

# Texas Christian University

2015 TCU APSI for English



Teaching Poe to the  
"Walking Dead" generation

Jerry W. Brown

[jerry@jerrywbrown.com](mailto:jerry@jerrywbrown.com)

website: [www.jerrywbrown.com](http://www.jerrywbrown.com)



"**The Philosophy of Composition**" is an 1846 essay written by Edgar Allan Poe that expounds a theory about how good writers write when they write well: major points of Poe's essay covering the elements he considers most necessary to "effective" literary composition.

**1. Know the ending in advance, before you begin writing.**

"Nothing is more clear," writes Poe, "than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before any thing be attempted with the pen." Once writing commences, the author must keep the ending "constantly in view" in order to "give a plot its indispensable air of consequence" and inevitability.

**2. Keep it short—the "single sitting" rule.**

Poe contends that "if any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression." Force the reader to take a break, and "the affairs of the world interfere" and break the spell. This "limit of a single sitting" admits of exceptions, of course. It must—or the novel would be disqualified as literature. Poe cites *Robinson Crusoe* as one example of a work of art "demanding of no unity." But the single sitting rule applies to all poems, and for this reason, he writes, Milton's *Paradise Lost* fails to achieve a sustained effect.

**3. Decide on the desired effect.**

The author must decide in advance "the choice of impression" he or she wishes to leave on the reader. Poe assumes here a tremendous amount about the ability of authors to manipulate readers' emotions. He even has the audacity to claim that the design of the "The Raven" rendered the work "*universally* appreciable." It may be so, but perhaps it does not universally inspire an appreciation of Beauty that "excites the sensitive soul to tears"—Poe's desired effect for the poem.

**4. Choose the tone of the work.**

Poe claims the highest ground for his work, though it is debatable whether he was entirely serious. As "Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem" in general, and "The Raven" in particular, "Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all poetical tones." Whatever tone one chooses, however, the technique Poe employs, and recommends, likely applies. It is that of the "*refrain*"—a repeated "key-note" in word, phrase, or image that sustains the mood. In "The Raven," the word "Nevermore" performs this function, a word Poe chose for its phonetic as much as for its conceptual qualities.

Poe claims that his choice of the Raven to deliver this refrain arose from a desire to reconcile the unthinking "monotony of the exercise" with the reasoning capabilities of a human character. He at first considered putting the word in the beak of a parrot, then settled on a Raven—"the bird of ill omen"—in keeping with the melancholy tone.

## 5. Determine the theme and characterization of the work.

Here Poe makes his claim about “the death of a beautiful woman,” and adds, “the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover.” He chooses these particulars to represent his theme—“the *most* melancholy,” Death. Contrary to the methods of many a writer, Poe moves from the abstract to the concrete, choosing characters as mouthpieces of ideas.

## 6. Establish the climax.

In “The Raven,” Poe says, he “had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word ‘Nevermore.’” In bringing them together, he composed the third-to-last stanza first, allowing it to determine the “rhythm, the metre, and the length and general arrangement” of the remainder of the poem. As in the planning stage, Poe recommends that the writing “have its beginning—at the end.”

## 7. Determine the setting.

Though this aspect of any work seems the obvious place to start, Poe holds it to the end, after he has already decided *why* he wants to place certain characters in place, saying certain things. Only when he has clarified his purpose and broadly sketched in advance how he intends to achieve it does he decide “to place the lover in his chamber... richly furnished.” Arriving at these details last does not mean, however, that they are afterthoughts, but that they are suggested—or inevitably follow from—the work that comes before. In the case of “The Raven,” Poe tells us that in order to carry out his literary scheme, “a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident.”

Throughout his analysis, Poe continues to stress—with the high degree of repetition he favors in all of his writing—that he keeps “originality *always* in view.” But originality, for Poe, is not “a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition.” Instead, he writes, it “demands in its attainment less of invention than negation.” In other words, Poe recommends that the writer make full use of familiar conventions and forms, but varying, combining, and adapting them to suit the purpose of the work and make them his or her own.

Though some of Poe’s discussion of technique relates specifically to poetry, as his own prose fiction testifies, these steps can equally apply to the art of the short story. And though he insists that depictions of Beauty and Death—or the melancholy beauty of death—mark the highest of literary aims, one could certainly adapt his formula to less obsessively morbid themes as well.

**As you read the following story, pay close attention to tone and point of view. Then in a well-organized essay analyze how Poe uses tone and point of view to characterize the narrator.**

<b>The Tell-Tale Heart</b> by Edgar Allan Poe	<b>My Notes</b>
<p>Art is long and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave. <i>Longfellow.</i></p> <p><b>1</b> True! — nervous — very, very dreadfully nervous I had been, and am; but why <i>will</i> you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses — not destroyed — not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily — how calmly I can tell you the whole story.</p> <p><b>2</b> It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! — yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture — a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so, by degrees — very gradually — I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.</p> <p><b>3</b> Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen <i>me</i>. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded — with what caution — with what foresight — with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it — oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly — very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! — would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously — oh, so cautiously — cautiously (for the hinges creaked) — I undid it</p>	<p>Why has the writer placed this quotation at the beginning? What hint does it give you?</p> <p>Is the narrator reliable? Why or why not? What is the effect of an "unnamed" narrator? What is the effect of alliteration in story? What is the effect of the use of "second person" in the story?</p> <p>What is the effect of the short sentences beginning with "Object there was none."?</p> <p>Why the lack of visual clarity?</p> <p>What is the meaning of "fancy" as used here? What is the effect of the positive terms "caution" and "foresight"? Use of anaphora? Why is "I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him." ironic? What is the effect of the irony?</p> <p>What is the effect of repetition in the story?</p> <p>What is the effect of the intrusion into the man's bedroom?</p>

just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye.

**4** And this I did for seven long nights — every night just at midnight — but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he has passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

**5** Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never, before that night, had I *felt* the extent of my own powers — of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back — but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

**6** I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out — “Who’s there?”

**7** I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed, listening; — just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death-watches in the wall.

**8** Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew that it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain, or of grief — oh, no! — it was the low, stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever

What is the effect of the time delay in the story?

Why the comparison of the speaker's movements to the minute hand of a watch?

What is the effect of the emphasis on "black" and "darkness"?

"Death-watches"—a small beetle with larvae that bore into dead wood. The adult makes a sound like a watch ticking—a portent of death.

What is the effect of the narrator's mixed feelings about the old man?

<p>since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself — “It is nothing but the wind in the chimney — it is only a mouse crossing the floor,” or “it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp.” Yes, he has been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. <i>All in vain</i>; because Death, in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel — although he neither saw nor heard me — to <i>feel</i> the presence of my head within the room.</p>	<p>Use of anaphora again.</p> <p>Why the repetition of "all in vain"?</p> <p>What is the effect of the use of personification?</p>
<p><b>9</b> When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little — a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it — you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily — until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.</p>	<p>What is the effect of the use of simile?</p>
<p><b>10</b> It was open — wide, wide open — and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness — all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man’s face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.</p>	<p>Why the concentration on just the eye?</p>
<p><b>11</b> And now — have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses? — now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew <i>that</i> sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man’s heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.</p>	<p>Another simile—what is its effect?</p>
<p><b>12</b> But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man’s terror <i>must</i> have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! — do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: — so I am. And now, at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I</p>	<p>Again, what is the effect of the delay and the repetition in this paragraph?</p>

refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, *louder!* I thought the heart must burst! And now a new anxiety seized me — the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once — once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then sat upon the bed and smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble *me* no more.

**13** If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs. I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye — not even *his* — could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out — no stain of any kind — no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all — ha! ha!

**14** When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock — still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, — for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

**15** I smiled, — for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search — search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues; while I myself, in the wild

Why does the narrator seem concerned if we think him/her mad?

What does the narrator's concealment of the crime reveal about his/her mental state?

Effect of anaphora?

What is the effect of the use of the phrase "light heart"?

Why is the narrator so confident? What is the effect of his confidence?



audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

**16** The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: — it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely, to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definiteness — until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

**17** No doubt I now grew *very* pale; — but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased — and what could I do? It was *a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath — and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly — more vehemently; — but the noise steadily increased. I arose, and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; — but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro, with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men; — but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what *could* I do? I foamed — I raved — I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder — louder — *louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! — no, no! They heard! — they suspected! — they *knew!* — they were making a mockery of my horror! — this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! — and now — again! — hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder!* —

**18** “Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed! — tear up the planks! — here, here! — it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

How does the writer begin to show the change in the narrator?

Why the use of the watch sound again?

Effect of the use of anaphora?

And again here?





## **Murder He Wrote - How People Die in Poe's Stories - The Police Crime Scene**

### **Murders in the Rue Morgue (1841)**

Mademoiselle L-Espanaye—Stuffed, feet first, up a chimney by an orang-utan (entombment, simian involvement)

Madame L'Espanaye—Head sliced off by monkey wielding razor (sliced, simian involvement)

### **Hop-Frog (1849)**

The King—Dressed in ape costume, winched upon a chain and burnt alive (fire, simian involvement)

### **The Fall of the House of Usher (1839)**

Madeline Usher—Collapsed of exhaustion after clawing her way out of family tomb where she had been walled up alive. (entombment)

### **The Cask of Amontillado (1846)**

Fortunato—Chained to alcove in wine cellar and walled up alive (entombment)

### **The Black Cat (1843)**

Narrator's Wife—Head split open by axe and body walled up in cellar (entombment, chopped)

### **How to Write a Blackwood Article (1838)**

Signora Psyche Zenobia—Head sliced off by the minute hand of a clock suspended over her neck (clock, sliced)

### **The Tell Tale Heart (1843)**

Old Man—Crushed by bed, chopped up, placed under floorboards (entombment, chopped)

### **Arthur Gordon Pym (1838)**

Parker—Killed by shipmates, then head, arms, and entrails thrown into the sea, before remainder of body eaten by crew (chopped, cannibalism)

### **The Facts In the Case of M. Valdemar (1845)**

M. Valdemar—Instantly rotted away and turned to mush after being kept alive for six months by the force of hypnotism alone (hypnotism)

### **The Imp of the Perverse (1845)**

Old Man—Inhaled fumes from poisoned candle in unventilated room (fire, drinking/drugs/poison)

Web. 7 Mar. 2015. <<http://www.theguardian.com/books/graphic/2012/aug/07/edgar-allan-poe-death-graphic>>.

## Using Edgar Allan Poe's Poetry

**2009** In the following speech from Shakespeare's play *Henry VIII*, Cardinal Wolsey considers his sudden downfall from his position as advisor to the king. Spokesmen for the king have just left Wolsey alone on stage. Read the speech carefully. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how Shakespeare uses elements such as allusion, figurative language, and tone to convey Wolsey's complex response to his dismissal from court.

**2010** Read carefully the following poem by Marilyn Nelson Waniek. Then write an essay analyzing how Waniek uses literary techniques to develop the complex meanings that the speaker attributes to The Century Quilt. You may wish to consider such elements as structure, imagery, and tone.

**2011** The following poem is by the contemporary poet Li-Young Lee. Read the poem carefully. Then write a well-developed essay in which you analyze how the poet conveys the complex relationship of the father and the son through the use of literary devices such as point of view and structure.

**2012** In the following poem by Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), the speaker addresses the subject of desire. Read the poem carefully. Then write a well-developed essay in which you analyze how poetic devices help to convey the speaker's complex attitude toward desire.

**2013** Carefully read the following poem by Mary Oliver. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how Oliver conveys the relationship between the tree and family through the use of figurative language and other poetic techniques.

**2014** The following poem is by the sixteenth-century English poet George Gascoigne. Read the poem carefully. Then write an essay in which you analyze how the complex attitude of the speaker is developed through such devices as form, diction, and imagery.

**In the following poem by Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849), the speaker addresses the subject of science. Read the poem carefully. Then write an essay in which you analyze how poetic devices help to convey the speaker's attitude toward science.**

### Sonnet—To Science

By Edgar Allan Poe

Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art!  
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.  
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,  
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?  
How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,  
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering  
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,  
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?  
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,  
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood  
To seek a shelter in some happier star?  
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,  
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me  
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

*"Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art!  
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.  
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,  
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities? "*

He calls science, a true daughter of Old Time who changes all things by looking at them with peering eyes and inflicts emotional damage upon the vulnerable poet and a vulture, focused on dull reality.

Here Poe compares science to a "true daughter of Old Time" and a "Vulture." Both comparisons help make a case against science and cast it in a negative light. The reference to time reminds the reader of death and decay, both of which come with time. Without time, after all, there would be no reason to worry about deadlines and responsibilities, and one could devote oneself completely to reverie. The reference to a vulture, similarly, conjures up the connotations of death and decay while completing the image in the previous line of science devouring the heart of the poet.

*"How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise?  
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering  
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,  
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?"*

He questions that why should a poet love Science and the reason why he should think of it as wise when it does not permit him to indulge in imagination, even though he, the poet, perseveres it with undaunted courage.

This image of the poor brave poet with his heart being preyed upon as he is simply trying to enjoy the beauty of the stars presents a victimized character to the reader.

*"Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?"*

In Roman mythology, Diana was the hunting goddess, and an emblem of chastity. Car indicates Diana's chariot. Now science has vanquished the hunt, leaving Diana aimless and lost.

*"And driven the Hamadryad from the wood  
To seek a shelter in some happier star?"*

**Hamadryad: Greek & Roman Mythology** -A wood nymph who lives only as long as the tree, of which she is the spirit, lives. Now with the advent of science, The Hamadryad does not tend to the old forests; but science explains the cycle of photosynthesis.

*"Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood"*

In Greek mythology, the Naiads were a type of nymph who presided over fountains, wells, springs, streams, and brooks. Now instead of the Naiad, nymph of fresh water, being the source of the flood, science can come up with dreary explanations involving weather patterns.

*"The Elfin from the green grass, and from me  
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?"*

The term "Elfin" (relating to or suggestive of an elf) is actually an adjective, but Poe uses it here as a noun. Science has brought about the termination of the poet's "summer dream"; readers have no choice but to understand that there are immense differences in the meanings of the words he meticulously chooses.

The wood nymph Hamadryad, the water nymph Naiad, and Diana, goddess of wild animals, all conjure up notions of magic, beauty, and imagination.

Science's crime of destroying these beautiful myths is made all the worse by the poem's harsh language. The vulture has not just nudged the mythical figures out of the picture, but has "dragged Diana from her car" and "torn the Naiad from her flood. Thus through its sonnet structure, metaphor, allusions, diction, and alliteration, "Sonnet: To Science" laments the effects of science on poetry and imagination.

**Alliteration** plays a role here, as well. While some of the poem's alliteration—the repetition of g's in "green grass" and of t's in "tamarind tree", for example—may serve only to create pleasing aural effects or to unify lines, others provide an aural complement to a violent image. The repetition of p's in "preyest" and "poets", for instance, suggests the thumping one might expect to hear from a vulture pecking at a carcass, and the repetition of d's in "dragged Diana" mimics the thrashing of a woman being pulled from a carriage against her will.

### Question 2 (1994)

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following two poems are about Helen of Troy. Renowned in the ancient world for her beauty, Helen was the wife of Menelaus, a Greek king. She was carried off to Troy by the Trojan prince Paris, and her abduction was the immediate cause of the Trojan War.

Read the two poems carefully. Considering such elements as speaker, diction, imagery, form, and tone, write a well-organized essay in which you contrast the speakers' views of Helen.

<p><b>To Helen</b></p> <p>Helen, thy beauty is to me Like those Nicéan barks of yore, That gently, o'er a perfumed sea, The weary, way-worn wanderer bore To his own native shore.</p> <p>On desperate seas long wont to roam, Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face, Thy Naiad<sup>1</sup> airs have brought me home To the glory that was Greece, And the grandeur that was Rome.</p> <p>Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche How statue-like I see thee stand, The agate lamp within thy hand! Ah, Psyche<sup>2</sup>, from the regions which Are Holy-Land!</p> <p>— Edgar Allan Poe</p> <p><sup>1</sup>In Greek mythology, Nais are water nymphs who live in lakes, rivers, springs, and fountains <sup>2</sup>The personification of the human soul who married Cupid, the god of love.</p>	<p><b>Helen</b></p> <p>All Greece hates the still eyes in the white face, the lustre as of olives where she stands, and the white hands.</p> <p>All Greece reviles the wan face when she smiles, hating it deeper still when it grows wan and white, remembering past enchantments and past ills.</p> <p>Greece sees, unmoved, God's daughter, born of love, the beauty of cool feet and slenderest knees, could love indeed the maid, only if she were laid, white ash amid funereal cypresses.</p> <p>— H.D.: <i>Collected Poems, 1912-1944</i>. Copyright ©1982 by the Estate of Hilda Doolittle. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corporation. U.S. and Canadian rights only.</p>
--	---

### Sample II 9

In these two poems dedicated to the myth of Helen, the authors differ in their views of Helen. Edgar Allan Poe praises and worships the beauty of Helen. H.D. in contrast reviles her for her treachery and is unmoved by her beauty. Both poets use elements such as speaker, diction, imagery, form, and tone to make his point of view.



The first poem by Edgar Allan Poe is written in a lyric style with euphonic rhythm to his words. He uses apostrophe to address Helen as if she is standing on a pedestal before him when he says, "Helen, thy beauty is to me ..." Poe also employs similes such as "like to those Nicean bark ... bore to his own native land" to praise her for being the catalyst of the Trojan destiny. The poem is also in end rhyme and masculine rhyme to add to the harmonious flow of the words. The tone is praising and clearly worshipful as seen by the use "thy" & the descriptions of Helen as "thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face." Alliteration such as "weary, way-worn wanderer" adds to the flow of the words and emphasizes the weariness of men searching for their destiny. The descriptions of Rome are of exhausted men coming "home" to the "grandeur that was Rome." In the last stanza, especially Poe introduces exclamations and repetitions of consonant and vowel sounds to praise Helen for her beauty and her role in the founding of great Rome.

However, in the next poem by H.D. the point of view is from the Greek perspective. Helen here is portrayed as a traitor to her country and not even her superficial beauty can enchant them anymore. Helen is described as "white" and words such as "ash" and "funereal cypresses" provoke an image of death — almost as if she has become a spirit to them, no longer corporeal, real, or youthful. It's as if the Greeks have matured and now learn the treachery behind the beauty. The whole poem is in end rhyme also, but the tone is bitter and disgusted. When the author says, "All Greece reviles the wan face when she smiles," it provokes an image of the country practically spitting with hatred and vengeance at the traitor. The repetition of the word "past" from line 10 and in line 11 and the contrast between "enchantments" and "ills" shows the readers how foolish the Greeks think themselves to have been as they look back to the events in the past. Also the way the poem is written, without any indentations and punctuation marks except for commas & a period at the end of each stanza, makes it seem as if Greece is such standing still — tall, stand, unbending, and immovable or penetrable. Each stanza also begins with "Greece", adding to the image of the country rejecting someone they had once openly embraced.

The two poems by Poe and H.D. have different views of Helen. Poe is worshipful and celebratory as he writes from his point of view of Troy and the great future Rome. H.D. writes from the Greek perspective and stands cold and distant from Helen. Each uses speaker, tone, diction, imagery, and form to emphasize his point of view. Poe sets Helen on a pedestal, while the Greeks stand immobile and look back to the little Helen and her treachery.

### Sample F 9

The first poem by Edgar Allan Poe is a profession of love for Helen's beauty. whereas the second poem is a statement of the hate caused by Helen's beauty.

The Poe passage, written in the first person, uses very careful diction to exalt Helen's beauty. Adjectives like "gently ... perfumed" describing the sea to which Helen is compared, communicate a quality of serenity and calmness inherent in her beauty, as does the alliteration of "weary, way-worn wanderer."

The imagery of the narrator "long wont to roam [on desperate seas]" gives the reader a sense of isolation and loss, until Helen's beauty "brought me home" to comfort and luxury and familiarity. The description of Helen's beauty is also present in images like "hyacinth hair," "classic face" and "Naiad airs," which recall "the grandeur that was Rome," and "the glory that was Greece." For the speaker, Helen is a source of comfort and glory and majesty.

The poem is written in iambic tetrameter, for the most part, and divided into five line stanzas with a gradually constant rhyming pattern. The stability and order of such a literal arrangement provides the perfect atmosphere in which to pay homage to Helen's beauty.

The tone is one of infatuation and romance, particularly noticeable in the comparison of Helen to "Psyche, from the regions which / are Holy-Land."

In the second poem, this time written in the third person, the speaker's diction is very ironic. He, too, describes Helen's beauty with phrases such as "beauty of cool feet," "slenderest knees," and "the white face." But they are used to a different end. These professions of beauty serve to remind the Greek people of "past ills," and they consequently hate Helen.

The images of beauty are used for the same ironic effect. her face growing "wan and white," causes the Greeks to hate her face "deeper still." The fact that she is "God's daughter, born of love," increases Greece's loathing. The final, very unsettling image of Helen as "white ash among funereal cypresses," does not leave much ambiguity for the reader. It is clear that, according to the author, Greece would like to see Helen dead.

The poem is written with inconsistent meter, inconsistent stanza length (one is five lines, one is six lines and the last is seven lines) and inconsistent rhyming pattern. Furthermore, the rhymes are not quite perfect rhymes; "still-ills," "unmoved-love," and "feet-knees." All of these qualities make the reader feel disconcerted and not quite at ease. This is the atmosphere in which the author can convincingly insult Helen and her beauty.

The speaker's tone is ironic, sarcastic, and harshly bitter. His point is that Helen's beauty is the reason

Greece was ravaged by war and suffering. Therefore, the Greeks have cause to hate her, not love her.

### Sample PP 9

The heroine status of Helen of Troy has been debated throughout mythic history. The two poems about Helen reveal two completely conflicting views of her. While Poe establishes Helen as a beautiful heroine to be admired and longed for, H.D. shows the hate and enmity for Helen's deceit. The completely different styles of the two poems both emphasize the contrasting views and also contribute to each persona's opinion of Helen. [The style of the poems reflect the content and contribute to the poems' themes.] They different stylistic elements and figurative language in each poem stress the differing interpretations of Helen of Troy.

Poe's style and structure contributes to the persona's romantic notions of Helen of Troy. The diction is lofty and archaic setting an atmosphere of mythic and classical Romans and chivalry. The poem has a rather strict form and adheres to poetic conventionalism. The rhyme scheme varies per stanza but the rhyme contributes to an ode-like romantic tone. The poem is rhythmic and the meter is basically iambic tetrameter, but it is broken to emphasize Helen's beauty & uniqueness. The form of the poem and convention establishes the poem as a romantic appeal to Helen (in the form of an apostrophe from her lover. The poem also follows the convention of a dramatic monologue, for the speaker is definitively not the poet and the persona speaks to Helen who isn't there.

H.D.'s style and structure by contrast emphasizes her persona's completely different perception of Helen. Her diction is plain yet educated. There is rhyme but the rhyme scheme changes, and she also creates slant rhyme emphasizing the distaste for Helen. The slant rhyme and innovative form (undercut) undermine notions of Helen's purity because the poem itself is not pure. The rhyme is also enjambed which emphasizes key words such as "hates" and allows the poem to flow more cohesively. The innovation in rhyme and form signify that the poem's style equals the content. H.D.'s style is more modern as are the persona's notions of Helen. Another aspect of modernism in the poem is the myth as an arbitrary means of ordering art, and here H.D. actually uses the myth of Helen, not just the myth of human behavior to order her art and to contribute to her theme.

Poe's figurative language contributes to the persona's overall tone and to the theme of Helen's grace and beauty. Poe alludes throughout the poem to past history and myth stressing the ancient, classical beauty of Helen. He uses female metaphors throughout such as the sea to stress Helen's femininity. The persona speaks of his love for Helen by comparing himself to a wanderer away from his shore or away from Helen. Poe is invariably alluding to Home, for Odysseus is known by the epithet "way-wanderer." Helen could either be Odysseus' wife whom he longs to return to, or she could be the sirens, dangerously calling to Odysseus and threatening his death. Hence the speaker's desire is so strong for Helen it almost overcomes him. As the persona roams like a sailor on the sea he thinks of Helen's fair face. He claims that she brought Greece's glory and Roe's grandeur. Through her beauty Helen is both powerful and majestic. Then in the last stanza Helen holds a lamp, perhaps the torch of victory. The light symbolizes the persona's love for Helen, which becomes something holy and sacred through: "Holy-Land." This land is where the persona comes home to find Helen's love and beauty, as similarly the soldiers came home from the war.

In contrast, H.D.'s innovative figurative language emphasizes the persona's antipathy for Helen. She begins with a general statement that all of Greece despises Helen. Her metaphor of Helen's "lustre" to olives is interesting. "Olives" evokes a classical, mythical image, yet Helen wouldn't want to be shining like an olive. H.D. continues the poem with other awry images and puns, stressing the persona's distaste. H.D. achieves modernish detachment of the narrator through her generalities. Greece "reviles" Helen for her past evils and deceptions on the people of Greece. Greece, itself, is personified through metaphors, and, therefore, the persona stresses the broad scope of hatred for Helen. "Greece sees" is a pun on sees. for Greece not only realizes her deceit, but her deceptions are based on the sea. Interestingly, Helen is God's daughter.; yet Greece is unmoved [?] by any spirituality unless she is dead. "Laid" is another pun, but all Greece desires is not Helen's beauty but her death.

The intellectual complexity of each poem contrasts sharply. Poe's irony is achieved through a dramatic monologue or an apostrophe, and through his rich language revealing an insatiable yet futile love for Helen. He also stresses a nostalgic yearning for the past & an unattainable ideal (Helen). H.D.'s intellectual complexity is achieved through the paradoxes

Printed below is the opening to *The Fall of the House of Usher*. Read the opening carefully. Then write an essay in which you show how the author uses literary devices to achieve his purpose.

Opening to <b>The Fall of the House of Usher</b> by Edgar Allan Poe	My Notes
<p><i>DURING</i> the whole of a <u>dull, dark, and soundless day</u> in the <u>autumn</u> of the year, when the <u>clouds hung oppressively low</u> in the heavens, I had been passing <u>alone</u>, on horseback, through a <u>singularly dreary</u> tract of country; and at length found myself, as the <u>shades of the evening</u> drew on, within view of the <u>melancholy</u> House of Usher. I know not how it was --but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me --upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain --upon the bleak walls -- upon the vacant eye-like windows --upon a few rank sedges --and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees --with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium --the bitter lapse into everyday life --the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart --an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it --I paused to think -- what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there are combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down --but with a shudder even more thrilling than before --upon the remodelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.</p> <p>Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had</p>	<p>Note the words I have underlined. How do they help establish the mood and atmosphere? <i>What sort of rhythm is established by the alliteration and rhyming suffixes?</i></p> <p>How does the writer maintain this atmosphere through the remainder of the opening two paragraphs?</p>

<p>elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country --a letter from him -- which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness --of a mental disorder which oppressed him --and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best, and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said --it the apparent heart that went with his request --which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.</p>	
---	--

**You're on your own.**

I have given you numerous hints about the poem on the right hand side.

Now impress me with your ability to complete a full analysis.

No further help, no internet, no dictionary, no phones, **just you.**

**After your analysis, write the introduction to an essay in which you describe the speaker's attitude toward life and death.**

<p><b>The Conqueror Worm</b> by Edgar Allan Poe</p>	<p><b>Hints</b></p>
<p>Lo! 'tis a gala night            Within the <u>lonesome</u> latter years!            An angel throng, <u>bewinged, bedight</u>            In veils, and <u>drowned in tears</u>,            Sit in a theatre, to see            A <u>play of hopes and fears</u>,            While the orchestra <u>breathes</u> fitfully            The music of the <u>spheres</u>.</p> <p><u>Mimes</u>, in the form of <u>God on high</u>,  <i>Mutter</i> and <i>mumble</i> low,            And hither and thither fly-  <i>Mere</i> puppets they, who come and go            At bidding of <u>vast formless things</u>            That shift the scenery to and fro,            Flapping from out their <u>Condor wings</u>            Invisible Woe!</p> <p>That <u>motley</u> drama- oh, be sure            It shall not be forgot!</p>	<p>Time near the end of life            bewinged: having wings/bedight: dressed            hyperbole</p> <p>life            implied metaphor: comparing orchestra to            the wind            planets and other celestial bodies</p> <p>mimics: think they are God, but puppets            manipulated by dark forces  <i>alliteration</i></p> <p>winged demons presenting scenes of            temptation - Condor is a large vulture</p> <p>much diversity, many colors</p>

<p>With its <u>Phantom</u> chased for evermore, By a crowd that <u>seize it not</u>, <u>Through a circle that ever returneth in</u> <u>To the self-same spot</u>, And much of Madness, and more of Sin, And Horror the soul of the plot.</p> <p>But see, <i>amid the mimic rout</i> A crawling shape intrude! A blood-red thing that writhes from out The <i>scenic solitude!</i> It writhes!- it writhes!- with <u>mortal pangs</u> The mimes become its food, And seraphs sob at <u>vermin fangs</u> <u>In human gore imbued</u>.</p> <p><u>Out- out are the lights- out all!</u> And, over each quivering form, <u>The curtain, a funeral pall,</u> Comes down with the rush of a storm, While the angels, all pallid and <u>wan</u>, Uprising, unveiling, affirm That the play is the tragedy, "<u>Man</u>," And its <u>hero the Conqueror Worm</u>.</p>	<p>hopes and dreams unable to catch up with the Phantom recalls Tantalus: water and fruit recede out of reach/and Sisyphus: rolled stone uphill, stone rolled down and he repeated. The "actors" in Poe's drama repeat their journey only to wind up where they started.</p> <p>noisy, disorderly crowd <i>alliteration</i></p> <p>deadly desire; hunger</p> <p>destructive, annoying, injurious</p> <p>filled or colored with clotting blood</p> <p>anaphora</p> <p>metaphor</p> <p>wan and man are an "eye rhyme"</p> <p>The final "conqueror"</p>
--	--

Through most of *The Premature Burial*, the narrator establishes that premature burials sometimes occur, the narrator explains that the stifling lack of air and fear of death combines with claustrophobia, darkness, and silence to form a terrifying ordeal that does not occur anywhere else on Earth. The narrator cites example after example, and then confirms these observations with a story from his own experience. He has a history of catalepsy, and whenever he has a fit, he lies senseless in a trance where his muscles barely move. The state closely resembles death, but most of the time the onset of the condition is gradual, so that the sufferer's friends are aware of his catalepsy. The narrator's case is textbook, and he generally either slowly goes into a swoon and suddenly recovers or becomes immediately cataleptic and wakes slowly. Otherwise his health is good, although he tends to wake from sleep in a state of confusion. As the reader progresses to the end of the story, the focus changes to an extremely personal one for the narrator.

**Below is the ending to *The Premature Burial* by Edgar Allan Poe. Read the passage carefully. Then in a well-organized essay, show how Poe's techniques convey the impact of the experience on the narrator.**

.....My nerves became thoroughly unstrung, and I fell a prey to perpetual horror. I hesitated to ride, or to walk, or to indulge in any exercise that would carry me from home. In fact, I no longer dared trust myself out of the immediate presence of those who were aware of my proneness to catalepsy, lest, falling into one of my usual fits, I should be buried before my real condition could be ascertained. I doubted the care, the fidelity of my dearest friends. I dreaded that, in some trance of more than customary duration, they might be prevailed upon to regard me as irrecoverable. I even went so far as to fear that, as I occasioned much trouble, they might be glad to consider any very protracted attack as sufficient excuse for getting rid of me altogether. It was in vain they endeavored to reassure me by the most solemn promises. I exacted the most sacred oaths, that under no circumstances they would bury me until decomposition had so materially advanced as to render farther preservation impossible. And, even then, my mortal terrors would listen to no reason -- would accept no consolation. I entered into a series of elaborate precautions. Among other things, I had the family vault so remodelled as to admit of being readily opened from within. The slightest pressure upon a long lever that extended far into the tomb would cause the iron portal to fly back. There were arrangements also for the free admission of air and light, and convenient receptacles for food and water, within immediate reach of the coffin intended for my reception. This coffin was warmly and softly padded, and was provided with a lid, fashioned upon the principle of the vault-door, with the addition of springs so contrived that the feeblest movement of the body would be sufficient to set it at liberty. Besides all this, there was suspended from the roof of the tomb, a large bell, the rope of which, it was designed, should extend through a hole in the coffin, and so be fastened to one of the hands of the corpse. But, alas? what avails the vigilance against the Destiny of man? Not even these well-contrived securities sufficed to save from the uttermost agonies of living inhumation, a wretch to these agonies foredoomed!

There arrived an epoch -- as often before there had arrived -- in which I found myself emerging from total unconsciousness into the first feeble and indefinite sense of existence. Slowly -- with a tortoise gradation -- approached the faint gray dawn of the psychal day. A torpid uneasiness. An apathetic endurance of dull pain. No care -- no hope -- no effort. Then, after a long interval, a ringing in the ears; then, after a lapse still longer, a prickling or tingling sensation in the extremities; then a seemingly eternal period of pleasurable quiescence, during which the awakening feelings are struggling into thought; then a brief re-sinking into non-entity; then a sudden recovery. At length the slight quivering of an eyelid, and immediately thereupon, an electric shock of a terror, deadly and indefinite, which sends the blood in torrents from the temples to the heart. And now the first positive effort to think. And now

the first endeavor to remember. And now a partial and evanescent success. And now the memory has so far regained its dominion, that, in some measure, I am cognizant of my state. I feel that I am not awaking from ordinary sleep. I recollect that I have been subject to catalepsy. And now, at last, as if by the rush of an ocean, my shuddering spirit is overwhelmed by the one grim Danger -- by the one spectral and ever-prevalent idea.

For some minutes after this fancy possessed me, I remained without motion. And why? I could not summon courage to move. I dared not make the effort which was to satisfy me of my fate -- and yet there was something at my heart which whispered me it was sure. Despair -- such as no other species of wretchedness ever calls into being -- despair alone urged me, after long irresolution, to uplift the heavy lids of my eyes. I uplifted them. It was dark -- all dark. I knew that the fit was over. I knew that the crisis of my disorder had long passed. I knew that I had now fully recovered the use of my visual faculties -- and yet it was dark -- all dark -- the intense and utter raylessness of the Night that endureth for evermore.

I endeavored to shriek-, and my lips and my parched tongue moved convulsively together in the attempt -- but no voice issued from the cavernous lungs, which oppressed as if by the weight of some incumbent mountain, gasped and palpitated, with the heart, at every elaborate and struggling inspiration.

The movement of the jaws, in this effort to cry aloud, showed me that they were bound up, as is usual with the dead. I felt, too, that I lay upon some hard substance, and by something similar my sides were, also, closely compressed. So far, I had not ventured to stir any of my limbs -- but now I violently threw up my arms, which had been lying at length, with the wrists crossed. They struck a solid wooden substance, which extended above my person at an elevation of not more than six inches from my face. I could no longer doubt that I reposed within a coffin at last.

And now, amid all my infinite miseries, came sweetly the cherub Hope -- for I thought of my precautions. I writhed, and made spasmodic exertions to force open the lid: it would not move. I felt my wrists for the bell-rope: it was not to be found. And now the Comforter fled for ever, and a still sterner Despair reigned triumphant; for I could not help perceiving the absence of the paddings which I had so carefully prepared -- and then, too, there came suddenly to my nostrils the strong peculiar odor of moist earth. The conclusion was irresistible. I was not within the vault. I had fallen into a trance while absent from home-while among strangers -- when, or how, I could not remember -- and it was they who had buried me as a dog -- nailed up in some common coffin -- and thrust deep, deep, and for ever, into some ordinary and nameless grave.

As this awful conviction forced itself, thus, into the innermost chambers of my soul, I once again struggled to cry aloud. And in this second endeavor I succeeded. A long, wild, and continuous shriek, or yell of agony, resounded through the realms of the subterranean Night.

"Hillo! hillo, there!" said a gruff voice, in reply.

"What the devil's the matter now!" said a second.

"Get out o' that!" said a third.

"What do you mean by yowling in that ere kind of style, like a cattymount?" said a fourth; and hereupon I was seized and shaken without ceremony, for several minutes, by a junto of very rough-looking individuals. They did not arouse me from my slumber -- for I was wide awake when I screamed -- but they restored me to the full possession of my memory.

This adventure occurred near Richmond, in Virginia. Accompanied by a friend, I had proceeded, upon a gunning expedition, some miles down the banks of the James River. Night approached, and we were overtaken by a storm. The cabin of a small sloop lying at anchor in the stream, and laden with garden mould, afforded us the only available shelter. We made the best of it, and passed the night on board. I slept in one of the only two berths in the vessel -- and the berths of a sloop of sixty or twenty tons need scarcely be described. That which I occupied had no bedding of any kind. Its extreme width was eighteen inches. The distance of its bottom from the deck overhead was precisely the same. I found it a matter of exceeding difficulty to squeeze myself in. Nevertheless, I slept soundly, and the whole of my vision -- for it was no dream, and no nightmare -- arose naturally from the circumstances of my position -- from my ordinary bias of thought -- and from the difficulty, to which I have alluded, of collecting my senses, and especially of regaining my memory, for a long time after awaking from slumber. The men who shook me were the crew of the sloop, and some laborers engaged to unload it. From the load itself came the earthly smell. The bandage about the jaws was a silk handkerchief in which I had bound up my head, in default of my customary nightcap.

The tortures endured, however, were indubitably quite equal for the time, to those of actual sepulture. They were fearfully -- they were inconceivably hideous; but out of Evil proceeded Good; for their very excess wrought in my spirit an inevitable revulsion. My soul acquired tone -- acquired temper. I went abroad. I took vigorous exercise. I breathed the free air of Heaven. I thought upon other subjects than Death. I discarded my medical books. "Buchan" I burned. I read no "Night Thoughts" -- no fustian about churchyards -- no bugaboo tales -- such as this. In short, I became a new man, and lived a man's life. From that memorable night, I dismissed forever my charnel apprehensions, and with them vanished the cataleptic disorder, of which, perhaps, they had been less the consequence than the cause.

There are moments when, even to the sober eye of Reason, the world of our sad Humanity may assume the semblance of a Hell -- but the imagination of man is no Carathis, to explore with impunity its every cavern. Alas! the grim legion of sepulchral terrors cannot be regarded as altogether fanciful -- but, like the Demons in whose company Afrasiab made his voyage down the Oxus, they must sleep, or they will devour us -- they must be suffered to slumber, or we perish.