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FACULTAD DE FILOSOFÍA Y LETRAS

ANTOLOGÍA EN INGLÉS PARA CONSOLIDAR LOS
OBJETIVOS DE APRENDIZAJE DEL TALLER DE
LECTURA, REDACCIÓN E INICIACIÓN A LA
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CCH-COLEGIO MADRID

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LICENCIADO EN LENGUA Y LITERATURAS
MODERNAS INGLESAS

PRESENTA:
ESTHER DEL CALLEJO LLERENAS

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EUAYED





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Y a mis compañeras del Colegio Madrid: Lourdes Aguilar y Claudia Saavedra

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Have you practiced so long to learn to read?
Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of words?
Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun... There are millions of suns left,
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand...
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from yourself.
Walt Whitman
(*Leaves of Grass*, 1855)

INTRODUCCIÓN

El presente informe, consiste en la elaboración comentada de material didáctico para apoyar la docencia en la modalidad de Antología y tiene la intención de reflejar el conocimiento sobre su contenido y de justificar el por qué puede usarse como parte de un programa institucional.

Elegí esta forma de titulación porque considero que aglutina las otras modalidades, ya que la experiencia laboral en el ámbito académico me permite realizar este trabajo, en virtud de que después de más de veinte años de actividad docente, puedo reflexionar en torno a cómo transmitir el gusto por la literatura y por la lengua misma, de cómo renovar mi compromiso de seguir aprendiendo y de cómo enfrentar nuevos retos en la enseñanza del inglés utilizando para ello la literatura, que desde siempre, me ha apasionado.

La vinculación entre el presente informe y la licenciatura en Lengua y Literaturas Modernas Inglesas se hace propicia a partir de la diversidad de textos de autores de lengua inglesa que se analizan a lo largo de la carrera y los que se incluyen particularmente en los programas de la asignatura llamada TLRIID¹ de primero y segundo semestre del Colegio de Ciencias y Humanidades del Colegio Madrid. El estudiar dichos autores en la carrera, me permitió tener una visión más amplia para aportar y enriquecer

¹ En adelante abreviaré las asignaturas del Taller de Lectura, Redacción e Iniciación a la Investigación Documental I, II, como **TLRIID**.

mis clases de inglés, ya que me dio la capacidad de entender mejor factores importantes como el estilo literario de las obras escogidas y el momento histórico en el que fueron escritos, entre otros.

Esta Antología fue creada con el objetivo de que los estudiantes del CCH del Colegio Madrid tuvieran un acercamiento al complejo, pero fascinante mundo de la literatura inglesa a partir de una selección previa de autores de lengua inglesa hecha por sus maestras de la asignatura de TLRIID. Dicha Antología sirvió de material de apoyo para mis clases regulares de la asignatura de inglés como lengua extranjera para estudiantes de nivel avanzado.

Asimismo, mostraré cómo ha enriquecido el estudio de estos autores en su lengua original, al acervo cultural de mis estudiantes, acercándolos a la literatura inglesa desde una perspectiva que permita el gozo estético del idioma inglés, a través de algunas de sus expresiones artísticas más elevadas como la poesía y la narrativa, dando como resultado la Antología en inglés de TLRIID.

En la primera parte, muestro a *grosso modo* como antecedentes, la transición del Colegio de Ciencias y Humanidades en general y el del CCH del Colegio Madrid en particular, desde su inicio hasta sus diferentes modificaciones y adaptaciones, para entender mejor en qué consisten y cómo enriquecen a los programas de bachillerato la creación de asignaturas que promueven el estudio de autores de lengua inglesa como la materia de TLRIID. Presento los objetivos propuestos por las maestras de dicha asignatura para la antología en español que sirvieron de referente necesario para la elaboración de la Antología en inglés, razón del presente informe.

En la segunda parte, hablaré del perfil de los estudiantes del Colegio Madrid, del sistema de enseñanza-aprendizaje del inglés *The Anglo*, adoptado por el Colegio desde hace más de una década. De los aspectos más relevantes que me llevaron a trabajar la interdisciplina desde la materia de inglés con los programas de la asignatura de TLRIID en el Colegio Madrid de primero y segundo semestre del CCH y de la justificación teórica a partir de la didáctica de Paulo Freire acerca de la importancia del acto de leer, así como la justificación personal del por qué crear una versión en inglés de la Antología a partir de su versión original en español. La Antología incluye únicamente los autores de lengua inglesa que las maestras de la asignatura del Taller escogieron para ser incluidos como parte de la formación de los jóvenes de dicha institución.

En la tercera parte, hablaré del objetivo de la Antología en inglés y de su contribución pedagógica a los programas de TLRIID del CCH del Colegio Madrid, su estudio y aplicación en el salón de clase en la asignatura de inglés nivel intermedio y avanzado. Hablaré también de mi experiencia al trabajar con dicha Antología por más de 5 años, de cómo ésta permitió a los estudiantes conocer las obras en su idioma original y comentaré algunos de los ejercicios como ejemplo de algunos aspectos particulares tales como: el contexto histórico y biográfico del autor, el lenguaje utilizado, y la forma magistral en la que fueron escritas dichas obras.

Y por último, mis conclusiones del trabajo realizado, las aportaciones tanto a la materia de TLRIID como a los estudiantes a nivel formativo y como a través del trabajo realizado se logró despertar el gusto por la lectura. Así mismo, sugiero algunos cambios en la secuencia de los textos en cuanto a su grado de dificultad y a una selección de autores cuyos textos sean más cortos pero en versiones completas.

PRIMERA PARTE

ANTECEDENTES

1. SURGIMIENTO DEL CCH EN MÉXICO

La educación en México ha sufrido varias transformaciones durante su historia, y la década de los sesenta no fue la excepción. Al término de la misma, surgieron una serie de movimientos sociales que demandaban mejores expectativas para las mayorías. En agosto de 1971, se replantearon las necesidades educativas, principalmente a nivel bachillerato. Así comenzó el proyecto innovador del Colegio de Ciencias y Humanidades CCH impulsado por el Dr. Pablo González Casanova. “Nunca antes en la historia de la educación en México se había promovido a tantos jóvenes con ese espíritu tenaz de lucha y participación; generación única que impulsó una de las mejores opciones educativas a nivel bachillerato del país”.² Es importante señalar que el sistema del CCH surgió ofreciendo opciones técnicas, licenciaturas y posgrados. En 1998, los dos últimos niveles fueron absorbidos por las diferentes facultades de la Universidad.

2. NUEVA PERSPECTIVA DEL COLEGIO DE CIENCIAS Y HUMANIDADES

Luego de más de 20 años en funciones, en el Colegio de Ciencias y Humanidades se llevó a cabo una revisión del plan y los programas de estudio. El resultado fue la creación del Nuevo Plan de Estudios que, como el anterior, intenta dar respuesta a las necesidades de la sociedad mexicana en constante transformación.

² *Cuadernos de Educación*, Caracas, Sigma editores, 1973, p. 61.

Con la revisión del Modelo Educativo, éste no requirió modificación alguna. Aún cuando el Plan de Estudios cambió, para dar cumplimiento a las necesidades y requerimientos de una sociedad que evoluciona constantemente, sus preceptos rectores permanecen vigentes: *aprender a aprender, aprender a hacer y aprender a ser*:

Para cumplir el conjunto de las misiones que le son propias, la educación debe estructurarse en torno a cuatro aprendizajes fundamentales que en el transcurso de la vida serán para cada persona, en cierto sentido los pilares del conocimiento: Aprender a conocer, es decir, adquirir los instrumentos de la comprensión; aprender a hacer, para poder influir sobre el propio entorno; aprender a vivir juntos, para participar y cooperar con los demás en todas las actividades humanas; por último, aprender a ser, un proceso fundamental que recoge elementos de los tres anteriores.³

En este sentido, el Modelo Educativo del Colegio de Ciencias y Humanidades, reafirma su concepción como proyecto innovador, ya que uno de los objetivos más valorados y perseguidos dentro de la educación a través de las épocas, nos dice la maestra Frida Díaz Barriga, “es la de *enseñar a los estudiantes a que se vuelvan aprendices autónomos, independientes y autorregulados capaces de aprender a aprender*”.⁴ Como nos explica Díaz Barriga, implica la capacidad de reflexionar en la forma en que se aprende y actuar en consecuencia, autorregulando el propio proceso de aprendizaje mediante el uso de estrategias flexibles y apropiadas que se adaptan a nuevas situaciones.⁵

³ Jacques Delors, *La Educación Encierra un tesoro*, UNESCO, Dower Arrendamientos S.A.C.V., México, 1997, p. 91.

⁴ Frida Díaz Barriga, Gerardo Hernández Rojas. *Estrategias docentes para un Aprendizaje significativo, Una interpretación constructivista*. Segunda edición. México, Mc GRAW-HILL, 2006, p. 233.

⁵ *Ibid.*

3. OBJETIVOS DE LA ENSEÑANZA DE LA LITERATURA EN EL NIVEL MEDIO SUPERIOR

La asignatura Taller de Lectura, Redacción e Iniciación a la Investigación Documental (TLRIID) tiene como objetivo contribuir al desarrollo de las habilidades básicas para el mejoramiento de la competencia comunicativa en español del estudiante: escuchar, hablar, leer y escribir, que a su vez le permitirán comprender, interpretar y producir distintos tipos de textos en su lengua materna. En el programa, el objetivo aparece de la siguiente manera: “el alumno adquirirá mayor capacidad para expresarse oralmente y por escrito mediante el ejercicio constante de la expresión oral, la lectura y la escritura”.⁶

En el ciclo de bachillerato, la enseñanza de la lengua se fundamenta en el enfoque comunicativo con base en las teorías de David Nunan⁷; este enfoque se alimenta de la pragmática, la semiótica, la lingüística del texto y el análisis del discurso, entre otras áreas. Resulta pertinente mostrar algunos contenidos del primer semestre aplicados a ejemplos concretos en la versión de la antología en inglés con los autores seleccionados por las maestras de la asignatura pero con actividades propuestas por mí, pues constituyen el antecedente del segundo, de los cuatro semestres correspondientes a las asignaturas del Taller.

Estos contenidos son: El encuadre conceptual, la situación comunicativa, el texto científico y el de divulgación científica, el histórico, publicitario, la función referencial y

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 9.

⁷ David, Nunan, *El diseño de tareas para la clase comunicativa*, Cambridge University Press, Madrid, 1998

apelativa, la nota informativa, el relato literario, el análisis intertextual y la exposición oral de temas diversos.⁸

4. OBJETIVOS DE LOS PROGRAMAS DE TLRIID DEL COLEGIO MADRID Y SU APLICACIÓN EN LA ANTOLOGÍA EN INGLÉS

Los programas de TLRIID de primero y segundo semestre están conformados por ocho unidades con seis horas de clase semanales, para cubrir un total de 96 horas semestrales. El Programa de estudios establece que las materias de TLRIID se imparten en tres sesiones semanales de trabajo que consisten en desarrollar procesos de escritura y lectura en español.

Los programas de inglés para CCH están conformados según el sistema del Anglo en 18 niveles. Cada nivel se imparte en cuatro horas de clase semanales en dos sesiones de 2 horas cada una.

Con estas horas de trabajo tanto de Taller de redacción, como de inglés, se pretende alcanzar los siguientes objetivos:

- Que el estudiante sea capaz de expresar el efecto de identificación y de percepción estética resultante de la lectura y análisis de textos cortos, como manifestaciones de la función poética en relatos literarios⁹; y como ejemplo de ello, en la Antología en inglés se presenta un poema de Lord Byron titulado *She Walk in Beauty* donde se le pide al estudiante que lea

⁸ Área de Talleres de Lenguaje y Comunicación. Programas de Estudio para las Asignaturas: *Taller de Lectura, Redacción e Iniciación a la Investigación Documental I y II*. CCH, 1996, p. 27.

⁹Ibíd.

en voz alta y que identifique el tipo de rima de acuerdo a la definición de versificación dada con anterioridad.

- Que el estudiante reconozca el carácter ficticio del mundo del relato literario;¹⁰ un ejemplo de ello, se da cuando el estudiante lee el cuento corto *Cat in the Rain* de Ernest Hemingway en la Antología en inglés y se le pide que escriba un comentario libre en el que haga explícita su percepción de vida de una experiencia parecida que funde el sentido atribuido en su lectura al relato leído y la relación de aquélla con experiencias propias.
- Que el estudiante resuma una historia narrada apoyándose en el reconocimiento de acciones y secuencias básicas y de su orientación lógica. Cuando en el segundo semestre se le pide leer la novela *Mientras agonizo* de William Faulkner en el Taller de TLRIID, en la Antología en inglés se le presentan dos ensayos críticos breves que facilitan abordar la problemática de la novela en cuanto a sus narradores, para que posteriormente describa con sus propias palabras las características de los personajes; que identifique la ubicación del narrador dentro o fuera de la historia, y que reconozca los temas, motivos y símbolos en la novela. El estudiante toma una posición afectiva frente a la historia del relato o a su desenlace al pedirle que escriba el último capítulo creando un personaje-narrador más de la novela, para que exprese, de manera personal, la relación de éstos con su experiencia propia y promover así su creatividad.

¹⁰ *Ibíd.*

4.1. Propósitos Generales del Primer Semestre:

El Programa Operativo para la planeación Didáctica¹¹, plantea como propósitos generales del curso que el estudiante:

- Dé cuenta de lo que lee, piensa y observa por medio de la comprensión de textos, del registro y procesamiento de información a través de resúmenes, síntesis y paráfrasis. En la Antología en inglés, con Edgar Allan Poe, el estudiante desarrolla estas habilidades al pedirle que comprenda textos auditivos y que a partir de una canción, amplíe su comprensión del poema en inglés *The Raven*.
- Lea, analice y sintetice diversos cuentos, relatos cortos y poemas para acercarlo al uso artístico de la lengua. Un ejemplo de cómo se lleva a cabo este objetivo es cuando se le pide al estudiante hacer una síntesis a partir del “modelo de estrella” propuesto en la antología en español de un cuento de James Joyce *The Sisters*.
- Amplíe su visión del mundo a través de la lectura y análisis de textos literarios y que conozca un panorama general de la literatura del siglo XIX al primer cuarto del siglo XX como parte de un todo estético-social creado y modificado por el hombre y lea textos representativos de esta literatura¹². Como los textos de Oscar Wilde *The Sphinx Without a Secret*, un fragmento de *The Picture of Dorian Grey* en su versión original en inglés y el poema *My voice* con una versión en audio.

¹¹ *Ibíd.* 28

¹² *Ibíd.*p.29

4.2. Propósitos Generales del segundo Semestre:

El Programa Operativo para la planeación Didáctica, plantea como propósitos generales del curso que el estudiante:

- Conozca las características de los géneros literarios a partir de la lectura de poesía y novela con los ejemplos mencionados anteriormente con Faulkner, Hemingway, y fragmentos del poema *The Waste Land* de T.S. Eliot.
- Valore y conozca parte del panorama general de la literatura del siglo XX y que al igual que el primer semestre, reconozca la creación literaria como parte de un todo estético-social creado y modificado por el hombre y para esto, introduzco al poeta estadounidense contemporáneo Billy Collins con una propuesta muy creativa de dos de sus poemas en animación por computadora.

Se han aplicado algunos ajustes tanto a los contenidos como a las estrategias de enseñanza-aprendizaje desde que se instituyó el sistema CCH en el Colegio Madrid buscando mantener una secuencia entre los cuatro cursos correspondientes a esta asignatura. Asimismo, cabe destacar que en los programas de las antologías en español elaboradas por las profesoras del Colegio Madrid, el orden que le asignan a las unidades de la materia difiere ligeramente de los programas del CCH planteados en el Plan de Estudios Actualizado, pero respetan los contenidos a tratar en cada semestre.

5. CONTENIDOS DE LOS PROGRAMAS DE TLRIID CON RESPECTO A AUTORES DE LENGUA INGLESA¹³

La Antología en inglés de la que versa el siguiente informe, contiene temas de 3 unidades: dos de primer semestre de CCH y una de segundo semestre extraídos de la antología original en español elaborada por las profesoras de la asignatura de TLRIID.

Durante el primer semestre el profesor de la asignatura presenta un encuadre conceptual de los contenidos del Taller, y cuando se trabaja la unidad 1 de la antología en español llamada *La Construcción del yo y el Romanticismo* se incluyen los siguientes autores de lengua inglesa: Lord Byron, William Blake y Edgar Allan Poe. En la unidad IV llamada *Lectura de Relatos y Poemas, Narrativa Moderna* se incluyen a: James Joyce y Oscar Wilde pero en español o en algunos casos en versiones bilingües.

En el segundo semestre, se aborda la *función poética* a través del estudio de diferentes géneros literarios donde incluyen a la *Generación Perdida norteamericana* con William Faulkner, T.S. Eliot y Ernest Hemingway. Sus orígenes y antecedentes históricos se explican en clase previamente de manera extensa, aunque hay que aclarar, que para muchos críticos Faulkner no es considerado como parte de esta generación.

¹³ Lourdes Aguilar, *Antología de Textos para el taller de lectura, redacción e iniciación a la investigación documental*. Bachillerato CCH primer semestre, curso 2008-2009, Colegio Madrid.

PRIMER SEMESTRE

Unidad I: *LA CONSTRUCCIÓN DEL YO Y EL ROMANTISISMO*

En esta unidad en la versión en español de la antología, se incluyen las versiones bilingües de los poemas: *She Walks in Beauty (Ella Camina con Belleza)* de **Lord Byron**, *The Raven (El Cuervo)* de **Edgar Allan Poe** y *The Tyger (El Tigre)* de **William Blake** con el propósito general de que al finalizar la unidad el estudiante conozca un panorama general de lo que fue el romanticismo, sus causas, sus características, visión del mundo y autores representativos para valorar y acercar la literatura romántica a la actualidad.

Como estrategias para lograr el objetivo en la materia de TLRIID se mencionan, la construcción grupal del concepto romántico a partir de escuchar fragmentos musicales de la época. El profesor da una plática de las características del romanticismo literario junto con ejercicios para identificar los rasgos románticos en diferentes textos. Se les pide que realicen una investigación sobre autores románticos, para que después escriban un texto con las características del romanticismo. Y se proyecta en el salón de clase la película *Frankenstein* de **Mary Shelley** para su análisis y discusión.

En la Temática del programa trabajan el contexto histórico general de Europa y América, el concepto romántico y sus características ideológicas y literarias.

Unidad IV: LECTURA DE RELATOS Y POEMAS. NARRATIVA MODERNA

Se trabaja con dos cuentos cortos de **James Joyce**: *Las hermanas* y *Dos galanes* y con el cuento *La esfinge sin secreto* de **Oscar Wilde** en español, con el propósito general que al finalizar la unidad, el estudiante conozca un panorama general de la literatura llamada “moderna” que abarca de finales del siglo XIX y el primer tercio del siglo XX; sus causas, sus características, visión del mundo y autores representativos para valorar y acercar esta literatura a la actualidad.

Como estrategias para lograr dicho objetivo el profesor da una plática acerca de La Narrativa moderna, junto con la lectura y análisis de textos. Entre la temática se encuentra el revisar conceptos como el de las categorías literarias y los autores representativos de este género de habla inglesa: **James Joyce** y **Oscar Wilde**.

SEGUNDO SEMESTRE

Unidad II: LA GENERACIÓN PERDIDA NORTEAMERICANA

Se trabaja con el complejo y emblemático poema, *The Waste Land* (*La Tierra Baldía*) de **T.S. Eliot** en una versión bilingüe, junto con los cuentos cortos de: **William Faulkner** *Una Rosa para Emily* y un fragmento de *Mientras Agonizo* (novela que los estudiantes tienen que leer posteriormente en su versión completa en español para ser evaluados al final del semestre). Y el cuento *Los Asesinos* de **Ernest Hemingway** en su versión en español. Con el propósito general que el estudiante conozca y aprecie los rasgos principales de la literatura de la Generación Perdida norteamericana y se explica el origen de su nombre, el contexto histórico y demás integrantes de este grupo de artistas.

Como estrategias para lograr dicho objetivo, se trabaja con exposiciones de los estudiantes por equipos, sobre los diversos puntos de la Generación Perdida

norteamericana. Se hace la lectura de poemas en clase y su comentario. Así como, la lectura de cuentos y poemas de la Generación Perdida. Entre la temática se encuentra, el contexto histórico de La Generación Perdida; La primera Guerra Mundial y la Pos-guerra, sus influencias, rasgos característicos.

Respecto a las unidades de la antología en español, donde se incluyen las versiones bilingües, me parece que es más importante que el estudiante trabaje con textos breves y completos por que les es difícil contextualizar un hecho o escribir un comentario libre sin tener una visión más clara y completa del contexto histórico en el que fue escrita la obra, o sin contar con los antecedentes relevantes para su mejor comprensión. Observar esto en el aula fue lo que me inspiró a elaborar una Antología en inglés. Con el propósito de estudiar a los mismos autores, pero proporcionando a los estudiantes los elementos que según mi criterio, necesitaban para facilitar su estudio. La metodología que propongo en la versión en inglés de la antología es escuchar y leer una serie de poemas, críticas literarias, ensayos y trabajos, que me di a la tarea de revisar y seleccionar, para hacer más accesible y divertido el análisis de las obras de dichos autores, y conocer mejor su contexto histórico. Dicha metodología está inspirada en el pensamiento de la praxis de Paulo Freire la cual establece que la lectura del mundo precede a la lectura de la palabra y al tomar contacto con la lectura de la palabra se produce una re-lectura del mundo: “la lectura y la escritura de la palabra implican una re-lectura más crítica del mundo como “camino” para re-escribirlo, es decir, para transformarlo”.¹⁴

¹⁴ FREIRE Paulo. 1992. *La importancia de leer y el proceso de liberación*. Siglo XXI, Editores. México. , p. 40.

SEGUNDA PARTE

El presente informe se centra en esta segunda parte. En las características de los estudiantes del Colegio Madrid y del sistema de enseñanza-aprendizaje del inglés en dicha institución. Expondré mi justificación teórica y metodológica basada en la teoría pedagógica de Paulo Freire y en otros autores importantes, del por qué dar literatura a jóvenes en mis clases de inglés de nivel intermedio y avanzado. Y daré mi punto de vista, al argumentar por qué fue enriquecedor el trabajo de interdisciplina realizado con la materia de TLRIID que dio como resultado, la elaboración de una Antología en inglés que tuvo la doble función de aportar material de lectura y discusión tanto para la asignatura de inglés, como para apoyar el estudio de autores de lengua inglesa en la materia de TLRIID y así, enriquecer ambas disciplinas.

1. PERFIL DEL ESTUDIANTE DEL COLEGIO MADRID

La edad de mis estudiantes se encuentra entre los 15 y 17 años de edad, factor que influye particularmente en su interés y motivación para leer los textos seleccionados en la asignatura de Taller de Redacción (TLRIID). Por lo general estos textos son sólo fragmentos y aparecen en su antología en versiones bilingües. Esto dificulta despertar el interés de los estudiantes para leer dichas versiones sin tener un antecedente histórico. Además de que no cuentan con información que permita motivarlos y generar el deseo genuino de conocer más de cerca a esos autores y su obra. La Antología en inglés tiene como objetivo principal, proveer información relevante acerca de los autores seleccionados y fomentar la curiosidad e interés genuino de los estudiantes.

Lo que me propuse como reto principal, fue el de despertar esta motivación personal o intrínseca¹⁵ en los estudiantes, entendida como la capacidad de estimular la voluntad de leer por sí mismos. La motivación del estudiante permite explicar la medida en que ellos invierten su atención y esfuerzo en determinados asuntos, que pueden ser o no los que desean sus profesores;¹⁶ pero que en todo caso se relacionan con sus experiencias subjetivas, su disposición y motivos para involucrarse en las actividades académicas. Mi papel como docente, en el ámbito de la motivación, es estimular a mis estudiantes para que desarrollen un verdadero gusto e interés por la lectura.

Todo lo que leemos nos transforma, nos hace personas nuevas en algún sentido, como dice Paulo Freire:

Si el estudiar no fuese para nosotros casi siempre una carga, si leer no fuese una obligación amarga que hay que cumplir, si por el contrario estudiar y leer fuesen fuente de alegría y placer, de la que surge también el conocimiento indispensable con el cual nos movemos mejor en el mundo, tendríamos índices que revelarían una mejor calidad en nuestra educación.¹⁷

¹⁵ Z. Dörnyei, (2005) *The Psychology of the Language Learner. Individual Differences in Second language Acquisition*. University of Nottingham. Routledge Editors., p.76. "Douglas Brown (1990, 1994) was one of the main proponents of emphasizing the importance of intrinsic motivation in the L2 classroom, arguing that traditional school settings cultivate extrinsic motivation, which, over the long haul, "focuses students too exclusively on the material or monetary rewards of an education rather than instilling an appreciation for creativity and for satisfying some of the more basic drives for knowledge and exploration."

¹⁶ Ibid, p. 77. "Noels (2003) proposed a larger motivation construct made up of three interrelated substrates. The first substrate includes intrinsic reasons inherent in the language learning process, such as whether learning the language is fun, engaging, challenging, or competence-enhancing. The second category includes extrinsic reasons for language learning lying on a continuum of self-determination, including external and internalized pressures; the third substrate comprises integrative reasons relating to positive contact with the L2 group and perhaps eventual identification with that group."[...] Noels and her colleagues found that the more students perceived their teachers as controlling and as failing to provide instructive feedback, the less they were intrinsically motivated. Thus, perceptions of autonomy support and informative feedback from teachers enhanced the student's feelings of intrinsic motivation."

¹⁷ FREIRE Paulo. 2001. *Cartas a quien pretende enseñar*. Siglo XXI Editores. México.

Autores y pedagogos de gran relevancia como Paulo Freire han desarrollado entre sus temas más importantes la valoración de la lectura como espacio de crecimiento, libertad y de ciudadanía.

Es necesario preguntarnos por las condiciones, factores y dimensiones implicados en el acto de leer. Es pertinente en este sentido preguntarnos ¿Qué es leer? Una respuesta posible, consiste en procurar la comprensión crítica de lo leído. Si estamos de acuerdo con ello, concluimos en que la comprensión es parte constituyente de leer. Por el contrario, leer sin comprender no es propiamente leer, sino decodificar mecánicamente palabras que no encuentran un sentido, que no permite al sujeto que realiza la acción “realizar una lectura del mundo” como dice Paulo Freire.

Cuando un sujeto emprende la lectura activa de un texto, no lo hace desde una posición neutra, sin ideas previas o sin historia. Ese sujeto ha hecho una lectura del mundo, su mundo, y desde allí va a interpretar y comprender las palabras que se le presentan en el texto. Es su contexto cultural, sus procesos afectivos, emocionalidad y su curiosidad las que se implican en esa lectura, y tal como señala Freire, el contenido del texto enriquece sus lecturas del mundo en una relación dialéctica, ampliando su visión crítica y confirmando su calidad de sujeto.

Realizar la lectura desmotivadamente convierte al acto de leer en una simple decodificación de palabras sin sentido. Uno de los grandes desafíos ante los cuales nos encontramos como profesores es conseguir que los estudiantes, dentro del proceso general de conocer, se adueñen críticamente del lenguaje y de sus textos, para que se conviertan en lectores y escritores de las palabras que les hagan sentido en la medida en que se van construyendo histórica y socialmente como sujetos.

En este sentido al considerar al adolescente con su historia a la hora de emprender la tarea de invitarlos a descubrir la lectura, deseo que se integre su historia en este proceso, intentando romper con la concepción descontextualizada y dividida con que se comprende la experiencia educativa (por un carril la vida y por otro carril la escuela).

Paulo Freire describe el acto de leer como “una *transacción* entre el sujeto lector y el texto, como mediador del encuentro del lector con el autor del texto. Es una composición entre el lector y el autor en la que el lector, esforzándose con lealtad en el sentido de no traicionar el espíritu del autor, “*reescribe*” el texto”.¹⁸

Freire critica lo que él señala como práctica común en las escuelas: relacionar a los estudiantes de manera pasiva a la lectura y en este sentido, lo que conocemos como ejercicios de resúmenes, o cuestionarios acerca de lo leído, no son otra cosa que la copia literal del texto. Señala Freire que “El estudiante percibe tempranamente que su imaginación no juega: es algo casi prohibido, una especie de pecado...el lector nunca es invitado, por un lado, a revivir imaginativamente la historia contada en el libro; y por el otro, a apropiarse poco a poco del significado del texto”.¹⁹

Los profesores no podemos imponer la comprensión si, ésta no es producto de una construcción que se produce por medio del diálogo que establece el estudiante lector con el autor mediada por el texto. Pero si somos responsables de diseñar entornos de aprendizaje que permitan a los estudiantes involucrarse en procesos que tengan sentido y significación para ellos, estas condiciones favorecedoras dan a los estudiantes acceso a los recursos que necesitan para desarrollar sus potencialidades.

¹⁸ *Ibíd.*, 47.

¹⁹ *Ibíd.*, 49.

Llevar a cabo estrategias para desarrollar una lectura requiere por supuesto que los textos sean adecuados al lector y en este sentido, “existe una relación necesaria entre el nivel del contenido del libro y el nivel de capacitación actual del lector. Estos niveles abarcan la experiencia intelectual del autor y del lector. La comprensión de lo que se lee tiene que ver con esa relación. Cuando la distancia entre esos niveles es demasiado grande, cuando uno no tiene nada que ver con el otro, todo esfuerzo de comprensión es inútil”.²⁰

Según lo señalado por Freire, el lector dialoga con el texto, produciéndose, como resultado de ese proceso interpretativo una “reescritura” del texto a través de la lectura comprensiva. Lograr esta experiencia de comprensión dependerá de los códigos que maneje el lector. Un código principal en la lectura es el lingüístico, en este sentido el lenguaje debe ser el adecuado al lector, el texto debe estar escrito en una lengua que domine y la estructura lingüística que posee el texto debe ser conocida por él.

Lo anterior no significa que exista una coincidencia total de códigos lingüísticos entre lector y autor ya que “la lectura determina un enriquecimiento del código lingüístico”.²¹ Por este motivo no es necesario que éste coincida con el que en ese momento domina el lector, sino que basta con que permita o favorezca la comprensión, al mismo tiempo que sirva para enriquecer el vocabulario, familiarizar con estructuras lingüísticas nuevas y con nuevas formas de expresión en el caso de la lectura de textos en inglés.

²⁰ *Ibíd.*, p. 38.

²¹ Condemarin G. Mabel y Alliende G., Felipe. 2009. *La Lectura: Teoría, Evaluación y Desarrollo*. Editorial Andrés Bello, Octava Edición. Santiago, Chile., p. 199.

En este sentido, desde la didáctica es muy importante considerar, que cada lector hará una lectura personal del texto y por lo tanto, al dialogar con él, hará su propia reescritura de lo leído. Esto es válido respecto de las lecturas individuales como de las grupales y a la hora de evaluar sería un error muy importante pretender que cada estudiante presente una comprensión similar y literal de lo leído. Importante es también, para facilitar la comprensión lectora, conocer el patrimonio cultural del autor para comprender el contexto en que fue creada la obra como también las circunstancias de la escritura.

En la didáctica de la comprensión lectora el trabajo individual y el trabajo grupal, son métodos que permiten que se enriquezca la interacción de los estudiantes con los textos. La lectura grupal y la posterior discusión del grupo permiten que la reescritura del texto sea un producto colectivo que promueve la discusión de las distintas interpretaciones presentes en el grupo de lectores.

Combinar la lectura con la escritura superando la división existente entre ambas en los procesos de aprendizaje, “la relación entre leer y escribir, entendidos como procesos que no se pueden separar son procesos que deben organizarse de tal modo que *leer* y *escribir* sean percibidos como necesarios para algo, como siendo alguna cosa que el estudiante necesita”²²

Según los autores revisados, es necesario que como profesora cuente con la posibilidad de buscar alternativas metodológicas de modo que mi propia actividad didáctica se convierta en objeto de aprendizaje para mí misma.

²² FREIRE Paulo. 1992. *La importancia de leer y el proceso de liberación*. Siglo XXI, Editores. México. , p. 38-39.

Harold Bloom en su libro *Cómo leer y por qué*²³, también da algunas respuestas a esta interrogante. Como a la información tenemos acceso ilimitado, tenemos que buscar más bien la sabiduría y leer “bien” ya que es uno de los mayores placeres que puede proporcionar la soledad. Según Bloom, “hace que uno se relacione con la alteridad, ya sea la propia, la de los amigos, o de quienes pueden llegar a serlo. La invención literaria es alteridad y por eso alivia la soledad”.²⁴ Virginia Woolf decía que “el único consejo que una persona puede darle a otra sobre la lectura es que no acepte consejos”, pero estoy de acuerdo con Bloom cuando dice que mientras uno no llegue a ser plenamente uno mismo, recibir consejos puede ser útil y hasta esencial. Leemos para fortalecer nuestra personalidad y averiguar cuáles son nuestros auténticos intereses; este proceso de aprendizaje y maduración nos hace sentir placer. Bloom nos da un sinnúmero de razones por las cuales deberíamos leer. Leemos porque no podemos conocer a fondo a toda la gente que quisiéramos; Porque necesitamos conocernos mejor; porque sentimos necesidad de conocer cómo somos, cómo son los demás y cómo son las cosas. Pero “el motivo más profundo y auténtico para la lectura personal es la búsqueda de un placer difícil.”²⁵

Bloom nos invita a leer profundamente no para creer, ni para contradecir, sino para “aprender a participar de esa naturaleza única que escribe y que lee. Sólo se puede leer para iluminarse a uno mismo: no es posible encender la vela que ilumine a nadie más”.²⁶

Nuestro deber como profesores debería ser despertar el amor por la lectura, predicar con el ejemplo y contagiar nuestro amor por las letras y las buenas lecturas.

²³ Harold Bloom, *Cómo leer y por qué*, Anagrama, Colección Argumentos, Barcelona, 2000, p.19.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 13.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 26.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 27.

Tenemos muy buenos ejemplos a seguir con nuestros escritores latinoamericanos que nos inspiran a encontrar en la lectura profundos motivos para vivir y gozar de la vida. Como Mario Vargas Llosa que en su reciente discurso ofrecido ante la Academia Sueca durante la ceremonia de entrega del Premio Nobel de Literatura en diciembre del 2010, nos exhorta a invitar a las nuevas generaciones a leer ya que:

...La ficción es más que un entretenimiento, más que un ejercicio intelectual que aguza la sensibilidad y despierta el espíritu crítico. Es una necesidad imprescindible para que la civilización siga existiendo, renovándose y conservando en nosotros lo mejor de lo humano. Para que no retrocedamos a la barbarie de la incomunicación y la vida no se reduzca al pragmatismo de los especialistas que ven las cosas en profundidad pero ignoran lo que les rodea, precede y continúa. Para que no pasemos de servirnos de las máquinas que inventamos a ser sus sirvientes y esclavos. Y porque un mundo sin literatura sería un mundo sin deseos ni ideales ni desacatos, un mundo de autómatas privados de lo que hace que el ser humano sea de veras humano: la capacidad de salir de sí mismo y mudarse en otro, en otros, modelados con la arcilla de nuestros sueños...²⁷

2. ¿POR QUÉ LITERATURA EN LAS CLASES DE INGLÉS DEL COLEGIO MADRID?

Para dar respuesta a esta pregunta, me permito hacer una breve reseña histórica de los orígenes de la literatura para jóvenes inspirada en un autor francés llamado Marc Soriano²⁸ quien se ha especializado en libros, reseñas y notas acerca de libros para jóvenes y niños. Sus comentarios me inspiraron a usar una metodología tan ecléctica para la elaboración de esta Antología y con ello tratar de promover el gusto por la literatura

²⁷ Mario Vargas Llosa, *Elogio de la lectura y la ficción*, Discurso ofrecido ante la Academia Sueca durante la ceremonia de entrega del Premio Nobel de Literatura de 2010, http://www.letraslibres.com/blog/blogs/index.php?title=elogio_de_la_lectura_y_la_ficcion&more=1&c=1&tb=1&pb=1&blog=5 consultado el 8 de diciembre 2010.

²⁸ Marc Soriano, *Guía de exploración de la literatura para niños y jóvenes*, Buenos, Ediciones Colihue, 1952, p. 254.

inglesa a través de canciones, videos, grabaciones, y todo aquello que vincula a la literatura con el mundo adolescente de mis estudiantes.

La literatura infantil y juvenil propiamente dicha, la impresa, nace en Europa Occidental a fines del siglo XVII y comienzos del XVIII. Es entonces cuando, tanto en Inglaterra como en Francia, la industrialización y el desarrollo del comercio permiten la construcción de un público adolescente de extracción burguesa, que sabe leer y cuenta con cierto poder adquisitivo. “Roba” de la literatura adulta obras como *Los Viajes de Gulliver* de Jonathan Swift, una violenta sátira de costumbres políticas de la época, sentida en este caso como una especie de gran metáfora acerca del crecimiento (ser grande entre los pequeños y pequeño entre los grandes), y, el *Robinson Crusoe* de Daniel Defoe, interpretable como el juego fundamental en el que el adolescente se mide con la naturaleza, obras que reflejan muchas de sus necesidades, sus gustos y fantasías. La contribución de los países anglosajones a la literatura infantil y juvenil resulta capital. Lewis Carroll reaviva la gran tradición de los textos lúdicos, los cuales entablan un diálogo con el inconsciente del niño. Stevenson profundiza el tema del exotismo en su *Isla del tesoro* y devela los dos rostros de la naturaleza humana en *El doctor Jekyll y el señor Hyde*. Conan Doyle inventa su Sherlock Holmes. Poe reinventa lo fantástico e introduce la ciencia en la novela policiaca. Melville pone de moda la pesca de la ballena.

Soriano continúa diciendo que se hicieron adaptaciones muchas veces masacrando obras para adultos, como en el caso de *Robinson Crusoe*. Por testimonios de la época se sabe que los jóvenes se apropiaron del libro desde el momento mismo de su publicación, en 1719. Sin embargo, no lo leían en su versión completa, sino más bien en la versión que puso en circulación un “editor pirata”, destinada a un público popular, y que reducía el relato a sus episodios esenciales: la tempestad, el naufragio en la isla, las

dificultades que encuentra el náufrago y cómo las supera, la amistad con Viernes, y la partida hacia Inglaterra.

Hay una opinión que comparto con Soriano en la que argumenta que la adaptación, sin duda facilita el esfuerzo del joven lector, pero, al mismo tiempo, puede acostumbrarlo a la pasividad. No sabemos si más adelante podría encarar el esfuerzo de leer en su versión completa una obra que creyó que ya conocía. Y sucede lo mismo, cuando los adolescentes se acostumbran a aceptar adaptaciones “ya digeridas” por un guionista de cine o televisión y corren el peligro de pensar que conocen una obra originalmente hecha para ser leída en su versión completa. Éste es un problema al cual los profesores de literatura nos vemos enfrentados cuando sugerimos lecturas abreviadas o adaptadas para la enseñanza de una segunda lengua.

3. RELACIÓN ENTRE ADOLESCENCIA Y LITERATURA

La adolescencia ha sido reconocida en todas las culturas, pero su inicio y su duración dan lugar a apreciaciones muy diversas según la época y la clase social.

De manera muy esquemática incluyo opiniones de Soriano y algunas de mis aportaciones basadas en mi experiencia con adolescentes y mi formación como psicóloga, donde vemos a esta etapa de la vida como el estadio de las contradicciones.

Dice Soriano:

Los adolescentes, capaces de amar y de procrear, no están preparados, psicológica y materialmente, para asumir las responsabilidades parentales. Se perciben a sí mismos como niños y como adultos al mismo tiempo.

Es la edad de los cómplices, de los grupos, de los “fans”, de la identificación con ciertos modelos sociales, artistas y líderes políticos; y también la de las amistades apasionadas y en

ocasiones de algunas experiencias homosexuales que, en el caso de los varones, son a la vez buscadas y negadas a través de una homofobia tanto más agresiva cuanto más intensa haya sido la tentación.

La adolescencia es también la época en la que aparecen las aspiraciones artísticas y altruistas y, en consecuencia, las apreciaciones críticas acerca de la sociedad y de los padres. Es la edad de todo o nada, de la sinceridad, de la burla, de la provocación y, en las familias que no han sabido mantener el diálogo con sus hijos, la edad del silencio, de la duplicidad, de las fugas, de la droga o del suicidio.

El adolescente poco informado y poco pensante es presa fácil de la enajenación que los medios masivos de comunicación, principalmente, radio, cine y televisión ejercen en todos ellos.

Los adolescentes, más allá de sus diferencias de clase o de situación, constituyen un sector sensible donde se reflejan las contradicciones de la sociedad entera.²⁹

Los cambios registrados en el contexto histórico en las últimas décadas han sido factores muy importantes para agravar la fragilidad afectiva y emocional de los adolescentes. El progreso desmedido de la informática y de la cibernética, las redes sociales, las computadoras y sus infinitas posibilidades nos han llevado cada vez más a la pasividad y a no leer libros por considerarlos incluso obsoletos. La globalización que desemboca en una competencia desleal entre los sectores productivos de la sociedad, sobre todo en países subdesarrollados como el nuestro ha propiciado el desequilibrio en la economía de nuestro país. La sangrienta guerra contra el narcotráfico, el movimiento zapatista así como, las guerras en otros países como la de Irak, los continuos conflictos en la franja de Gaza, y ahora con el movimiento de *los indignados* en todo el mundo por mencionar algunos, junto con el bombardeo mediático que lo torna casi en espectáculo “Reality Show” generan un ambiente de hostilidad y angustia en todos los jóvenes. Los regímenes comunistas se han derrumbado y las “democracias populares” que representaron durante mucho tiempo, al menos en el mío, la esperanza de un mundo mejor han desaparecido o perdido credibilidad.

²⁹ *Ibíd.*, p. 271.

Esta descripción tan sombría de nuestra realidad actual, podría hacer pensar que la adolescencia es el período más triste y más amargo de la vida, y ésta es, precisamente, la impresión que provocan muchos adolescentes abrumados por los conflictos familiares, militares, políticos o profesionales. Sin embargo, para la mayor parte de los jóvenes de nuestro país y de todo el mundo, la adolescencia es y sigue siendo la época de muchos descubrimientos emocionantes y fundamentales: el deseo, el amor, los otros y uno mismo, la música, la poesía, el peso de la historia y la evolución de las mentalidades, el pasado, el porvenir, el patrimonio y la búsqueda.

Sería tal vez excesivo considerar la lectura como una terapia; sin embargo, hay ciertos libros que pueden ayudar a los adolescentes de hoy en día a superar el estadio de la amargura y la revuelta violenta y a buscar soluciones constructivas a los problemas que les conciernen, en particular los de la desocupación, la desesperanza y la drogadicción.

No olvidemos que fueron los adolescentes los que aseguraron el éxito de obras adultas impertinentes, es entonces nuestra labor como profesores, el seducirlos con lecturas que servirán incluso de inspiración para que algunos jóvenes incursionen en la literatura y en la creación literaria.

La escuela debería de ser el lugar donde se enseñara el gozo por la lectura, donde se desarrollaran el deseo y las ganas de recurrir al libro como quien recurre a un valioso registro de experiencias vividas o imaginadas. Y como dice Mario Vargas Llosa:

“Igual que escribir, leer es protestar contra las insuficiencias de la vida. Quien busca en la ficción lo que no tiene, dice, sin necesidad de decirlo, ni siquiera saberlo, que la vida tal como es no nos basta para colmar nuestra sed de absoluto, fundamento de la condición humana, y que debería ser mejor. Inventamos las ficciones para poder vivir de alguna

manera las muchas vidas que quisiéramos tener cuando apenas disponemos de una sola³⁰.

En lugar de todo esto desgraciadamente, la mayoría de los estudiantes se aburren tanto con los libros escolares, cuya lectura se impone en forma obligatoria, que adquieren una verdadera aversión por todos los libros. Claro, excluyen los libros de su mundo y satisfacen sus necesidades culturales por medio de historietas, el cine y la televisión. Otros, una minoría, leen e incluso leen mucho. Pero por lo general eligen libros en serie como el fenómeno *Twilight*, destinados a procurarles un placer esencialmente pasivo, obras que por lo general salen todas de un mismo molde y cuya calidad artística muchas veces es mediocre. Esta voracidad por los libros no les dura mucho y en cuanto salen de la secundaria o CCH, esos “grandes lectores” dejan de leer y se refugian en la historieta o revistas con poco texto y mucha ilustración.

La escuela tradicional todavía se revela incapaz de darle al estudiante el gusto por leer, no logra despertar el interés por los libros. No logra ligar este interés a la expresión propia del adolescente, no usa la lectura y la escritura para comunicar lo que realmente le interesa, la enseñanza le presenta el arte y la cultura como realidades exteriores, que no podrá adquirir sino mediante un esfuerzo enorme. El estudio formal de la gramática, por ejemplo, sólo le dará acceso a “la belleza del idioma” y a un estilo escrito que va a vivir como ajeno a él y a su realidad.

Es precisamente por estas razones, que debía tener muy claro como profesora que mi estrategia tenía que ser la de abordar, quizá veladamente, las reglas gramaticales

³⁰ Mario Vargas Llosa, *Elogio de la lectura y la ficción*, Discurso ofrecido ante la Academia Sueca durante la ceremonia de entrega del Premio Nobel de Literatura de 2010, http://www.letraslibres.com/blog/blogs/index.php?title=elogio_de_la_lectura_y_la_ficcion&more=1&c=1&tb=1&pb=1&blog=5 consultado el 8 de diciembre 2010.

del inglés a través de algún texto donde se pusieran en evidencia, no como reglas aisladas, sino que las pudieran incluso deducir y descubrir recurriendo al propio texto como nos enseña Freire. En general, darles temas para que se expresaran oralmente o de manera escrita teniendo en cuenta siempre el privilegiar el “sentido” de lo que se lee, antiguo o moderno, ligándolo con las cuestiones que nos preocupan como ciudadanos del mundo, como la violencia, el racismo o la intolerancia.

Para citar nuevamente a Soriano: “Una lección de lengua no debería ser jamás una simple lección de gramática o de sintaxis, sino más bien una iniciación a los problemas históricos, sociales y humanos que plantea un texto.” Y sería bueno, que tanto profesores como estudiantes nos acostumbráramos a utilizar al máximo el poder de la voz, la voz propia, ya que uno de los objetivos tendría que ser, “mostrar que los libros pueden hablar con voces y lenguajes diferentes”. Se trata no solo de que el joven aprenda a leer sino de que ame la lectura. Ya que el libro, resulta un instrumento de reflexión y de reencuentro con uno mismo, y se vuelve cada vez más necesario para la adquisición de un espíritu crítico. Y asevera, de manera contundente que “sólo los lectores pueden ayudar a formar lectores”.³¹

4. EL INGLÉS EN EL COLEGIO MADRID

Desde el periodo 2003 tuve a mi cargo estudiantes de primero y segundo semestre en la materia de inglés de niveles intermedios y avanzados de acuerdo a la clasificación del Instituto Anglo-Mexicano ahora conocido como *The Anglo*, sistema al cual forma parte el Colegio Madrid desde 1999. En este convenio participé dando asesoría a las autoridades del Colegio con el objeto de mejorar la enseñanza del inglés. Dada la creciente demanda para mejorar el nivel de inglés en el Colegio, los padres de familia

³¹ Soriano, op. cit., p. 278.

solicitaron nuevos y mejores métodos para que los estudiantes desarrollaran las habilidades de comprensión lectora y auditiva, así como su producción oral y escrita.

El inglés en el Colegio Madrid busca fortalecer la identidad de los estudiantes ayudándolos a reconocer las diferencias de otras culturas a través de esa lengua y a utilizarla como una herramienta para acceder al conocimiento y a la cultura, contribuyendo así a su formación integral.

Al ser parte de la organización de la enseñanza del inglés en el Colegio Madrid al adoptar el sistema del *Anglo*, un grupo de profesoras y yo, diseñamos un esquema de enseñanza- aprendizaje del idioma inglés que se logra a través de tres ejes centrales:

- I. Reconocer este idioma como una herramienta fundamental de comunicación y de acceso a otras fuentes de conocimiento.
- II. Como plataforma para acercarse a culturas diferentes.
- III. Como elemento que contribuye a la configuración de la estructura de pensamiento de los estudiantes.

El que los estudiantes aprendan y utilicen el inglés, les permite lograr la comunicación adecuada tanto oral como escrita para expresar sus ideas, conocimientos, opiniones, juicios de valor y propuestas, entre otros. Les da la posibilidad de acercarse a diferentes formas de pensamiento, al avance tecnológico, a expresiones del ámbito internacional, a manifestaciones artísticas y a los medios de comunicación.

El saber inglés se ha convertido en una herramienta fundamental para que los estudiantes se incorporen al mundo académico tanto nacional como internacional, para lo cual el Colegio Madrid emite la certificación correspondiente avalada por autoridades

competentes en el área del Instituto Anglo Mexicano de Cultura “The Anglo”. Con los siguientes certificados internacionales:

- KET (Key English Test)³² el cual se aplica al finalizar 6° de primaria. Es una prueba para inglés básico tanto a nivel de producción escrita como oral. Corresponde a un nivel de A2 en el marco de referencia europeo. En este nivel, los candidatos a este certificado deben ser capaces de comprender y usar expresiones de la vida cotidiana y frases básicas, saber presentarse a sí mismos y contestar preguntas de información básica acerca de ellos mismos, así como interactuar con angloparlantes que hablen de manera clara y pausada.
- PET (Preliminary English Test) que se aplica al finalizar 3° de secundaria o 2° semestre de CCH según el nivel en el que hayan comenzado. Es un certificado que se otorga a estudiantes que han alcanzado el nivel intermedio tanto para habilidad escrita como oral. Se encuentra en el nivel B1 de acuerdo al marco de referencia europeo. En este nivel los candidatos a este certificado deben ser capaces de mantener una conversación de temas generales, comprender las ideas principales de anuncios publicitarios e instrucciones verbales, comprender señalamientos públicos, carteles, trípticos, las ideas principales en artículos de periódicos y revistas, así como escribir textos simples pero claros y bien estructurados como cartas y correos electrónicos.
- FCE (First Certificate in English), el cual se aplica en 4° semestre de CCH. Es una prueba para estudiantes intermedios-altos tanto para las habilidades de producción escrita como oral. Está en el nivel B2 del marco de referencia europeo. En este nivel los estudiantes deben ser capaces de mantener una conversación en una

³² <http://www.cambridgeesol.org/recognition/index.html>. consultado el 12 de noviembre de 2009.

amplia variedad de temas, expresar opiniones y argumentar aceptablemente bien, comprender las ideas principales de textos escritos con cierto grado de dificultad, producir un texto escrito detallado en diferentes formatos incluyendo: cartas, reportes ensayos, correos electrónicos etc.

- CAE (Certificate of Advanced English) es un certificado que se ofrece para los que así lo soliciten saliendo de 6° de bachillerato. Éste certifica el logro de la habilidad de fluidez de un nivel C1/C2. Les da la acreditación necesaria para probar que tienen dominio sobre el idioma, certificando que son capaces de lograr objetivos tanto académicos como profesionales como entender un curso académico a nivel universitario, comunicarse efectivamente a nivel profesional, participar con alto grado de seguridad en reuniones académicas como conferencias y seminarios y para llevar a cabo investigación en cualquier campo de estudio a nivel educación superior.

Todo esto es parte de un proceso que busca expedir certificados con validez internacional, que permitan comprobar el nivel de idioma alcanzado a lo largo de su estancia en el Colegio. Como ya había mencionado, el sistema del Anglo cuenta con 18 niveles, desde nivel básico hasta avanzado, de acuerdo al marco de referencia europeo (Common European Framework) distribuidos a lo largo de la estancia de los estudiantes en el Colegio comenzando en 3° de primaria y finalizando en 6° semestre de bachillerato.

La lengua es expresión de cultura, de ahí que al aprender inglés, los estudiantes reconocen los valores, normas, costumbres, símbolos y tradiciones, que conforman otras culturas angloparlantes. Al conocer culturas distintas, los estudiantes desarrollan la capacidad de establecer una reflexión, valoración, fortalecimiento y enriquecimiento de la

cultura propia, condición indispensable para formar ciudadanos del mundo íntegros y comprometidos con su tiempo.

Además de enriquecer su experiencia cultural, el proceso de enseñanza-aprendizaje del inglés fortalece en los estudiantes diferentes habilidades de pensamiento como son la abstracción, interpretación, deducción y generalización, entre otras.

El inglés en El Colegio Madrid se basa en la corriente pedagógica socio-cognitiva, donde el estudiante y su entorno son el eje central. Promueve el conocimiento a partir de situaciones que sean relevantes a las necesidades del estudiante.

El Colegio es, a su vez, sensible a las necesidades de los estudiantes, de acuerdo a su edad, capacidades y distintos ritmos de aprendizaje. Por esta razón, ofrece una gama de niveles de conocimiento para cada generación que permiten alcanzar un aprendizaje gradual y efectivo de dicha lengua. Para lograr estas metas, es necesario que los estudiantes estén dispuestos al conocimiento, sean críticos, respetuosos y tolerantes ante la diferencia.

Por otra parte, el trabajo interdisciplinario con otras áreas, como en el caso de la asignatura de TLRIID, es fundamental para los logros académicos de los estudiantes, ya que promueve y fomenta el uso del inglés como instrumento de apoyo al conocimiento de otras materias como lo es la creación de una Antología en inglés, razón de ser del presente informe académico.

Mi papel como maestra que decide participar en un proyecto interdisciplinario con la materia de TLRIID es relevante, ya que actúo como guía, acompañando a mis estudiantes en el proceso de lograr su independencia, no sólo para conocer y utilizar el

idioma inglés, sino para que sean capaces de leer textos en su idioma original descubriendo el fascinante mundo de la literatura inglesa.

5. OBJETIVOS DE LA ENSEÑANZA-APRENDIZAJE DEL INGLÉS EN EL COLEGIO MADRID

Los objetivos están divididos en tres grandes apartados: de conocimientos, habilidades y actitudes, de acuerdo al paradigma de aprendizaje constructivista del Colegio Madrid, para lograr una formación integral en la enseñanza aprendizaje del inglés. Mismos que trataré de explicar brevemente a continuación:

a) CONOCIMIENTOS

Éstos tienen como objetivo lograr conocer, reconocer y aplicar las estructuras y funciones del lenguaje llevándolas a la práctica a través de las cuatro habilidades de la lengua (expresión oral y escrita, comprensión auditiva y de lectura). A través de textos grabados, canciones de temas significativos para su edad, lecturas de autores de habla inglesa que traten temas con los que se puedan identificar, para adquirir los conocimientos necesarios y lograr avanzar a los siguientes niveles de inglés, de los dieciocho niveles que propone el sistema del Anglo. Incorporar el inglés como herramienta en su vida cotidiana tanto académica como profesional. Propone también poder desarrollar estrategias propias para enriquecer sus conocimientos convirtiéndose en buenos lectores, capaces de escoger entre sus lecturas a autores de habla inglesa y que puedan leerlos en el idioma en el que fueron escritos. Así como hacer del inglés una herramienta de acceso a otras culturas y expresiones artísticas.

b) HABILIDADES

Que a partir de tareas concretas en las áreas de lectura, escritura, redacción y práctica auditiva, el estudiante ejercite los procesos de pensamiento tales como: generalizaciones, ejemplificaciones, análisis, síntesis, evaluación, contraste, analogía, comparación, prioridad, causa, motivo, finalidad, resultado, inferencia, implicación, interpretación, que le permitan ampliar y fortalecer sus habilidades de pensamiento lógico, abstracto y crítico. A través de los ejercicios propuestos en la Antología en inglés, la cual propone tareas concretas que permitan a los estudiantes desarrollar todas las habilidades antes mencionadas, como la elaboración de síntesis con un modelo propuesto (“la estrella”) mencionada anteriormente, o el análisis de los personajes de la novela *Mientras agonizo* de una manera creativa donde les propongo inferir, interpretar e incluso crear nuevos personajes.

Que a partir de los ejercicios de comprensión auditiva, el estudiante enriquezca su capacidad de identificar la idea general, así como detectar los detalles de lo que escucha. A través de ejercicios de la Antología en inglés donde tienen que completar la información del texto que escucha, ya sea canción, narración o poema corto, leído de forma pausada, el cual puede escuchar varias veces para lograr los objetivos de los ejercicios y mejorar su comprensión. Así como con los ejercicios de lectura donde se pretende que el estudiante enriquezca su capacidad de comprensión general o de profundizar en los detalles del texto, ampliando su comprensión al utilizar los ensayos literarios propuestos en la Antología para conocer mejor los autores o la obra estudiada.

Y que con los ejercicios de producción oral, el estudiante amplíe su capacidad de enriquecer su vocabulario y mejore su fluidez para expresar adecuadamente sus ideas y

sentimientos, a través de exposiciones orales de los temas y autores leídos en la Antología propuesta.

Que con los ejercicios de producción escrita, el estudiante enriquezca su vocabulario y consolide las estructuras que le permiten redactar con claridad sus ideas y sentimientos. Práctica que se da a través de los comentarios que solicita la Antología por escrito, dando su opinión y punto de vista, cuidando su redacción y coherencia del texto escrito. Y con ejercicios combinados, el estudiante será capaz de integrar las cuatro habilidades de la lengua. Entablar una comunicación eficiente en inglés que le permita participar en los distintos espacios artísticos al interior del Colegio Madrid, o en otros espacios de literatura juvenil como concursos y talleres nacionales e internacionales. Un ejemplo de ello es la presentación de poesía coral y performance que se llevó a cabo en noviembre de 2004 con un grupo de estudiantes a partir del poema de Edgar Allan Poe, *The Raven* para toda la comunidad del Colegio. Esto es solo un ejemplo de la importancia de desarrollar el potencial creativo de mis estudiantes y la metodología que escojo desarrollar en la Antología, es un esfuerzo en ese sentido. Lograr que el aprendizaje de una segunda lengua se dé desarrollando toda la capacidad creativa de los estudiantes.³³

³³ J. F. Feldhausen & E. L. Westby "Creative and affective behavior: Cognition, personality, and motivation", en J. C. Houtz (ed.), *The Educational Psychology of Creativity* Cresskill, NJ: Hampton Press, 2003, pp. 95-105. "How relevant is creativity to the attainment of a second language? The findings of some studies indicate that student creativity is inhibited by certain common classroom conditions and tasks, whereas activities that are presented in a "different" way appear to release students' creativity. This is an important result for L2 researchers because many of the language tasks favored by contemporary language teaching methodologies tend to be of the latter type, involving student-centered, interaction-based and open-ended elements, and are therefore ideally suited to accommodate creative learner thinking and behavior."

c) ACTITUDES

Fomentar la tolerancia y el entendimiento de otras culturas, a través de su literatura y otras expresiones artísticas. Como ejemplo de ello, cada año recibimos estudiantes de intercambio de la ciudad de Malmö Suecia de una escuela multicultural. Donde se pone en práctica las actitudes como la de encontrar la proximidad en la diferencia, al reconocer que existen más similitudes que diferencias entre todas las expresiones artísticas y culturales. Reconocer por sí mismos la necesidad de aprender inglés. Ya que el poder leer a los escritores de habla inglesa en su idioma original les brindará la satisfacción de alcanzar logros por sí mismos.

TERCERA PARTE

1. ¿POR QUÉ UNA ANTOLOGÍA EN INGLÉS?

La definición concreta de la palabra antología es: "Libro que contiene una selección de textos literarios de uno o varios autores y, por extensión, cualquier medio (libro, disco o colección de discos, exposición, etc.) que incluya una selección de obras artísticas".³⁴

ANTOLOGÍA. (Del griego *ανθολογία*, de *ανθος*, flor, y *λογειν*, escoger). Colección de piezas escogidas de literatura, música, etc. Una Antología es sinónimo de colección, usualmente de elementos excepcionales, las mejores poesías, las mejores pinturas, los mejores videos, de ahí el término "es un libro de antología", o sea, muy bueno, digno de coleccionarse.³⁵ Esta Antología tiene como objetivo el presentar una colección de obras literarias para uso pedagógico, que sirva como material de enseñanza-aprendizaje de la asignatura de inglés con base en los contenidos de la materia de TLRIID para primero y segundo semestre de CCH.

La idea de armar una antología en inglés como mi contribución pedagógica a la formación de nuestros estudiantes con estas características, me dio la oportunidad de trabajar de manera conjunta con profesoras del Colegio Madrid egresadas de la carrera de Letras Hispánicas, que solicitaron mi asesoría para ampliar la visión de los estudiantes con respecto a las particularidades de la lengua inglesa como parte de los contenidos de la versión en español de la antología de dicha materia. Fue así como se despertó en mí el deseo de contribuir con una versión en inglés que incluyera los autores escogidos por las

³⁴ <http://www.wordreference.com/definicion>

³⁵ Real Academia de la Lengua Española: <http://buscon.rae.es/draeI/SrvltGUIBusUs...>

maestras, promoviendo un trabajo interdisciplinario que ha redituado en grandes logros y satisfacciones como profesoras, al complementar nuestros saberes, y para los estudiantes, ya que encontraron un sentido práctico y concreto al aprendizaje del inglés.

El uso de la antología permite que el estudiante tenga un primer acercamiento a obras o fragmentos de éstas, que de otra manera sería más difícil conocer. La selección de poemas, cuentos y novelas no han de considerarse una lista exhaustiva de lo que debería leerse, sino más bien una muestra de las obras para su posterior estudio a profundidad y provocar la curiosidad, motivación y pasión por la lectura. En mi experiencia como estudiante, he corroborado que las antologías que utilicé en la carrera, me permitieron tener un panorama general de una época en particular y de los principales autores y sus obras, para así saber cuál de estos autores u obras me interesaba profundizar más. Es por eso, que la decisión de elaborar una versión de la antología en inglés, permitió a los estudiantes conocer a los autores escogidos en su idioma original y darles la oportunidad de leer, escuchar y hablar de ellos, desde su propia experiencia y visión del mundo. Cumpliendo con uno de los principales objetivos de la enseñanza de la literatura, contagiar a todos nuestros estudiantes el amor por la lectura y la literatura tanto en español como en inglés.

2. CONTENIDO DE LA ANTOLOGÍA EN INGLÉS Y SU APLICACIÓN EN EL AULA

La Antología está dividida en dos partes que corresponden a primero y segundo semestres. En el primer semestre se trabajan dos unidades: La unidad 1 llamada *Romantic Poets in English Literature*, que contiene textos, con diferentes actividades a realizar, de los escritores románticos más representativos en lengua inglesa: Lord Byron, William Blake y Edgar Allan Poe. En la unidad 4 llamada *Modern Fiction*, se trabaja con

textos de James Joyce y Oscar Wilde a través de diversas actividades que permiten al estudiante familiarizarse con la vida y obra de estos autores. Al finalizar ambas unidades se incluye una tabla para cada unidad donde podrán vaciar la información relevante de cada autor que les servirá como guía de estudio para la materia de TLRIID. El segundo semestre consta de una sola unidad llamada *The American Lost Generation*, donde se incluyen a autores de la llamada Generación Perdida norteamericana como Ernest Hemingway, T.S. Eliot y William Faulkner, aunque estos dos últimos no son considerados por muchos críticos como parte de dicha generación.³⁶ Se abordan algunos de sus textos más reconocidos y fragmentos de novelas con una serie de lecturas que ayudarán a los estudiantes a entender mejor sus obras. Al finalizar esta última unidad también se incluye una tabla para vaciar la información más relevante para estudios posteriores de los temas y autores revisados. Incluyo también una nueva sección llamada *Contemporary Poetry* con ejemplos de poesía contemporánea para que conozcan algunos poetas actuales como Billy Collins y disfruten de las posibilidades que nos brindan las nuevas tecnologías como la animación por computadora y las artes visuales en conjunto con la poesía.

A continuación, incluyo una breve explicación de las actividades propuestas para el primer y segundo semestre en sus respectivas unidades de aprendizaje y su aplicación en el aula. Junto con algunos comentarios y experiencias del trabajo realizado con los estudiantes del Colegio Madrid, con el fin de que sirva de guía a otros profesores que decidan utilizarla en sus clases regulares de inglés y como apoyo a la materia de TLRIID.

³⁶ Nota: en la Antología diseñada por las profesoras de TLRIID del Colegio Madrid, aparecen estos autores como parte de la Generación Perdida, es por eso que decidí incluirlos en esta unidad con la explicación pertinente.

2.1. ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY

FIRST SEMESTER

UNIT I. *ROMANTIC POETS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE*

A. Lord Byron

El primer texto en esta sección contiene datos biográficos para discutir en la clase de inglés los aspectos representativos del romanticismo. Se presenta el poema *She Walks in Beauty* y se propone su lectura en voz alta con el fin de reconocer su estructura rítmica, o lo que se llama en inglés: *Accentual-Syllabic Verse* o *Versification*³⁷. Estos conceptos se explican brevemente en clase, para que detecten en la práctica la acentuación silábica y cómo se clasifican los poemas en inglés según su acento y ritmo.

B. William Blake

Se presenta la lectura de un texto con aspectos relevantes de la vida del autor. Dichos aspectos sirvieron como pauta para la transformación de las mentalidades de escritores angloparlantes y músicos de la década de los 60's. Se incluyen las diferencias entre sus dos grandes libros de poemas: *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*.

Incluyo una breve semblanza de sus incursiones en las artes gráficas con material de video, el cual gusta mucho a los estudiantes, ya que pertenece a una página electrónica muy visitada por adolescentes como parte de un movimiento llamado *Gótico*.

³⁷ Frank Kermode, (eds.) *The Oxford Anthology of English Literature*, Vol. II, New York, Oxford University Press, 1973, pp. 2194-2195.

Por último, incluyo el poema *The Tyger* que trabajan en versión bilingüe en TLRIID, con comentarios acerca de los temas tratados en dicho poema para su mejor comprensión el cual leerán en voz alta en el aula. Los estudiantes se organizan en equipos y elaboran una presentación audiovisual o multimedia a partir del poema. Realmente han hecho presentaciones muy creativas.

C. Edgar Allan Poe

Se presenta la lectura de una reseña de un álbum discográfico del grupo *Alan Parson's Project* llamado *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*, inspirado en la obra de Edgar Allan Poe, del cual extraen datos biográficos a través de los comentarios de cada canción. Propongo dos ejercicios de audio para ser completados en clase pertenecientes al disco mencionado narrado en inglés de manera muy clara para practicar comprensión auditiva: "A Dream within a Dream" y "Fall of the House of Usher".

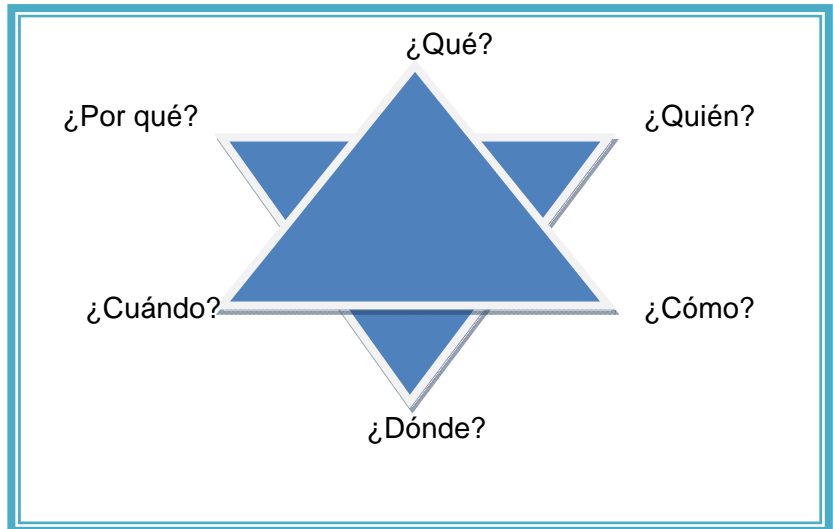
Se escucha la canción *The Raven* del mismo disco, acompañada de un "cloze exercise" que deben completar. Se da lectura al poema original y se compara posteriormente con la versión de la antología en español. Como ya mencioné, en noviembre de 2004, como resultado de este trabajo, se organizó una presentación de poesía coral en la explanada del Colegio Madrid acompañada de un performance realizado por los mismos estudiantes. La experiencia fue muy motivadora y gratificante para toda la comunidad del Colegio. (Ver. Anexo, folleto publicitario).

Al final de la unidad, los estudiantes tienen que llenar una tabla comparativa del Romanticismo con los tres autores revisados.

UNIT IV. MODERN FICTION IN ENGLISH

A. James Joyce

Los estudiantes escriben una biografía breve del autor a partir de una cronología. Se les pide que lean dos cuentos del libro *Dubliners* llamados: “The Sisters” y “Two Gallants”, para hacer una síntesis según el esquema de estrella presentado en la antología en español de la materia de TLRIID que se explica brevemente a continuación.



LA SÍNTESIS³⁸ de un texto consiste en compactar o reducir la información que contiene un texto, pero utilizando tus propias palabras. Existe el procedimiento de la Estrella: La estrella deriva de la fórmula periodística de la noticia, según la cual para informar de un hecho tiene que especificarse el **quién** el **qué**, el **cuándo**, el **dónde**, el **cómo** y el **porqué**. Estos seis puntos son los esenciales de cualquier tema, aunque pueden ampliarse con otras interrogaciones como: **cuál**, **para quién**, **cuántos**, etc. Cada pregunta representa un pico de la estrella.

Este procedimiento es adecuado para sintetizar textos de gran extensión (De 10 ó más cuartillas), tales como cuentos, novelas, artículos o ensayos largos.

³⁸ Lourdes Aguilar, *Antología de textos para el Taller de lectura, redacción e iniciación a la investigación documental I*. Anexo Programas. Bachillerato CCH primer semestre, curso 2008-2009, Colegio Madrid. p. 46.

B. Oscar Wilde

Los estudiantes elaboran una línea del tiempo con los datos biográficos del autor a partir de un texto breve. Aparece un fragmento del *Retrato de Dorian Gray* tomado del libro de texto *Opportunities Intermediate* para que contesten preguntas de comprensión general y específica. Se les pide que escuchen una grabación del poema “My Voice” para que completen la información y contesten preguntas de comprensión general del poema, discutiendo las respuestas e interpretación de citas con sus compañeros. Hacen la lectura del cuento corto: “The Sphinx without a Secret” para dar una opinión general del mismo y comparar el vocabulario en inglés con la traducción que tienen en su antología en español.

Al final de la unidad, los estudiantes tienen que llenar una tabla comparativa de la Narrativa Moderna con los tres autores revisados.

SECOND SEMESTER

UNIT II. *THE AMERICAN LOST GENERATION*

A. William Faulkner

Esta unidad propone la lectura de ensayos de la novela *As I Lay Dying* con explicaciones de citas comparándolas con su versión en español y el análisis de símbolos para preparar una exposición oral para la materia de TLRIID. Así como contestar preguntas esenciales para mejorar la comprensión de la novela ya que se les evaluará con un examen de dicha novela al finalizar el semestre. Para la clase de inglés, los estudiantes tendrán que escoger un tema de ensayo y escribir

un texto de alrededor de 100 palabras en inglés ya que son de niveles avanzados. Además, leer en inglés el cuento: “A Rose for Emily” para comparar el vocabulario con su versión en español. Contestan preguntas de comprensión general del cuento y escriben un párrafo breve con la descripción de la habitación del personaje principal.

B. Ernest Hemingway

Se propone que realicen la lectura de algunos datos biográficos para preparar una presentación oral en pequeños grupos. Los estudiantes ven dos documentales de la vida y obra del autor para completar la información solicitada (“cloze exercises”). Los estudiantes harán la lectura del cuento corto: “The Killers” usando las preguntas sugeridas para mejorar su comprensión. Así como la lectura de otro cuento corto: “The Cat in the Rain”, como aportación al material en español que decidí incluir por su sencillez y profundidad. Los estudiantes escriben una interpretación libre de cada personaje del cuento: “The Killers”, siguiendo como ejemplo la interpretación presentada de “The Cat in the Rain”.

C. T. S. Eliot

Se propone la lectura de notas biográficas del autor para preparar una presentación oral para la materia de TLRIID del famoso poema *The Waste Land*. Se presentan sólo dos fragmentos del poema, junto con una canción de la banda de rock progresivo Pink Floyd como ejemplo de cómo su lectura ha inspirado a algunos músicos contemporáneos. En la clase de TLRIID, se presenta una breve explicación de la vida del autor junto con la lectura del poema, acompañada de música de Wagner como fondo musical.

CONTEMPORARY POETRY

A. Billy Collins

Esta sección es mi aportación y propuesta para acercar a los estudiantes a la poesía contemporánea de habla inglesa. El objetivo es que conozcan a escritores actuales a través de las nuevas tecnologías y los recursos multimedia que utilizan para darse a conocer en internet y hacer accesible la poesía al mundo moderno.

Se les presenta una biografía muy breve del autor y dos de sus poemas: “The Dead” y “Forgetfulness” para su lectura, y una liga en internet que les presenta animaciones de ambos poemas de una forma muy lúdica y creativa. La actividad propuesta, es que escojan uno de los poemas que aparecen en internet del mismo autor, o que busquen información de otro poeta contemporáneo de habla inglesa y que ilustren un poema de manera creativa como en los ejemplos anteriores.

CONCLUSIONES Y REFLEXIONES A LA LUZ DE LA EXPERIENCIA PROFESIONAL

1. ALGUNAS OBSERVACIONES CON RESPECTO AL PROYECTO ANGLO-COLEGIO MADRID

El Instituto Anglo Mexicano (“The Anglo”) en su papel de asesor del proyecto de inglés del Colegio Madrid ha atravesado varias etapas, y como es natural ha sufrido algunas vicisitudes desde su comienzo en 1999 hasta la fecha.

Después de más de diez años de su instauración y ya que fui una de sus promotoras, me permito hacer las siguientes observaciones:

El Anglo tendría que integrar en la práctica, al planteamiento de sus objetivos los que la institución requiere, como son el desarrollo de actitudes y habilidades de pensamiento y que no solo estén centrados en objetivos gramaticales. Así como incluir las propuestas largamente discutidas a través de estos años para lograr la congruencia en la definición y realización de la propuesta educativa del Colegio Madrid.

Es necesario ampliar la discusión con respecto a nuestra misión como profesores. Debemos clarificar entre todos cuál es, misma que debe superar con mucho el sólo cumplir con los objetivos programáticos que plantea el Anglo.

Profesores y coordinadores debemos buscar la coherencia e integración de ambos proyectos educativos a través de un trabajo colegiado. Juntos debemos establecer una postura más congruente de lo que significa la enseñanza del inglés en el Colegio Madrid y tratar de clarificar los modelos que se siguen. No es ocioso preguntarnos si realmente estamos logrando la participación crítica de nuestros estudiantes frente a la cultura e ideología angloparlante, o si sólo tiene un fin instrumental. Ya que es claro para la

mayoría de los expertos³⁹, que la enseñanza de una lengua es mucho más que transmitir conocimientos de su estructura sintáctica, morfológica y lingüística. También transmite cultura, visión del mundo y maneras distintas de concebir al ser humano. Es por eso que utilizar la literatura para este propósito me parece de vital importancia para lograr objetivos que quizá no sean tan observables pero que darían cuenta de una formación verdaderamente integral y multidisciplinaria más acorde con los propósitos de esta institución educativa.

Además habría que hacer una diferencia clara entre las actividades que se realizan en el aula y las intenciones educativas de la institución, como la interdisciplina y el trabajo en colaboración entre profesores de otras áreas y asignaturas.

Y por último, también se debería tratar de equilibrar los programas del Anglo, con un programa en valores que permita la congruencia en el área de inglés para que esté acorde con el proyecto educativo del Colegio.

A manera de conclusión, he planteado la necesidad de trabajar juntos, profesores del Colegio y asesores del Anglo para diseñar objetivos comunes a todas las secciones, ya que el proyecto del Anglo tiene una presencia que atraviesa todas las secciones del Colegio y así evitar las fracturas en la consecución del mismo.

Propongo como tarea principal, un análisis profundo de lo que pasa en cada sección para atender a las demandas reales de la comunidad con respecto al inglés en el Colegio Madrid y sustentar el proyecto de asesoría del Anglo de manera que dé respuesta a las necesidades que el Colegio requiere y justificar la pertinencia de la contratación de los servicios de dicha institución.

³⁹ David Nunan, *El diseño de tareas para la clase comunicativa*, Cambridge University Press, Madrid, 1998.

2. SUGERENCIAS EN LA SECUENCIA Y SELECCIÓN DE AUTORES Y TEXTOS EN LA ANTOLOGÍA DE TLRIID

Creo importante señalar que la propuesta de estudiar a determinados autores depende de varios factores. Uno de los más importantes, es conocer a la población para la que se prepara una serie de lecturas que tienen como objetivo conocer un género o estilo literario determinado. Es por eso, que mi propuesta va en el sentido de tratar de seleccionar autores que sean más cercanos al sentir de un adolescente, como lo ya planteado anteriormente, con tan poca disposición a la lectura larga y tediosa, y que más bien necesita descubrir un universo común en dichos autores, una voz que les hable, que al leer se identifiquen con ellos.

Propongo también escoger textos más cortos y en versiones completas, como el último cuento de Ernest Hemingway “The Cat in the Rain”, que con lenguaje sencillo expresa gran profundidad de significados e interpretaciones; en Hemingway, es central la afinidad con el paisaje y las figuras humanas. Y como concluye Bloom, al leer un cuento, esperamos el placer de una conclusión que nos parezca satisfactoria psicológicamente, los cuentistas se abstienen de emitir juicios morales. Henry James diría que “el cuento se sitúa en el punto exquisito en donde acaba la poesía y empieza la realidad”⁴⁰, el cuento, dice más adelante Bloom, “obliga al lector a entrar en actividad y discernir explicaciones que el escritor evita; de esa forma el lector debe reducir la velocidad, con toda deliberación y ponerse a escuchar con el oído interior”.⁴¹

Sugiero en este sentido, dos cuentos cortos, el primero: “The Vane Sisters” de Nabokov, ya que tiene como tema a un narrador que es profesor de origen francés que

⁴⁰ Harold Bloom. *Cómo leer y por qué*, p. 68.

⁴¹ *Ibid.*, p. 69.

enseña literatura francesa en un colegio universitario para mujeres de Nueva Inglaterra. Es un cuento de fantasmas que creo despertaría el interés de los adolescentes ya que les encantan estos temas y se identificarían con las dos estudiantes-hermanas de inmediato. Y un segundo cuento: *A Good Man is Hard to Find* de Flannery O'Connor el cual trata de una anciana banal e hipócrita y un asesino que mata a toda la familia. Es sin lugar a dudas, un cuento que horroriza por su violencia, pero al mismo tiempo está cargado de humor negro que gusta mucho entre adolescentes. La autora piensa que seríamos buenos si cada minuto de nuestra vida hubiera alguien que nos disparara. Pienso que la lectura de cuentos como estos, envuelve al adolescente en ese mundo catártico donde se ven reflejados sus miedos y deseos escondidos y es, a través de la lectura de ficción, donde encontramos una válvula de escape a todos esos sentimientos que no nos atrevemos a aceptar en nosotros y al identificarnos con un personaje de ficción, nos exorcizamos de nuestros propios demonios. Ambos cuentos se incluirán en la próxima edición de la Antología en Inglés para que los estudiantes puedan escoger entre éstos, y el de Ernest Hemingway: "Cat in the Rain".

Entre mis propuestas de cambio también se encuentra el de cambiar el título de la última unidad de la antología en español de *Generación Perdida Norteamericana*, por el de: *Autores Norteamericanos del Siglo XX*, ya que hay diferencia de algunos críticos al incluir a William Faulkner como escritor de este movimiento literario.

En cuanto al rubro de poesía, me gustaría incluir el "Ulysses" de Lord Tennyson ya que es considerado por los críticos como uno de los más grandes monólogos dramáticos de elocuencia inolvidable que nos invita a aceptar los avatares de la vida y seguir adelante. El cual serviría como preparación para llegar al magistral poema de T.S.

Eliot "The Waste Land" y abordarlo más adelante con toda su complejidad y multiplicidad de voces.

Sugiero incluir como la última sección, un apartado de *Poesía Contemporánea*, donde se presenta a un poeta neoyorquino actual para motivar a los estudiantes a seguir descubriendo otros autores contemporáneos. Según la definición de Bloom:

Poesía: es la culminación de la literatura de invención por ser una forma profética. Cuando estamos enamorados, la poesía nos ayuda a alcanzar la comunión con los demás. La poesía puede ayudarnos a hablar más plena y claramente con nosotros mismos, y a oír, como de pasada, esa conversación⁴².

Con base en esta definición y con el fin de que los estudiantes sientan la poesía más cercana a su mundo e intereses, incluyo dos poemas de Billy Collins: "The Dead" y "Forgetfulness" en una versión de animación multimedia.

Otra de las conclusiones es que seguiremos dialogando con los textos en un acto de reflexión y conocimiento y transformación del mundo, y junto con ello la posibilidad de nuestra propia transformación al tomar a través de la lectura, como nos dice Paulo Freire, distancia de nuestra práctica, para conocerla críticamente y generar transformaciones.

Nosotros como profesores debemos desarrollar la capacidad de responder a esta desafiante tarea, contribuyendo así a un objetivo más gratificante: que la lectura sea una fuente de la cual disfruten nuestros estudiantes, sin renunciar a ella, sino integrándola a las nuevas formas de conocer que otorgan las tecnologías actuales.

Siendo parte de la premisa freiriana que el profesor cuando enseña aprende, el motivar y encantar a los estudiantes en el hábito de la lectura requiere de actitudes y disposiciones de nuestra parte para dialogar en un proceso de transformación conjunta

⁴² Ibid., p. 71

que posibilite la interacción respetando la diversidad y la igualdad en un sabio equilibrio: cada persona es diferente a la otra y tiene sus particulares formas de aprender, pero todas somos iguales en las capacidades y oportunidades para participar del diálogo en la búsqueda de sentidos y significados.

Finalmente, considero que todas las aportaciones que se puedan seguir haciendo en el ámbito de la literatura y las artes para beneficiar a los estudiantes, ayudarán a formar seres humanos más íntegros y completos. Contagiarles el placer por la lectura, junto con la posibilidad de acceder a mundos distintos, serán aportaciones valiosas que darán como resultado jóvenes y adultos más conscientes, sensibles y transformadores de su realidad.

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ENGLISH
ANTHOLOGY
FOR TLRIID

FIRST SEMESTER



UNIT I

ROMANTIC POETS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

A. LORD BYRON



ACTIVITY 1. READ THIS BIOGRAPHY AND DISCUSS WITH A PARTNER THE ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION ORALLY.

WHICH ASPECTS OF LORD BYRON'S PERSONALITY IS REPRESENTATIVE OF ROMANTICISM ACCORDING TO HIS BIOGRAPHY? WHY?

George Gordon Noel Byron⁴³ was born in London on 22 January 1788, the son of Catherine Gordon of Gight, an impoverished Scots heiress, and Captain John ("Mad Jack") Byron, a fortune-hunting widower with a daughter, Augusta. In June 1813 Byron began an affair with his twenty-nine-year-old half sister, Augusta. Married since 1807, she had three daughters and lived near Cambridge. With his mother's death in 1811, Augusta became Byron's sole remaining close relative, a situation which doubtless increased his sense of identity with her. While no legal proof exists, the circumstantial evidence in Byron's letters dating from August 1813 to his horrified confidante Lady Melbourne strongly suggests an incestuous connection with Augusta. In March 1810 Byron began a tour into Turkey. On 28 March, in Smyrna, he completed the second canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and later his masterpiece, *Don Juan*, incorporating his adventures in Albania and his thoughts on Greece. He visited the plain of Troy and during the two months he spent in Constantinople amid Oriental splendor, filth, and cruelty, his distaste for the Turks grew. In July he parted for England, and traveled back to Athens, where he settled in the Capuchin monastery below the Acropolis. Here, he studied Italian and Modern Greek, just as he would learn Armenian from monks in Venice six years later. He also moved easily in the cosmopolitan society of Athens. The most flamboyant and notorious of the major Romantics, **George Gordon, Lord Byron**, was likewise the most fashionable poet of the day. He created an immensely popular Romantic hero—defiant, melancholy, haunted by secret guilt—for which, to many, he seemed the model. He is also a Romantic paradox: a leader of the era's poetic revolution, a worshiper of the ideal, he never lost touch with reality; a deist and freethinker, he retained from his youth a Calvinist sense of original sin; he championed liberty in his works and deeds, giving money, time, energy, and finally his life to the Greek war of independence. His death at Missolonghi in April 1824 saved him from middle age, and made his legend imperishable. His faceted personality found expression in satire, verse narrative, ode, lyric, speculative drama, historical tragedy, confessional poetry, dramatic monologue, seriocomic epic, heroic couplets, blank verse and vigorous prose. In his dynamism, sexuality, self-revelation, and demands for freedom for oppressed people everywhere, **Byron** captivated the Western mind and heart as few writers have, stamping upon nineteenth-century letters, arts, politics, even clothing styles, his image and name as the embodiment of Romanticism.

⁴³ Frank Kermode, (eds.) *The Oxford Anthology of English Literature*, Vol. II, New York, Oxford University Press, 1973, pp. 285-286.

ACTIVITY 2. READ THE POEM ALOUD AND FIND ITS STRUCTURE ABAB, ABCD ACCORDING TO THE EXPLANATION BELOW.

Versification. In verse, lines may be arranged in patterns called strophic, that is, the same linear form [...] Taking couplets as the simplest strophic unit, we may proceed to tercets (groups of three lines) and to quatrains (groups of four), rhymed *abab* or *abcb*, and with equal or unequal line lengths.

She Walks in Beauty⁴⁴

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus **mellowed** to that tender light
Which heaven to **gaudy** day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every **raven** tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their **dwelling-place**.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Mellowed- smooth, soft

Gaudy- ornate, colorful

Raven- black crow

Dwelling place- private residence

⁴⁴ Paul Driver, *Selection Romantic Poetry*, Penguin Books, London, 1995, p.38.



B. WILLIAM BLAKE

ACTIVITY 1. READ THE INFORMATION AND ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS.

William Blake

(November 28, 1757 – August 12, 1827) was an English poet, visionary, painter, and printmaker. Largely unrecognized during his lifetime, Blake's work is today considered seminal and significant in the history of both poetry and the visual arts.

According to some critics, who undertook a study of Blake's entire poetic corpus, his prophetic poems form "what is in proportion to its merits the least read body of poetry in the English language." Others have praised Blake's visual artistry, at least one modern critic proclaiming Blake "far and away the greatest artist Britain has ever produced." Once considered mad for his idiosyncratic views, Blake is highly regarded today for his expressiveness and creativity, and the philosophical vision that underlies his work. As he once indicated, "The imagination is not a State: it is the Human existence itself."

While his visual art and written poetry are usually considered separately, Blake often employed them in concert to create a product that at once defied convention. Though he believed himself able to converse aloud with Old Testament prophets, and despite his work in illustrating the Book of Job, Blake's affection for the Bible was accompanied by hostility for the established Church, his beliefs modified by a fascination with Mysticism and the unfolding of the Romantic Movement around him. Ultimately, the difficulty of placing William Blake in any chronological stage of art history is perhaps the distinction that best defines him.

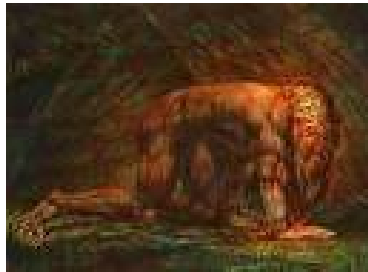
MENTION 2 CHARACTERISTICS OF BLAKE'S WORK.

A)

B)

- 1. Explain in your own words what critics say about his work, both poetic corpus and visual artistry.**

- 2. Was he a religious man, why?**



Early life

William Blake was born on 28 November 1757, to a middle-class family. He was the third of seven children, who consisted of one girl and six boys, two of whom died in infancy. He never attended school, being educated at home by his mother. The Bible was an early and profound influence on Blake, and would remain a source of inspiration throughout his life.

One of the founders of the National Gallery, became an admirer of Blake's work. Blake's first collection of poems, *Poetical Sketches*, was published around 1783. After his father's death, William and his brother Robert opened a print shop in 1784. At the age of 31, Blake began to experiment with relief etching, a method he would use to produce most of his books, paintings, pamphlets and of course his poems, including his longer 'prophecies' and his masterpiece the "Bible". The process is also referred to as illuminated printing, and final products as illuminated books or prints. At the age of 65 Blake began to work on illustrations for the *Book of Job*. These works were later admired by Ruskin, who compared Blake favorably to Rembrandt.

Blake abhorred slavery and believed in racial and sexual equality. Several of his poems and paintings express a notion of universal humanity. He retained an active interest in social and political events for all his life.

Blake may have played a critical role in the modern Western World's conception of *imagination*. His belief that humanity could overcome the limitations of its five senses is perhaps Blake's greatest legacy: "*If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite.*"(*The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*) While his perspective was once perceived as merely aberrant, it now seems to have been incorporated into the modern definition of the term.

In particular, his reference to "The Doors of Perception" resonated demonstrably in the literature and music of the 20th century, as both Jim Morrison's band, The Doors and Aldous Huxley's book "The Doors of Perception" pay homage to Blake's sentiment.

In addition to his influence on writers and artists, Blake's role as a song-writer and as an exponent of sexual and imaginative freedom have made him a uniquely influential figure in popular culture, especially since the 1960s. Far more than any other canonical writer his songs have been set and adapted by popular musicians including U2, Van Morrison, Tangerine Dream, Bruce Dickinson Kathleen Yearwood and Ulver. Folk musicians have adapted his work, and figures such as Bob Dylan and Allen Ginsberg have been influenced by him. The genre of the graphic novel traces its origins to Blake's etched songs and Prophetic Books.⁴⁵

2. WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT BLAKE'S QUOTE ON THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION? DISCUSS WITH YOUR PARTNER.



Songs of Innocence and of Experience

Songs of Innocence and of Experience: Showing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul, are two books of poetry by the English poet and painter, William Blake. *Songs of Innocence* mainly consists of poems describing the innocence and joy of the natural world, advocating free love and a closer relationship with God, and most famously including Blake's poem ***The Lamb***. Its poems have a generally light, upbeat and pastoral feeling and are typically written from the perspective of children or written about them.

⁴⁵ World Digital Library. [http://www.wdl.org/en/item/201/Consulted September 18th 2009](http://www.wdl.org/en/item/201/Consulted%20September%2018%202009).

Directly contrasting this, *Songs of Experience* instead deals with the loss of innocence after exposure to the material world and all of its mortal sin during adult life, including works such as ***The Tyger***. Poems here are darker, concentrating on more political and serious themes. Throughout both books, many poems fall into pairs, so that a similar situation or theme can be seen in both *Innocence* and *Experience*.

Many of the poems appearing in *Songs of Innocence* have a counterpart in *Songs of Experience* with opposing perspectives of the world. The disastrous end of the French Revolution caused Blake to lose faith in the goodness of mankind, explaining much of the volume's sense of despair. Blake also believed that children lost their innocence through exploitation and from a religious community which put dogma before mercy. He did not, however, believe that children should be kept from becoming experienced entirely. In truth, he believed that children should indeed become experienced but through their own discoveries, which is reflected in a number of these poems. Blake believed that innocence and experience were "the two contrary states of the human soul", and that true innocence was impossible without experience.

STATE THE MAIN DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THESE TWO BOOKS.



ACTIVITY 2. (HOMEWORK)

GO TO THIS LINK

<http://elespejogotico.blogspot.com/2009/01/william-blake-pinturas-e-ilustraciones.html>

WATCH THE VIDEO “Ilustraciones y pinturas de William Blake” AND COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION.

Complete:

1. William Blake (_____ - _____)
2. British _____ Writer, _____ and _____.
3. How many illustrations and paintings does the video include? _____
4. What is the first poem in the video about? _____
5. Write the complete name of the music of the video and its composer.

6. What are the names of the last two poems in the video?

7. Write the complete name and the year of the last painting in the video.

ACTIVITY 2. READ THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION AND WRITE THE DIFFERENT THEMES OF *The Tyger* IN SPANISH FOR YOUR TLRIID CLASS.

THEMES IN THE TYGER

In both form and subject the poem closely follows his earlier work ***The Lamb***. Blake references this work in the fifth stanza with the question "Did He who made the lamb make thee?" While ***The Lamb*** lauded a noble and gentle God, ***The Tyger*** looks at the God who created death and misery in the world. The poem is an exploration of Gnostic thought, which interested Blake very much. This is heavily inspired by the works of John Milton, of whom Blake sometimes considered himself a successor. The lines "On what wings dare he aspire? / What the hand dare seize the fire?" can be seen as a reference to the story of Prometheus and begins the speculation that Lucifer may also have played a role in creating the universe. The lines from the fifth stanza "When the stars threw down their spears/ And watered heaven with their tears," are often considered to be a reference to Milton's *Paradise Lost*. ***The Tyger*** can also be seen as dealing with the growing knowledge of the world as one ages. While ***The Lamb*** is grounded in the pastoral settings of Blake's youth ***The Tyger*** is set in the industrialized modernity. ***The Tyger*** reflects a knowledge that evil exists in the world and that benevolence is not omnipresent.

The Tyger may also be read as introspection by the mature artist. Blake looks in wonder that the author might be so audacious as to set out to create a powerful poem and to compare his own work to God's creative process. By describing the challenge he faces, both his pride in his craft and the fundamental mystery of composition, how does the artist create? The poem both wonders at the creation of the powerful and dangerous animal and stands astonished at the risks taken by the artist attempting this expression. His question "did he who made the Lamb make thee?" recalls that the same person who made the simple, humble hymn **The Lamb** has become the creator of **The Tyger** and highlights the difference between the innocent youth and experienced maturity of the poet.

The Tyger has also been one of the most frequently explained poems in English literature. In fact, the width and depth of attention the poem receives testifies to its ability to contain a multitude of plausible, if widely divergent, interpretations. And critics have gone even farther, subdividing the lyric into parts, so that many articles are devoted only to individual segments of the poem-- the state of the speaker, the tiger's spiritual association, and certain memorable phases in the text. Indeed, **The Tyger** criticism no longer sees a mere lyric, but a kind of massively succinct lexicon for William Blake's intellectual, political and spiritual life.

The Tyger has been Blake's most popular poem since almost its publication, a commonplace that everyone, from little children to retiring faculty, knows without hesitation. There is a respected interpretation of **The Tyger** that the poem records the French Revolution as an historical energy. Whether or not that moment should be one of wonder, horror is a matter of principled judgment. Most critics are decided that the revolution, like the animal symbolizing it, belongs to a power beyond the control of human agents. In the same way, **The Tyger** came to speak for the dread energy belonging to the atomic bomb.

Spelling of tyger

It has sometimes been argued that he specifically chose archaic or unusual English spellings in his writings, and that perhaps Tyger "suggests the exotic or alien quality of the beast". However, this may be a projection of modern attitudes, since the same spelling was used by writers other than Blake.⁴⁶

ACTIVITY 3. PRACTICE THE POEM *The Tyger* TO READ ALOUD IN CLASS. YOU CAN RECORD YOUR VOICE AND PREPARE A SLIDE SHOW USING THE POEM AS INSPIRATION.



⁴⁶ DAMON, F., *William Blake: His Philosophy and Symbols*, 1924 (ed.rev. 1958) Penguin Popular Classics, London, 1995.

The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
In what distant deeps or skies
Burn the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?
And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?
What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?
When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?
Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?⁴⁷

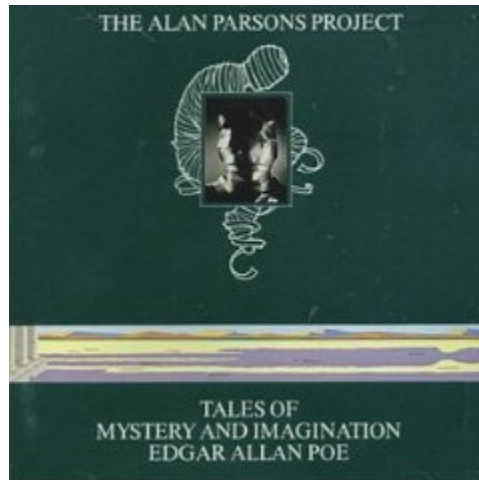
El Tigre

¡Tigre! ¡Tigre! Luz llameante
En los bosques de la noche,
¿Qué ojo o mano inmortal
Pudo idear tu terrible simetría?
¿En qué distantes abismos, en qué cielos,
Ardió el fuego de tus ojos?
¿Con qué alas osó elevarse? ¿Y qué mano
Osó tomar ese fuego?
¿Y qué hombro y qué arte,
Torció fibras de tu pecho?
Y al comenzar a latir tu corazón
¿Qué mano terrible o pie?
¿Qué martillo, qué cadena?
¿Qué horno forjó tu seso?
¿Qué yunque? ¿Qué osado puño
Ciñó su terror mortal?
Cuando los astros lanzaron sus venablos,
Y cubrieron sus lágrimas los cielos,
¿Sonrió al contemplar su obra?
¿Quién te creó, creó el Cordero?
¡Tigre! ¡Tigre!, luz llameante
En los bosques de la noche,
¿Qué ojo o mano inmortal
Osó idear tu terrible simetría?

⁴⁷ William, Blake, *Antología bilingüe*, Alianza Editorial, Madrid, 1987, p. 998.

C. EDGAR ALLAN POE

ACTIVITY 1. READ THIS TEXT ABOUT ALAN PARSON'S PROJECT AND WRITE A BIOGRAPHY ON EDGAR ALLAN POE ACCORDING TO THE INFORMATION GIVEN⁴⁸.



Alan Parson's Project (APP)

My fascination with the world of Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) began more than thirty years ago. It led to the creation of the Alan Parsons Project and the first album '**Tales Of Mystery And Imagination**⁴⁹ – Edgar Allan Poe' in 1976. At that time, I already had in mind a volume two of 'Tales', but a change of record labels took the APP in other directions.

Some years later, I decided it was time for me to revisit my hero, Poe, or "Eddy" as his friends called him. The first result of this was a stage musical and a concert version of 'POE' which tells the story of his extraordinary life and works.

I realized that half of the songs in the musical contained the basis for a possible follow-up to 'Tales' and after preliminary work in my own studio, I went back into the legendary Abbey Road Studios where 'More Tales Of Mystery And Imagination' was completed.

During the recordings, I had the immense good fortune to be introduced to Steve Balsamo. His remarkable voice lifted the tracks to a level I had not previously experienced and I pay full tribute to him and the many other talented and dedicated musicians, singers and studio engineers without whom I could not have fulfilled my dream of making a worthy follow up.

This current work includes many of Poe's most famous tales and poems but also includes glimpses of episodes in his life. A life, in many cases, even more bizarre and tortured than his literary works. The supreme irony of this literary giant surely lies in the fact that though constantly in poverty or debt for nearly all of his life, a copy of his first published poem

⁴⁸ You can also read Charles Baudelaire's biography in *Narraciones Estraordianrias*, Mexican version.

⁴⁹ Alan Parson's Project, *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*, PolyGram, LP firstly recorded in 1976. Remastered version: September 1990. Label: The Island Def Jam. Copyright 1987.

'Tamerlane' would sell at auction today for over half a million dollars. It is probably the highest priced item of classical American literature.

In death he also achieved world-wide success and acknowledgement as the genius who devised the genres of the 'Detective Novel' and 'Science Fiction'.

To me, the greatest compliment that has been paid to recordings of my work is that they are 'Cinematic' and while listening, if you close your eyes, you can see pictures. Without wishing to intrude into the creative imaginations of the listener, I have included a brief reference to the literary work or event in Poe's life that originally inspired my work.

The instrumental ANGEL OF THE ODD⁵⁰ is the title of one of Poe's quirkiest stories. WINGS OF EAGLES expresses the way he saw the world. The commonplace becomes distorted into fantasy. Reality assumes an overwhelming intensity, creating an emotional roller-coaster for his turbulent emotions.

Poe as an infant was introduced to gin and laudanum (an opiate), by an exhausted, though well-meaning nanny. Little wonder that this led to problems throughout his life. Shortly before his death, Poe was found badly beaten and left for dead outside a tavern which had served as a polling station in a local election. TRAIN TO FREEDOM was inspired by the atmosphere of the political campaigning that might have prevailed in that bar.

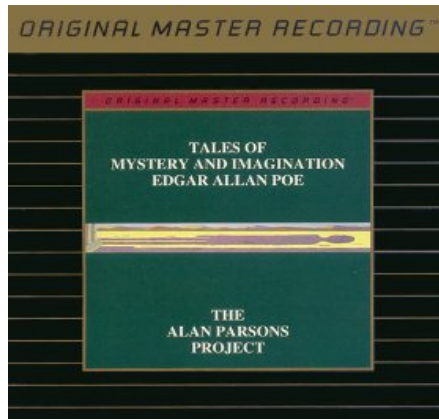
Untimely death was a recurring feature of Poe's life and works. Possibly, his inability to come to terms with the death of his mother when he was three years old, found an outlet in so many of his stories of premature burials and the beautiful, though ghostly heroines of his poetry. All of this is reflected in SOMEWHERE IN THE AUDIENCE. It was the sound of words even more than their meaning that enthused Poe. His poem THE BELLS is an outstanding example.

To me, the most graphic of Poe's tales is THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM, which tells the story of a helpless victim of the Spanish Inquisition. THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE is the first detective novel. C. Auguste Dupin was the inspiration for Sherlock Holmes some sixty years later.

TINY STAR is a further reflection on the mother who died when Eddy was three years old. The song is a remembrance of a lullaby that she might have sung. His marriage to his young cousin Virginia inspired GOODBYE TO ALL THAT. She, like his mother, was to die at age twenty four.

Rufus Griswold was a jealous rival. Although he was Poe's literary executor, when Poe died, he wrote a poisonous obituary and did everything he could to bury his works along with the man. Despite Griswold's efforts, Poe eventually took his rightful place as one of the greatest literary geniuses of all time. The song, IMMORTAL is a reflection on the presence of Poe's everlasting spirit.

⁵⁰ All titles of the songs of the Album are in capital letters.



ACTIVITY 2. LISTEN TO THE NARRATIONS AND COMPLETE THESE FRAGMENTS.

A Dream within a Dream

"For my own part, I have _____ had a thought which I _____ not set down in _____ with even more distinctness than that with which I conceived it. There is, however, a class of fancies of exquisite delicacy which are not _____, and to which as yet I have found it absolutely impossible to adapt to _____. These fancies arise in the soul, alas how rarely. Only at epochs of most _____ tranquility, when the bodily and mental _____ are in _____. And at those weird points of time, where the confines of the waking _____ blend with the _____ of _____.

And so I captured this fancy, where all that we _____, or seem, is but a _____ a _____."

COMPLETE TEXT (not for students)

A Dream within a Dream

"For my own part, I have **NEVER** had a thought which I **COULD** not set down in **WORDS** with even more distinctness than that with which I conceived it. There is, however, a class of fancies of exquisite delicacy which are not **THOUGHTS**, and to which as yet I have found it absolutely impossible to adapt to **LANGUAGE**. These fancies arise in the soul, alas how rarely. Only at epochs of most **INTENSE** tranquility, when the bodily and mental **HEALTH** are in **PERFECTION**. And at those weird points of time, where the confines of the waking **WORLD** blend with the **WORLD** of **DREAMS**.

And so I captured this fancy, where all that we **SEE**, or seem, is but a **DREAM WITHIN** a **DREAM**."

Fall of the House of Usher

[Instrumental]

(I)Prelude

"Shadows of _____ passing. It is now 1831, and as always I am absorbed with a delicate _____. It is how _____ has indefinite sensations, to which end _____ is inessential. Since the comprehension of sweet _____ is our most indefinite conception, music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is _____. Music without the idea is simply _____. Without music or an intriguing idea, _____ becomes pallor, _____ becomes carcass, home becomes catacomb, and the _____ are but for a moment motionless."

COMPLETE TEXT (not for students)

Fall of the House of Usher

"Shadows of **shadows** passing. It is now 1831, and as always I am absorbed with a delicate **thought**. It is how **poetry** has indefinite sensations, to which end **music** is inessential. Since the comprehension of sweet **sound** is our most indefinite conception, music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is **poetry**. Music without the idea is simply **music**. Without music or an intriguing idea, **colour** becomes pallor, **man** becomes carcass, home becomes catacomb, and the **dead** are but for a moment motionless."

ACTIVITY 3. LISTEN TO THE SONG AND FILL IN THE GAPS.

THE RAVEN

From: ***Tales of Mystery and imagination***

The _____ struck midnight

And through my _____

I heard a _____ at my _____

I looked but nothing lay in the darkness

And so I turned inside once _____

To my amazement

There stood a _____

Whose shadow hung above my _____

Then through the _____

It spoke that one word

that I shall hear for _____

Thus quoth the _____, _____

And still the _____ remains in my _____

No matter how much I _____

No _____ can soothe him

No prayer removes him

And I _____ hear for _____

_____ the _____, _____

Thus _____ the _____

COMPLETE LYRICS (not for students)

The Raven

Lead Vocal: Alan Parsons, Leonard Whiting

The clock struck midnight
And through my sleeping
I heard a tapping at my door
I looked but nothing lay in the darkness
And so I turned inside once more

To my amazement
There stood a raven
Whose shadow hung above my door
Then through the darkness
It spoke that one word
that I shall hear forever more

Nevermore
Thus quoth the raven, nevermore

And still the raven remains in my room
No matter how much I implore
No words can soothe him
No prayer removes him
And I must hear for evermore

Quoth the raven, nevermore
Thus quoth the raven
Nevermore

**ACTIVITY 4. CHOOSE A STANZA FROM THE ORIGINAL POEM TO READ ALOUD
IN CLASS AND COMPARE IT WITH THE SPANISH TRANSLATION.**

THE RAVEN

By: Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door_
“Tis some visiter-“, I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door_
Only this and nothing more”.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; -vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow –sorrow for the lost Lenore-
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore-
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me –filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
“Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door-
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;-
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you" –here I opened wide the door;-

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"

This I whispered and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"

Merely this and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,

Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;

Let me see, then, what threat is, and this mystery explore-

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;-

"Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;

Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door-

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door-

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,

But the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou, "I said", art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore-

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore".

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning –little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no sublunary being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door-
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
 With such name as “Nevermore”.

 But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered –not a feather then he fluttered-
Till I scarcely more than muttered “Other friends have flown before-
On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before”.

 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore”.

 Wondering at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 “Doubtless, said I,” what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster so, when Hope he would adjure
Stern Despair returned, instead of the sweet Hope he dared adjure-
 That sad answer, “Nevermore!”

 But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore-
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking “Nevermore”.

 This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee –by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite –respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
Let me quaff this king nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore".

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! - Prophet still, if bird or devil!-
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted-
On this home by Horror haunted – tell me truly, I implore-
Is there –is there balm in Gilead? –tell me- tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore".

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! –prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us –by that God we both adore-
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore-
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore".
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore".

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting-
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! –quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore".

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted –nevermore!⁵¹

[February, 1845]

ACTIVITY 5. WORK IN SMALL GROUPS TO PREPARE A CHORAL READING OF FRAGMENTS OF THE POEM FOR A PUBLIC PRESENTATION.



⁵¹ Edgar Allan Poe, *The Unabridged Edgar Allan Poe*, Running Press, Philadelphia, 1983, p. 1043-1046.

Table on Romanticism

Author	Date and place of Birth and Death	Main Works	Literary Characteristics	Biographical Notes
LORD BYRON				
WILLIAM BLAKE				
EDGAR ALLAN POE				

UNIT IV
*MODERN
FICTION IN
ENGLISH
LITERATURE*





A. JAMES JOYCE

ACTIVITY 1. USE THE FOLLOWING DATA TO WRITE A BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES JOYCE IN YOUR OWN WORDS.

CHRONOLOGY

1882 Joyce is born on 2 February.

1888-1898 Attends Clongowes Wood College and Belvedere College in Dublin.

1898 Enrolls at University College, Dublin.

1902 Graduates from university & goes to Paris.

1903 Returns from Paris. Death of his mother.

1904 Meets Nora Barnacle his future wife. Publishes three stories under the name Stephen Daedalus, & begins *Stephen Hero*. Leaves for Trieste, Italy and Pola, Croatia with Nora.

1905 Continues writing stories for *Dubliners*. His son, Giorgio, is born in Trieste.

1906 Moves to Rome.

1907 Returns to Trieste where his daughter, Lucia, is born. *Chamber Music* is published, & Joyce starts writing *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

1914 *Dubliners* is published, *A Portrait of the Artist* is serialized, & Joyce starts work on *Ulysses*.

1915 Finishes *Exiles*, & moves to Zurich because of the war.

1918 Parts of *Ulysses* are serialized in America and England.

1919-1920 Returns to Trieste, then moves to Paris.

1922 *Ulysses* is published by Shakespeare and Company, Paris.

1923 Starts writing 'Work in Progress' (later *Finnegan's Wake*).

1933 American ban on *Ulysses* is lifted.

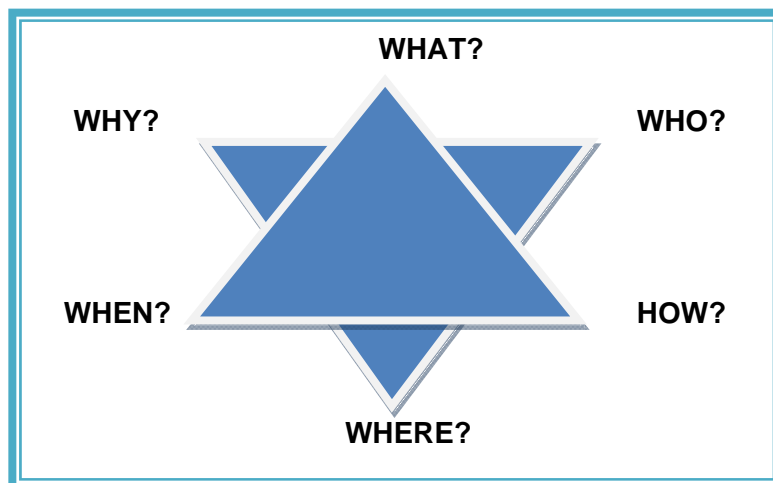
1939 *Finnegan's Wake* is published.

1940 Returns to Zurich because of the war.

1941 Dies on 13 January & is buried at Fluntern cemetery in Zurich Germany.⁵²

⁵² <http://www.jamesjoyce.ie/detail.asp?ID=18> visited June 1st, 2009.

ACTIVITY 2. AFTER YOU READ *The Sisters* IN SPANISH, USE THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION ABOUT *Dubliners*' AND WRITE A SYNTHESIS IN ENGLISH USING THE "THE STAR STRUCTURE".



Dubliners

Joyce's intention in writing *Dubliners* was to write a chapter of the moral history of his country at the end of the 19th Century, and he chose Dublin for the scene because that city seemed to him the centre of paralysis. He tried to present it to the indifferent public under four of its aspects: childhood, adolescence, maturity and public life. *Dubliners* is a collection of 15 short stories published in 1914. The stories were written at the time when Irish nationalism was at its peak, and a search for a national identity and purpose was raging; at a crossroads of history and culture, Ireland was jolted by various converging ideas and influences. They center on Joyce's idea of an epiphany: a moment where a character has a special moment of self-understanding or illumination. Many of the characters in *Dubliners* later appear in minor roles in Joyce's novel *Ulysses*. The initial stories in the collection are narrated by children as protagonists, and as the stories continue, they deal with the lives and concerns of progressively older people. This is in line with Joyce's tripartite division of the collection into childhood, adolescence and maturity. 'The Sisters', 'An Encounter' and 'Araby' are stories from childhood. 'Eveline', 'After the Race', 'Two Gallants' and 'The Boarding House' are stories from adolescence. 'A Little Cloud', 'Counterparts', 'Clay' and 'A Painful Case' are all stories concerned with mature life. Stories from public life are 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room', 'A Mother and Grace'. 'The Dead' is the last story in the collection and probably Joyce's greatest. It stands alone and, as the title would indicate, is concerned with death.⁵³

⁵³ James Joyce, *Dubliners*, An Illustrated Edition with annotations, Edited by John Wyse Jackson and Bernard McGinley, Published by Sinclair-Stevenson, 1995.p. 5.

THE SISTERS

Major characters

The boy (narrator)

James Flynn, former priest

Eliza Flynn, sister of James Flynn

Nannie Flynn, sister of James Flynn

Old Cotter friend of the family

Aunt of the boy

Uncle of the boy

Plot summary

The Sisters gives a portrait of the relationship between a nameless boy and the weak priest Father Flynn. The priest who has been relieved of his priestly duties has acted as a mentor for the boy in the clerical duties of a Catholic priest.

The story starts with the boy contemplating Father Flynn's illness and impending death. He is fascinated with interpreting signs and symbols, and their meaning.

Later, while the boy eats his dinner, his aunt, uncle, and old Cotter have a conversation in which the boy is informed that the priest has died. The conversation focuses on the priest and his relationship with the boy. That night the boy is haunted by images of the priest, and he dreams of escape to a mysterious land.

The next day the boy goes to look at the announcement that the priest has died, and then wanders about, further puzzling about his dream and about his relationship with the priest.

That night the boy and his aunt go to the house of mourning. They view the corpse with Nannie, and then they sit with the sisters Eliza and Nannie. They are offered food and drink, and then Eliza and the aunt carry on a conversation that reveals that Father Flynn had apparently suffered a mental breakdown after accidentally breaking a chalice. The dialogue then continues.

Evolution of the story

In summer of 1904, George Russell of the editorial department of the weekly paper *The Irish Homestead* wrote Joyce a letter in regards to a section of the journal called "Our Weekly Story":

Dear Joyce,

Look at the story in this paper The Irish Homestead. Could you write anything simple, rural?, livemaking?, pathos?, which could be inserted so as not to shock the readers. If you could furnish a short story about 1800 words suitable for insertion the editor will pay £1.

It is easily earned money if you can write fluently and don't mind playing to the common understanding and liking for once in a way. You can sign it any name you like as a pseudonym.

Yours sincerely

Geo. W. Russell(Letter p. 43)

Joyce took the offer, and *The Sisters* was published on August 13, 1904 using the pseudonym Stephen Dædulus, a name given to one of Joyce's semi-autobiographical literary characters in his later novels *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*. ***The Sisters*** was the start of a series called ***Dubliners*** which he hoped The Homestead would continue to publish. In fact, Joyce would write two more stories for The Homestead, *Eveline* and *After the Race*, before complaints stopped the paper from publishing any more of his stories. Joyce, nevertheless, continued to add more stories to the collection. But, he had great difficulty getting ***Dubliners*** published, and it wasn't until 1914 that the first edition of the book came out. During that decade, *The Sisters* went through a number of revisions:

The two published versions have essentially the same plot. The diction, however, was transformed from a romantic style to a wholly modernist text. Other changes were made to characterization and relationships. In particular, Joyce severely strengthened the relationship between the priest and the boy making it stand out as a memorable feature of the story.⁵⁴

ACTIVITY 3. ACCORDING TO THE LITERARY CATEGORIES⁵⁵ DISCUSSED IN TLRIID, FIND THE FOLLOWING CATEGORIES AND WRITE A PAPER DISCUSSING THEM IN ENGLISH. (100 WORDS)

Theme

Structure (introduction, development, climax, ending).

Characters, Narrator

Atmosphere (physical and psychological)

Symbols

⁵⁴ [http://www.jamesjoyce.ie/visited March 27th 2009](http://www.jamesjoyce.ie/visited%20March%2027th%202009).

⁵⁵ AGUILAR, Salas Lourdes, ***ANTOLOGÍA DE TEXTOS PARA TLRIID I***. Bachillerato Colegio Madrid, PRIMER SEMESTRE 2006-2007. Páginas 198-200.

THE SISTERS

There was no hope for him this time: it was the third stroke. Night after night I had passed the house (it was vacation time) and studied the lighted square of window: and night after night I had found it lighted in the same way, faintly and evenly. If he was dead, I thought, I would see the reflection of candles on the darkened blind, for I knew that two candles must be set at the head of a corpse. He had often said to me: 'I am not long for this world,' and I had thought his words idle. Now I knew they were true. Every night as I gazed up at the window I said softly to myself the word paralysis. It had always sounded strangely in my ears, like the word gnomon in the Euclid and the word simony in the Catechism. But now it sounded to me like the name of some maleficent and sinful being. It filled me with fear, and yet I longed to be nearer to it and to look upon its deadly work.

Old Cotter was sitting at the fire, smoking, when I came downstairs to supper. While my aunt was ladling out my stirabout he said, as if returning to some former remark of his:

'No, I wouldn't say he was exactly... but there was something queer... there was something uncanny about him. I'll tell you my opinion... '

He began to puff at his pipe, no doubt arranging his opinion in his mind. Tiresome old fool! When we knew him first he used to be rather interesting, talking of faints and worms; but I soon grew tired of him and his endless stories about the distillery.

'I have my own theory about it,' he said. 'I think it was one of those... peculiar cases... But it's hard to say... '

He began to puff again at his pipe without giving us his theory. My uncle saw me staring and said to me:

'Well, so your old friend is gone, you'll be sorry to hear.' 'Who?' said I.

'Father Flynn.'

'Is he dead?'

'Mr. Cotter here has just told us. He was passing by the house.'

I knew that I was under observation, so I continued eating as if the news had not interested me. My uncle explained to old Cotter.

'The youngster and he were great friends. The old chap taught him a great deal, mind you; and they say he had a great wish for him.'

'God have mercy on his soul,' said my aunt piously.

Old Cotter looked at me for a while. I felt that his little beady black eyes were examining me, but I would not satisfy him by looking up from my plate. He returned to his pipe and

finally spat rudely into the grate.

'I wouldn't like children of mine,' he said, 'to have too much to say to a man like that.'

'How do you mean, Mr. Cotter?' asked my aunt.

'What I mean is,' said old Cotter, 'it's bad for children. My idea is: let a young lad run about and play with young lads of his own age and not be... Am I right, Jack?'

'That's my principle, too,' said my uncle. 'Let him learn to box his corner. That's what I'm always saying to that Rosicrucian there: take exercise. Why, when I was a nipper, every morning of my life I had a cold bath, winter and summer. And that's what stands to me now. Education is all very fine and large... Mr. Cotter might take a pick of that leg of mutton,' he added to my aunt.

'No, no, not for me,' said old Cotter.

My aunt brought the dish from the safe and put it on the table.

'But why do you think it's not good for children, Mr. Cotter?' she asked.

'It's bad for children,' said old Cotter, 'because their minds are so impressionable. When children see things like that, you know, it has an effect...'

I crammed my mouth with stirabout for fear I might give utterance to my anger. Tiresome old red-nosed imbecile!

It was late when I fell asleep. Though I was angry with old Cotter for alluding to me as a child, I puzzled my head to extract meaning from his unfinished sentences. In the dark of my room I imagined that I saw again the heavy grey face of the paralytic. I drew the blankets over my head and tried to think of Christmas. But the grey face still followed me. It murmured; and I understood that it desired to confess something. I felt my soul receding into some pleasant and vicious region; and there again I found it waiting for me. It began to confess to me in a murmuring voice and I wondered why it smiled continually and why the lips were so moist with spittle. But then I remembered that it had died of paralysis and I felt that I too was smiling feebly, as if to absolve the simoniac of his sin.

The next morning after breakfast I went down to look at the little house in Great Britain Street. It was an unassuming shop, registered under the vague name of *Drapery*. The drapery consisted mainly of children's bootees and umbrellas; and on ordinary days a notice used to hang in the window, saying: *Umbrellas Re-covered*. No notice was visible now, for the shutters were up. A crape bouquet was tied to the door-knocker with ribbon. Two poor women and a telegram boy were reading the card pinned on the crape. I also approached and read:

1st July, 1895

*The Rev. James Flynn (formerly of St Catherine's Church,
Meath Street), aged sixty-five years.*

R.I.P.

The reading of the card persuaded me that he was dead and I was disturbed to find myself at check. Had he not been dead I would have gone into the little dark room behind the shop to find him sitting in his arm-chair by the fire, nearly smothered in his great-coat. Perhaps my aunt would have given me a packet of High Toast for him, and this present would have roused him from his stupefied doze. It was always I who emptied the packet into his black snuff-box, for his hands trembled too much to allow him to do this without spilling half the snuff about the floor. Even as he raised his large trembling hand to his nose little clouds of snuff dribbled through his fingers over the front of his coat. It may have been these constant showers of snuff which gave his ancient priestly garments their green faded look, for the red handkerchief, blackened, as it always was, with the snuff-stains of a week, with which he tried to brush away the fallen grains, was quite inefficacious.

I wished to go in and look at him, but I had not the courage to knock. I walked away slowly along the sunny side of the street, reading all the theatrical advertisements in the shop-windows as I went. I found it strange that neither I nor the day seemed in a mourning mood and I felt even annoyed at discovering in myself a sensation of freedom as if I had been freed from something by his death. I wondered at this for, as my uncle had said the night before, he had taught me a great deal. He had studied in the Irish college in Rome and he had taught me to pronounce Latin properly. He had told me stories about the catacombs and about Napoleon Bonaparte, and he had explained to me the meaning of the different ceremonies of the Mass and of the different vestments worn by the priest. Sometimes he had amused himself by putting difficult questions to me, asking me what one should do in certain circumstances or whether such and such sins were mortal or venial or only imperfections. His questions showed me how complex and mysterious were certain institutions of the Church which I had always regarded as the simplest acts. The duties of the priest towards the Eucharist and towards the secrecy of the confessional seemed so grave to me that I wondered how anybody had ever found in himself the courage to undertake them; and I was not surprised when he told me that the fathers of the Church had written books as thick as the *Post Office Directory* and as closely printed as the law notices in the newspaper, elucidating all these intricate questions. Often when I thought of this I could make no answer or only a very foolish and halting one, upon which he used to smile and nod his head twice or thrice. Sometimes he used to put me through the responses of the Mass, which he had made me learn by heart; and, as I pattered, he used to smile pensively and nod his head, now and then pushing huge pinches of snuff up each nostril alternately. When he smiled he used to uncover his big discoloured teeth and let his tongue lie upon his lower lip - a habit which had made me feel uneasy in the beginning of our acquaintance before I knew him well.

As I walked along in the sun I remembered old Cotter's words and tried to remember what had happened afterwards in the dream. I remembered that I had noticed long velvet curtains and a swinging lamp of antique fashion. I felt that I had been very far away, in some land where the customs were strange - in Persia, I thought... But I could not remember the end of the dream.

In the evening my aunt took me with her to visit the house of mourning. It was after sunset; but the window-panes of the houses that looked to the west reflected the tawny gold of a great bank of clouds. Nannie received us in the hall; and, as it would have been unseemly to have shouted at her, my aunt shook hands with her for all. The old woman pointed upwards interrogatively and, on my aunt's nodding, proceeded to toil up the narrow staircase before us, her bowed head being scarcely above the level of the banister-rail. At the first landing she stopped and beckoned us forward encouragingly towards the open door of the dead-room. My aunt went in and the old woman, seeing that I hesitated to enter, began to beckon to me again repeatedly with her hand.

I went in on tiptoe. The room through the lace end of the blind was suffused with dusky golden light amid which the candles looked like pale thin flames. He had been coffined. Nannie gave the lead and we three knelt down at the foot of the bed. I pretended to pray but I could not gather my thoughts because the old woman's mutterings distracted me. I noticed how clumsily her skirt was hooked at the back and how the heels of her cloth boots were trodden down all to one side. The fancy came to me that the old priest was smiling as he lay there in his coffin.

But no. When we rose and went up to the head of the bed I saw that he was not smiling. There he lay, solemn and copious, vested as for the altar, his large hands loosely retaining a chalice. His face was very truculent, grey and massive, with black cavernous nostrils and circled by a scanty white fur. There was a heavy odour in the room - the flowers.

We crossed ourselves and came away. In the little room downstairs we found Eliza seated in his arm-chair in state. I groped my way towards my usual chair in the corner while Nannie went to the sideboard and brought out a decanter of sherry and some wine-glasses. She set these on the table and invited us to take a little glass of wine. Then, at her sister's bidding, she filled out the sherry into the glasses and passed them to us. She pressed me to take some cream crackers also, but I declined because I thought I would make too much noise eating them. She seemed to be somewhat disappointed at my refusal and went over quietly to the sofa, where she sat down behind her sister. No one spoke: we all gazed at the empty fireplace.

My aunt waited until Eliza sighed and then said: 'Ah, well, he's gone to a better world.'

Eliza sighed again and bowed her head in assent. My aunt fingered the stem of her wine-glass before sipping a little.

'Did he... peacefully?' she asked.

'Oh, quite peacefully, ma'am,' said Eliza. 'You couldn't tell when the breath went out of him. He had a beautiful death, God be praised.'

'And everything...?'

'Father O'Rourke was in with him a Tuesday and anointed him and prepared him and all.'

'He knew then?'

`He was quite resigned.' `He looks quite resigned,' said my aunt.

`That's what the woman we had in to wash him said. She said he just looked as if he was asleep; he looked that peaceful and resigned. No one would think he'd make such a beautiful corpse.'

`Yes, indeed,' said my aunt.

She sipped a little more from her glass and said:

`Well, Miss Flynn, at any rate it must be a great comfort for you to know that you did all you could for him. You were both very kind to him, I must say.'

Eliza smoothed her dress over her knees.

`Ah, poor James!' she said. `God knows we done all we could, as poor as we are - we wouldn't see him want anything while he was in it.'

Nannie had leaned her head against the sofa-pillow and seemed about to fall asleep.

`There's poor Nannie,' said Eliza, looking at her, `she's wore out. All the work we had, she and me, getting in the woman to wash him and then laying him out and then the coffin and then arranging about the Mass in the chapel. Only for Father O'Rourke I don't know what we'd done at all. It was him brought us all them flowers and them two candlesticks out of the chapel, and wrote out the notice for the *Freeman's General* and took charge of all the papers for the cemetery and poor James's insurance.'

`Wasn't that good of him?' said my aunt.

Eliza closed her eyes and shook her head slowly.

`Ah, there's no friends like the old friends,' she said, `when all is said and done, no friends that a body can trust.'

`Indeed, that's true,' said my aunt. `And I'm sure now that he's gone to his eternal reward he won't forget you and all your kindness to him.'

`Ah, poor James!' said Eliza. `He was no great trouble to us. You wouldn't hear him in the house any more than now. Still, I know he's gone and all to that.'

`It's when it's all over that you'll miss him,' said my aunt.

`I know that,' said Eliza. `I won't be bringing him in his cup of beef tea any more, nor you, ma'am, send him his snuff. Ah, poor James!'

She stopped, as if she were communing with the past, and then said shrewdly:

`Mind you, I noticed there was something queer coming over him latterly. Whenever I'd

bring in his soup to him there, I'd find him with his breviary fallen to the floor, lying back in the chair and his mouth open.'

She laid a finger against her nose and frowned; then she continued:

'But still and all he kept on saying that before the summer was over he'd go out for a drive one fine day just to see the old house again where we were all born down in Irishtown, and take me and Nannie with him. If we could only get one of them new-fangled carriages that makes no noise that Father O'Rourke told him about, them with the rheumatic wheels, for the day cheap - he said, at Johnny Rush's over the way there and drive out the three of us together of a Sunday evening. He had his mind set on that... Poor James!'

'The Lord have mercy on his soul!' said my aunt.

Eliza took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes with it. Then she put it back again in her pocket and gazed into the empty grate for some time without speaking.

'He was too scrupulous always,' she said. 'The duties of the priesthood was too much for him. And then his life was, you might say, crossed.'

'Yes,' said my aunt. 'He was a disappointed man. You could see that.'

A silence took possession of the little room and, under cover of it, I approached the table and tasted my sherry and then returned quietly to my chair in the corner. Eliza seemed to have fallen into a deep reverie. We waited respectfully for her to break the silence: and after a long pause she said slowly:

'It was that chalice he broke... That was the beginning of it. Of course, they say it was all right, that it contained nothing, I mean. But still... They say it was the boy's fault. But poor James was so nervous, God be merciful to him!'

'And was that it?' said my aunt. 'I heard something...'. Eliza nodded.

'That affected his mind,' she said. 'After that he began to mope by himself, talking to no one and wandering about by himself. So one night he was wanted for to go on a call and they couldn't find him anywhere. They looked high up and low down; and still they couldn't see a sight of him anywhere. So then the clerk suggested to try the chapel. So then they got the keys and opened the chapel, and the clerk and Father O'Rourke and another priest that was there brought in a light for to look for him... And what do you think but there he was, sitting up by himself in the dark in his confession-box, wide-awake and laughing-like softly to himself?'

She stopped suddenly as if to listen. I too listened; but there was no sound in the house: and I knew that the old priest was lying still in his coffin as we had seen him, solemn and truculent in death, an idle chalice on his breast. Eliza resumed:

Wide-awake and laughing-like to himself... So then, of course, when they saw that, that made them think that there was something gone wrong with him...⁵⁶



⁵⁶ <http://www.bibliomania.com/0/0/frameset.html>. Visited on May 26th 2009.

B. OSCAR WILDE

ACTIVITY 1. MAKE A TIMELINE WITH THE INFORMATION FROM OSCAR WILDE'S BIOGRAPHY.



Oscar Wilde (1854-1900) was born in Dublin, Ireland. He went to university at Trinity College in Dublin and later to Oxford because he won scholarships. As a young man, Wilde was brilliant and eccentric, with his long hair and extravagant clothes.

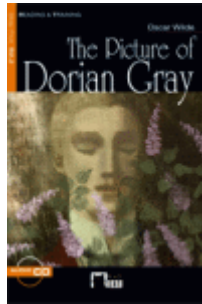
After graduation, Oscar moved to London to live with his friend Frank Miles, a popular high society portrait painter. In 1881, he published his first collection of poetry and short stories such as ***The Sphinx without a Secret*** and the poem ***My voice***, but his most famous works are his plays, especially comedies as ***Lady Windermere's Fan*** (1892) and ***The Importance of Being Earnest*** (1895). Like his conversation, his plays were full of quick humour, for instance: *"Nowadays, people know the price of everything and the value of nothing."* His rich and dramatic portrayals of the human condition came during the height of the Victorian Era in the late 19th century.

In December 1881, Oscar sailed for New York to travel across the United States and delivered a series of lectures on aesthetics. In between lectures he made time to meet with Henry Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Walt Whitman. He also arranged for his play, ***"Vera,"*** to be staged in New York the following year. On May 29, 1884, Oscar married Constance Lloyd. They had two sons in quick succession, Cyril in 1885 and Vyvyan in 1886. In the summer of 1891, Oscar met Lord Alfred 'Bosie' Douglas, the third son of the Marquis of Queensberry. Bosie was well acquainted with Oscar's novel "Dorian Gray" and was an undergraduate at Oxford. They soon became lovers and were inseparable until Wilde's arrest four years later. In April 1895, Bosie's father, the Marquis, accused him of homosexuality. Wilde's career was stopped by scandal as he was sent to prison. Constance, his wife, took the children to Switzerland and reverted to an old family name, "Holland." When he came out, he and Bosie reunited briefly, but Oscar mostly spent the last three years of his life wandering Europe, staying with friends and living in cheap hotels.

When a recurrent ear infection became serious several years later, meningitis set in, and died on November 30, 1900.⁵⁷

⁵⁷ [http://www.cmgww.com/historic/wilde/Visited May 13th 2009](http://www.cmgww.com/historic/wilde/Visited_May_13th_2009).

***The Picture of Dorian Gray** was published in an American magazine in 1890 to a storm of critical protest. He expanded the story and had it published in book form the following year. It is Oscar Wilde's only novel and is a brilliant story about moral decadence.



What do you think about the quote: “Nowadays, people know the price of everything and the value of nothing”?

ACTIVITY 2. READ AND LISTEN THE STORY FROM THE CD OF YOUR BOOK OPPORTUNITIES INTERMEDIATE⁵⁸

DECIDE IF THESE STATEMENTS ARE TRUE OR FALSE.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| Basil Hayward painted a portrait of his friend Dorian Gray. | T | F |
| Dorian made a wish to stay young and for his portrait to become old. | T | F |
| Dorian met a beautiful young painter called Sybil Vane and fell in love with her. | T | F |
| Sybil killed herself after Dorian left her. | T | F |
| On his thirty-eight birthday, Dorian killed his friend Basil. | T | F |
| Sybil's brother followed Dorian and shot Dorian's friend. | T | F |
| Dorian finally decided to destroy the portrait with an axe. | T | F |
| When the servants found Dorian his face was old and horrible. | T | F |

⁵⁸ Harris, Mower and Sikorzynska. **Opportunities Intermediate**, CD and Student's Book. Pearson Education Ltd. Literature Spot, pp. 241,242.

The Picture of Dorian Gray⁵⁹

(Fragment)

Basil Hayward was a successful artist. He had nearly finished a portrait of a very handsome young man called Dorian Gray. One day a friend of his, Lord Henry Wotton, saw the picture Basil was painting and wanted to meet this young man. A few days later, Lord Henry and Dorian Gray met at Basil's house and went for a walk on the garden.

"Ah, how lucky you are to be so young. There is nothing in the world as important as youth!" said Lord Henry to Dorian. "But time is your enemy."

They went inside to see the portrait and Dorian looked at his own picture intensely.

"I wish I could always stay young and the picture could grow old. Oh, why did you paint this picture, Basil? Why should it stay young while I grow old? I wish the picture could change, and I could stay as I am." Dorian was beginning to fall in love with his own picture.

A few weeks later, Dorian told Lord Henry that he was in love with an actress, called Sybil Vane. She was seventeen and very beautiful. Dorian didn't tell Sybil his name but she called him Prince Charming. He told her that he was in love with her and he wanted to marry her. Sybil's brother was worried about her and this mysterious young man.

"If that man harms my sister, I'll kill him," he said to a friend.

But Sybil's brother was a sailor and had to go off to Australia.

One night, Dorian took his friends to see Sybil acting as Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*. She acted badly and after the performance Dorian spoke to Sybil. He was very angry with her. "But how can I pretend to be Juliet now that I know what real love is? She said to him. Dorian said that he had loved her because she was a good actress. Now he didn't love her anymore and so he left her.

When he got back home Dorian looked at his portrait again. Somehow it was different. The face in the picture now had a cruel smile. Then Dorian remembered his wish. He realized that he had been cruel to Sybil. Tomorrow he would see her and be good to her and make up for what he had done. But the next day Lord Henry brought Dorian some terrible news. Sybil had killed herself! Lord Henry told him not to worry, that it would have been impossible to marry her anyway-she was just an actress. When Lord Henry left, Dorian looked at the picture of himself again. He realized that he would stay young and handsome forever and that the face in the picture would become ugly, old and cruel.

⁵⁹ *Ibid.*

The years went by, but Dorian Gray stayed young and handsome. He enjoyed all the pleasure there were in life. However, his portrait changed and showed all the terrible secrets of his life. Dorian became more and more obsessed with the picture as the face in it became old and ugly. On Dorian's thirty-eight birthday, Basil Hayward, the painter, came to see Dorian and told him that he was going away to Paris. Basil told him that people were saying terrible things about Dorian's life. Dorian decides to show Basil the portrait and to tell him his secret. Basil was horrified when he saw the face and told Dorian to change his life. Suddenly, Dorian became very angry with Basil. He took a knife... and stabbed Basil several times. The next day, Dorian got rid of the body. Nobody would ever miss Basil Hayward. They would think that he had gone to France. Later that night Dorian was in a bar talking to two women. One of the women said to him. "Ah, I remember you. You're Prince Charming aren't you?"

A sailor heard this. It was Sybil's brother. He realized that this was the man who had been cruel to his sister eighteen years ago. Dorian was very afraid, but said that it couldn't have been him. He showed the sailors his face, the face of a young man of twenty. Then Dorian went away. "I nearly killed that boy", said the sailor

"Boy?" said the woman. "I first met him eighteen years ago, but his face hasn't changed in all that time."

A week later Dorian was at the country staying with some friends, when he realized that the sailor was following him. He became very afraid. The next day he went out walking with some of his friends who were shooting. His friend shot at an animal and heard as the cry of a man. He had killed the sailor who had been following Dorian. Dorian decided to change his life.

"Maybe if I had a better life, the face in the picture will not be so ugly and horrible."

But when he looked at the portrait it was even more terrible than before. He decided to destroy the picture. He picked up a knife and stabbed the painting. There was a loud cry and a crash.

The servants were very afraid. They went into the room. On the wall they saw the portrait of Dorian Gray as a young handsome man.

On the floor was a dead man, with a knife in his head. It was the other Dorian Gray, his face old, ugly and horrible.

ACTIVITY 4. LISTEN TO THE RECORDING AND COMPLETE THE POEM BELOW.

My Voice by Oscar Wilde

Source: [E-text](#)

[\[mp3@64kbps - 0.4MB\]](#)

[\[mp3@128kbps - 0.9MB\]](#)

[\[ogg vorbis - 0.6MB\]](#) Read by: Kristin Hughes

My Voice

Within this restless, hurried, modern _____
We _____ our hearts' full pleasure - _____ and _____,
And now the _____ sails of our _____ are furled,
And _____ the lading of our argosy.

Wherefore my _____ before their time are wan,
For very weeping is my _____ fled,
_____ has paled my _____ mouth's vermilion,
And Ruin draws the curtains of my _____.

But all this crowded _____ has been to thee
No _____ than lyre, or lute, or subtle spell
Of viols, or the _____ of the _____
That _____, a mimic echo, in the shell.

FULL VERSION (not for the students)

My Voice

*Within this restless, hurried, modern world
We took our hearts' full pleasure - You and I,
And now the white sails of our ship are furled,
And spent the lading of our argosy.*

*Wherefore my cheeks before their time are wan,
For very weeping is my gladness fled,
Sorrow has paled my young mouth's vermilion,
And Ruin draws the curtains of my bed.*

*But all this crowded life has been to thee
No more than lyre, or lute, or subtle spell
Of viols, or the music of the sea
That sleeps, a mimic echo, in the shell.*

My voz

En este mundo moderno que no conoce el descanso, en este mundo tumultuoso,
Hemos gozado tú y yo todos los placeres del corazón,
y ahora las blancas velas de nuestra nave están plegadas,
y la carga de nuestra barca, agotada.
Mis mejillas han palidecido, pues, antes de tiempo,
Porque mi alegría se ha refugiado en las lágrimas.
La Pena ha musitado el bermellón de mi boca juvenil,
Y la ruina ha corrido las cortinas de mi lecho.
Pero toda esta vida tumultuosa no ha sido para ti más que una lira,
Un laúd, el encanto sutil de la viola, o la música del mar adormecido
En un eco minúsculo, en el caracol.

ACTIVITY 5. DISCUSS WITH YOUR CLASSMATES TO ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS.

1. To whom do you think he dedicated this poem?

2. Do you think this is a love poem, why?

3. Explain in your own words the quote: "*the white sails of our ship are furled*"?

4. And: "*Ruin draw the curtains of my bed*"

5. According to the last stanza what are the narrator's feelings?

ACTIVITY 6. READ THIS SHORT STORY AND ANSWER THE QUESTIONS BELOW GIVING YOUR OPINION.

The Sphinx without a Secret

By: Oscar Wilde

ONE afternoon I was sitting outside the Café de la Paix, watching the splendour and shabbiness of Parisian life, and wondering over my vermouth at the strange panorama of pride and poverty that was passing before me, when I heard someone call my name. I turned round, and saw Lord Murchison. We had not met since we had been at college together, nearly ten years before, so I was delighted to come across him again, and we shook hands warmly. At Oxford we had been great friends. I had liked him immensely; he was so handsome, so high-spirited, and so honourable. We used to say of him that he would be the best of fellows, if he did not always speak the truth, but I think we really admired him all the more for his frankness. I found him a good deal changed. He looked anxious and puzzled, and seemed to be in doubt about something. I felt it could not be modern skepticism, for Murchison was the stoutest of Tories, and believed in the Pentateuch as firmly as he believed in the House of Peers; so I concluded that it was a woman, and asked him if he was married yet.

'I don't understand women well enough,' he answered.

'My dear Gerald,' I said, 'women are meant to be loved, not to be understood.'

'I cannot love where I cannot trust,' he replied.

'I believe you have a mystery in your life, Gerald,' I exclaimed; 'tell me about it.'

'Let us go for a drive,' he answered, 'it is too crowded here. No, not a yellow carriage, any other colour - there, that dark-green one will do;' and in a few moments we were trotting down the boulevard in the direction of the Madeleine.

'Where shall we go to?' I said.

'Oh, anywhere you like!' he answered - 'to the restaurant in the Bois; we will dine there, and you shall tell me all about yourself.'

'I want to hear about you first,' I said. 'Tell me your mystery.'

He took from his pocket a little silver-clasped morocco case, and handed it to me. I opened it. Inside there was the photograph of a woman. She was tall and slight, and strangely picturesque with her large vague eyes and loosened hair. She looked like a *clairvoyant*, and was wrapped in rich furs.

'What do you think of that face?' he said; 'is it truthful?'

I examined it carefully. It seemed to me the face of someone who had a secret, but whether that secret was good or evil I could not say. Its beauty was a beauty moulded out

of many mysteries - the beauty, in fact, which is psychological, not plastic - and the faint smile that just played across the lips was far too subtle to be really sweet.

`Well,' he cried impatiently, `what do you say?' `She is the Gioconda in sables,' I answered. `Let me know all about her.'

`Not now,' he said; `after dinner;' and began to talk of other things.

When the waiter brought us our coffee and cigarettes I reminded Gerald of his promise. He rose from his seat, walked two or three times up and down the room, and, sinking into an armchair, told me the following story: - `One evening,' he said, `I was walking down Bond Street about five o'clock. There was a terrific crush of carriages, and the traffic was almost stopped. Close to the pavement was standing a little yellow brougham, which, for some reason or other, attracted my attention. As I passed by there looked out from it the face I showed you this afternoon. It fascinated me immediately. All that night I kept thinking of it, and all the next day. I wandered up and down that wretched Row, peering into every carriage, and waiting for the yellow brougham; but I could not find *ma belle inconnue*, and at last I began to think she was merely a dream. About a week afterwards I was dining with Madame de Rastail. Dinner was for eight o'clock; but at half-past eight we were still waiting in the drawing-room. Finally the servant threw open the door, and announced Lady Alroy. It was the woman I had been looking for. She came in very slowly, looking like a moonbeam in grey lace, and, to my intense delight, I was asked to take her in to dinner. After we had sat down I remarked quite innocently, "I think I caught sight of you in Bond Street some time ago, Lady Alroy." She grew very pale, and said to me in a low voice, "Pray do not talk so loud; you may be overheard." I felt miserable at having made such a bad beginning, and plunged recklessly into the subject of the French plays. She spoke very little, always in the same low musical voice, and seemed as if she was afraid of someone listening. I fell passionately, stupidly in love, and the indefinable atmosphere of mystery that surrounded her excited my most ardent curiosity. When she was going away, which she did very soon after dinner, I asked her if I might call and see her. She hesitated for a moment, glanced round to see if anyone was near us, and then said, "Yes; to-morrow at a quarter to five." I begged Madame de Rastail to tell me about her; but all that I could learn was that she was a widow with a beautiful house in Park Lane, and as some scientific bore began a dissertation on widows, as exemplifying the survival of the matrimonially fittest, I left and went home.

`The next day I arrived at Park Lane punctual to the moment, but was told by the butler that Lady Alroy had just gone out. I went down to the club quite unhappy and very much puzzled, and after long consideration wrote her a letter, asking if I might be allowed to try my chance some other afternoon. I had no answer for several days, but at last I got a little note saying she would be at home on Sunday at four, and with this extraordinary postscript: "Please do not write to me here again; I will explain when I see you." On Sunday she received me, and was perfectly charming; but when I was going away she begged of me if I ever had occasion to write to her again, to address my letter to "Mrs. Knox, care of Whittaker's Library, Green Street." "There are reasons," she said, "why I cannot receive letters in my own house."

`All through the season I saw a great deal of her, and the atmosphere of mystery never left her. Sometimes I thought that she was in the power of some man, but she looked so

unapproachable that I could not believe it. It was really very difficult for me to come to any conclusion, for she was like one of those strange crystals that one sees in museums, which are at one moment clear, and at another clouded. At last I determined to ask her to be my wife: I was sick and tired of the incessant secrecy that she imposed on all my visits, and on the few letters I sent her. I wrote to her at the library to ask her if she could see me the following Monday at six. She answered yes, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight. I was **infatuated** with her: in spite of the mystery, I thought then - in consequence of it, I see now. No; it was the woman herself I loved. The mystery troubled me, maddened me. Why did chance put me in its track?

'You discovered it, then?' I cried.

'I fear so,' he answered. 'You can judge for yourself.'

'When Monday came round I went to lunch with my uncle, and about four o'clock found myself in the Marylebone Road. My uncle, you know, lives in Regents Park. I wanted to get to Piccadilly, and took a short cut through a lot of shabby little streets. Suddenly I saw in front of me Lady Alroy, deeply veiled and walking very fast. On coming to the last house in the street, she went up the steps, took out a latch-key, and let herself in. "Here is the mystery," I said to myself; and I hurried on and examined the house. It seemed a sort of place for letting **lodgings**. On the doorstep lay her handkerchief which she had dropped. I picked it up and put it in my pocket. Then I began to consider what I should do. I came to the conclusion that I had no right to spy on her, and I drove down to the club. At six I called to see her. She was lying on a sofa, in a tea-gown of silver tissue looped up by some strange moonstones that she always wore. She was looking quite lovely. "I am so glad to see you," she said; "I have not been out all day." I stared at her in amazement, and pulling the handkerchief out of my pocket, handed it to her. "You dropped this in Cumnor Street this afternoon, Lady Alroy," I said very calmly. She looked at me in terror, but made no attempt to take the handkerchief. "What were you doing there?" I asked. "What right have you to question me?" she answered. "The right of a man who loves you," I replied; "I came here to ask you to be my wife." She hid her face in her hands, and burst into floods of tears. "You must tell me," I continued.

She stood up, and, looking me straight in the face, said, "Lord Murchison, there is nothing to tell you." - "You went to meet someone," I cried; "this is your mystery." She grew dreadfully white, and said, "I went to meet no one." - "Can't you tell the truth?" I exclaimed. "I have told it," she replied. I was mad, frantic; I don't know what I said, but I said terrible things to her. Finally I rushed out of the house. She wrote me a letter the next day; I sent it back unopened, and started for Norway with Alan Colville. After a month I came back, and the first thing I saw in the Morning Post was the death of Lady Alroy. She had caught a chill at the Opera, and had died in five days of congestion of the lungs. I shut myself up and saw no one. I had loved her so much; I had loved her so madly. Good God! How I had loved that woman!

'You went to the street, to the house in it?' I said. 'Yes,' he answered.

'One day I went to Cumnor Street. I could not help it; I was tortured with doubt. I knocked at the door, and a respectable-looking woman opened it to me. I asked her if she had any rooms to let. "Well, sir," she replied, "the drawing-rooms are supposed to be let; but I have

not seen the lady for three months, and as rent is owing on them, you can have them." - "Is this the lady?" I said, showing the photograph. "That's her sure enough," she exclaimed; "and when is she coming back, sir?" - "The lady is dead," I replied. "Oh, sir, I hope not! Said the woman; `she was my best lodger. She paid me three guineas a week merely to sit in my drawing-rooms now and then." - "She met someone here?" I said; but the woman assured me that it was not so, that she always came alone, and saw no one. "What on earth did she do here?" I cried. "She simply sat in the drawing-room, sir, reading books, and sometimes had tea," the woman answered. I did not know what to say, so I gave her a sovereign and went away. Now, what do you think it all meant? You don't believe the woman was telling the truth?'

`I do.' `Then why did Lady Alroy go there?'

`My dear Gerald,' I answered, `Lady Alroy was simply a woman with a mania for mystery. She took these rooms for the pleasure of going there with her veil down and imagining she was a heroine. She had a passion for secrecy, but she herself was merely a Sphinx without a secret.'

`Do you really think so?' - `I am sure of it,' I replied. He took out the morocco case, opened it, and looked at the photograph. `I wonder? 'He said at last.⁶⁰

IN YOUR OPINION, DID SHE REALLY HAVE A SECRET? WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WAS? USE YOUR IMAGINATION AND WRITE A PARRAGRAPH ABOUT IT.

⁶⁰ <http://www.cmgww.com/historic/wilde/> Visited May 14th,2009

ACTIVITY 7. COMPARE THE UNDERLINED WORDS IN THIS TABLE WITH ITS TRANSLATION IN SPANISH.

ENGLISH	SPANISH
Shabbiness	
Stoutest	
Trotting down	
Sables	
Brougham	
peering	
recklessly	
Infatuated	
Lodgings	
sovereign	

MODERN FICTION TABLE

Author	Date and place of Birth and Death	Main Works	Literary Characteristics	Biographical Notes
JAMES JOYCE				
OSCAR WILDE				

SECOND SEMESTER



UNIT II

THE AMERICAN LOST GENERATION

A. WILLIAM FAULKNER



ACTIVITY 1. BEFORE YOU READ THE NOVEL *As I lay Dying*

READ THE FOLLOWING TEXT TO PREPARE AN ORAL PRESENTATION FOR YOUR TLRIID CLASS.

FAULKNER WAS BORN in New Albany, Mississippi, on September 25, 1897, the oldest of four brothers in a southern family of aristocratic origin. Faulkner spent much of his life in and around his beloved hometown of Oxford, Mississippi, where he worked various odd jobs and wrote in his spare time in the years leading up to his literary fame. Modernism in literature was characterized by experimentation with language and literary conventions, and Faulkner became one of the movement's major figures. In 1924, Faulkner published his first book, a collection of poetry titled *The Marble Faun*. It is as a literary chronicler of life in the Deep South. He explored the full range of post Civil War Southern life, focusing both on the personal histories of his characters and on the moral uncertainties of an increasingly dissolute society. *The Sound and the Fury* (1929) considered his masterpiece, marked the beginning of Faulkner's use of experimental narrative techniques to explore the psychological complexity of his characters. In combining the use of symbolism with a stream-of consciousness technique, he created a new approach to the writing of fiction. In 1949 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. William Faulkner died in Byhalia, Mississippi, on July 6 1962 at the age of sixty-four.⁶¹

As I Lay Dying, originally published in 1930, is one of the most vivid testaments to the power of this new style. Whereas Faulkner conceived many of his other works in a scattered fashion, he fully imagined the innovative concepts of *As I Lay Dying* ahead of

⁶¹ William, Faulkner, *As I lay Dying*, The Corrected Text. Editors 'Note. Vintage International, New York. 1990. Pp. 263-268.

time, furiously scribbling down his revelations on the back of an upturned wheelbarrow. The result is a novel of some daring, one that forgoes the unified perspective of a single narrator and fragments its text into fifty-nine segments voiced from fifteen different perspectives. In writing *As I Lay Dying* in this way, Faulkner requires his readers to take an active part in constructing the story, allows for multiple and sometimes conflicting interpretations, and achieves remarkable levels of psychological insight. In *As I Lay Dying*, Faulkner first introduces Yoknapatawpha County, a fictional rendition of his native Lafayette County, Mississippi, which became the setting for most of his best-known works. The novels set in Yoknapatawpha County can even be read as one intricate story, in which the same places, events, families, and people turn up over and over again. For example, Vernon and Cora Tull, who appear in *As I Lay Dying*, also appear in *The Hamlet*, a later novel. Before Faulkner, the American South was widely portrayed in American literature as a backward, impossibly foreign land. The complexity and sophistication of the Yoknapatawpha novels changed many of these perceptions, and it is largely due to Faulkner's influence that the South is now recognized as one of the country's most fertile literary regions. Faulkner himself, however, did not fare well financially, and he was eventually forced to take work as a screenwriter in Hollywood to supplement his poor income.⁶²

ACTIVITY 2. READ THE REVIEW TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND THE NOVEL.

AS I LAY DYING.

REVIEW

As with his stunning *The Sound and the Fury* and *Absalom Absalom*, this book makes use of the author's masterful use of stream-of-conscious writing to render an entire reality with internal monologues. The story unfolds as you construct it from the observations and responses of the characters. When you reach the end, you can imagine that you'll pick up the book again someday, sure there's more to explore.

The structure is simple once you get the hang of it. Each chapter is the name of a particular character in the story of the family of Addie Bundren, dead in the first few pages, and being transported by her clan to the land of her birth for burial-by wagon, in the heat and dust, over rivers, for weeks, before the vacuum seal... There is no "Once upon a time." Instead, whatever that character is thinking at the instant the chapter begins is what you're reading. Soon, you know who everyone is and what she thinks of everyone else. The effect of this structure is that you can inhabit the narrative as each of the players, can see how events are interpreted differently. This is a great first Faulkner for everyone. You develop the ability to read his complex novels by virtue of the simplicity of the story and the mostly brief chapters, each from a fresh point of view. You learn to read on if you don't get something. Faulkner is one of my absolute favorite authors since high school, and one of my favorite things is that you have to trust the story to tell you what you need to know in

⁶² *Ibid.*

time. Not only do you get the reward of context for the occasional no sequence, but you have the thrill of anticipation when something weird happens. This book is a great example of how, Faulkner gives you nibbles of fantastic plot to hold you through the ultimate analysis. "**As I Lay Dying**" is the center of Faulkner's achievement, a funeral expedition in the black of mourning. Asked the source of his title, Faulkner would sometimes quote from memory the speech of Agamemnon to Odysseus in the *Odyssey*, Book XI: "As I lay dying the woman with the dog's eyes would not close my eyelids for me as I descended into Hades."

But Addie's pilgrimage to her gravesite is clouded by the black machinations of the Bundren clan, a tragic farce rolling in the sound of the wagon-ruts - but without transcendence, without catharsis, almost without hope. Addie's miserly lump of a husband, searching for new teeth and a new wife, Darl's simmering schizophrenia, Cash's halfway-demented stoicism, Jewel's hell-bent-for-leather mad-dog brutality. By the end of the novel, the Bundrens have spanned the moral compass from qualified heroism to remarkable stupidity to outrageous cruelty and betrayal. But their experiences hardly ever avail them to Epiphany, except in flashes for Darl, whose incipient mental illness seems a sort of demiurgic punishment for presuming to know as much as he does.

The multiple 1st-person viewpoints make us sad that none of these tragicomic voices, each splintered from an inclusive 3rd-person GNOSIS, each trapped in their own cell of being, will ever be able to synthesize their work into an intuitive, life-affirming perspective. Indeed, the reader, who has all the separate narratives at his disposal, is not necessarily in a better position. Faulkner, for all his elliptic poetry and stirring folkways, does not throw the support out to our drowning readerly hearts. The Bundrens (blind and battered) at journey's end don't find themselves standing at the threshold of change, of resurrection.

"**As I Lay Dying**" a masterpiece of literary pathogenesis and one of the ten most important novels of the preceding century. The first sentence: "Jewel and I come up from the field, following the path in single file." When they get to the cotton house, Darl, the narrator takes the path around; Jewel goes straight--through one window and out the other. Cash, the oldest son, is making a wood coffin. This is a very impoverished family in an impoverished South. Their mother Addie is dying in bed and watching the building of the coffin through an open window.

"It will give her confidence and comfort," Darl tells us through his first person thoughts. If you want a study in dysfunctional families, go no further. Anse, the father, is a never-do-well, who is basically indifferent to the needs of those around him. Cash, the oldest, is a mighty fine carpenter, but a little slow on the uptake, while Darl, the only one who understands this family's pathos, is mentally ill. Dewey Dell, the only girl, is not conversant with the facts of life and makes this home going pilgrimage with hopes of doing away with the life she is carrying by doing an abortion. Poor Vardaman, the youngest, will suffer the most in his total lack of understanding. His mother dies. She is in a coffin. He can hear her talk inside the coffin through the drill holes to give her air (she is decomposing in the hot Mississippi heat.

And Jewel, the second youngest, is his name to Addie, the special son for a special reason.

When Faulkner wrote, he discarded all notions of what a writer is expected to do: tell a straightforward narrative. That's the premise Faulkner worked with. The mind is not a straightforward narrator. He depicts that backward and forward movement in his stories.

He challenges the reader by never indicating where on the time line he is in telling the story.

In **As I Lay Dying**, he goes a step further. He never tells who narrates the story until the reader figures out that the title of the chapter is also the narrator.

The first chapter is entitled "Darl." He begins the story in his omniscient knowing. Make no mistake. The story of the Bundrens taking Addie back to her home place for burial is a comic-tragic one. The person who most deserves punishment for his bad deeds is the one who is most rewarded. Faulkner was no optimist. But he was a chronicler of his times and of a defeated South and of resulting decaying values years after the fact.

If you are new to Faulkner, read this novel first, now that you know the secret to its puzzle in narration.⁶³

ACTIVITY 3. READ THE NOVEL AND TRY TO IDENTIFY THE FOLLOWING. MAKE YOUR NOTES.

Objectives:

1. Background on Faulkner, Yoknapawtapha County, Mississippi.
2. Background on his style: stream-of-consciousness; modernism.
3. Structure: 15 narrators; 59 narrations; family vs. outsiders.
4. Elements of tragedy and comedy; tragic-comedy.
5. Vocabulary: stream-of-consciousness, diagonal, nihilism, etc...
6. 4 elements in the novel: earth, wind, fire, water
7. 4 ways characters are revealed: 1) through words to others; 2) soliloquies; what others say about them; 4) their actions.
8. Dramatic irony vs. verbal irony vs. situational irony.
9. Etymology of the names in the novel.
10. Poetic elements in Faulkner's prose (alliteration, apostrophe, simile, metaphor)
11. Prose vs. Poetry in the novel.

ACTIVITY 4. AFTER READING THE NOVEL CHOOSE ONE OF THE TOPICS BELOW. READ AND PREPARE YOUR COMMENTS AND OPINIONS FOR YOUR TLRIID TEST.

Themes, Motifs & Symbols

Themes: Are the fundamental and often universal ideas explored in a literary work.

1. The Impermanence of Existence and Identity

The death of Addie Bundren inspires several characters to fight with the rather important questions of existence and identity. Vardaman is bewildered and horrified by the transformation of a fish he caught and cleaned into "pieces of not-fish," and associates that image with the transformation of Addie from a person into an indefinable nonperson. Jewel

⁶³ *Ibid.*

never really speaks for himself, but his grief is summed up for him by Darl, who says that Jewel's mother is a horse. For his own part, Darl believes that since the dead Addie is now best described as "was" rather than "is," it must be the case that she no longer exists. If his mother does not exist, Darl reasons, then Darl has no mother and, by implication, does not exist. These speculations are not mere games of language and logic. Rather, they have tangible, even terrible, consequences for the novel's characters. Vardaman and Darl, the characters for whom these questions are the most urgent, both find their hold on reality loosened as they pose such questions. Vardaman babbles senselessly early in the novel, while Darl is eventually declared insane. The fragility and uncertainty of human existence is further illustrated at the end of the novel, when Anse introduces his new wife as "Mrs. Bundren," a name that, until recently, has belonged to Addie. If the identity of Mrs. Bundren can be usurped so quickly, the inevitable conclusion is that any individual's identity is equally unstable.

2. The Tension Between Words and Thoughts

Addie's affirmation that words are "just words," perpetually falling short of the ideas and emotions they seek to convey, reflects the distrust with which the novel as a whole treats verbal communication. While the inner monologues that make up the novel demonstrate that the characters have rich inner lives, very little of the content of these inner lives is ever communicated between individuals. Indeed, conversations tend to be terse and vacillating to what the characters are thinking at the time. When, for example, Tull and several other local men are talking with Cash about his broken leg during Addie's funeral, we are presented with two entirely separate conversations. One, printed in normal type, is vague and simple and is presumably the conversation that is actually occurring. The second, in italics, is far richer in content and is presumably the one that the characters would have if they actually spoke their minds. All of the characters are so fiercely protective of their inner thoughts that the rich content of their minds is translated to only the basic and most confusing of dialogue, which in turn leads to any number of misunderstandings and miscommunications.

3. The Relationship Between Childbearing and Death

As I Lay Dying is, in its own way, a relentlessly cynical novel, and it robs even childbirth of its usual rehabilitative powers. Instead of functioning as an antidote to death, childbirth seems an introduction to it—for both Addie and Dewey Dell, giving birth is a phenomenon that kills the people closest to it, even if they are still physically alive. For Addie, the birth of her first child seems like a cruel trick, a disturbance on her precious solitude, and it is Cash's birth that first causes Addie to refer to Anse as dead. Birth becomes for Addie a final obligation, and she sees both Dewey Dell and Vardaman as reparations for the affair that led to Jewel's conception, the last debts she must pay before preparing herself for death. Dewey Dell's feelings about pregnancy are no more positive: her condition becomes a constant concern, causes her to view all men as potential sexual predators, and transforms her entire world, as she says in an early section, into a "tub full of guts."

Birth seems to spell out a prescribed death for women and, the metaphorical deaths of their entire family.

Motifs: Are recurring structures, contrasts, or literary devices that can help to develop and inform the text's major themes.

1. Pointless Acts of Heroism

As I Lay Dying is filled with moments of great heroism and with struggles that are almost epic, but the novel's take on such battles is ironic at best, and at times it even makes them seem absurd or mundane. The Bundrens' effort to get their wagon across the flooded river is a struggle that could have been pulled from a more conventional adventure novel, but is frustrated by the fact that it occurs for a questionable purpose. One can argue that the mission of burying Addie in Jefferson is as much about Anse's false teeth as about Addie's dying wishes. Cash's martyrdom seems noble, but his uncomplaining tolerance of the pain from his injuries eventually becomes more ridiculous than heroic. Jewel's rescuing of all their things is daring, but it also nullifies Darl's burning of the barn, which, while criminal, could be seen as the most daring and noble act of all. Every act of heroism, if not ridiculous on its own, counteracts an equally epic act, a vicious cycle that lends an absurdity that is both comic and tragic to the novel.

2. Interior Monologues

As Faulkner was embarking on his literary career in the early twentieth century, a number of Modernist writers were experimenting with narrative techniques that depended more on explorations of individual consciousness than on a string of events to create a story. James Joyce's *Ulysses* and Marcel Proust's *In Search of Lost Time* are among the most famous and successful of these experiments, but Faulkner also made a substantial contribution to this movement.

As I Lay Dying is written as a series of stream-of-consciousness monologues, in which the characters' thoughts are presented in all their uncensored chaos, without the organizing presence of an objective narrator. This technique turns character psychology into a dominant concern and is able to present that psychology with much more complexity and authority than a more traditional narrative style. At the same time, it forces us to work hard to understand the text. Instead of being presented with an objective framework of events, somewhere in the confusion of images, memories, and unexplained allusions, we are forced to take the pieces each character gives and make something of them ourselves.

3. Issues of Social Class

In the American South, where Faulkner lived and wrote, social class was more hierarchical and larger as a concern than elsewhere in the United States, and it is clearly mixed in the fabric of *As I Lay Dying*. Faulkner proved to be unusual in his ability to represent poor rural folk with grace, dignity, and poetic grandeur, without whitewashing or ignoring their circumstances. The Bundrens find willing, even gracious hosts at neighboring rural farms,

but their welcome in the more affluent towns is cold at best: a marshal tells them their corpse smells too rancid for them to stay, a town man pulls a knife on Jewel, and an unscrupulous shop attendant takes advantage of Dewey Dell. On the other hand, despite their poor grammar and limited vocabularies, Faulkner's characters express their thoughts with a sort of poeticism. Exactly what Faulkner's intentions were for his family of rural southerners is unclear—*As I Lay Dying* has been read as both a tribute to and a general landscape of southern values—but the Bundrens' background unmistakably shapes their journey and the interactions they have along the way.

Symbols: Are objects, characters, figures, or colors used to represent abstract ideas or concepts.

1. Animals

Shortly after Addie's death, the Bundren children seize on animals as symbols of their deceased mother. Vardaman declares that his mother is the fish he caught. Darl asserts that Jewel's mother is his horse. Dewey Dell calls the family cow a woman as she considers her pregnancy only minutes after she has lost Addie, her only female relative. For very different reasons, the grief-stricken characters seize on animals as emblems of their own situations. Vardaman sees Addie in his fish because, like the fish, she has been transformed to a different state than when she was alive. The cow, swollen with milk, signifies to Dewey Dell the unpleasantness of being stuck with an unwanted burden. Jewel and his horse add a new vision to the use of animals as symbols. To us, based on Darl's word, the horse is a symbol of Jewel's love for his mother. For Jewel, however, the horse, based on his riding of it, apparently symbolizes a hard-won freedom from the Bundren family. That we can draw such different conclusions from the novel's characters makes the horse in many ways representative of the unpredictable and subjective nature of symbols in *As I Lay Dying*.

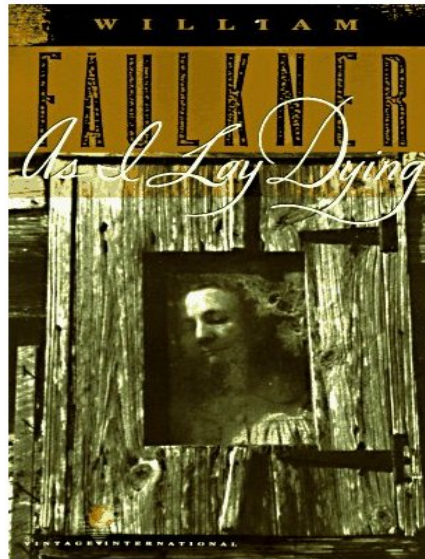
2. Addie's Coffin

Addie's coffin comes to stand literally for the enormous burden of dysfunction that Addie's death, and circumstances in general, place on the Bundren family. Cash, always calm and levelheaded, manufactures the coffin with great craft and care, but the absurdities pile up almost immediately—Addie is placed in the coffin upside down, and Vardaman drills holes in her face. Like the Bundrens' lives, the coffin is thrown off balance by Addie's corpse. The coffin becomes the gathering point for all of the family's dysfunction, and putting it to rest is also crucial to the family's ability to return to some sort of normalcy.

3. Tools

Tools, in the form of Cash's carpentry tools and Anse's farm equipment, become symbols of respectable living and stability menaced by the attitude of the Bundrens' journey. Cash's tools seem as though they should have significance for Cash alone, but when these tools are dispersed by the rushing river and the oncoming log, the whole family, as well as Tull, scrambles to recover them. Anse's farm equipment is barely mentioned, but ends up

playing a crucial role in the Bundrens' journey when Anse mortgages the most expensive parts of it to buy a new team of mules. This trade is significant, as the money from Anse's robbery of Cash's gramophone fund and the sale of Jewel's horse represents the sacrifice of these characters' greatest dreams. But the fact that Anse throws in his farm equipment should not be overlooked, as this equipment guarantees the family's livelihood. In an effort to salvage the burial trip, Anse puts in danger the very tools the family requires to cultivate their land and survive.⁶⁴



ACTIVITY 5. FIND THESE QUOTES IN YOUR SPANISH VERSION AND EXPLAIN THEM TO YOUR TLRIID TEACHER. INCLUDE THE DIFFERENCES IN TRANSLATION.

1. *"Jewel's mother is a horse," Darl said.
"Then mine can be a fish, can't it, Darl?" I said...
"Then what is your ma, Darl?" I said.
"I haven't got ere one," Darl said. "Because if I had one, it is was. And if it was, it can't be is. Can it?"*

Explanation for this quotation in Vardaman's chapter, of his mother's death with the fish's death at first seems a childish, illogical connection. This association, however, along with Darl's linking of the question of existence to a matter of "was" versus "is," allows these two uneducated characters to attack the highly complex matters of death and existence. The bizarre nature of this exchange condenses the Bundrens' inability to deal with Addie's death in a rational way. For Darl, language has a peculiar control over Addie's existence:

⁶⁴ www.cwru.edu/artsci/engl/V/SALM/mod/jung/term.htm. Visited on March 21st 2009.

he believes that she cannot be an “is,” or a thing that continues to exist, because she is a “was,” or a thing that no longer exists. For Vardaman, objects that are similar to each other become interchangeable: he assigns the role of his mother to the fish, for example, because the fish is dead like Addie. These somewhat systematic responses to Addie’s death demonstrate that Darl and Vardaman, like the rest of their family, are unable to have a healthy emotional response to death.

2. *“It’s Cash and Jewel and Vardaman and Dewey Dell,” pa says, kind of hangdog and proud too, with his teeth and all, even if he wouldn’t look at us. “Meet Mrs. Bundren,” he says.*

This passage, also narrated by Cash, ends the novel. Anse Bundren’s children have braved fire, flood, and humiliation to deliver their mother’s corpse to the gravesite she had chosen, and now, the day after she is buried, Anse appears sporting a set of false teeth and a new wife. There have been a number of ironic moments in the novel up to this point, but this last scene is the most ironic of all. As the final moment of the novel, it casts a shadow over the entire work—all of the events preceding it now appear either farcical or tragic. The image of the sheepish but proud Anse standing in front of his astonished brood with his new wife and false teeth certainly has its comic elements, but is especially cynical in light of the fact that this woman must certainly be the one who has given Anse the tools with which to bury Addie. That the title of “Mrs. Bundren” can pass so easily from one woman to another makes us wonder if, in fact, Darl isn’t right to question whether any of us exist at all. Cash relates these thoughts in other section, as he discusses his family’s decision to commit his brother Darl to a mental institution after Darl burns down Gillespie’s barn in an attempt to destroy Addie’s corpse. Cash’s conclusion—that sanity is a relative term and that Darl’s apparent insanity is nothing more than his failure to conform to social norms—reflects an understanding of the radical subjectivity that the novel’s various narrative perspectives create. In light of the injury, property loss, and smell that the Bundrens’ attempt to bury Addie has created, Cash does appear to have a point with his suggestion that Darl is not insane. The reason that Darl, and not the rest of his family, is declared insane may be simply that the perspectives of the rest of the Bundren family outnumber his. The novel again turns a critical eye on language in this quotation, from Section 40, the only section in the novel narrated by Addie Bundren. Addie describes her discovery that life is miserable as a sort of trick on the part of language, which promises

fulfilling things but can deliver only empty words. To speak of something, this passage infers, is far easier, and leads to far more pleasant conclusions, than to experience it. This philosophy may partially explain the laconic nature of most of the novel's characters, and their unwillingness to communicate with words, relying more heavily upon visual communication and action. One of the remarkable achievements of **As I Lay Dying**—a novel composed, of course, of nothing but words—is to show how a world in which verbal communication is ineffective or unreliable can be as rich with emotion and experience as one that is highly verbal.⁶⁵

ACTIVITY 6. WRITE A 100 WORD ESSAY IN ENGLISH. CHOOSE ONE OF THESE QUESTIONS TO DEVELOP YOUR ESSAY TOPIC.

- 1) Compare each of the sibling's orientation to their mother's illness and eventual death. Tell in what ways their reactions are the same. In what ways are they different? Who is most dedicated to the mother? The least?
- 2) Some parts of the narrative are imagined. What character or characters were not present for certain events but spoke about them anyway? Why did the author add these visions? What purpose could they serve in the novel? How do they help us understand a particular character?
- 3) Write a short chapter as the 16th narrator. Read the following suggestions.

Become the 16th Narrator

Become another character in the story, such as the unseen neighbor **Lafe**, the new **Mrs. Bundren**, or **Cletus the Fetus**. Write your own narration to be inserted into the novel (probably but not necessarily) at the end.

Describe a scene which was already been described:

- Addie's Death
- The River Crossing
- The Barn Burning
- Darl Being Taken Away to Jackson

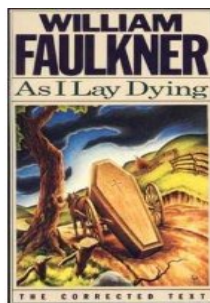
Or create a new one:

- The Journey Home
- Darl in the Mental Hospital
- The New Mrs. Bundren at Home
- Anse's False Teeth Fall Out

⁶⁵ www.cwru.edu/artsci/eng/V/SALM/mod/jung/term.htm. Visited on March 21st 2009

Try to copy Faulkner's writing technique: Stream-of-consciousness. Be sure to establish setting, first person voice, and use character dialogue.

Pre-Writing
Narrator: _____
Who else is Involved: _____
Setting: _____
What Happens: _____



A Rose for Emily

ACTIVITY 1. AFTER READING *A ROSE FOR EMILY* IN ENGLISH. FIND THE SPANISH TRANSLATION OF THE UNDERLINED WORDS AND PHRASES IN YOUR TLRIID'S ANTHOLOGY AND WRITE THEM IN THE TABLE BELOW.

***ENJOY THE POSSIBILITY OF READING AND UNDERSTAND IT IN ENGLISH.**

A Rose for Emily

By: William Faulkner

WHEN Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old man-servant--a combined gardener and cook--had seen in at least ten years.

It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps--an **eyesore among eyesores**. And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names where they lay in the cedar-bemused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson.

Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor--he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron--**remitted her taxes**, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity. Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business, preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris' generation and thought could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.

When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen, this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice. February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal letter, asking her to call at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowing calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all. The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment.

They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation waited upon her, knocked at the door through which no visitor had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse--a close, dank smell. The Negro led them into the parlor. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds of one window, they could see that the leather was cracked; and when they sat down, **a faint dust rose sluggishly about their thighs**, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On a tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father.

They rose when she entered--a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness in another was obesity in her. She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water, and of that pallid hue. Her eyes, lost in the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a lump of dough as they moved from one face to another while the visitors stated their errand.

She did not ask them to sit. She just stood in the door and listened quietly until the spokesman came to a stumbling halt. Then they could hear the invisible watch ticking at the end of the gold chain.

Her voice was dry and cold. "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Colonel Sartoris explained it to me. Perhaps one of you can gain access to the city records and satisfy yourselves."

"But we have. We are the city authorities, Miss Emily. Didn't you get a notice from the sheriff, signed by him?"

"I received a paper, yes," Miss Emily said. "Perhaps he considers himself the sheriff . . . I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But there is nothing on the books to show that, you see We must go by the--"

"See Colonel Sartoris. I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But, Miss Emily--"

"See Colonel Sartoris." (Colonel Sartoris had been dead almost ten years.) "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Tobel!" The Negro appeared. "Show these gentlemen out."

II

So SHE vanquished them, horse and foot, just as she had vanquished their fathers thirty years before about the smell.

That was two years after her father's death and a short time after her sweetheart--the one we believed would marry her --had deserted her. After her father's death she went out very little; after her sweetheart went away, people hardly saw her at all. A few of the ladies had the temerity to call, but were not received, and the only sign of life about the place was the Negro man--a young man then--going in and out with a market basket.

"Just as if a man--any man--could keep a kitchen properly," the ladies said; so they were not surprised when the smell developed. It was another link between the gross, teeming world and the high and mighty Griersons.

A neighbor, a woman, complained to the mayor, Judge Stevens, eighty years old.

"But what will you have me do about it, madam?" he said.

"Why, send her word to stop it," the woman said. "Isn't there a law?"

"I'm sure that won't be necessary," Judge Stevens said. "It's probably just a snake or a rat that nigger of hers killed in the yard. I'll speak to him about it."

The next day he received two more complaints, one from a man who came in diffident deprecation. "We really must do something about it, Judge. I'd be the last one in the world to bother Miss Emily, but we've got to do something." That night the Board of Aldermen met--three graybeards and one younger man, a member of the rising generation.

"It's simple enough," he said. "Send her word to have her place cleaned up. Give her a certain time to do it in, and if she don't. ..."

"Dammit, sir," Judge Stevens said, "will you accuse a lady to her face of smelling bad?"

So the next night, after midnight, four men crossed Miss Emily's lawn and slunk about the house like burglars, sniffing along the base of the brickwork and at the cellar openings while one of them performed a regular sowing motion with his hand out of a sack slung from his shoulder. They broke open the cellar door and sprinkled lime there, and in all the outbuildings. As they recrossed the lawn, a window that had been dark was lighted and Miss Emily sat in it, the light behind her, and her upright torso motionless as that of an idol. They crept quietly across the lawn and into the shadow of the locusts that lined the street. After a week or two the smell went away.

That was when people had begun to feel really sorry for her. People in our town, remembering how old lady Wyatt, her great-aunt, had gone completely crazy at last, believed that the Griersons held themselves a little too high for what they really were. None of the young men were quite good enough for Miss Emily and such. We had long thought of them as a tableau, Miss Emily a slender figure in white in the background, her father a spraddled silhouette in the foreground, his back to her and clutching a horsewhip, the two of them framed by the back-flung front door. So when she got to be thirty and was still single, we were not pleased exactly, but vindicated; even with insanity in the family she wouldn't have turned down all of her chances if they had really materialized.

When her father died, it got about that the house was all that was left to her; and in a way, people were glad. At last they could pity Miss Emily. Being left alone, and a pauper, she had become humanized. Now she too would know the old thrill and the old despair of a penny more or less.

The day after his death all the ladies prepared to call at the house and offer condolence and aid, as is our custom Miss Emily met them at the door, dressed as usual and with no trace of grief on her face. She told them that her father was not dead. She did that for three days, with the ministers calling on her, and the doctors, trying to persuade her to let

them dispose of the body. Just as they were about to resort to law and force, she broke down, and they buried her father quickly.

We did not say she was crazy then. We believed she had to do that. We remembered all the young men her father had driven away, and we knew that with nothing left, **she would have to cling to that which had robbed her,** as people will.

III

SHE WAS SICK for a long time. When we saw her again, her hair was cut short, making her look like a girl, with a vague resemblance to those angels in colored church windows--sort of tragic and serene.

The town had just let the contracts for paving the sidewalks, and in the summer after her father's death they began the work. The construction company came with riggers and mules and machinery, and a foreman named Homer Barron, a Yankee--a big, dark, ready man, with a big voice and eyes lighter than his face. The little boys would follow in groups to hear him cuss the riggers, and the riggers singing in time to the rise and fall of picks. Pretty soon he knew everybody in town. Whenever you heard a lot of laughing anywhere about the square, Homer Barron would be in the center of the group. Presently we began to see him and Miss Emily on Sunday afternoons driving in the yellow-wheeled buggy and the matched team of bays from the livery stable.

At first we were glad that Miss Emily would have an interest, because the ladies all said, "Of course a Grierson would not think seriously of a Northerner, a day laborer." But there were still others, older people, who said that even grief could not cause a real lady to forget *noblesse oblige*-without calling it *noblesse oblige*. They just said, "Poor Emily. Her **kinsfolk** should come to her." She had some kin in Alabama; but years ago her father had fallen out with them over the estate of old lady Wyatt, the crazy woman, and there was no communication between the two families. They had not even been represented at the funeral.

And as soon as the old people said, "Poor Emily," the whispering began. "Do you suppose it's really so?" they said to one another. "Of course it is. What else could . . ." **This behind their hands; rustling of craned silk and satin behind jalousies** closed upon the sun of Sunday afternoon as the thin, swift clop-clop-clop of the matched team passed: "Poor Emily."

She carried her head high enough--even when we believed that she was fallen. It was as if she demanded more than ever the recognition of her dignity as the last Grierson; as if it had wanted that touch of earthiness to reaffirm her imperviousness. Like when she bought the rat poison, the arsenic. That was over a year after they had begun to say "Poor Emily," and while the two female cousins were visiting her.

"I want some poison," she said to the druggist. She was over thirty then, still a slight woman, though thinner than usual, with cold, **haughty black eyes in a face the flesh of which was strained across the temples** and about the eye sockets as you imagine a lighthouse-keeper's face ought to look. "I want some poison," she said.

"Yes, Miss Emily. What kind? For rats and such? I'd recom...--"

"I want the best you have. I don't care what kind."

The druggist named several. "They'll kill anything up to an elephant. But what you want is--"

"Arsenic," Miss Emily said. "Is that a good one?"

"Is . . . arsenic? Yes, ma'am. But what you want--"

"I want arsenic."

The druggist looked down at her. She looked back at him, erect, her face like a strained flag. "Why, of course," the druggist said. "If that's what you want. But the law requires you to tell what you are going to use it for."

Miss Emily just stared at him, her head tilted back in order to look him eye for eye, until he looked away and went and got the arsenic and wrapped it up. The Negro delivery boy brought her the package; the druggist didn't come back. When she opened the package at home there was written on the box, under the skull and bones: "For rats."

IV

So THE NEXT day we all said, "She will kill herself"; and we said it would be the best thing. When she had first begun to be seen with Homer Barron, we had said, "She will marry him." Then we said, "She will persuade him yet," because Homer himself had remarked--he liked men, and it was known that he drank with the younger men in the Elks' Club--that he was not a marrying man. Later we said, "Poor Emily" behind the jalousies as they passed on Sunday afternoon in the glittering buggy, Miss Emily with her head high and Homer Barron with his hat cocked and a cigar in his teeth, reins and whip in a yellow glove.

Then some of the ladies began to say that it was a disgrace to the town and a bad example to the young people. The men did not want to interfere, but at last the ladies forced the Baptist minister--Miss Emily's people were Episcopal-- to call upon her. He would never divulge what happened during that interview, but he refused to go back again. The next Sunday they again drove about the streets, and the following day the minister's wife wrote to Miss Emily's relations in Alabama.

So she had blood-kin under her roof again and we sat back to watch developments. At first nothing happened. Then we were sure that they were to be married. We learned that Miss Emily had been to the jeweler's and ordered a man's toilet set in silver, with the letters H. B. on each piece. Two days later we learned that she had bought a complete outfit of men's clothing, including a nightshirt, and we said, "They are married." We were really glad. We were glad because the two female cousins were even more Grierson than Miss Emily had ever been.

So we were not surprised when Homer Barron--the streets had been finished some time since--was gone. We were a little disappointed that there was not a public blowing-off, but we believed that he had gone on to prepare for Miss Emily's coming, or to give her a chance to get rid of the cousins. (By that time it was a cabal, and we were all Miss Emily's allies to help circumvent the cousins.) Sure enough, after another week they departed. And, as we had expected all along, within three days Homer Barron was back in town. A neighbor saw the Negro man admit him at the kitchen door at dusk one evening.

And that was the last we saw of Homer Barron. And of Miss Emily for some time. The Negro man went in and out with the market basket, but the front door remained closed. Now and then we would see her at a window for a moment, as the men did that night when they sprinkled the lime, but for almost six months she did not appear on the streets. Then we knew that this was to be expected too; as if that quality of her father which had **thwarted her woman's life** so many times had been too virulent and too furious to die.

When we next saw Miss Emily, she had grown fat and her hair was turning gray. During the next few years it grew grayer and grayer until it attained an even pepper-and-salt iron-gray, when it ceased turning. Up to the day of her death at seventy-four it was still that vigorous iron-gray, like the hair of an active man.

From that time on her front door remained closed, save for a period of six or seven years, when she was about forty, during which she gave lessons in china-painting. She fitted up a studio in one of the downstairs rooms, where the daughters and granddaughters of Colonel Sartoris' contemporaries were sent to her with the same regularity and in the same spirit that they were sent to church on Sundays with a twenty-five-cent piece for the collection plate. Meanwhile her taxes had been remitted.

Then the newer generation became the backbone and the spirit of the town, and the painting pupils grew up and fell away and did not send their children to her with boxes of color and tedious brushes and pictures cut from the ladies' magazines. The front door closed upon the last one and remained closed for good. When the town got free postal delivery, Miss Emily alone refused to let them fasten the metal numbers above her door and attach a mailbox to it. She would not listen to them.

Daily, monthly, yearly we watched the Negro grow grayer and more stooped, going in and out with the market basket. Each December we sent her a tax notice, which would be returned by the post office a week later, unclaimed. Now and then we would see her in one

of the downstairs windows--she had evidently shut up the top floor of the house--like the carven torso of an idol in a niche, looking or not looking at us, we could never tell which. Thus she passed from generation to generation--dear, inescapable, impervious, tranquil, and perverse.

And so she died. Fell ill in the house filled with dust and shadows, with only a doddering Negro man to wait on her. We did not even know she was sick; we had long since given up trying to get any information from the Negro

He talked to no one, probably not even to her, for his voice had grown harsh and rusty, as if from disuse.

She died in one of the downstairs rooms, in a heavy walnut bed with a curtain, her gray head propped on a pillow yellow and moldy with age and lack of sunlight.

V

THE NEGRO met the first of the ladies at the front door and let them in, with their **hushed, sibilant voices and their quick, curious glances**, and then he disappeared. He walked right through the house and out the back and was not seen again.

The two female cousins came at once. They held the funeral on the second day, with the town coming to look at Miss Emily beneath a mass of bought flowers, with the crayon face of her father musing profoundly above the bier and the ladies sibilant and macabre; and the very old men --some in their brushed Confederate uniforms--on the porch and the lawn, talking of Miss Emily as if she had been a contemporary of theirs, believing that they had danced with her and courted her perhaps, confusing time with its mathematical progression, as the old do, to whom all the past is not a diminishing road but, instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from them now by the narrow bottle-neck of the most recent decade of years.

Already we knew that there was one room in that region above stairs which no one had seen in forty years, and which would have to be forced. They waited until Miss Emily was decently in the ground before they opened it.

The violence of breaking down the door seemed to fill this room with pervading dust. A thin, acrid pall as of the tomb seemed to lie everywhere upon this room decked and furnished as for a bridal: upon the valance curtains of faded rose color, upon the rose-shaded lights, upon the dressing table, upon the delicate array of crystal and the man's toilet things backed with tarnished silver, silver so tarnished that the monogram was obscured. Among them lay a collar and tie, as if they had just been removed, which, lifted, left upon the surface a pale crescent in the dust. Upon a chair hung the suit, carefully folded; beneath it the two mute shoes and the discarded socks. The man himself lay in the bed.

For a long while we just stood there, looking down at the profound and fleshless grin. The body had apparently once lain in the attitude of an embrace, but now the long sleep that outlasts love, that conquers even **the grimace of love, had cuckolded him.** What was left of him, rotted beneath what was left of the nightshirt, had become inextricable from the bed in which he lay; and upon him and upon the pillow beside him lay that even coating of the patient and biding dust.

Then we noticed that in the second pillow was the indentation of a head. One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair.

END-

SPANISH	ENGLISH
1.	
2.	
3.	
4.	
5.	
6.	
7.	
8.	
9.	
10.	
11.	

ACTIVITY 2. ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS.

1. In which part of the country does this story take place? _____

2. Who was the only person who had seen the inside of her house over the last ten years? _____

B. ERNEST HEMINGWAY

ACTIVITY 1. READ THE BIOGRAPHY OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY AND PREPARE A PRESENTATION IN SMALL GROUPS FOR YOUR ENGLISH CLASS.

Ernest Hemingway 1899-1961.



Life

The son of a country doctor, Hemingway worked as a reporter for the *Kansas City Star* after graduating from high school in 1917. During World War I he served as an ambulance driver in France and in the Italian infantry and was wounded just before his 19th birthday. Later, while working in Paris as a correspondent for the *Toronto Star*, he became involved with the expatriate literary and artistic circle surrounding Gertrude Stein. During the Spanish Civil War, Hemingway served as a correspondent on the loyalist side. He fought in World War II and then settled in Cuba in 1945. In 1954, Hemingway was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature. After his expulsion from Cuba by the Castro regime, he moved to Idaho.

He was increasingly plagued by ill health and mental problems, and in July, 1961, he committed suicide by shooting himself.

Work

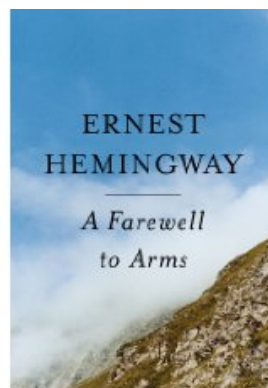
Hemingway's fiction usually focuses on people living essential, dangerous lives—soldiers, fishermen, athletes, bullfighters—who meet the pain and difficulty of their existence with stoic courage. His celebrated literary style, influenced by Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein is direct, terse, and often monotonous, yet particularly suited to his elemental subject matter.

Hemingway's first books: *Three Stories and Ten Poems* (1923), *In Our Time* (short stories, 1924), and *The Torrents of Spring* (a novel, 1926), attracted attention primarily because of his literary style. With the publication of *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), he was recognized as the spokesman of the "Lost Generation" (so called by Gertrude Stein). The novel concerns a group of psychologically bruised, disillusioned expatriates living in postwar Paris, who take psychic refuge in such immediate physical activities as:

Eating, drinking, traveling, brawling, and lovemaking.

His next important novel, *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), tells of a tragic wartime love affair between an ambulance driver and an English nurse. Hemingway also published such volumes of short stories as *Men without Women* (1927) and *Winner Take Nothing* (1933), as well as *The Fifth Column*, a play. His *First Forty-nine Stories* (1938) includes such famous short stories as "The Killers," "The Undefeated," and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." Hemingway's nonfiction works, *Death in the Afternoon* (1932), about bullfighting, and *Green Hills of Africa* (1935), about big-game hunting, glorify virility, bravery, and the virtue of a primal challenge to life.

From his experience in the Spanish Civil War came Hemingway's great novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940), which, in detailing an incident in the war, argues for human brotherhood? His novella *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952) celebrates the indomitable courage of an aged Cuban fisherman. Among Hemingway's other works are the novels *To Have and Have Not* (1937) and *Across the River and into the Trees* (1950); he also edited an anthology of stories, *Men at War* (1942). Posthumous publications include *A Moveable Feast* (1964), a memoir of Paris in the 1920s; the novels *Islands in the Stream* (1970) and *True at First Light* (1999), a safari saga begun in 1954 and edited by his son Patrick; and *The Nick Adams Stories* (1972), a collection that includes previously unpublished pieces⁶⁶



⁶⁶ [Ernest Hemingway](http://www.encyclopedia.com). "The Columbia Encyclopedia, Sixth Edition. 2008. *Encyclopedia.com*. <<http://www.encyclopedia.com>>.

ACTIVITY 2. WATCH THE DOCUMENTARY IN CLASS ABOUT HEMINGWAY FROM THE LINK:

<http://www.encyclopedia.com/YouTubeDisplay.aspx?videoid=MW4bfIJ8Lew&topicid=15964&mediaid=2262964>

This fascinating program re-creates a day in the life of one of America's most renowned writers, as he is being interviewed by a young reporter. Hemingway's roving reminiscences of his colorful life alternate with his own powerful recitations of passages from his books. This intriguing docudrama reveals Hemingway's personality, his lifestyle, and his abiding philosophy that "a man can be destroyed but not defeated." Film News said the inclusion of passages in Hemingway's voice "adds a great deal of power and impact" to the portrayal.

COMPLETE THE INFORMATION AFTER WATCHING THE VIDEO.

Cuba _____.

Ernest Hemingway is _____ years old.

He's been living permanently in Cuba for _____ years.

He was born in _____.

Spent his childhood around the lakes in _____.

He was a reporter of *The* _____.

At the age of _____ set out for the war in _____.

Since then, his life's been work, _____, _____, hunting, _____
_____ and more _____ and more _____.

How many pills does he take? _____.

His book "Across The River and End of The Trees" has been criticized as: disappointing, _____, _____, trivial and _____.

He weights: _____ pounds.

He calls himself "ugly as _____".

WATCH THE VIDEO FROM THE LINK:

<http://www.encyclopedia.com/YouTubeDisplay.aspx?videoid= UXdulferoE&topicid=15964&mediaid=2262949>

ERNEST HEMINGWAY MUSEUM AND BIRTH PLACE **AND COMPLETE THE INFORMATION.**

Place of Birth: _____.

Date of Birth: _____.

Museum address: _____.

Web page: _____.

Phone number: _____.

ACTIVITY 3. READ BOTH VERSIONS OF THE KILLERS (ENGLISH AND SPANISH) AND USE THE SUGGESTED QUESTIONS FOR FURTHER UNDERSTANDING.

THE KILLERS

By: ERNEST HEMINGWAY

The door of Henry's lunchroom opened and two men came in. They sat down at the counter.

"What's yours?" George asked them.

"I don't know," one of the men said. "What do you want to eat, Al?"

"I don't know," said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat."

Outside it was getting dark. The streetlight came on outside the window. The two men at the counter read the menu. From the other end of the counter Nick Adams watched them. He had been talking to George when they came in.

"I'll have a roast pork tenderloin with apple sauce and mashed potatoes," the first man said.

"It isn't ready yet."

"What the hell do you put it on the card for?"

"That's the dinner," George explained. "You can get that at six o'clock."

George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter.

"It's five o'clock."

"The clock says twenty minutes past five," the second man said.

"It's twenty minutes fast."

"Oh, to hell with the clock," the first man said. "What have you got to eat?"

"I can give you any kind of sandwiches," George said. "You can have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver and bacon, or a steak."

"Give me chicken croquettes with green peas and cream sauce and mashed potatoes."

"That's the dinner."

"Everything we want's the dinner, eh? That's the way you work it."

"I can give you ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver—"

"I'll take ham and eggs," the man called Al said. He wore a derby hat and a black overcoat buttoned across the chest. His face was small and white and he had tight lips. He wore a silk muffler and gloves.

"Give me bacon and eggs," said the other man. He was about the same size as Al. Their faces were different, but they were dressed like twins. Both wore overcoats too tight for them. They sat leaning forward, their elbows on the counter.

"Got anything to drink?" Al asked.

"Silver beer, bevo, ginger-ale," George said.

"I mean you got anything to drink?"

"Just those I said."

"This is a hot town," said the other. "What do they call it?"

"Summit."

"Ever hear of it?" Al asked his friend.

"No," said the friend.

“What do they do here nights?” Al asked.

“They eat the dinner,” his friend said. “They all come here and eat the big dinner.”

“That’s right,” George said.

“So you think that’s right?” Al asked George.

“Sure.”

“You’re a pretty bright boy, aren’t you?”

“Sure,” said George.

“Well, you’re not,” said the other little man. “Is he, Al?”

“He’s dumb,” said Al. He turned to Nick. “What’s your name?”

“Adams.”

“Another bright boy,” Al said. “Ain’t he a bright boy, Max?”

“The town’s full of bright boys,” Max said.

George put the two platters, one of ham and eggs, the other of bacon and eggs, on the counter. He set down two side dishes of fried potatoes and closed the wicket into the kitchen.

“Which is yours?” he asked Al.

“Don’t you remember?”

“Ham and eggs.”

“Just a bright boy,” Max said. He leaned forward and took the ham and eggs. Both men ate with their gloves on. George watched them eat.

“What are *you* looking at?” Max looked at George.

“Nothing.”

“The hell you were. You were looking at me.”

"Maybe the boy meant it for a joke, Max," Al said.

George laughed.

"You don't have to laugh," Max said to him. "You don't have to laugh at all, see?"

"All right," said George.

"So he thinks it's all right." Max turned to Al. "He thinks it's all right. That's a good one."

"Oh, he's a thinker," Al said. They went on eating.

"What's the bright boy's name down the counter?" Al asked Max.

"Hey, bright boy," Max said to Nick. "You go around on the other side of the counter with your boy friend."

"What's the idea?" Nick asked.

"There isn't any idea."

"You better go around, bright boy," Al said. Nick went around behind the counter.

"What's the idea?" George asked.

"None of your damned business," Al said. "Who's out in the kitchen?"

"The nigger."

"What do you mean the nigger?"

"The nigger that cooks."

"Tell him to come in."

"What's the idea?"

"Tell him to come in."

"Where do you think you are?"

"We know damn well where we are," the man called Max said. "Do we look silly?"

"You talk silly," Al said to him. "What the hell do you argue with this kid for? Listen," he said to George, "tell the nigger to come out here."

"What are you going to do to him?"

"Nothing. Use your head, bright boy. What would we do to a nigger?"

George opened the slit that Opened back into the kitchen. "Sam," he called. "Come in here a minute."

The door to the kitchen opened and the nigger came in. "What was it?" he asked. The two men at the counter took a look at him.

"All right, nigger. You stand right there," Al said.

Sam, the nigger, standing in his apron, looked at the two men sitting at the counter. "Yes, sir," he said. Al got down from his stool.

"I'm going back to the kitchen with the nigger and bright boy," he said. "Go on back to the kitchen, nigger. You go with him, bright boy." The little man walked after Nick and Sam, the cook, back into the kitchen. The door shut after them. The man called Max sat at the counter opposite George. He didn't look at George but looked in the mirror that ran along back of the counter. Henry's had been made over from a saloon into a lunch counter.

"Well, bright boy," Max said, looking into the mirror, "why don't you say something?"

"What's it all about?"

"Hey, Al," Max called, "bright boy wants to know what it's all about."

"Why don't you tell him?" Al's voice came from the kitchen.

"What do you think it's all about?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think?"

Max looked into the mirror all the time he was talking.

"I wouldn't say."

"Hey, Al, bright boy says he wouldn't say what he thinks it's all about."

"I can hear you, all right," Al said from the kitchen. He had propped open the slit that dishes passed through into the kitchen with a catsup bottle. "Listen, bright boy," he said from the kitchen to George. "Stand a little further along the bar. You move a little to the left, Max." He was like a photographer arranging for a group picture.

"Talk to me, bright boy," Max said. "What do you think's going to happen?"

George did not say anything.

"I'll tell you," Max said. "We're going to kill a Swede. Do you know a big Swede named Ole Anderson?"

"Yes."

"He comes here to eat every night, don't he?"

"Sometimes he comes here."

"He comes here at six o'clock, don't he?"

"If he comes."

"We know all that, bright boy," Max said. "Talk about something else. Ever go to the movies?"

"Once in a while."

"You ought to go to the movies more. The movies are fine for a bright boy like you."

"What are you going to kill Ole Anderson for? What did he ever do to you?"

"He never had a chance to do anything to us. He never even seen us."

And he's only going to see us once," Al said from the kitchen:

"What are you going to kill him for, then?" George asked.

"We're killing him for a friend. Just to oblige a friend, bright boy."

"Shut up," said Al from the kitchen. "You talk too goddamn much."

“Well, I got to keep bright boy amused. Don’t I, bright boy?”

“You talk too damn much,” Al said. “The nigger and my bright boy are amused by themselves. I got them tied up like a couple of girl friends in the convent.”

“I suppose you were in a convent.”

“You never know.”

“You were in a kosher convent. That’s where you were.”

George looked up at the clock.

“If anybody comes in you tell them the cook is off, and if they keep after it, you tell them you’ll go back and cook yourself. Do you get that, bright boy?”

“All right,” George said. “What you going to do with us afterward?”

“That’ll depend,” Max said. “That’s one of those things you never know at the time.”

George looked up at the dock. It was a quarter past six. The door from the street opened. A streetcar motorman came in.

“Hello, George,” he said. “Can I get supper?”

“Sam’s gone out,” George said. “He’ll be back in about half an hour.”

“I’d better go up the street,” the motorman said. George looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes, past six.

“That was nice, bright boy,” Max said. “You’re a regular little gentleman.”

“He knew I’d blow his head off,” Al said from the kitchen.

“No,” said Max. “It ain’t that. Bright boy is nice. He’s a nice boy. I like him.”

At six-fifty-five George said: “He’s not coming.”

Two other people had been in the lunchroom. Once George had gone out to the kitchen and made a ham-and-egg sandwich “to go” that a man wanted to take with him. Inside the kitchen he saw Al, his derby hat tipped back, sitting on a stool beside the wicket with the muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun resting on the ledge. Nick and the cook were back to back in the corner, a towel tied in each of their mouths. George had cooked the sandwich,

wrapped it up in oiled paper, put it in a bag, brought it in, and the man had paid for it and gone out.

“Bright boy can do everything,” Max said. “He can cook and everything. You’d make some girl a nice wife, bright boy.”

“Yes?” George said, “Your friend, Ole Anderson, isn’t going to come.”

“We’ll give him ten minutes,” Max said.

Max watched the mirror and the clock. The hands of the clock marked seven o’clock, and then five minutes past seven.

“Come on, Al,” said Max. “We better go. He’s not coming.”

“Better give him five minutes,” Al said from the kitchen.

In the five minutes a man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick.

“Why the hell don’t you get another cook?” the man asked. “Aren’t you running a lunch-counter?” He went out.

“Come on, Al,” Max said.

“What about the two bright boys and the nigger?”

“They’re all right.”

“You think so?”

“Sure. We’re through with it.”

“I don’t like it,” said Al. “It’s sloppy. You talk too much.”

“Oh, what the hell,” said Max. “We got to keep amused, haven’t we?”

“You talk too much, all the same,” Al said. He came out from the kitchen. The cut-off barrels of the shotgun made a slight bulge under the waist of his too tight-fitting overcoat. He straightened his coat with his gloved hands.

“So long, bright boy,” he said to George. “You got a lot of luck.”

“That’s the truth,” Max said. “You ought to play the races, bright boy.”

The two of them went out the door. George watched them, through the window; pass under the arc-light and across the street. In their tight overcoats and derby hats they looked like a vaudeville team. George went back through the swinging door into the kitchen and untied Nick and the cook.

"I don't want any more of that," said Sam, the cook. "I don't want any more of that."

Nick stood up. He had never had a towel in his mouth before.

"Say," he said. "What the hell?" He was trying to swagger it off.

"They were going to kill Ole Anderson," George said. "They were going to shoot him when he came in to eat."

"Ole Anderson?"

"Sure."

The cook felt the corners of his mouth with his thumbs.

"They all gone?" he asked.

"Yeah," said George. "They're gone now."

"I don't like it," said the cook. "I don't like any of it at all"

"Listen," George said to Nick. "You better go see Ole Anderson."

"All right."

"You better not have anything to do with it at all," Sam, the cook, said. "You better stay way out of it."

"Don't go if you don't want to," George said.

"Mixing up in this ain't going to get you anywhere," the cook said. "You stay out of it."

"I'll go see him," Nick said to George. "Where does he live?"

The cook turned away.

"Little boys always know what they want to do," he said.

“He lives up at Hirsch’s rooming-house,” George said to Nick.

“I’ll go up there.”

Outside the arc-light shone through the bare branches of a tree. Nick walked up the street beside the car-tracks and turned at the next arc-light down a side-street. Three houses up the street was Hirsch’s rooming-house. Nick walked up the two steps and pushed the bell. A woman came to the door.

“Is Ole Anderson here?”

“Do you want to see him?”

“Yes, if he’s in.”

Nick followed the woman up a flight of stairs and back to the end of a corridor. She knocked on the door.

“Who is it?”

“It’s somebody to see you, Mr. Anderson,” the woman said.

“It’s Nick Adams.”

“Come in.”

Nick opened the door and went into the room. Ole Anderson was lying on the bed with all his clothes on. He had been a heavyweight prizefighter and he was too long for the bed. He lay with his head on two pillows. He did not look at Nick.

“What was it?” he asked.

“I was up at Henry’s,” Nick said, “and two fellows came in and tied up me and the cook, and they said they were going to kill you.”

It sounded silly when he said it. Ole Anderson said nothing.

“They put us out in the kitchen,” Nick went on. “They were going to shoot you when you came in to supper.”

Ole Anderson looked at the wall and did not say anything.

“George thought I better come and tell you about it.”

“There isn’t anything I can do about it,” Ole Anderson said.

“I’ll tell you what they were like.”

“I don’t want to know what they were like,” Ole Anderson said. He looked at the wall.

“Thanks for coming to tell me about it.”

“That’s all right.”

Nick looked at the big man lying on the bed.

“Don’t you want me to go and see the police?”

“No,” Ole Anderson said. “That wouldn’t do any good.”

“Isn’t there something I could do?”

“No. There ain’t anything to do.”

“Maybe it was just a bluff.”

“No. It ain’t just a bluff.”

Ole Anderson rolled over toward the wall.

“The only thing is,” he said, talking toward the wall, “I just can’t make up my mind to go out. I been here all day.”

“Couldn’t you get out of town?”

“No,” Ole Anderson said. “I’m through with all that running around.”

He looked at the wall.

“There ain’t anything to do now.”

“Couldn’t you fix it up some way?”

“No. I got in wrong.” He talked in the same flat voice. “There ain’t anything to do. After a while I’ll make up my mind to go out.”

"I better go back and see George," Nick said.

"So long," said Ole Anderson. He did not look toward Nick. "Thanks for coming around."

Nick went out. As he shut the door he saw Ole Anderson with all his clothes on, lying on the bed looking at the wall.

"He's been in his room all day," the landlady said downstairs. "I guess he don't feel well. I said to him: 'Mr. Anderson, you ought to go out and take a walk on a nice fall day like this,' but he didn't feel like it."

"He doesn't want to go out."

"I'm sorry he don't feel well," the woman said. "He's an awfully nice man. He was in the ring, you know."

"I know it."

"You'd never know it except from the way his face is," the woman said.

They stood talking just inside the street door. "He's just as gentle."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Hirsch," Nick said.

"I'm not Mrs. Hirsch," the woman said. "She owns the place. I just look after it for her. I'm Mrs. Bell."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Bell," Nick said.

"Good night," the woman said.

Nick walked up the dark street to the corner under the arc-light, and then along the car-tracks to Henry's eating-house. George was inside, back of the counter.

"Did you see Ole?"

"Yes," said Nick. "He's in his room and he won't go out."

The cook opened the door from the kitchen when he heard Nick's voice.

"I don't even listen to it," he said and shut the door.

"Did you tell him about it?" George asked.

“Sure. I told him but he knows what it’s all about.”

“What’s he going to do?”

“Nothing.”

“They’ll kill him.”

“I guess they will.”

“He must have got mixed up in something in Chicago.”

“I guess so,” said Nick.

“It’s a hell of a thing!”

“It’s an awful thing,” Nick said.

They did not say anything. George reached down for a towel and wiped the counter.

“I wonder what he did?” Nick said.

“Double-crossed somebody. That’s what they kill them for.”

“I’m going to get out of this town,” Nick said.

“Yes,” said George. “That’s a good thing to do.”

“I can’t stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he’s going to get it. It’s too damned awful.”

“Well,” said George, “you better not think about it.”

READ THE QUESTIONS AND ITS ANSWERS.

1. Why does one of the killers order dinner, although George told them that they cannot get it until six o'clock?

Getting something to eat is not what they are there for. They are concerned about the murdering Ole. I believe they do not really listen. This passage is hilarious. A running gag begins about not knowing what they want to eat. It is merely absurd at this point. Hemingway put this part in his story because he loved vaudeville. This first passage is what the vaudeville historians call "the two men act".

2. What does Max mean by calling Summit a "hot town"?

He wants to say that Summit is a dangerous town, where a lot of criminal action is going on.

3. Al and Max call George a "pretty bright boy". How do they mean it?

Of course they mean the exact opposite. They are criminals, but also satirists and most parts of their dialogue are ironic. Almost everything they say is not meant the way they said it.

4. Why did Hemingway put Sam in the play?

Sam seems to be the stereo-type in this play. He is afraid and shows his fear and just wants to stay out of the whole thing. Nevertheless, I believe Sam is ahead of the others, since it is a wise decision to stay out of trouble!

5. Ole's reaction to Nick's message seems untypical. Guess why he reacts that way.

Obviously Ole has already resigned to his fate. He is tired of running away.

6. In the end Nick wants to leave the town. Do you think he is afraid of getting killed?

He is maybe not so much afraid of getting killed, but he seems to be a peaceful human being and he cannot stand his dangerous and criminal environment any longer.

Structure:

This short story contains two different parts. The first one is the hilarious vaudeville part that ends when Al starts to tie Sam and Nick up and the whole story gets serious. The second part is really a contrast to the vaudeville part. It is about fear, which is not funny at all. **Style:** Hemingway usually prefers direct speech which can be seen in this story as well. The dialogues are short and he uses simple language. ⁶⁷

ACTIVITY 4. READ THE FOLLOWING SHORT STORY. LOOK UP THE UNDERLINED WORDS IN AN ENGLISH-ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

⁶⁷ www.qca.org.uk/14-19/6th-form-schools/downloads/. Visited on September 18th 2009.

Cat in the Rain

By Ernest Hemingway

There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. They did not know any of the people they passed on the stairs on their way to and from their room. Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced the public garden and the war monument. There were big palms and green benches in the public garden. In the good weather there was always an artist with his **easel**. Artists liked the way the palms grew and the bright colors of the hotels facing the gardens and the sea. Italians came from a long way off to look up at the war monument. It was made of bronze and **glistened** in the rain. It was raining. The rain dripped from the palm trees. Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The sea broke in a long line in the rain and **slipped** back down the beach to come up and break again in a long line in the rain. The motor cars were gone from the square by the war monument. Across the square in the doorway of the café a waiter stood looking out at the empty square.

The American wife stood at the window looking out. Outside right under their window a cat was **crouched** under one of the dripping green tables. The cat was trying to make herself so compact that she would not be dripped on.

'I'm going down and get that kitty,' the American wife said.

'I'll do it,' her husband offered from the bed.

'No, I'll get it. The poor kitty was out trying to keep dry under a table.'

The husband went on reading, lying **propped up** with the two pillows at the foot of the bed. 'Don't get wet,' he said.

The wife went downstairs and the hotel owner stood up and **bowed** to her as she passed the office. His desk was at the far end of the office. He was an old man and very tall.

'Il piove,' the wife said. She liked the hotel-keeper.

Si, Si, Signora, brutto tempo². It is very bad weather.'

He stood behind his desk in the far end of the dim room. The wife liked him. She liked the deadly serious way he received any complaints. She liked his dignity. She liked the way he wanted to serve her. She liked the way he felt about being a hotel-keeper. She liked his old, heavy face and big hands.

Liking him she opened the door and looked out. It was raining harder. A man in a rubber cape was crossing the empty square to the café. The cat would be around to the right.

Perhaps she could go along under the **eaves**. As she stood in the doorway an umbrella opened behind her. It was the maid who looked after their room.

'You must not get wet,' she smiled, speaking Italian. Of course, the hotel-keeper had sent her.

With the maid holding the umbrella over her, she walked along the **gravel** path until she was under their window. The table was there, washed bright green in the rain, but the cat was gone. She was suddenly disappointed. The maid looked up at her.

'Ha perduto qualche cosa, Signora?'

'There was a cat,' said the American girl.

'A cat?'

Si, il gatto.'

'A cat?' the maid laughed. 'A cat in the rain?'

'Yes, -' she said, 'under the table.' 'Then, 'Oh, I wanted it so much. I wanted a kitty.'

When she talked English the maid's face **tightened**.

'Come, Signora,' she said. 'We must get back inside. You will be wet.'

'I suppose so,' said the American girl.

They went back along the gravel path and passed in the door. The maid stayed outside to close the umbrella. As the American girl passed the office, the padrone bowed from his desk. Something felt very small and tight inside the girl. The padrone made her feel very small and at the same time really important. She had a momentary feeling of being of supreme importance. She went on up the stairs. She opened the door of the room. George was on the bed, reading.

'Did you get the cat?' he asked, putting the book down.

'It was gone.' 'Wonder where it went to,' he said, resting his eyes from reading.

She sat down on the bed.

'I wanted it so much,' she said. 'I don't know why I wanted it so much. I wanted that poor kitty. It isn't any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain.'

George was reading again.

She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table looking at herself with the hand glass. She studied her profile, first one side and then the other. Then she studied the back of her head and her neck.

'Don't you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?' she asked, looking at her profile again.

George looked up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy's.

'I like it the way it is.'

'I get so tired of it,' she said. 'I get so tired of looking like a boy.'

George shifted his position in the bed. He hadn't looked away from her since she started to speak.

'You look pretty dam nice,' he said.

She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and looked out. It was getting dark.

'I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel,' she said. 'I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her.'

'Yeah?' George said from the bed.

'And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes.'

'Oh, shut up and get something to read,' George said.

He was reading again. His wife was looking out of the window. It was quite dark now and still raining in the palm trees.

'Anyway, I want a cat,' she said, 'I want a cat. I want a cat now. If I can't have long hair or any fun, I can have a cat.'

George was not listening. He was reading his book. His wife looked out of the window where the light had come on in the square.

Someone knocked at the door.

'Avanti,' George said. He looked up from his book.

In the doorway stood the maid. She held a big tortoiseshell cat pressed tight against her and swung down against her body.

'Excuse me,' she said, 'the padrone asked me to bring this for the Signora.'

1924

ACTIVITY 5. READ THE INTERPRETATION OF HEMINGWAY'S SHORT STORY AND WRITE IN ENGLISH A SIMILAR COMMENT ABOUT AN EXPERIENCE OF YOUR PERSONAL LIFE.

Cat in the Rain

Summary The short story "Cat in the Rain" was written by Ernest Hemingway in the 1920's. It is about an American couple that spends their holidays in an Italian hotel. It is a rainy day and the American woman sees a cat in the rain, which she wants to protect from the raindrops. When she goes out of the hotel, which is kept by an old Italian who really seems to do everything to please that woman, and wants to get the cat, it is gone. After returning to the hotel room, she starts a conversation with her husband George, who is reading all the time, telling him how much she wants to have a cat and other things, for instance her own silver to eat with. Her husband seems to be annoyed by that and not interested at all. At the end of the story there is a knock on the door and the maid stands there holding a cat for the American woman in her hands.

Peculiarities of the introduction The first thing that caught my eyes was the long description at the beginning. First there is a description of the environment in good weather, which means spring or summer, then a description of the momentary situation in the rain. This description creates an atmosphere that is sad, cold and unfriendly. To create this atmosphere Hemingway uses words such as "empty" or "the motorcars were gone". Later on, by looking at the relationship of the two Americans, you can see that this description was a foreshadowing of the state of the couple's relationship: First it was nice, the spring-time of their love, and now there is only rain, their relationship got cold and unfriendly. Another symbolic hint in this introduction is the war monument, which is mentioned three times. This maybe is done to tell us that a conflict is to be expected.

From girl to wife The next thing I wondered about was the spontaneous reaction of the woman after she saw that cat. Usually only children want to protect cats or dogs from the rain, because a grown-up knows that rain does not do any harm to animals living on the street. From that point on, you can find an interpretation which is quite complex and not that easy to explain: On the one hand the woman wants to protect that little cat, which now stands for something innocent and vulnerable, like a baby. So she wants to protect that vulnerable thing, which is more the behavior of an adult. But on the other hand she acts like a little child by having this wish for a cat. Another hint for that is that the woman is referred to as "girl" in the following paragraph, not as "wife" like before. The sequence in which we get to know that she likes the hotelkeeper a lot is next. She likes the way he wants to serve her. Why? Because it gives her the feeling to be grown up, to be treated like a lady. But the other reasons for fancying him originate from a more childish thinking, like the fact that she likes him because of his big hands. To underline this childish behavior, all sentences in this part begin with "She liked..." which is the typical way of a child to want something: "I like cats, I like chocolate, I like bubble-gum "and so on. When she talks about the cat in this situation,

she does not say "cat" but "kitty", which is usually a childish expression as well. The next sentence that seems to be important to me is: "The padrone made her feel very small and at the same time very important. She had a momentary feeling of being of great importance." At this point we can see again the two parts of her personality. The child in her, feels very timid because of the presence of this tall, old, serious man, the woman in her, feels flattered by the way he cares for her. She seems to be like a girl of about fourteen, still being a child and now slowly noticing the woman inside her.

Marriage problems When she comes back to the hotel room, her husband is still reading. She tells him that she does not know why she wanted that cat so much, but we know it: She feels the need for something to care for, to be responsible for, that makes her grow up, for example having a baby. George does not need all that anymore, because he already is grown up, which is shown by his serious behavior and that he treats his wife like a child. And now we understand why they are having problems with their marriage - because they are on different levels: He already is a man, she is still a girl. They cannot find a mutual base for their relationship and that makes her bored by him and him annoyed by her. But George does not understand the problem of his wife and therefore of their relationship, because when she talks about letting her hair grow to make her become more female, he just tells her with disinterest that he likes it the way it is.

But her wish for longer hair is only the beginning. She tells him that she wants her own silver to eat with and candles and that cat, standing again for something to be responsible for and new clothes. I am sure that her new clothes would be very female, because all these things stand for the world of grown-ups. So she utters, without really recognizing it herself, the immense wish to be an adult at last - as quickly as possible. And that is why she is now referred to as "wife" again. The sentence that she wants it to be spring again stands for her huge wish for a new spring in her relationship, now that the process of her growing up has started and she might attempt to find a way to be level with her husband, which maybe will help them to finally find a mutual basis. In the end she gets a cat, brought by the maid on request of the padrone. It is not important if it is the same cat she saw on the street or not, the only thing that matters is that she finally gets something to take responsibility for and that symbolizes the first step in the direction of a grown-up life.

Conclusion Altogether I would say that the theme of the story is the problems that a relationship has, when one partner becomes dominant or repressive and the other is trying to change and improve the situation. If they are aware of their problems they might be able to save their marriage, but if they do not recognize that their relationship will become more and more like the depressive weather in this short story, until there will be winter when their love will die.⁶⁸

⁶⁸ www.gca.org.uk/14-19/6th-form-schools/downloads/cat_in_the_rain.pdf. Visited on April 3rd 2009.

C. T.S. ELIOT



ACTIVITY 1. READ THE LITERARY NOTES ON T.S. ELIOT'S LIFE AND HIS FAMOUS POEM: *THE WASTE LAND* AND PREPARE AN ORAL PRESENTATION FOR YOUR TLRIID CLASS.

NOTA BIOGRAFICA ⁶⁹Thomas Stearns Eliot nació en San Luis Missouri el 26 de septiembre de 1888. Sus antepasados fueron ingleses que en el siglo XVIII emigraron a los EU. Primero se establecieron en Nueva Inglaterra y su abuelo fue el que se trasladó a Missouri. Su padre Henry Ware Eliot y su madre Charlotte Chauncy Stearns, mujer muy distinguida que le gustaba escribir poemas. T.S. Eliot fue el séptimo y último hijo. Estudió en Harvard. En el año 1910-11 estudió filosofía y literatura francesa en la Sorbona de Paris. Regresó a Harvard y ahí aprendió sanscrito y filología india. Escribió algunos poemas en la revista universitaria "The Harvard Advocate" después publicó su primer poema importante "*The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*" en 1915 en la revista "Poetry". En ese mismo año se casa pero su mujer aunque muy bella y brillante después de una larga enfermedad mental muere en 1947.

En 1915 trabaja en Londres como profesor de varias asignaturas como latín, francés, historia, dibujo y hasta natación. Al dejar este puesto trabajó como empleado en el Lloyd Bank Ltd. En 1918 escribió para varias revistas. En 1922 recibió el Premio *Dial* por su

⁶⁹ Ángel, Flores, Vicente, Gaos, Traducción *Tierra Baldía*, Distribuciones Fontamara, México D. F., 2007, p.7-10.

epopeya "***The Waste Land***", obra que marca un gran momento en la historia literaria y que ha sido traducida al francés, alemán, italiano y holandés.

En 1923 funda la revista "The Criterion" y la cual terminó de publicarse hasta la víspera de la segunda Guerra Mundial. Al mismo tiempo, fue director de publicaciones de la editorial más famosa en Inglaterra "Faber and Faber". En 1927 adoptó la nacionalidad inglesa y regresa a EU sólo para dar algunos cursos sobre poesía en Harvard. En 1948 le otorgan el Premio Nobel de Literatura. Muere a comienzos de enero de 1965.

Tierra Baldía Es un poema de unas cuatrocientas líneas y representa en la poesía contemporánea lo que el estupendo "Ulises" de James Joyce, representa en la prosa de hoy. En Tierra Baldía está expuesto todo nuestro caos, toda nuestra angustia. A primera vista, el poema ofrece contornos bastante violentos y confusos. Pero tras lectura detenida, se observa su andamiaje, su plano claro, clásico, su maquinaria detallada y armónica, su mitología nueva y conmovedora. Las influencias de: John Donne, los dramaturgos Isabelinos Thomas Kyd y Shakespeare, y finalmente el visionario Dante Alighieri. La música de Wagner y su opera *Tristán e Isolda*. La leyenda del Santo Grial que relaciona con la de Attis y Adonis: las estaciones, los ciclos de la vida, la muerte y la resurrección. La baraja Tarot de Madame Sosostri, la fuerza concedora de todos los arcanos representada por el ciego Tiresias, sabio y profeta. "***The Waste Land***" es la tierra desierta, desperdiciada, gastada. Allí reinó una vez un monarca poderoso. Durante una batalla recibió dicho rey una herida en sus órganos genitales. La tierra que entonces era fértil y lozana, se convirtió en desierto árido yermo y sitibundo. Se necesita un bálsamo para curar al rey impotente, para que el terreno recobre su fertilidad. Para ello habrá que esperar a un héroe joven y hermoso (Perceval o Galahad) que, lleno de sabiduría y astucia, triunfe en todas sus hazañas, se inicie en los misterios de la vida, en los horrores de la muerte y en la sabiduría de la vida, amor, muerte y reencarnación. La técnica de Eliot es cinematográfica. Su poema es una película erizada de accidentes. A menudo gestos y gestas se acumulan en una imagen, en una frase, y entonces el poeta se asfixia. El lenguaje se le vuelve inservible. Las normas de la expresión se rompen. Es cuando Eliot se ve obligado a recurrir a presentimientos Védicos o a mirar pavorosamente las entrañas blancas del silencio.

The Waste Land⁷⁰

The poem was originally a longer sequence, composed for the most part in the fall of 1921, when Eliot, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, obtained paid leave from his City of London bank and went to recuperate in Lausanne, Switzerland. He was in continuous correspondence with Ezra Pound, and on the way back to London early in 1922 took the manuscript to him in Paris. Pound made extensive cuts and changes; he reduced the work to 433 lines. From its later edition we learn more of the personal crisis that Eliot underwent during the time leading up to the composition of the poem. He was exhausted by overwork and by the stress of his marriage to a brilliant but mentally unstable woman; and the writing of the poem represented both an assessment of the world as he felt it to be, and a creative transformation of it, which culminates in the final section.

Eliot showed his gratitude to Pound not only in the dedication of the poem but also by remarking later that his friend's skill had "done so much to turn *The Waste Land* from a jumble of good and bad passages into a poem"; and in 1946 he paid further tribute to the man who reduced to about half its size the sprawling, chaotic poem". Speaking of a French poet, Eliot once remarked that poetry uses the logic of the imagination, not the logic of concepts.

Recently there have been critics willing to say that it is not so much imaginative as imaginary; *The Waste Land* is simply a sequence of poems more or less arbitrarily brought together. These same critics tend also to stress the Americanism of Eliot's culture and imagination, pointing out, for example that his cosmopolitan range of reference, the sense he gives of inventing a cultural tradition, add up to a modernism that belongs to the New World. *The Waste Land*, for whatever reasons, is the central English poem of the twentieth century. There can be no doubt that the best way to read it is any way that enables one to intuit its order. For some readers this may mean ignoring Eliot's notes, ignoring the supplementary notes of his commentators, and letting the poem do its own work.

The Waste Land is a Wagnerian work, Wagner was venerated by the Symbolists and by all who valued his concept of the great work which not only employed all the arts, but projected a universal myth onto the chaos of modern life. He refers to Tristan and Isolde, the type-myth of romantic love and its frustration. There are other hints of Wagner, as in the reference to the *Stranbergersee* (a Lake in Germany), powerfully associated with Wagner and also with his extraordinary patron (possibly his lover), King Ludwig II of Bavaria, who drowned in the lake. Eliot is, in a sense, attempting to achieve in heroic poetry (or mock-heroic: the genres are now indistinguishable) what Wagner did in music; he even imitates Wagner's verse. Above all, the effect is intended to be musical, suggestive as the interplay of leitmotifs, a complex image of a mythic integrity against a background of actual sterility and decadence.

⁷⁰ Frank, Kermode, Hollander, John, (Eds.). *THE OXFORD ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE Vol. II*, Oxford University Press, 1973, p. 1980-1983.

ACTIVITY 2. READ THE ENGLISH AND SPANISH VERSIONS OF THE POEM WITH YOUR TEACHER AND PREPARE QUESTIONS FOR YOUR TLRIID CLASS.

THE WASTE LAND

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

To Ezra Pound

il miglior fabbro

I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

APRIL is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.

Winter kept us warm, covering 5

Earth in forgetful snow, feeding

A little life with dried tubers.

Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee

With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,

And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten, 10

And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.

Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.

And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,

My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,

And I was frightened. He said, Marie, 15

Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man, 20
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock, 25
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust. 30

Frisch weht der Wind
Der Heimat zu.
Mein Irisch Kind,
Wo weilest du?

'You gave me hyacinths first a year ago; 35
'They called me the hyacinth girl.'
—Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing, 40

Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

Od' und leer das Meer.

Madame Sosostriis, famous clairvoyant,

Had a bad cold, nevertheless

Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe, 45

With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she,

Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,

(Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)

Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,

The lady of situations. 50

Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,

And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,

Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,

Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find

The Hanged Man. Fear death by water. 55

I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.

Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,

Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:

One must be so careful these days.

Unreal City, 60

Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,

A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,

I had not thought death had undone so many.

Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,

And each man fixed his eyes before his feet. 65

Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,

To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours

With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.

There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying 'Stetson!

'You who were with me in the ships at Mylae! 70

'That corpse you planted last year in your garden,

'Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?

'Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

'Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,

'Or with his nails he'll dig it up again! 75

'You! Hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable, —mon frère!

La Tierra Baldía

El entierro de los muertos

T. S. ELIOT

Abril es el mes más cruel, hace brotar
lilas del interior de la tierra muerta, mezcla
la memoria y el deseo, estremece
las raíces marchitas con lluvia de primavera.
El invierno nos mantuvo calientes, cubriendo
la tierra con nieve de olvido, alimentando
un poco de vida con tubérculos secos.

El verano nos sorprendió, pasando sobre el Starnbergersee
con una cortina de lluvia; hicimos un alto bajo la galería de columnas,
y continuamos a la luz del sol, adentrándonos en el Hofgarten,
y bebimos café, y hablamos durante una hora.

*Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch*¹.

Y cuando éramos niños, pasando una temporada donde el archiduque,

donde mi primo, él me sacó en un trineo,

y yo estaba asustado. Él dijo, Marie,

Marie, agárrate fuerte. Y para abajo fuimos.

En las montañas, allí uno se siente libre.

Leo, gran parte de la noche, y voy al sur en invierno.

¿Qué son las raíces que se prenden, qué ramas brotan

de estos escombros minerales? Hijo de hombre,

nada puedes decir, o adivinar, ya que sólo conoces
un montón de imágenes rotas, donde el sol golpea,
y el árbol muerto no ofrece refugio, ni el grillo consuelo,
ni la piedra seca rumor de agua. Solamente
hay sombra bajo esta roca roja,
(ven bajo la sombra de esta roca roja),
y yo te enseñaré algo diferente, tanto de
tu sombra en la mañana avanzando a tus espaldas
como de tu sombra a la tarde creciendo para encontrarte;
yo te enseñaré el miedo en un puñado de polvo.

Frisch weht der Wind

Der Heimat zu

Mein Irisch Kind,

*Wo weilest du?*²

"Tú me trajiste jacintos por primera vez hace un año;

ellos me llamaban la chica de los jacintos."

- Sin embargo cuando regresamos, tarde, del jardín de jacintos,

tus brazos llenos, y tu pelo húmedo, yo no podía

hablar, y los ojos me fallaban, no estaba

ni vivo ni muerto, y no sabía nada,

mirando en el corazón de la luz, el silencio.

*Oed' und leer dar Meer*³.

Madame Sosostriis, famosa clarividente,

tenía un terrible resfriado, pero de todos modos
es conocida como la mujer más sabia de Europa,
con un mazo de cartas muy mordaz. Aquí, dijo ella,
está tu carta, el Marinero Fenicio ahogado,
(Perlas son estos que fueron sus ojos. ¡Mira!)
aquí está Belladonna, la Señora de las Rocas,
la Señora de las situaciones.

Aquí está el hombre de los tres bastos, y aquí la Rueda,
y aquí está el mercader con un sólo ojo, y esta carta,
que está en blanco, es algo que carga a la espalda,
que me está prohibido ver. No encuentro
al Colgado. Teme la muerte por el agua.
Veo multitudes de gente, dando vueltas en círculo.
Gracias. Si ves a la querida Mrs. Equitone,
dile que yo misma le llevo el horóscopo:
uno debe ser así de cuidadoso hoy en día.

Ciudad irreal,

bajo la niebla ocre de un amanecer de invierno,
una muchedumbre fluía sobre el Puente de Londres, tantos,
no tenía ni idea de que la muerte hubiera destruido tantos,
suspiros, cortos e infrecuentes, eran exhalados,
y cada hombre llevaba los ojos clavados un poco por delante de sus pies.

Fluían colina arriba y bajaban King William Street,

adonde Saint Mary Woolnoth daba las horas
con un sonido muerto en la última campanada de las nueve.
Allí vi a alguien que conocía, y le paré, gritando: "¡Stetson!
¡Tú que estuviste embarcado conmigo en Mylae!
Aquel cadáver que plantaste en tu jardín el año pasado,
¿ha empezado a retoñar? ¿Florecerá este año?
¿O ha perturbado su lecho la helada repentina?
¡Mantén al Perro lejos de aquí, ya que es amigo de los hombres,
o con sus uñas volverá a desenterrarlo!
¡Tú! *Hypocrite lecteur! - mon semblé, - mon frère!*⁴"

La tierra baldía [1923]

¹De ninguna manera soy ruso; yo vengo de Lituania, yo soy un auténtico alemán.

²El viento sopla fresco

hacia la patria.

¿Mi muchacha irlandesa,

dónde te estás demorando?

Tristán e Isolda, versos 5-8

³Desolado y vacío el mar.

Tristán e Isolda, verso 24

⁴¡Hipócrita lector! - ¡Mi igual, mi hermano!

ACTIVITY 3. READ THE FRAGMENT II. A GAME OF CHESS FROM *THE WASTE LAND* AND FIND ANY SIMILARITIES WITH THE SONG KEEP TALKING BY PINK FLOYD.

II. A Game of Chess⁷¹

“My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.

Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.

What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?

I never know what you are thinking. Think.”

I think we are in rats' alley

Where the dead men lost their bones.

“What is that noise?”

The wind under the door.

“What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?”

Nothing again nothing.

“Do You know nothing?

Do you see nothing? Do you remember Nothing?”

I remember

Those are pearls that were his eyes.

“Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?

But

OOOOOO that Shakespeaherian Rag

It's so elegant

So intelligent

“What shall I do now? What shall I do?”

“I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street

With my hair down, so. What shall we do to-morrow? What shall we ever do?...

⁷¹ Idem.

KEEP TALKING

By: Pink Floyd

For millions of years mankind lived just like animals
Then something happened which unleashed the power of imagination

We learned to talk.

_____ a _____ surrounding me

I _____ seem to _____ straight

I'll sit in the _____

_____ _____ can bother me

I _____ I _____ speak now

Why _____ you _____ to me?

I _____ seem to speak now

You _____ _____ to me!

My _____ _____ come out right

_____ are you _____?

I feel like I'm _____

_____ are you _____?

I'm _____ _____ now

_____ _____ you _____ to me?

But I _____ show my _____

You _____ _____ to me!

I sometimes _____

_____ are you _____?

_____ do we _____ from _____

_____ are you _____?

It doesn't have to be like this

All we need to do is make sure we keep talking

_____ _____ you _____ to me?

I _____ like I'm _____

You _____ _____ to me!

You _____ I _____ breathe now

_____ are you _____?

We're _____ nowhere

_____ are you _____?

_____ _____ _____

_____ _____ you _____ to me?

_____ do we _____ from here?

You _____ _____ to me!

It doesn't have to be like this

_____ are you _____?

All we need to do is make sure we keep talking.

CONTEMPORARY

POETS

Billy Collins

ACTIVITY 1. READ THE BIOGRAPHY OF THIS CONTEMPORARY POET AND WATCH THE ANIMATION OF HIS TWO POEMS: *Forgetfulness* AND *The Dead*.

Biography

Billy Collins was born in New York City in 1941. He is the author of several books of poetry, including *Ballistics* (2008), *She Was Just Seventeen* (2006), *The Trouble with Poetry* (2005); *Nine Horses* (2002); *Sailing Alone Around the Room: New and Selected Poems* (2001); *Picnic, Lightning* (1998); *The Art of Drowning* (1995), which was a finalist for the Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize; *Questions About Angels* (1991), which was selected by Edward Hirsch for the National Poetry Series; *The Apple That Astonished Paris* (1988); *Video Poems* (1980); and *Pokerface* (1977).

A recording of Collins reading thirty-three of his poems, *The Best Cigarette*, was released in 1997. Collins's poetry has appeared in anthologies, textbooks, and a variety of periodicals, including *Poetry*, *American Poetry Review*, *American Scholar*, *Harper's*, *Paris Review*, and *The New Yorker*.

His work has been featured in the Pushcart Prize anthology and has been chosen several times for the annual *Best American Poetry* series. Collins has edited *Poetry 180: A Turning Back to Poetry* (Random House, 2003), an anthology of contemporary poems for use in schools and was a guest editor for the 2006 edition of *The Best American Poetry*.

About Collins, the poet Stephen Dunn has said, "We seem to always know where we are in a Billy Collins poem, but not necessarily where he is going. I love to arrive with him at his arrivals. He doesn't hide things from us, as I think lesser poets do. He allows us to overhear, clearly, what he himself has discovered."

In 2001, Collins was named U.S. Poet Laureate. His other honors and awards include fellowships from the New York Foundation for the Arts, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the Guggenheim Foundation. In 1992, he was chosen by the New York Public Library to serve as "Literary Lion". He has conducted summer poetry workshops in Ireland at University College Galway, and taught at Columbia University, Sarah Lawrence, and Lehman College, City University of New York. He lives in Somers, New York.⁷²

⁷² http://www.billy-collins.com/2005/06/biography_billy.html. Visited on March 13th 2010.

GO TO THE FOLLOWING LINK:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n-8ELOVig4&NR=1>

AND WATCH THE ANIMATION OF THE POEM.

Forgetfulness

The name of the author is the first to go
followed obediently by the title, the plot,
the heartbreaking conclusion, the entire novel
which suddenly becomes one you have never read,
never even heard of,

as if, one by one, the memories you used to harbor
decided to retire to the southern hemisphere of the brain,
to a little fishing village where there are no phones.

Long ago you kissed the names of the nine Muses goodbye
and watched the quadratic equation pack its bag,
and even now as you memorize the order of the planets,

something else is slipping away, a state flower perhaps,
the address of an uncle, the capital of Paraguay.

Whatever it is you are struggling to remember,
it is not poised on the tip of your tongue,
not even lurking in some obscure corner of your spleen.

It has floated away down a dark mythological river
whose name begins with an *L* as far as you can recall,
well on your own way to oblivion where you will join those
who have even forgotten how to swim and how to ride a bicycle.

No wonder you rise in the middle of the night
to look up the date of a famous battle in a book on war.
No wonder the moon in the window seems to have drifted
out of a love poem that you used to know by heart.

GO TO THE FOLLOWING LINK:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iuTNdHadwbk&feature=channel>

AND WATCH THE ANIMATION OF THE POEM.

The Dead

The dead are always looking down on us.
They say, well, we are putting on our shoes, or making a sandwich.
They are looking down
Through the glass bottom boats of heaven
As they row themselves slowly through eternity.
They watch the tops of our heads moving below, on earth
And when we lay down in a field or on a couch,
drugged perhaps by the hum of a warm afternoon,
They think we are looking back at them,
which makes them lift their oars,
and fall, and wait, like parents,
for us to close our eyes.

ACTIVITY 2. AS A FINAL TASK, FIND ANOTHER POEM OF BILLY COLLINS AND TRY TO ILLUSTRATE IT OR, IF POSSIBLE, ANIMATE IT WITH YOUR OWN SOURCES. USE YOUR CREATIVITY AND IMAGINATION.

LOST GENERATION TABLE

Author	Date and place of Birth and Death	Main Works	Literary Characteristics	Biographical Notes
WILLIAM FAULKNER				
ERNEST HEMINGWAY				
T.S. ELIOT				

ANEXO 2

CARTEL POESÍA

CORAL

COLEGIO

MADRID

Coordinación de Inglés CII
Biblioteca General

COLEGIO MADRID



POE

Edgar Allan Poe

Thursday, November 11th, 2004

Time: 11:10 a.m.

Place: Main Yard

Programme

Interview to Edgar Allan Poe "The raven"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Performed by:

Adrián Echevarría Harris, *as E. A. Poe*
Luisa Helena Pérez Mújica, *as interviewer*
Libertad Paredes Monleón, *dancer*

Chorus:

Diego Westendarp Ortega	Isabel Velázquez Landázuri
Emma Quiñones Galindo	Jessica Bastidas Cruz
María Barrera Moreno	Carolina Facio Gaxiola
Mariana Hernández y Rojas	Midori Amano Patiño

English Teachers:

María Jiménez Mier y Terán
Esther Del Callejo Llerenas