

L419 Aspects of the Novel 11.50 – 1.15
OLLI Spring Session 2013 – Loudoun
Kay Menchel

Class 3

Intertextuality

Hereupon Punch Costello dinged with his fist upon the board and would sing a bawdy catch Staboo Stabella about a wench that was put in pod of a jolly swashbuckler in Almany which he did now attack: The first three months she was not well, Staboo, when here nurse Quigley from the door angerly bid them hist ye should shame you nor was it not meet as she remembered them being her mind was to have all orderly against lord Andrew came for because she was jealous that not gasteful turmoil might shorten the honour of her guard

Meanwhile the skill and patience of the physician had brought about a happy accouchement. It had been a weary weary while both for patient and doctor. All that surgical skill could do was done and the brave woman had manfully helped. She had. She had fought the good fight and now she was very very happy. Those who have passed on, who have gone before, are happy too as they gaze down and smile upon the touching scene. Reverently look at her as she reclines there with the motherlight in her eyes, that longing hunger for baby fingers (a pretty sight it is to see), in the first bloom of her new motherhood, breathing a silent prayer of thanksgiving to One above, the Universal Husband. And as her loving eyes behold her babe she wishes only one blessing more, to have her dear Doady there with her to share her joy, to lay in his arms that mite of God's clay, the fruit of their lawful embraces. He is older now (you and I may whisper it) and a trifle stooped in the shoulders yet in the whirligig of years a grave dignity has come to the conscientious second accountant of the Ulster bank, College Green branch.

James Joyce *Ulysses* Episode 14 Oxen of the Sun

“We must try to haul this mainsail close up,” I said. The shadows swayed away from me without a word. Those men were the ghosts of themselves, and their weight on a rope could be no more than the weight of a bunch of ghosts. Indeed, if ever a sail was hauled up by sheer spiritual strength it must have been that sail; for, properly speaking, there was not muscle enough for the task in the whole ship, let alone the miserable lot of us on deck.

Joseph Conrad *The Shadow-Line*

The mariners all gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools –
We were a ghastly crew.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

My father's pride, always touchy, had been injured to the quick. It would be no use telling him that she had only said that she didn't know, that she hadn't turned him down, that she had expressed a perfectly reasonable doubt, perhaps even a doubt a lawyer must express, that his own lawyer would express when my father set this project before him. I saw that maybe Caroline had mistaken what we were talking about, and spoken as a lawyer when she should have spoken as a daughter. On the other hand, perhaps she hadn't mistaken anything at all, and had simply spoken as a woman rather than as a daughter. That was something, I realized in a flash, that Rose and I were pretty careful never to do.

Jane Smiley *A Thousand Acres*

Cordelia Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
 According to my bond, no more nor less.

William Shakespeare *King Lear I.i*

Plot

Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show. To begin my life with the beginning of my life, I record that I was born (as I have been informed and believe) on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night. It was remarked that the clock began to strike, and I began to cry, simultaneously.

Charles Dickens *David Copperfield*

...she wondered, wondered, shuffling back through a fat deckful of days which seemed (wouldn't she be first to admit it?) more or less identical, or all pointing the same way subtly like a conjurer's deck, any odd one readily clear to a trained eye.

Thomas Pynchon *The Crying of Lot 49*

When a man's partner is killed he's supposed to do something about it. It doesn't make any difference what you thought of him. He's your partner and you're supposed to do something about it. Then it happens we were in the detective business. Well, when one of your organization gets killed it's bad business to let the killer get away with it. It's bad all around – bad for that one organization, bad for every detective everywhere.

Dashiell Hammett *The Maltese Falcon*

Coincidence

The pale young gentleman and I stood contemplating one another in Barnard's Inn until we both burst out laughing. "The idea of its being you!" said he. "The idea of its being *you!*" said I. And then we contemplated one another afresh, and laughed again. "Well!" said the pale young gentleman, reaching out his hand good humouredly, "its all over now, I hope, and it will be magnanimous in you if you'll forgive me for having knocked you about so."

Charles Dickens *Great Expectations*

...by-and-by I hear a steamboat coughing along down the river – then I says to myself, spose Tom Sawyer come down on that boat? – and spose he steps in here, any minute, and sings out my name before I can throw him a wink to keep quiet?

So I started for town in the wagon, and when I was half-way I see a wagon coming, and sure enough it was Tom Sawyer, and I stopped and waited till he come along.

Mark Twain *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*