

F403 Aspects of the Novel 9.30 – 11am
OLLI Spring Session 2012 – Tallwood
Kay Menchel

Class 8- Tuesday 5/8/12

Epistolary Novel

Letter 7: Cécile Volanges to Sophie Carnay*

If I have told you nothing on the subject of my marriage it is because I know no more now than I did at the beginning. I am growing used to thinking no more about it and I find life in other ways agreeable enough. I work a great deal at my singing and at my harp: I seem to like it more now that I no longer have a music master, or rather the fact is that I have a better one. The Chevalier Darceny, the gentleman I mentioned to you, with whom I sang at Madame de Merteuil's is kind enough to come here every day and sing with me for whole hours at a time. He is extremely amiable. He sings like an angel and composes the prettiest tunes for which he writes the words as well.

...

Besides Madame de Merteuil, he is the only person here who is agreeable. But good-bye, my dear: I promised to learn an arietta with a very difficult accompaniment for today, and I don't want to break my word. I shall go back to work until he comes.

7 August 17—

* So as not to try the patience of the reader, a large part of the daily correspondence between these ladies has been suppressed. Only those letters appear which are necessary to an understanding of the course of events. For the same reason all Sophie Carnay's letters, and several written by others who figure in this history, have been omitted.

Choderos De Laclos *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*

Letter 1

Lady Susan Vernon to Mr Vernon
Langford, December

My dear brother,

I can no longer refuse myself the pleasure of profiting by your kind invitation when we parted, of spending some weeks with you at Churchill, and therefore, if quite convenient to you and Mrs Vernon to receive me at present, I shall hope within a few days to be introduced to a sister whom I have so long desired to be acquainted with...

Letter 2

Lady Susan Vernon to Mrs Johnson
Langford

You are mistaken my dear Alicia, in supposing me fixed at this place for the rest of the winter.

...

I take town in my way to that insupportable spot, a country village, for I am really going to Churchill. Forgive me my dear friend, it is my last resource. Were there another place in England open to me, I would prefer it. Charles Vernon is my aversion, and I am afraid of his wife. At Churchill however, I must remain until I have something better in view...

Jane Austen *Lady Susan*

Endings

We are now, reader, arrived at the last stage of our long journey. As we have therefore, travelled together through so many pages, let us behave to one another like fellow-travellers, in a stage coach, who have passed several days in the company of each other; and who, notwithstanding any bickerings or little animosities which may have occurred on the road, generally make up at last, and mount, for the last time, into their vehicle with cheerfulness and good humour; since after this one stage, it may possibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

Henry Fielding *A History of Tom Jones, A Foundling*

The anxiety, which in this state of their attachment must be the portion of Henry and Catherine, and of all who loved either, as to its final event, can hardly extend, I fear, to the bosom of my readers, who will see in the tell-tale compression of the pages before them, that we are all hastening together to perfect felicity.

Jane Austen *Northanger Abbey*

I am very quiet. Let the months and years come, they can take nothing from me, they can take nothing more. I am so alone, and so without hope that I can confront them without fear. The life that has borne me through these years is still in my hands and eyes. Whether I have subdued it, I know not. But so long as it is there it will seek its own way out, heedless of the will that is within me.

He fell in October 1918, on a day that was so quiet and still on the whole front, that the army report confined itself to a single sentence: All quiet on the Western Front.

He had fallen forward and lay on the earth as though sleeping. Turning him over one saw that he could not have suffered long; his face had an expression of calm, as though almost glad the end had come.

Erich Maria Remarque *All Quiet On The Western Front*

“Why can’t we be friends now?” said the other, holding him affectionately. “It’s what I want. It’s what you want.”

But the horses didn’t want it – they swerved apart; the earth didn’t want it, sending up rocks through which riders must pass single file; the temples, the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the carrion, the Guest House, that came into view as they issued from the gap and saw mau beneath: they didn’t want it, they said in their hundred voices, “No, not yet,” and the sky said, “No, not there.”

E.M. Forster *A Passage to India*

We shall come back, no doubt, to walk down the Row and watch young people on the tennis courts by the clump of mimosas and walk down the beach by the bay, where the diving floats lift gently in the sun, and on out to the pine grove, where the needles thick on the ground will deaden the footfall so that we shall move among trees as soundlessly as smoke. But that will be a long time from now, and soon now we shall go out of the house and go into the convulsion of the world, out of history into history and the awful responsibility of Time.

Robert Penn Warren *All The King’s Men*

“How the devil did Rick L. Tucker manage to get hold of a gu”

William Golding *The Paper Men*