analysis it is relevant to focus on a particular theme or question of your own choosing. Start thinking about possible angles from the start of the course. Precise details of the assignment will be announced in the first week of the course on the UM Student Portal. The final paper constitutes 70% of your final grade.

You have to complete all the tasks (presentations, book trailer, final paper) in order to receive a grade for this course.

Plagiarism

Plagiarism leads to automatic expulsion from the course and will be reported to the Examination Board. For more information on what plagiarism is and how to avoid it, see: http://www.indiana.edu/~wts/pamphlets/plagiarism.shtml.

5. Attendance requirements

Students should attend at least 80% of all tutorial meetings (10), which means you can't miss more than three meetings. Attendance is only registered when you arrive on time and when you have properly prepared *and* actively participate. Proper preparation for the tutorial meetings means *actively* reading the assigned materials: look up unknown words, underline key sentences, outline the text's structure, and prepare questions.

Students who have failed to meet the attendance requirements, but who have not missed more than 30% of the group meetings, may be eligible to do an additional assignment, in the form of an extra essay (2,000 – 2,500 words) on a topic to be chosen by the course coordinator. In that case, the student will be given a provisional overall grade, but will only receive credits for the course once the additional assignment is successfully completed. In order to apply for an additional assignment, please fill out the request form 'Additional assignment because of insufficient attendance' at the Office of Student Affairs and make sure to the course coordinator/tutor that your absence was justified by a valid reason.

6. Instructional format

This course employs the formats of tutorial group meetings and (guest) lectures. The lectures either *contextualize* the novel under study or *demonstrate* additional methods to interpret literature. The tutorial meetings are to provide you with a 'hands-on-experience' of the interpretation of novels. The meetings can be of value to you only if you read the books with enough attention to remember details. They do not comply with the standard PBL format, in that there is no real pre-discussion. To approach a novel as if it were a 'problem' in the PBL sense seems awkward. Yet, we will 'pre-discuss' a fragment of each novel (for details, see Course Schedule), in order to prepare you for the reading of the entire novel. Every novel has specific features, presents a certain thematic, and does so in a singular style. The discussion about the fragments printed in this manual aims to sensitize you to possible important themes and topics of the novel at hand. **Read the fragments before coming to class!**

Questions to address in discussing these fragments (but feel free to add questions of your own):

- What is happening in this scene?
- What do you expect to happen afterwards, or have happened before?
- When and where is the scene taking place? Do you miss information, or, maybe, not understand certain contextual references?
- Who is narrating the scene? A narrator or a character?
- In case of the latter, what kind of person is this character?
- Which other characters are present, if any? What is their relation to the narrator? How are they represented?
- Is the fragment easy to read, or difficult? Why is it easy/difficult?
- How would you describe the style of this fragment?
- Do you observe recurring motifs (colours, objects, situations, events), stylistic features such as metaphors, irony, parody, hyperbole?
- Note your observations about any other element that stirs your curiosity.

Next to the tutorial sessions devoted to the discussion of the novels, there will be three tutorial meetings devoted to literary theory. For these sessions we will use Andrew Bennett and Nicholas Royle, *An Introduction to Literature, Criticism and Theory*. Routledge, 3rd or 4th ed. (2009).

These 'literary theory seminars' do not follow the PBL format either. Through short student presentations, each chapter will be introduced during the meeting, followed by discussion. Instructions can be found in the back of the course book.

7. Course schedule

On the next page you will find the basic schedule for this course. Please note that the schedule may be subject to change. EleUM and email will be the principal means of official communication and making announcements for this course. Make sure to check both EleUM and your university email regularly.

Week 1

Tutorial Tuesday: 'prediscussion' *Madame Bovary*

Lecture 1: Introduction to the course by dr. Josje Weusten

No classes on Friday – reading time!

Week 2

Tutorial Tuesday: discussion *Madame Bovary*
'prediscussion' *The Metamorphosis*

Lecture 2: *The Metamorphosis* by dr. Jan de Roder

Tutorial Friday: Literary Theory seminar 1

Week 3

Tutorial Tuesday: discussion *The Metamorphosis*
'prediscussion' *Mrs. Dalloway*

Lecture 3: *Mrs. Dalloway by Prof. dr. Lies Wesseling*

Tutorial Friday: Literary Theory seminar 2

Week 4

Tutorial Tuesday: discussion *Mrs. Dalloway*
'prediscussion' *The Member of the Wedding*

Lecture 4: Approaches to literature: Narratology by dr. Josje Weusten

Tutorial Friday: Book Trailers Presentation

Week 5

Tutorial Tuesday: discussion *The Member of the Wedding*
'prediscussion' *The Hours*

Lecture 5: Approaches to Literature: New Historicism by dr. Josje Weusten

Tutorial Friday: Literary Theory Seminar 3

Week 6

Tutorial Tuesday: discussion *The Hours*

Lecture 6: *The Hours movie*

Tutorial Friday: Presentation Plans for final paper

Week 7

FINAL EXAM (take home)

8. Centre for Gender and Diversity

This course has been developed by the *Centre for Gender and Diversity* of the *Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences*. In case you are interested in enriching your education and life with other courses in the field of Gender and Diversity Studies, we offer the following courses at UCM:

HUM1003; Cultural Studies I
HUM1012; Pop Songs and Poetry: Theory and Analysis
HUM1014; Great Novels 1850 – present
HUM2003; The Making of Crucial Differences
HUM2011; Cultural Studies II
HUM2047; The Future of Literature?
HUM2056; Cultural Remembrances
HUM3040; Crucial Differences in the 21st Century

Check out your course catalogue or our website for more information:
www.genderdiversiteit.nl/en/education

UNITS

Unit 1: Gustave Flaubert – *Madame Bovary* (1857)

Gustave Flaubert (1821-1880)

Chapter Ten

Gradually Rodolphe's [Emma Bovary's lover] fears took possession of her. At first, love had intoxicated her; and she had thought of nothing beyond. But now that he was indispensable to her life, she feared to lose anything of this, or even that it should be disturbed. When she came back from his house she looked all about her, anxiously watching every form that passed in the horizon, and every village window from which she could be seen. She listened for steps, cries, the noise of the ploughs, and she stopped short, white, and trembling more than the aspen leaves swaying overhead.

One morning as she was thus returning, she suddenly thought she saw the long barrel of a carbine that seemed to be aimed at her. It stuck out sideways from the end of a small tub half-buried in the grass on the edge of a ditch. Emma, half-fainting with terror, nevertheless walked on, and a man stepped out of the tub like a Jack-in-the-box. He had gaiters buckled up to the knees, his cap pulled down over his eyes, trembling lips, and a red nose. It was Captain Binet [the local tax-collector] lying in ambush for wild ducks.

"You ought to have called out long ago!" he exclaimed; "When one sees a gun, one should always give warning."

The tax-collector was thus trying to hide the fright he had had, for a prefectorial order having prohibited duckhunting except in boats, Monsieur Binet, despite his respect for the laws, was infringing them, and so he every moment expected to see the rural guard turn up. But this anxiety whetted his pleasure, and, all alone in his

tub, he congratulated himself on his luck and on his cuteness. At sight of Emma he seemed relieved from a great weight, and at once entered upon a conversation.

"It isn't warm; it's nipping."

Emma answered nothing. He went on—

"And you're out so early?"

"Yes," she said stammering; "I am just coming from the nurse where my child is."

"Ah! very good! very good! For myself, I am here, just as you see me, since break of day; but the weather is so muggy, that unless one had the bird at the mouth of the gun—"

"Good day, Monsieur Binet," she interrupted him, turning on her heel.

"Your servant, madame," he replied drily; and he went back into his tub.

Emma regretted having left the tax-collector so abruptly. No doubt he would form unfavourable conjectures. The story about the nurse was the worst possible excuse, everyone at Yonville knowing that the little Bovary had been at home with her parents for a year. Besides, no one was living in this direction; this path led only to La Huchette. Binet, then, would guess whence she came, and he would not keep silence; he would talk, that was certain. She remained until evening racking her brain with every conceivable lying project, and had constantly before her eyes that imbecile with the game-bag.

Charles [Mr. Bovary] after dinner, seeing her gloomy, proposed, by way of distraction, to take her to the chemist's [Mr. Homais], and the first person she caught sight of in the shop was the taxcollector again. He was standing in front of the counter, lit up by the gleams of the red bottle, and was saying—

"Please give me half an ounce of vitriol."

"Justin," cried the druggist, "bring us the sulphuric acid." Then to Emma, who was going up to Madame Homais' room, "No, stay here; it isn't worth while going up; she is just coming down. Warm yourself at the stove in the meantime. Excuse me. Good-day, doctor," (for the chemist much enjoyed pronouncing the word "doctor," as if addressing another by it reflected on himself some of the grandeur that he found in it). "Now, take care not to upset the mortars! You'd better fetch some chairs from the little room; you know very well that the arm-chairs are not to be taken out of the drawing-room."

And to put his arm-chair back in its place he was darting away from the counter, when Binet asked him for half an ounce of sugar acid.

"Sugar acid!" said the chemist contemptuously, "don't know it; I'm ignorant of it! But perhaps you want oxalic acid. It is oxalic acid, isn't it?"

Binet explained that he wanted a corrosive to make himself some copperwater with which to remove rust from his hunting things.

Emma shuddered. The chemist began saying—

"Indeed the weather is not propitious on account of the damp."

"Nevertheless," replied the tax-collector, with a sly look, "there are people who like it."

She was stifling.

"And give me—"

"Will he never go?" thought she.

"Half an ounce of resin and turpentine, four ounces of yellow wax, and three half ounces of animal charcoal, if you please, to clean the varnished leather of my togs."

The druggist was beginning to cut the wax when Madame Homais appeared, Irma in her arms, Napoleon by her side, and Athalie following. She sat down on the velvet seat by the window, and the lad squatted down on a footstool, while his eldest sister hovered round the jujube box near her papa. The latter was filling funnels and corking phials, sticking on labels, making up parcels. Around him all were silent; only from time to time, were heard the weights jingling in the balance, and a few low words from the chemist giving directions to his pupil.

"And how's the little woman?" suddenly asked Madame Homais.

"Silence!" exclaimed her husband, who was writing down some figures in his waste-book.

"Why didn't you bring her?" she went on in a low voice.

"Hush! hush!" said Emma, pointing with her finger to the druggist.

But Binet, quite absorbed in looking over his bill, had probably heard nothing. At last he went out. Then Emma, relieved, uttered a deep sigh.

"How hard you are breathing!" said Madame Homais.

"Well, you see, it's rather warm," she replied.

From: Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*. http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/2413

In the Penguin Popular Classics 1995 edition: p. 177-180 (different translation)

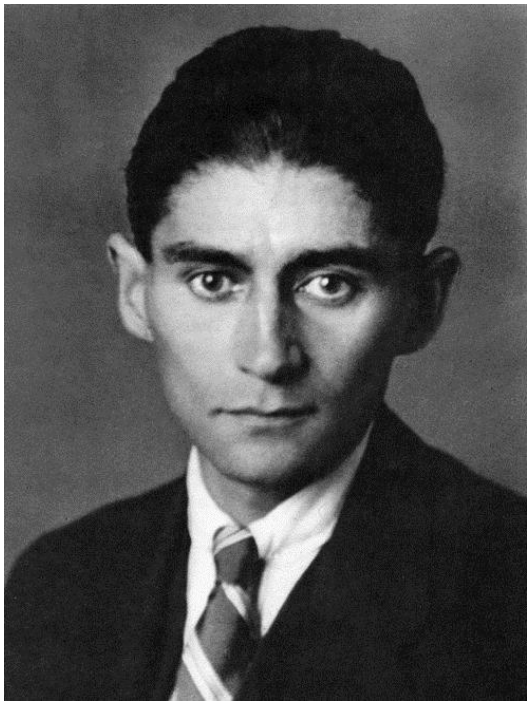
Secondary readings

Lawrence Thornton, The Fairest of Them All: Modes of Vision in Madame Bovary. *PMLA*, Vol. 93, No. 5 (Oct., 1978), pp. 982-991
http://www.jstor.org/stable/461782
with responses:
Michael Danahy, Gerry Brenner and Lawrence Thornton, Modes of Vision in Madame Bovary. *PMLA*, Vol. 94, No. 3 (May, 1979), pp. 476-479
http://www.jstor.org/stable/461933

Recommended reading

Jonathan Culler, The Realism of "Madame Bovary". *MLN*, Vol. 122, No. 4, French Issue (Sep., 2007), pp. 683-696 (contains quotations in French)
http://www.jstor.org/stable/30139241

Unit 2: Franz Kafka – *The Metamorphosis* (1915)



Franz Kafka (1883-1924)

The chief clerk now raised his voice, "Mr. Samsa", he called to him, "what is wrong? You barricade yourself in your room, give us no more than yes or no for an answer, you are causing serious and unnecessary concern to your parents and you fail - and I mention this just by the way - you fail to carry out your business duties in a way that is quite unheard of. I'm speaking here on behalf of your parents and of your employer, and really must request a clear and immediate explanation. I am astonished, quite astonished. I thought I knew you as a calm and sensible person, and now you suddenly seem to be showing off with peculiar whims. This morning, your employer did suggest a possible reason for your failure to appear, it's true - it had to do with the money that was recently entrusted to you - but I came near to giving him my word of honour that that could not be the right explanation. But now that I see your incomprehensible stubbornness I no longer feel any wish whatsoever to intercede on your behalf. And nor is your position all that secure. I had originally intended to say all this to you in private, but since you cause me to waste my time here for no good reason I don't see why your parents should not also learn of it. Your turnover has been very unsatisfactory of late; I grant you that it's not the time of year to do especially good business, we recognise that; but there simply is no time of year to do no business at all, Mr. Samsa, we cannot allow there to be."

"But Sir", called Gregor, beside himself and forgetting all else in the excitement, "I'll open up immediately, just a moment. I'm slightly unwell, an attack of dizziness, I haven't been able to get up. I'm still in bed now. I'm quite fresh again now, though. I'm just getting out of bed. Just a moment. Be patient! It's not quite as easy as I'd thought. I'm quite alright now, though. It's shocking, what can suddenly happen to a person! I was quite alright last night, my parents know about it, perhaps better than me, I had a small symptom of it last night already. They must have noticed it. I don't know why I didn't let you know at work! But you always think you can get over an illness without staying at home. Please, don't make my parents suffer! There's no basis for any of the accusations you're making; nobody's ever said a word to me about any of these things. Maybe you haven't read the latest contracts I sent in. I'll set off with the eight o'clock train, as well, these few hours of rest have given me strength. You don't need to wait, sir; I'll be in the office soon after you, and please be so good as to tell that to the boss and recommend me to him!"

[…]

"Did you understand a word of all that?" the chief clerk asked his parents, "surely he's not trying to make fools of us". "Oh, God!" called his mother, who was already in tears, "he could be seriously ill and we're making him suffer. Grete! Grete!" she then cried. "Mother?" his sister called from the other side. They communicated across Gregor's room. "You'll have to go for the doctor straight away. Gregor is ill. Quick, get the doctor. Did you hear the way Gregor spoke just now?" "That was the voice of an animal", said the chief clerk, with a calmness that was in contrast with his mother's screams. "Anna! Anna!" his father called into the kitchen through the entrance hall, clapping his hands, "get a locksmith here, now!" And the two girls, their skirts swishing, immediately ran out through the hall, wrenching open the front door of the flat as they went. How had his sister managed to get dressed so quickly? There was no sound of the door banging shut again; they must have left it open; people often do in homes where something awful has happened.

Gregor, in contrast, had become much calmer. So they couldn't understand his words any more, although they seemed clear enough to him, clearer than before - perhaps his ears had become used to the sound. They had realised, though, that there was something wrong with him, and were ready to help. The first response to his situation had been confident and wise, and that made him feel better. He felt that he had been drawn back in among people, and from the doctor and the locksmith he expected great and surprising achievements - although he did not really distinguish one from the other. Whatever was said next would be crucial, so, in order to make his voice as clear as possible, he coughed a little, but taking care to do this not too loudly as even this might well sound different from the way that a human coughs and he was no longer sure he could judge this for himself. Meanwhile, it had become very quiet in the next room. Perhaps his parents were sat at the table whispering with the chief clerk, or perhaps they were all pressed against the door and listening.

Gregor slowly pushed his way over to the door with the chair. Once there he let go of it and threw himself onto the door, holding himself upright against it using the adhesive on the tips of his legs. He rested there a little while to recover from the effort involved and then set himself to the task of turning the key in the lock with his mouth. He seemed, unfortunately, to have no proper teeth - how was he, then, to grasp the key? - but the lack of teeth was, of course, made up for with a very strong jaw; using the jaw, he really was able to start the key turning, ignoring the fact that he must have been causing some kind of damage as a brown fluid came from his mouth, flowed over the key and dripped onto the floor. "Listen", said the chief clerk in the next room, "he's turning the key." Gregor was greatly encouraged by this; but they all should have been calling to him, his father and his mother too: "Well done, Gregor", they should have cried, "keep at it, keep hold of the lock!" And with the idea that they were all excitedly following his efforts, he bit on the key with all his strength, paying no attention to the pain he was causing himself. As the key turned round he turned around the lock with it, only holding himself upright with his mouth, and hung onto the key or pushed it down again with the whole weight of his body as needed. The clear sound of the lock as it snapped back was Gregor's sign that he could break his concentration, and as he regained his breath he said to himself: "So, I didn't need the locksmith after all". Then he lay his head on the handle of the door to open it completely.

From Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*. Project Gutenberg EBook, 2005 [1915], translation by David Wyllie, p. 6-8.

Secondary readings

Nina Pelikan Straus, Transforming Franz Kafka's "Metamorphosis". *Signs*, Vol. 14, No. 3 (Spring, 1989), pp. 651-667.
http://www.jstor.org/stable/3174406

Recommended reading

Leland De La Durantaye, Kafka's Reality and Nabokov's Fantasy. On Dwarves, Saints, Beetles, Symbolism, and Genius. *Comparative Literature*, Vol. 59, No. 4 (Fall, 2007), pp. 315-331.
http://www.jstor.org/stable/40279383

Unit 3: Virginia Woolf – *Mrs Dalloway* (1925)

Virginia Woolf (1883-1941)

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

She sat on the floor--that was her first impression of Sally--she sat on the floor with her arms round her knees, smoking a cigarette. Where could it have been? The Mannings? The Kinloch-Jones's? At some party (where, she could not be certain), for she had a distinct recollection of saying to the man she was with, "Who is *that?*" And he had told her, and said that Sally's parents did not get on (how that shocked her--that one's parents should quarrel!). But all that evening she could not take her eyes off Sally. It was an extraordinary beauty of the kind she most admired, dark, large-eyed, with that quality which, since she hadn't got it herself, she always envied--a sort of abandonment, as if she could say anything, do anything; a quality much commoner in foreigners than in Englishwomen. Sally always said she had French blood in her veins, an ancestor had been with Marie Antoinette, had his head cut off, left a ruby ring. Perhaps that summer she came to stay at Bourton, walking in quite unexpectedly without a penny in her pocket, one night after dinner, and upsetting poor Aunt Helena to such an extent that she never forgave her. There had been some quarrel at home. She literally hadn't a penny that night when she came to them--had pawned a brooch to come down. She had rushed off in a passion. They sat up till all hours of the night talking. Sally it was who made her feel, for the first time, how sheltered the life at Bourton was. She knew nothing about sex--nothing about social problems. She had once seen an old man who had dropped dead in a field--she had seen cows just after their calves were born. But Aunt Helena never liked discussion of anything (when Sally gave her William Morris, it had to be wrapped in brown paper). There they sat, hour after hour, talking in her bedroom at the top of the house, talking about life, how they were to reform the world. They meant to found a

society to abolish private property, and actually had a letter written, though not sent out. The ideas were Sally's, of course--but very soon she was just as excited--read Plato in bed before breakfast; read Morris; read Shelley by the hour.

Sally's power was amazing, her gift, her personality. There was her way with flowers, for instance. At Bourton they always had stiff little vases all the way down the table. Sally went out, picked hollyhocks, dahlias--all sorts of flowers that had never been seen together--cut their heads off, and made them swim on the top of water in bowls. The effect was extraordinary--coming in to dinner in the sunset. (Of course Aunt Helena thought it wicked to treat flowers like that.) Then she forgot her sponge, and ran along the passage naked. That grim old housemaid, Ellen Atkins, went about grumbling--"Suppose any of the gentlemen had seen?" Indeed she did shock people. She was untidy, Papa said.

The strange thing, on looking back, was the purity, the integrity, of her feeling for Sally. It was not like one's feeling for a man. It was completely disinterested, and besides, it had a quality which could only exist between women, between women just grown up. It was protective, on her side; sprang from a sense of being in league together, a presentiment of something that was bound to part them (they spoke of marriage always as a catastrophe), which led to this chivalry, this protective feeling which was much more on her side than Sally's. For in those days she was completely reckless; did the most idiotic things out of bravado; bicycled round the parapet on the terrace; smoked cigars. Absurd, she was--very absurd. But the charm was overpowering, to her at least, so that she could remember standing in her bedroom at the top of the house holding the hot-water can in her hands and saying aloud, "She is beneath this roof. . . . She is beneath this roof!"

No, the words meant absolutely nothing to her now. She could not even get an echo of her old emotion. But she could remember going cold with excitement, and doing her hair in a kind of ecstasy (now the old feeling began to come back to her, as she took out her hairpins, laid them on the dressing-table, began to do her hair), with the rooks flaunting up and down in the pink evening light, and dressing, and going downstairs, and feeling as she crossed the hall "if it were now to die 'twere now to be most happy." That was her feeling--Othello's feeling, and she felt it, she was convinced, as strongly as Shakespeare meant Othello to feel it, all because she was coming down to dinner in a white frock to meet Sally Seton!

She was wearing pink gauze--was that possible? She *seemed,* anyhow, all light, glowing, like some bird or air ball that has flown in, attached itself for a moment to a bramble. But nothing is so strange when one is in love (and what was this except being in love?) as the complete indifference of other people. Aunt Helena just wandered off after dinner; Papa read the paper. Peter Walsh might have been there, and old Miss Cummings; Joseph Breitkopf certainly was, for he came every summer, poor old man, for weeks and weeks, and pretended to read German with her, but really played the piano and sang Brahms without any voice.

All this was only a background for Sally. She stood by the fireplace talking, in that beautiful voice which made everything she said sound like a caress, to Papa, who had begun to be attracted rather against his will (he never got over lending her one of his books and finding it soaked on the terrace), when suddenly she said, "What a shame to sit indoors!" and they all went out on to the terrace and walked up and down. Peter Walsh and Joseph Breitkopf went on about Wagner. She and Sally fell a little behind. Then came the most exquisite moment of her whole life passing a stone urn with flowers in it. Sally stopped; picked a flower; kissed her on the lips. The whole world might have turned upside down! The others disappeared; there she was alone with Sally. And she felt that she had been given a present, wrapped up, and told just to keep it, not to look at it--a diamond, something infinitely precious, wrapped up, which, as they walked (up and down, up and down), she uncovered, or the radiance

burnt through, the revelation, the religious feeling!--when old Joseph and Peter faced them:

"Star-gazing?" said Peter.

It was like running one's face against a granite wall in the darkness! It was shocking; it was horrible!

From: Virginia Woolf, *Mrs Dalloway* (1925),
http://www.gutenberg.net.au/ebooks02/0200991h.html

In Penguin Modern Classics edition, 1996, p. 37-40.

Secondary reading
Elyse Graham and Pericles Lewis, Private Religion, Public Mourning, and *Mrs. Dalloway*. *Modern Philology*, Vol. 111, No. 1 (August 2013), pp. 88-106.
http://www.jstor.org/stable/10.1086/671562

Recommended reading
Vereen M. Bell and Vereen Bell, Misreading "Mrs. Dalloway". *The Sewanee Review*, Vol. 114, No. 1 (Winter, 2006), pp. 93-111.
http://www.jstor.org/stable/27549779

Unit 4: Carson McCullers – *The Member of the Wedding* (1946)

Carson McCullers (1917-1967)

[…] This was the summer when Frankie was sick and tired of being Frankie. She hated herself, and had become a loafer and a big no-good who hung around the summer kitchen: dirty and greedy and mean and sad. Besides being too mean to live, she was a criminal. If the Law knew about her, she could be tried in the courthouse and locked up in jail. Yet Frankie had not always been a criminal and a big no-good. Until the April of that year, and all the years of her life before, she had been like other people. She belonged to a club and was in the seventh grade at school. She worked for her father on Saturday morning and went to the show every Saturday afternoon. She was not the kind of person ever to think of being afraid. At night she slept in the bed with her father, but not because she was scared of the dark.

Then the spring of that year had been a long queer season. Things began to change and Frankie did not understand this change. After the plain gray winter the March winds banged on the windowpanes, and clouds were shirred and white on the blue sky. April that year came sudden and still, and the green of the trees was a wild bright green. The pale wistarias bloomed all over town, and silently the blossoms shattered. There was something about the green trees and the flowers of April that made Frankie sad. She did not know why she was sad, but because of this peculiar sadness, she began to realize that she ought to leave the town. She read the war news and thought about the world and packed her suitcase to go away; but she did not know where she should go.

It was the year when Frankie thought about the world. And she did not see it as a round school globe, with the countries neat and different-colored. She thought of the world as huge and cracked and loose and turning a thousand miles an hour. The geography book at school was out of date; the countries of the world had changed. Frankie read the war news in the paper, by there were so many foreign places, and the war was happening so fast, that sometimes she did not understand. It was the summer when Patton was chasing the Germans across France. And they were fighting, too, in Russia and Saipan. She saw the battles, and the soldiers. But there were too many different battles, and she could not see in her mind

the millions and millions of soldiers at once. She saw one Russian soldier, dark and frozen with a frozen gun, in Russian snow. The single Japs with slanted eyes on a jungle island gliding among green vines. Europe and the people hung in trees and the battleships on the blue oceans. Four-motor planes and burning cities and a soldier in a steel war helmet, laughing/ Sometimes these pictures of the war, the world, whirled in her mind and she was dizzy. A long time ago she had predicted that it would take two months to win the whole war, but now she did not know. She wanted to be a boy and go to the war as a Marine. She thought about flying aeroplanes and winning gold medals for bravery. But she could not join the war, and this made her sometimes feel restless and blue. She decided to donate blood to the Red Cross; she wanted to donate a quart a week and her blood would be in the veins of Australians and Fighting French and Chinese, all over the whole world, and it would be as though she were close kin to all of these people. She could hear the army doctors saying that the blood of Frankie Addams was the reddest and the strongest blood that they had ever known. And she could picture ahead, in the years after the war, meeting the soldiers who had her blood, and they would say that they owed their life to her' and they would not call her Frankie – they would call her Addams. But this plan for donating her blood to the war did not come true. The Red Cross would not take her blood. She was too young. Frankie felt mad with the Red Cross, and left out of everything. The war and the world were too fast and big and strange. To think about the world for very long made her afraid. She was not afraid of Germans or bombs or Japanese. She was afraid because in the war they would not include her, and because the world seemed somehow separate from herself.

So she knew she ought to leave the town and go to some place far away. For the late spring, that year, was lazy and too sweet. The long afternoons flowered and lasted and the green sweetness sickened her. The town began to hurt Frankie. Sad an terrible happenings had never made Frankie cry, but this season many things made Frankie suddenly wish to cry. Very early in the morning she would sometimes go out into the yard and stand for a long time looking at the sunrise sky. And it was as though a question came into her heart, and the sky did not answer. Things she had never noticed much before began to hurt her: home lights watched from the evening sidewalks, an unknown voice from an alley. She would stare at the lights and listen to the voice, and something inside her stiffened and waited. But the lights would darken, the voice fall silent, and though she waited, that was all. She was afraid of these things that made her suddenly wonder who she was, and what she was going to be in the world, and why she was standing at that minute, seeing a light, or listening, or staring into the sky: alone. She was afraid, and there was a queer tightness in her chest.

One night in April, when she and her father were going to bed, he looked at her and said, all of a sudden: 'Who is this great big long-legged twelve-year-old blunderbuss who still wants to sleep with her old Papa.' And she was too big to sleep with her father any more. She had to sleep in her upstairs room alone. She began to have a grudge against her father and they looked at each other in a slant-eyed way. She did not like to stay at home.

From Carson McCullers, *The Member of the Wedding*. Penguin Modern Classics, 2008 [1946], p. 29-32.

Secondary reading

Darren Millar, The Utopian Function of Affect in Carson McCullers's The Member of the Wedding and The Ballad of the Sad Café. *The Southern Literary Journal*, Vol. 41, No. 2 (SPRING 2009), pp. 87-105
http://www.jstor.org/stable/40593308

Recommended reading

Rachel Adams, "A Mixture of Delicious and Freak": The Queer Fiction of Carson McCullers. *American Literature*, Vol. 71, No. 3 (Sep., 1999), pp. 551-583
http://www.jstor.org/stable/2902739

Unit 6: Michael Cunningham – *The Hours* (1998)

Michael Cunningham (1952)

Mrs.Brown

Mrs Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself. For Lucy had her work cut out for her. The doors would have to be taken off their hinges; Rumpelmayer's men were coming. And then, thought Clarissa Dalloway, what a morning – fresh as if issued to children on a beach.

It is Los Angeles. It is 1949.

Laura Brown is trying to lose herself. NO, that's not it exactly – she is trying to keep herself by gaining entry into a parallel world. She lays the book face down on her chest. Already her bedroom (no, *their* bedroom) feels more densely inhabited, more actual, because a character named Mrs. Dalloway is on her way to buy flowers. Laura glances at the clock on the nightstand. It's well past seven. Why did she buy this clock, this hideous thing, with its square green face in a rectangular black Bakelite sarcophagus – how could she ever have thought it was smart? She should not be permitting herself to read, not this morning of all mornings; not on Dan's birthday. She should be out of bed, showered and dressed, fixing breakfast for Dan and Richie. She can hear them downstairs, her husband making his own breakfast, ministering to Richie. She should be there, shouldn't she? She should be standing before the stove, in her new robe, full of simple, encouraging talk. Still, when she opened her eyes a few minutes ago (after seven already!)- when she still half inhabited her dream, some sort of pulsating machinery in the remote distance, a steady pounding like gigantic mechanical heart, which seemed to be drawing nearer – she felt the dank sensation around her, the nowhere feeling, and knew it was going to be a difficult day.

From: Michael Cunningham, *The Hours*. Harper Perennial 2006 [1998]; p. 37-38.

Mrs. Woolf

She looks at the clock on the table. Almost two hours have passed. She still feels powerful, though she knows that tomorrow she may look back at what she's written and find it airy, overblown. One always has a better book in one's mind than one can manage to get onto paper. She takes a sip of cold coffee, and allows herself to read what she's written so far.

It seems good enough; parts seem very good indeed. She has lavish hopes, of course – she wants this to be her best book, the one that finally matches her expectations. But can a single day in the life of an ordinary woman be made into enough for a novel? Virginia taps at her lips with her thumb. Clarissa Dalloway will die, of that she feels certain, though the

early it's impossible to say how or even precisely why. She will, Virginia believes, take her own life. Yes, she will do that.

From: Michael Cunningham, *The Hours*. Harper Perennial 2006 [1998]; p. 69.

Mrs. Dalloway
Entering the hallway with her flowers, Clarissa meets Sally on her way out. For a moment – less than a moment – she sees Sally as she would if they were strangers. Sally is a pale, gray-haired woman, harsh-faced, impatient, ten pounds lighter than she ought to be. For a moment, seeing this stranger in the hall, Clarissa is filled with a tenderness and a vague, clinical disapproval. Clarissa thinks, She is so agitated and lovely. Clarissa thinks, She should never wear yellow, not even this deep mustard tone.
"Hey", Sally says. "Great flowers."
They kiss quickly, on the lips. They are always generous with kisses.
"Where are you going?" Clarissa asks.
Üptown. Lunch with Oliver St. Ives. Did I tell you? I can't remember if I told you."
"You didn't."
"Sorry. Do you mind?"
"Not at all. Nice to be having lunch with a movie star."
"I cleaned like a demon in there."
"Toilet paper?"
"There's plenty. I'll be back in a couple of hours."
"Bye."
"The flowers are great," Sally says. "Why do I feel nervous?"
"Having lunch with a movie star, I suppose."
"It's just Oliver. I feel like I'm abandoning you."
"You're not. Everything's fine."
"You're sure?"
"Go. Have a good time."
"Bye."

They kiss again. Clarissa will speak to Sally, when the time seems right, about retiring the mustard-colored jacket.

As she continues down the hall, she wonders over the pleasure she felt – what had it been? - just a little more than an hour earlier. At this moment, at eleven-thirty on a warm June day, the hallway of her building feels like an entrance to the realm of the dead. The urn sits in its niche and the brown-glazed floor tiles silently return, in muddied form, the elderly ocher light of the sconces. No, not the realm of the dead, exactly; there is something worse than death, with its promise of release and slumber. There is dust rising, endless days, and a hallway that sits and sits, always full of the brown light and the dank, slightly chemical smell that will do, until something more precise comes along, as the actual odor of age and loss, the end of hope. Richard, her lost lover, her truest friend, is disappearing into his illness [= AIDS], his insanity. Richard will not accompany her, as planned, into old age.

Clarissa lets herself into the apartment and immediately, oddly, feels better. A little better. There's the party to think about. At least there's that. Here's her home; hers and Sally's; and although they have lived here together almost fifteen years she is still struck by its beauty and by their impossible good fortune. Two floors and a garden in the West Village! They are rich, of course; obscenely rich by the world's standards; but not *rich* rich, not New York City rich.

From: Michael Cunningham, *The Hours*. Harper Perennial 2006 [1998]; p. 89-91

Secondary reading
Marry Joe Hughes (2004): Michael Cunningham's The Hours and Postmodern Artistic Re-Presentation, *Critique: Studies in Contemporary Fic*tion, 45:4, 349-361. (e-reader)

Recommended reading
Kate Haffey, Exquisite Moments and the Temporality of the Kiss in "Mrs. Dalloway" and "The Hours". *Narrative*, Vol. 18, No. 2 (MAY 2010) (pp. 137-162) (e-reader).

LITERARY THEORY SEMINARS

Literary Theory Seminars

In three tutorial meetings, we will discuss the basics of literary theory: some history of literary theory, important concepts and critical approaches. The aim of these meetings is to encourage you to use theoretical insights in your discussions of the novels.

To give the discussion a kick-off, chapters will be introduced by a short presentation by one (or two) of the students (depending on group size). This presentation is not graded, but in order to pass the course, you have to present once.

Your tutor will provide a schedule at the start of the course on which you can sign up for one of the seminars / chapters.

Instruction for the presentation:

The presentations serve the goal of refreshing the memory of everyone present. So, you may assume that everyone has read the material. Your task is:

1) **to summarize**, in an informal way, the most important points of the chapter you have read;
2) **to formulate discussion questions** related to the novel read during or before that week.

What is the main issue Bennett and Royle address in the chapter? Are there issues that you think need clarification? What topics would you like to talk about with the group in more detail? Which concepts are useful for explaining elements of the novel at hand and/or novels read before?

Presentations are max. 10 minutes. Presentations *without* slides can be as good as presentations *with* slides so you do not *have to* use PowerPoint, though you may. Ideally, you tell in your own words (as if you were talking to a friend) what the chapter is about and formulate questions to involve the entire group in discussing how you could use that chapter to explain something about one or several novel(s) you just read.

When you have to present, do not forget to read the other two chapters for that session!

Reading programme:

NOTE: The chapters mentioned may be subject to change. You will be informed about changes at the start of the course.

Week 2, Seminar 1:

- Andrew Bennett and Nicholas Royle, *An Introduction to Literature, Criticism and Theory*; Chapters: Readers and reading, The text and the world; Character; Mutant.

Week 3, Seminar 2:

- Andrew Bennett and Nicholas Royle, *An Introduction to Literature, Criticism and Theory*. Chapters: The author; Figures and tropes; The tragic; Pleasure.

Week 4, Seminar 3:

- Andrew Bennett and Nicholas Royle, *An Introduction to Literature, Criticism and Theory*. Chapters: History; Ideology; The postmodern.