

International College of Manitoba
English 1400: Thematic Approaches to Literature
Gothic Monsters and Narratives of Unbelonging

In Class Stylistic Analysis #2

Term: Fall 2017

Time: Thursday 16 November, 2017

Duration: 3 hours

Professor Kim Olynyk

Analyze one (1) of the following passages and write three **(3) paragraphs**, which take into account elements of the passage's structure and larger meaning. Refer to the techniques used for analyzing literature, for example dramatic structure, sentence structure, irony, figurative language (simile, metaphor, personification), foreshadowing, point of view, tone, setting, themes, and imagery to name only a few. Choose **three (3)** stylistic literary or narrative devices for your analysis. In your first paragraph provide the name of the author, title and date of publication of the text. Briefly summarize in one (1) or two (2) sentences the significance of the passage to the overall importance of the story in your introductory paragraph. Next, summarize the passage and link the significance of the passage to the moral or main theme of unbelonging and the motif of gothic monsters that we studied this term. Finally, provide a statement to introduce your literary or narrative devices.

In the second (2) paragraph examine your literary or narrative devices and provide textual citations from the passage to support the significant use of each device. Link each device back to the larger meaning and the importance of this passage to the overall dramatic structure in the work.

In the third (3) and final paragraph reiterate the literary devices you analyzed and discuss the importance of these devices to the overall dramatic structure by linking your observations and analyses to the significant theme of unbelonging.

Ensure you double-space your work. Use the MLA format and add your own title. You do not need a Works Cited.

Passage 1

He passed on and ascended the stairs, still holding my hand, and still beckoning the gentlemen to follow him, which they did. We mounted the first staircase, passed up the gallery, proceeded to the third storey: the low, black door, opened by Mr. Rochester's master-key, admitted us to the tapestried room, with its great bed and its pictorial cabinet.

"You know this place, Mason," said our guide; "she bit and stabbed you here."

He lifted the hangings from the wall, uncovering the second door: this, too, he opened. In a room without a window, there burnt a fire guarded by a high and strong fender, and a lamp suspended from the ceiling by a chain. Grace Poole bent over the fire, apparently cooking something in a saucepan. In the deep shade, at the farther end of the room, a figure ran backwards and forwards. What it was, whether beast or human being, one could not, at first sight, tell: it grovelled, seemingly, on all fours; it snatched and growled like some strange wild animal: but it was covered with clothing, and a quantity of dark, grizzled hair, wild as a mane, hid its head and face.

"Good-morrow, Mrs. Poole!" said Mr. Rochester. "How are you? and how is your charge to-day?"

"We're tolerable, sir, I thank you," replied Grace, lifting the boiling mess carefully on to the hob: "rather snappish, but not 'rageous.'"

A fierce cry seemed to give the lie to her favourable report: the clothed hyena rose up, and stood tall on its hind-feet.

"Ah! sir, she sees you!" exclaimed Grace: "you'd better not stay."

"Only a few moments, Grace: you must allow me a few moments."

"Take care then, sir!—for God's sake, take care!"

The maniac bellowed: she parted her shaggy locks from her visage, and gazed wildly at her visitors. I recognised well that purple face,—those bloated features. Mrs. Poole advanced.

"Keep out of the way," said Mr. Rochester, thrusting her aside: "she has no knife now, I suppose, and I'm on my guard." "One never knows what she has, sir: she is so cunning: it is not in mortal discretion to fathom her craft." "We had better leave her," whispered Mason. "Go to the devil!" was his brother-in-law's recommendation. "'Ware!" cried Grace. The three gentlemen retreated simultaneously. Mr. Rochester flung me behind him: the lunatic sprang and

grappled his throat viciously, and laid her teeth to his cheek: they struggled. She was a big woman, in stature almost equalling her husband, and corpulent besides: she showed virile force in the contest—more than once she almost throttled him, athletic as he was. He could have settled her with a well-planted blow; but he would not strike: he would only wrestle. At last he mastered her arms; Grace Poole gave him a cord, and he pinioned them behind her: with more rope, which was at hand, he bound her to a chair. The operation was performed amidst the fiercest yells and the most convulsive plunges. Mr. Rochester then turned to the spectators: he looked at them with a smile both acrid and desolate.

“That is my wife,” said he. “Such is the sole conjugal embrace I am ever to know—such are the endearments which are to solace my leisure hours! And this is what I wished to have” (laying his hand on my shoulder): “this young girl, who stands so grave and quiet at the mouth of hell, looking collectedly at the gambols of a demon, I wanted her just as a change after that fierce ragout. Wood and Briggs, look at the difference! Compare these clear eyes with the red balls yonder—this face with that mask—this form with that bulk; then judge me, priest of the gospel and man of the law, and remember with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged! Off with you now. I must shut up my prize.”

Passage 2

“There must be a few loose bricks in the chimney., I noticed it wasn’t drawing well. . .Did you hear me darling”?

“What happened tonight? Ever since Ruth and your mother arrived you’ve been acting like a shrew. At the landing you were cold and at dinner aloof and sullen and after dinner you were beastly”.

“I wasn’t expecting guests.”

“But your own people, I thought you’d be pleased.”

“Don’t let’s quarrel”.