

R421 Aspects of the Novel
OLLI Spring Session 2015 - Reston
Kay Menchel

Class 5- Thursday 4/23

Stream of Consciousness

***The Sound and the Fury* William Faulkner**

...
Quentin
I stopped
what do you want
in the woods the tree frogs were going smelling rain in the air they sounded like toy music
boxes that were hard to turn and the honeysuckle
come here
what do you want
come here Quentin
I went back she touched my shoulder leaning down her shadow the blur of her face leaning
down from his high shadow I drew back
look out
you go on home
Im not sleepy Im going to take a walk
wait for me at the branch
Im going for a walk
Ill be there soon wait for me you wait
no Im going through the woods
I didnt lookback the tree frogs didnt pay me any mind the gray light like moss in the trees
drizzling but still it wouldnt rain after a while I turned went back to the edge of the woods
as soon as I got there I began to smell honeysuckle...

.....

... i will never do that nobody knows what I know and he i think youd better go on up to
cambridge right away you might go up into maine for a month you can afford it if you are
careful it might be a ggod thing watching pennies has healed more scars than jesus and i
suppose i realise what you believe i will realise up there next week or next month and he
then you will remember that for you to go to Harvard has been your mothers dream since
you were born and no compson has ever disappointed a lady and i temporary it will be
better for me for all of us and he every man is the arbiter of his own virtues....

***Mrs. Dalloway* Virginia Woolf**

For it was the middle of June. The war was over, except for someone like Mrs. Foxcroft at the Embassy last night eating her heart out because that nice boy was killed and now the old manor House must go to a cousin; or lady Bexborough who opened a bazaar, they said, with the telegram in her hand, John, her favourite, killed; but it was over; thank Heaven – over. It was June. The King and Queen were at the Palace. And everywhere, though it was still so early, there was a beating, a stirring of galloping ponies, tapping of cricket bats; Lords, Ascot, Ranelagh and all the rest of it; wrapped in the soft mesh of the grey-blue morning air, which as the day wore on, would unwind them, and set down on their lawns and pitches the bouncing ponies, whose forefeet just struck the ground and up they sprang, the whirling young men, and laughing girls in their transparent muslins, who, even now, after dancing all night, were taking their absurd wooly dogs for a run; and even now, at this hour, discreet old dowagers were shooting out in their motor cars on errands of mystery; and the shopkeepers were fidgeting in their windows with their paste and diamonds, their lovely old sea green brooches in eighteenth century settings to tempt Americans (but one must economise, not buy things rashly for Elizabeth), and she too, loving it as she did with an absurd and faithful passion, being part of it, since her people were courtiers once in the time of the Georges, she, too, was going that very night to kindle and illuminate; to give her party. But how strange, on entering the Park, the silence; the mist; the hum; the slow-swimming happy ducks; the pouched birds waddling; and who should be coming along with his back against the Government buildings, most appropriately, carrying a dispatch box stamped with the Royal Arms, who but Hugh Whitbread; her old friend Hugh – the admirable Hugh.

Metafiction

***Northanger Abbey* Jane Austen**

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 extent, 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.