

ELE – SESSION 2010

FAITS DE LANGUE

ELE 3B - 2010

DOCUMENT B

ELE 3

Germantown, two hours from Philadelphia in America,
August 1, 1725

To all good friends and acquaintances at Schwarzenau, Berleburg, Laasphe and Christianseck.

(...) In order that I describe this country briefly and objectively, you should know that it is a good and free country, for everyone can live according to his will and knowledge. The Children of God find a Pella¹ therein, where they are secure from outward persecution. The hermits have the best opportunity, the greedy find fodder in abundance, the hard workers find
5 enough to do. Those who are content with little easily attain outward peace of mind.

It is also especially a gathering place for many hundreds of restless and eccentric people. It seems also as if the constellation of our horizon greatly favours the artful. The place is filled with so many scheming people that one can hardly believe what intrigues are here thought of. One must certainly not imagine that this is a paradise. It is rather Babylon just as much as
10 across the water. One hears with horror what luxury prevails in Philadelphia, and it only lacks licensing the houses of prostitution for things to have reached the limit. The rapidly approaching judgment day will hardly spare our borders.

The all-too-great abundance to which everyone can easily attain has, according to my opinion, brought many sincere souls to great spiritual danger. There are still, to be sure, many
15 souls who have a pleasing understanding. Most, however, have barricaded themselves into sects and groups. The Brethren have erected a fence around themselves; they admit and expel, and are jealous and quarrelsome with others. The Mennonites conduct things somewhat more honourably. In the meantime, may God help us to the true insight of our Savior. The Quaker society is the largest. There may well be several thousand, but they (also) say, 'Here is the temple of the Lord.' I have very little knowledge where quiet souls exist, here and there, but
20 God knows well. Whoever wants to be very secluded can remain hidden here his entire life.

Dear friends, I do not know anything else that is necessary to write you. If, as it seems, some of you plan to migrate here, it is hard for me to advise you. The country is very good, to be sure, but if a person is discontented he is badly off no matter where he is. Wherever one
25 communes with himself, and seeks heaven in himself, he has made the right move. On the other hand, when he retains the world within himself, and seeks still more outside of himself, he loses God and Christ, heaven and salvation. If I had known the goodness and love of God before, and about the world, myself, and what all lives within me and is capable of living there, I would not have moved one step away in order to have a better life, until I was
30 persecuted. I do not regret, however, that I migrated here, now that I am here... [...]

Now then, I close, commending you to the grace of God, and I remain,

Your loyal fellow pilgrim
John Christopher Saur²

Donald F. Durnbaugh, 'Christopher Sauer, Pennsylvania-German Printer :
His Youth in Germany and Later Relationships with Europe'
in The Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography (PMHB), LXXXII (1958).

¹ Pella = *asylum*

² Christopher Saur is a German printer from Wittgenstein who emigrated to America in 1724.

Document B

ELE 4

I'd been poring over maps of the United States in Paterson for months, even reading books about the pioneers and savoring names like Platte and Cimarron and so on, and on the road map was one long red line called Route 6 that led from the tip of Cape Cod clear to Ely, Nevada, and there dipped down to Los Angeles. I'll just stay on all the way to Ely, I said to myself and confidently started. To get to 6

5 I had to go up to Bear Mountain. Filled with dreams of what I'd do in Chicago, in Denver, and then finally in San Fran, I took the Seventh Avenue Subway to the end of the line at 242nd Street, and there took a trolley into Yonkers; in downtown Yonkers I transferred to an outgoing trolley and went to the city limits on the east bank of the Hudson River. If you drop a rose in the Hudson River at its mysterious source in the Adirondacks, think of all the places it journeys as it goes to sea forever—

10 think of that wonderful Hudson Valley. I started hitching up the thing. Five scattered rides took me to the desired Bear Mountain Bridge, where Route 6 arched in from New England. It began to rain in torrents when I was let off there. It was mountainous. Route 6 came over the river, wound around a traffic circle, and disappeared into the wilderness. Not only was there no traffic but the rain ^{came} ~~come~~ down in buckets and I had no shelter. I had to run under some pines to take cover; this did no good; I

15 began crying and swearing and socking myself on the head for being such a damn fool. I was forty miles north of New York; all the way up I'd been worried about the fact that on this, my big opening day, I was only moving north instead of the so-longed-for west. Now I was stuck on my northernmost hangup. I ran a quarter-mile to an abandoned cute English-style filling station and stood under the dripping eaves. High up over my head the great hairy Bear Mountain sent down thunderclaps that put

20 the fear of God in me. All I could see were smoky trees and dismal wilderness rising to the skies. "What the hell am I doing up here?" I cursed, I cried for Chicago. "Even now they're all having a big time, they're doing this, I'm not there, when will I get there!"—and so on. Finally a car stopped at the empty filling station; the man and the two women in it wanted to study a map. I stepped right up and gestured in the rain; they consulted; I looked like a maniac, of course, with my hair all wet, my shoes

25 sopping. My shoes, damn fool that I am, were Mexican huaraches, plantlike sieves not fit for the rainy night of America and the raw road night. But the people let me in and rode me back to Newburgh, which I accepted as a better alternative than being trapped in the Bear Mountain wilderness all night. "Besides," said the man, "there's no traffic passes through 6. If you want to go to Chicago you'd be better going across the Holland Tunnel in New York and head for Pittsburgh," and I knew he was

30 right. It was my dream that screwed up, the stupid hearthside idea that it would be wonderful to follow one great red line across America instead of trying various roads and routes.

Jack Kerouac, *On the Road* (Viking Press, 1957)

DOCUMENT C

ELE 7

5 Until the great climacteric of 1945 there existed in England an elaborate and flexible class structure which influenced, and often determined, all social and personal relations. It was the growth of centuries and so complex that no foreigner and few natives could completely comprehend it. There were recognizable a small, heterogeneous highest class and a lowest class scarcely larger or more homogeneous – the nomadic, destitute, outlawed. These classes occupied an entirely disproportionate place in our literature and, accordingly, in the impression of ourselves which we gave to the world. Between them lay an infinity of gradations so subtle and various that most Englishmen were aware only of the strata immediately below and above their own. Up and down through these delicate shades of
10 superiority individuals and families were perpetually on the move, tending in general to oscillate about the line of origin, but sometimes making spectacular ascents or falls. The processes were described respectively as the stability of society, the career open to talent, and the punishment of folly.

15 Since the general election there is a group in power committed to the obliteration of these distinctions. It is plain to the unprejudiced observer that they will not at once succeed and that when they fall it will be to a group more vigorous than themselves in prosecuting this aim. It is also plain that they, in their turn, will find ancient habits hard to eradicate. The classless society, if and when it comes, will not be the fruit of purely English methods; it will come through foreign intervention and by the use of “social engineering” of the sort that is
20 prevalent in half of what was once Europe. The British state will have to be declared a danger to peace by UN and a punitive expedition sent to occupy the reactionary islands. Judicial murder, mass deportations and the “psychological conditioning” of young children will be the means. They are not applicable this year or next year; they may even be delayed for a generation. Meanwhile we have the immediate problem of what to do with the upper classes.

25 They are, so far as the outside world is concerned, the sole, finished product of what is thought to be English culture. They created the English landscape, figuratively and literally; the whole national ingenuity has been organized to supply their peculiar needs. The foreigner, reading our history, supposes that they provided not only the statesmen and admirals and diplomats but also the cranks, aesthetes and revolutionaries; they formed our speech, they
30 directed our artists and architects; they sent adventurous younger sons all over the world; they created and preserved our conceptions of justice and honour and forbearance; all mention of the middle and lower classes might be expunged from our record and leave only trifling gaps. That is what the foreigner thinks. We in England know – or we should know now, for the thing has been shrieked at us ever since Mr Bracken assumed direction of our minds – that all
35 our past achievements were in fact the work of anonymous, common men. But in the eyes of the world we have been equalled and often surpassed by other peoples in most of the arts of peace and war; our sole, unique, historic creation is the English Gentleman. He still exists. Can he be made useful to the workers in the awkward interim period before his final extermination?

Evelyn Waugh, “What to do with the Upper Classes - A Modest Proposal”, in *Town and Country*, September 1946

DOCUMENT B

ELE 8

“Aziz, don’t chatter. We are having a very sad talk.”

The hookah had been packed too tight, as was usual in his friend’s house, and bubbled sulkily. He coaxed it. Yielding at last, the tobacco jetted up into his lungs and nostrils, driving out the smoke of burning cow-dung that had filled them as he rode through the bazaar. It was delicious. He lay in a trance, sensuous but healthy, through which the talk of the two others did not seem particularly sad – they were discussing as to whether or not it is possible to be friends with an Englishman. Mahmoud Ali argued that it was not, Hamidullah disagreed, but with so many reservations that there was no friction between them. Delicious indeed to lie on the broad veranda with the moon rising in front and the servants preparing dinner behind, and no trouble happening.

“Well, look at my own experience this morning.”

“I only contend that it is possible in England,” replied Hamidullah, who had been to that country long ago, before the big rush, and had received a cordial welcome at Cambridge.

“It is impossible here. Aziz! The red-nosed boy has again insulted me in court. I do not blame him. He was told that he ought to insult me. Until lately he was quite a nice boy, but the others have got hold of him.”

“Yes, they have no chance here, that is my point. They come out intending to be gentlemen, and are told it will not do. Look at Lesley, look at Blakiston, now it is your red-nosed boy, and Fielding will go next. Why, I remember when Turton ~~came~~^{came} out first. It was in another part of the Province. You fellows will not believe me, but I have driven with Turton in his carriage – Turton! Oh yes, we were once quite intimate. He has shown me his stamp collection.”

“He would expect you to steal it now. Turton! But red-nosed boy will be far worse than Turton!”

“I do not think so. They all become exactly the same – not worse, not better. I give any Englishman two years, be he Turton or Burton. It is only the difference of a letter. And I give any Englishwoman six months. All are exactly alike. Do you not agree with me?”

“I do not,” replied Mahmoud Ali, entering into the bitter fun, and feeling both pain and amusement at each word that was uttered. “For my own part I find such profound differences among our rulers. Red-nose mumbles, Turton talks distinctly, Mrs Turton takes bribes, Mrs Red-nose does not and cannot, because so far there is no Mrs Red-nose.”

“Bribes?”

“Did you not know that when they were lent to Central India over a canal scheme some rajah or other gave her a sewing machine in solid gold so that the water should run through his state?”

“And does it?”

“No, that is where Mrs Turton is so skilful. When we poor blacks take bribes, we perform what we are bribed to perform, and the law discovers us in consequence. The English take and do nothing. I admire them.”

“We all admire them. Aziz, please pass me the hookah.”

“Oh, not yet – hookah is so jolly now.”

“You are a very selfish boy.” He raised his voice suddenly, and shouted for dinner. Servants shouted back that it was ready. They meant that they wished it was ready, and were so understood, for ^{* point doubt} nobody moved. Then Hamidullah continued, but with changed manner and evident emotion.

“But take my case – the case of young Hugh Bannister. Here is the son of my dear, my dead friends, the Reverend and Mrs Bannister, whose goodness to me in England I shall never forget or describe. They were father and mother to me, I talked to them as I do now. In the vacations their rectory became my home. They entrusted all their children to me – I often carried little Hugh about – I took him up to the funeral of Queen Victoria, and held him in my arms above the crowd.”

“Queen Victoria was a little different,” murmured Mahmoud Ali.

“I learn now that this boy is in business as a leather merchant at Cawnpore. Imagine how I long to see him and to pay his fare that this house may be his home. But it is useless. The other Anglo-Indians will have got hold of him long ago. He will probably think that I want something, and I cannot face that from the son of my old friends. Oh, what in this country has gone wrong with everything, Vakil Sahib? I ask you.”

Aziz joined in. “Why talk about the English? Brrr ...! Why be either friends with the fellows or not friends? Let us shut them out and be jolly. Queen Victoria and Mrs Bannister were the only exceptions, and they’re dead.”

E.M. Forster, *A Passage to India*, London, Penguin Books, 1989 [1924], pp. 33-35.

DOCUMENT B

ELE 9

Recorded at New York City
LETTER FROM AMERICA
 By **Alistair Cooke**

No. 2547:

Ode to Mr Blair: Olde England over Cool Britannia

Monday, December 8, 1997

A week or two ago, we woke up to read a prominent dispatch from London which has been syndicated and published in many cities throughout the country. It was a rousing appeal from Prime Minister Blair to arise and go now - not to Innisfree - or any other romantic relic of the past, but to come and see modern Britain. In short, to forget the old sentimental tourist's image of England - cute villages and thatched cottages, and tea and crumpets, and Lord Peter Wimsey with his butler poking around in somebody's garden looking for the character who killed the vicar's wife.

Britain today, Mr. Blair rightly declared, is a country thoroughly at home in the late twentieth century, a leader in some science research, pulsing with modern technology and bustling, forward-looking entrepreneurs - and go-getting can-do businessmen. No more poky old red pillar boxes - or was it telephone booths? No more judges with white wigs.

Everywhere you go in the New Britain, he maintained, you'd see something modern - even post-post modern. He might have been quoting a stirring line from W. H. Auden: "Look shining on new styles of architecture, a change of heart." Incidentally, W. H. Auden left that line out of a later printing of the poem. He explained in a footnote that he must have been swept away by a gust of romantic emotion. In fact, he wrote, "I hate new styles of architecture .. I greatly prefer the old."

There he put his finger on what I suspect is going to be the point of this talk. My wife put it in a blunter way as soon as she'd finished reading Mr. Blair's appeal to come and see the Brave New Britain, she said: "Going to lose a million tourists."

The mention, in that appeal, of thatched cottages made me think of Monday evenings on the national network of public television in this country. One of the perennial, seemingly never dying series, is Agatha Christie's Miss Marple stories - and I believe (indeed I know from surveys that have been taken) that its lasting appeal here is not so much the ingenuity of the plots, or even the familiar characters who play them out - but the picture of rural England that is more firmly and endearingly impressed every week: those winding lanes and thatched cottages and the smoke rising from the old chimney of an old inn, with Tudor beams and crackling wood fire - and the genial bobbies with helmets coming on a footprint and saying, "Hell-oh."

To its devoted middle-aged and old audience, it's the Britain they used to know, or want to know. And Americans who have never been to England are only vaguely aware, if at all, that it's England in the 1920s and early 30s.

http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/programmes/letter_from_america/37906.stm

DOCUMENT A

ELE 10

... A joke. A nigger joke. That was the way it got started. Not the town, of course, but that part of the town where the Negroes lived, the part they called the Bottom in spite of the fact that it was up in the hills. Just a nigger joke. The kind the white folks tell when the mill closes down and they're looking for a little comfort somewhere. The kind colored folks tell on themselves when the rain doesn't come for weeks, and ~~there~~ ^{they're} looking for a little comfort somehow.

A good white farmer promised freedom and a piece of bottom land to his slave if he would perform some difficult chores. When the slave completed the work, he asked the farmer to keep his end of the bargain. Freedom was easy – the farmer had no objection to that. But he didn't want to give up any of his land. So he told the slave that he was very sorry that he had to give him valley land. He had hoped to give him a piece of the Bottom. The slave blinked and said he thought valley land was bottom land. The master said, "Oh, no! See those hills? That's Bottom land, rich and fertile."

"But it's high up in the hills," said the slave.

"High up from us," said the master, "but when God looks down, it's the bottom. That's why we call it so. It's the bottom of heaven – best land there is."

So the slave pressed his master to try to get him some. He preferred it to the valley. And it was done. The nigger got the hilly land, where planting was backbreaking, where the soil slid down and washed away the seeds, and where the wind lingered all through the winter.

Which accounted for the fact that white people lived on the rich valley floor in that little river town in Ohio, and the blacks populated the hills above it, taking small consolation in the fact that every day they could literally look down on the white folks.

Still, it was lovely up in the Bottom. After the town grew and the farm turned into a village and the village into a town and the streets of Medallion were hot and dusty with progress, those heavy trees that sheltered the shacks up in the Bottom were wonderful to see. And the hunters who went there sometimes wondered in private if maybe the white farmer was right after all. Maybe it was the bottom of heaven.

The black people would have disagreed, but they had no time to think about it. They were mightily preoccupied with earthly things...

Toni Morrison, *Sula* (New York: Vintage, 1973), pp. 4-6.

DOCUMENT B

ELE 13

I am one of the millions who follow Names from cinema to cinema. The star system may be all wrong -- it has implications I hardly know of in the titanic world of Hollywood, also it is, clearly, a hold-up to proper art -- but I cannot help break it down. I go to see So-and-So. I cannot fitly quarrel with this magnification of personalities, while I find I can do with almost unlimited doses of anybody exciting, anybody with beauty (in my terms), verve, wit, style, *toupet* and, of course

5 glamour. What do I mean by glamour? A sort of sensuous gloss: I know it to be synthetic, but it affects me strongly. It is a trick knowingly practised on my most fuzzy desires; it steals a march on me on my silliest side. But all the same, in being subject to glamour I experience a sort of elevation. It brings, if not into life at least parallel to it, a sort of fairy-tale element. It is a sort of

10 trumpet call, mobilising the sleepy fancy. If a film is to get across, glamour somewhere, in some form -- moral, if you like, for it can be moral -- cannot be done without. The Russians break with the bourgeois-romantic conception of personality; they have scrapped sex-appeal as an annex of singularising, anti-social love. But they still treat with glamour; they have transferred it to mass movement, to a heroicised pro-human emotion. I seek it, in any form. *

15 To get back to my star: I enjoy sitting opposite him or her, the delights of intimacy without the onus, high points of possession without the strain. This could be called in-operative love. Relationships in real life are made arduous by their reciprocities; one can too seldom simply sit back. The necessity to please, to shine, to make the most of the moment, overshadows too many meetings. And apart from this -- how seldom in real life (or so-called real life) does

20 acquaintanceship, much less intimacy, with dazzling, exceptional beings come one's way. How very gladly, therefore, do I fill the gaps in my circle of ideal society with these black- and-white personalities, to whom absence of colour has added all the subtleties of tone. Directly I take my place; I am on terms with these Olympians; I am close to them with nothing at all at stake. Rapture lets me suppose that for me alone they display the range of their temperaments, their

25 hesitations, their serious depths. I find them not only dazzling but sympathetic. They live for my eye. Yes, and I not only perceive them but am them; their hopes and fears are my own; their triumphs exalt me. I am proud for them and in them. Not only do I enjoy them; I enjoy in them a vicarious life.

Nevertheless, I like my stars well supported. If a single other character in the film beside them be

30 unconvincing or tin-shape, the important illusion weakens; something begins to break down. I like to see my star played up to and played around by a cast that is living, differentiated and definite. The film must have background, depth, its own kind of validity. Hollywood, lately, has met this demand: small parts are being better and better played. Casts are smallish, characters clear-cut, action articulates. (Look at *It Happened One Night*, *She Married Her Boss*, *My Man Godfrey*.)

35 There is family-feeling inside a good film -- so that the world it creates is valid, water-tight, *probable*.

What a gulf yawns between improbability -- which is desolating -- and fantasy -- which is dream-probability, likeliness on an august, mad plane.

Elizabeth Bowen, "Why I Go to the Cinema" in Charles Davy (ed.), *Footnotes to the Film* (1937)

DOCUMENT C

ELE 14

Partly from curiosity, and partly from idleness, I went into the lecturing room, which M. Waldman entered shortly after. This professor was very unlike his colleague. He appeared about fifty years of age, but with an aspect expressive of the greatest benevolence; a few grey hairs covered his temples, but those at the back of his head were nearly black. His person was short, but remarkably erect; and his voice the sweetest I had ever heard. He began his lecture by a recapitulation of the history of chemistry, and the various improvements made by different men of learning, pronouncing with fervour the names of the most distinguished discoverers. He then took a cursory view of the present state of the science, and explained many of its elementary terms. After having made a few preparatory experiments, he concluded with a panegyric upon modern chemistry, the terms of which I shall never forget: –

‘The ancient teachers of this science,’ said he, ‘promised impossibilities, and performed nothing. The modern masters promise very little; they know that metals cannot be transmuted, and that the elixir of life is a chimera. But these philosophers, whose hands seem only made to dabble in dirt, and their eyes to pore over the microscope or crucible, have indeed performed miracles. They penetrate into the recesses of nature, and show how she works in her hiding-places. They ascend into the heavens: they have discovered how the blood circulates, and the nature of the air we breathe. They have acquired new and almost unlimited powers; they can command the thunders of heaven, mimic the earthquake, and even mock the invisible world with its own shadows.’

Such were the professor's words – rather let me say such the words of the fate – enounced to destroy me. As he went on, I felt as if my soul were grappling with a palpable enemy; one by one the various keys were touched which formed the mechanism of my being: chord after chord was sounded, and soon my mind was filled with one thought, one conception, one purpose. So much has been done, exclaimed the soul of Frankenstein – more, far more, will I achieve: treading in the steps already marked, I will pioneer a new way, explore unknown powers, and unfold to the world the deepest mysteries of creation.

MARY SHELLY. *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*
(London : Penguin Books, 2003 [1st ed. 1818]), pp 48-49

DOCUMENT A

ELE 21

5 He and Ann had been married twenty-nine years (she was seven or eight years younger than he was). In that time he'd held various jobs involving the security of overseas branches of British and American corporations. He now worked on a consulting basis, advising mainly on fire safety, something of a drop in status and income, considering the living to be made in terror.

10 They'd lived in Egypt, Nigeria, Panama, Turkey, Cyprus, East Africa, the Sudan and Lebanon. These stays were anywhere from one year to four. They'd lived elsewhere, including the States, for shorter periods, and they'd been through a number of things, from house arrest and deportation, Cairo '56, to heavy shelling and infectious hepatitis, Beirut '76. Ann talked about these episodes in a tone of remote sadness, as if they were things she'd heard about or read in the newspaper. Maybe she felt unqualified to share the emotions of the native-born. The Lebanese were the victims, Beirut was the tragedy, the world was the loser. She never mentioned what they themselves had lost in any of the places they'd lived. It was Charles, finally, who told me that everything in their small home in Cyprus had been stolen or
15 destroyed when the Turks rolled over the countryside and he implied this was only one of several ruinous events. They'd seemed, the troops, to have a deep need to pull things out of walls, whatever was jutting - pipes, taps, valves, switches. The walls themselves they'd smeared with shit.

20 There was a protocol of coping, of making do, and Ann was expert. I was learning that reticence was fairly common in such matters. There was a sense in which people felt it was self-incriminating to speak out against these violations. I thought I sometimes detected in people who had lost property or fled, most frequently in Americans, some mild surprise that it hadn't happened sooner, that the men with the six-day beards hadn't come much earlier to burn them out, or uproot the plumbing, or walk off with the prayer rugs they'd bargained for
25 in the souk and bought as investments - for the crimes of drinking whiskey, making money, jogging in shiny suits along the boulevards at dusk. Wasn't there a sense, we Americans felt, in which we had it coming?

30 Port Harcourt, Nigeria, Ann said, was the only real regret. There was sweet crude in the delta, a howling loneliness. Charles was doing security and safety for a refinery built by Shell and British Petroleum. She fled to Beirut and the war in the streets. The marriage lost some of its conviction but made eventual gains in the category of rueful irony when BP's assets were nationalized.

Don DE LILLO, *The Names* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1982), pp. 33-34.

Document B

ELE 23

OF course there was a large Chinese population in Virginia--it is the case with every town and city on the Pacific coast. They are a harmless race when white men either let them alone or treat them no worse than dogs; in fact they are almost entirely harmless anyhow, for they seldom think of resenting the vilest insults or the cruelest injuries. They are quiet, peaceable, tractable, free from drunkenness, and they are as industrious as the day is long. A disorderly Chinaman is rare, and a lazy one does not exist. So long as a Chinaman has strength to use his hands he needs no support from anybody; white men often complain of want of work, but a Chinaman offers no such complaint; he always manages to find something to do. He is a great convenience to everybody--even to the worst class of white men, for he bears the most of their sins, suffering fines for their petty thefts, imprisonment for their robberies, and death for their murders. Any white man can swear a Chinaman's life away in the courts, but no Chinaman can testify against a white man. Ours is the "land of the free"--nobody denies that--nobody challenges it. [Maybe it is because we won't let other people testify.] As I write, news comes that in broad daylight in San Francisco, some boys have stoned an inoffensive Chinaman to death, and that although a large crowd witnessed the shameful deed, no one interfered.

[...]The chief employment of Chinamen in towns is to wash clothing. They always send a bill, like this below, pinned to the clothes. It is mere ceremony, for it does not enlighten the customer much. Their price for washing was \$2.50 per dozen--rather cheaper than white people could afford to wash for at that time. A very common sign on the Chinese houses was: "See Yup, Washer and Ironer"; "Hong Wo, Washer"; "Sam Sing Ah Hop, Washing." The house servants, cooks, etc., in California and Nevada, were chiefly Chinamen. There were few white servants and no Chinawomen so employed. Chinamen make good house servants, being quick, obedient, patient, quick to learn and tirelessly industrious. They do not need to be taught a thing twice, as a general thing. They are imitative. If a Chinaman were to see his master break up a centre table, in a passion, and kindle a fire with it, that Chinaman would be likely to resort to the furniture for fuel forever afterward.

All Chinamen can read, write and cipher with easy facility--pity but all our petted voters could. In California they rent little patches of ground and do a deal of gardening. They will raise surprising crops of vegetables on a sand pile. They waste nothing. What is rubbish to a Christian, a Chinaman carefully preserves and makes useful in one way or another. He gathers up all the old oyster and sardine cans that white people throw away, and procures marketable tin and solder from them by melting.

He gathers up old bones and turns them into manure. In California he gets a living out of old mining claims that white men have abandoned as exhausted and worthless--and then the officers come down on him once a month with an exorbitant swindle to which the legislature has given the broad, general name of "foreign" mining tax, but it is usually inflicted on no foreigners but Chinamen. This swindle has in some cases been repeated once or twice on the same victim in the course of the same month--but the public treasury was not additionally enriched by it, probably.[...]

They are a kindly disposed, well-meaning race, and are respected and well treated by the upper classes, all over the Pacific coast. No Californian gentleman or lady ever abuses or oppresses a Chinaman, under any circumstances, an explanation that seems to be much needed in the East. Only the scum of the population do it--they and their children; they, and, naturally and consistently, the policemen and politicians, likewise, for these are the dust-licking pimps and slaves of the scum, there as well as elsewhere in America.

Mark Twain, *Roughing It*, Chapter LIV, 1872

Document A

ELE 24

Being thus arrived in a good harbor, and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of Heaven who had brought them over the fast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element. And no marvel if they were thus joyful, seeing wise Seneca
 5 was so affected with sailing a few miles on the coast of his own Italy, as he affirmed, that he had rather remain twenty years on his way by land than pass by sea to any place in a short time, so tedious and dreadful was the same unto him.

But here I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition; and so I think will the reader, too, when he well considers the same. Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by that which went before), they had now no friends to welcome them nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodies; no houses or much less towns to repair to, to seek for succour. It is recorded in Scripture as a mercy to the Apostle and his shipwrecked company, that the barbarians showed them no small kindness in refreshing them, but these * point double
 15 savage barbarians, when they met with them (as after will appear) were readier to fill their sides full of arrows than otherwise. And for the season it was winter, and they know that the winters of that country know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men – and
 20 what multitudes there might be of them they knew not. Neither could they, as it were, go up to the top of Pisgah to view from this wilderness a more goodly country to feed their hopes; for which way soever they turned their eyes (save upward to the heavens) they could have little solace or content in respect of any outward objects. For summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weatherbeaten face, and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue. If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world. [...]

What could now sustain them but the Spirit of God and His grace? May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: "Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great
 30 ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and He heard their voice and looked on their adversity," etc. "Let them therefore praise the Lord, because He is good: and his mercies endure forever." "Yea, let them which have been redeemed of the Lord, show how He hath delivered them from the hand of the oppressor. When they wandered in the desert wilderness out of the way, and found no city to dwell in, both hungry and thirsty, their soul was overwhelmed in them. Let them confess before the Lord His loving
 35 kindness and His wonderful works before the sons of men."

William Bradford, *Of Plymouth Plantation*, 1650.

DOCUMENT A

ELE 26

Rock is eating its young. Rock musicians are America's most wasted natural resource.

Popular music and film are the two great art forms of the twentieth century. In the past twenty-five years, cinema has gained academic prestige. Film courses are now a standard part of the college curriculum and grants are routinely available to noncommercial directors.

5 But rock music has yet to win the respect it deserves as the authentic voice of our time. Where rock goes, democracy follows. The dark poetry and surging Dionysian rhythms of rock have transformed the consciousness and permanently altered the sensoriums of two generations of Americans born after World War Two.

10 Rock music should not be left to the Darwinian laws of the marketplace. This natively American art form deserves national support. Foundations, corporations and Federal and state agencies that award grants in the arts should take rock musicians as seriously as composers and sculptors. Colleges and universities should designate special scholarships for talented rock musicians. Performers who have made fortunes out of rock are ethically obligated to finance such scholarships or to underwrite independent agencies to support needy musicians.

15 In rock, Romanticism still flourishes. All the Romantic archetypes of energy, passion, rebellion and demonism are still evident in the brawling, boozing bad boys of rock, storming from city to city on their lusty, groupie-dogged trail.

20 But the Romantic outlaw must have something to rebel against. The pioneers of rock were freaks, dreamers and malcontents who drew their lyricism and emotional power from the gritty rural traditions of white folk music and African-American blues.

Rock is a victim of its own success. What once signified rebellion is now only a high-school affectation. White suburban youth, rock's main audience, is trapped in creature comforts. Everything comes to them secondhand, through TV. And they no longer have direct contact with folk music and blues, the oral repositories of centuries of love, hate, suffering and redemption.

25 In the Sixties, rock became the dominant musical form in America. And with the shift from singles to albums, which allowed for the marketing of personalities, it also became big business. The gilded formula froze into place. Today, scouts beat the bushes for young talent, squeeze a quick album out of the band, and put them on the road. "New" material is stressed. Albums featuring cover tunes of classics, as in the early Rolling Stones records, are discouraged.

30 From the moment the Beatles could not hear themselves sing over the shrieking at Shea Stadium in the mid-Sixties, the rock concert format has become progressively less conducive to music-making. The enormous expense of huge sound systems and grandiose special effects has left no room for individualism and improvisation, no opportunity for the performers to respond to a particular audience or to their own moods. The show, with its army of technicians, is as fixed and rehearsed as the Ziegfeld Follies. Furthermore, the concert experience has degenerated. The focus has switched from the performance to raucous partying in the audience.

These days, rock musicians are set upon by vulture managers, who sanitize and repackage them and strip them of their unruly free will. Like sports stars, musicians are milked to the max, then dropped and cast aside when their first album doesn't sell.

40 Managers offer all the temptations of Mammon to young rock bands: wealth, fame and easy sex. There is not a single public voice in the culture to say to the musician: You are an artist, not a money machine. Don't sign the contract. Don't tour. Record only when you are ready. Go off on your own, like Jimi Hendrix, and live with your guitar until it becomes part of your body.

Camille PAGLIA, "Rock as Art", in *Sex, Art and American Culture*, 1992.
(Originally published in *The New York Times*, April 16th, 1992)

Sharp-eyed readers will have noticed that I seem to be including “innovative street-fashion” in the category of “uniform” – and you might perhaps be questioning my judgement. Surely this is a contradiction? Surely the quirky, outlandish, sub-culture street-fashions – cockatoo-haired punks, Victorian-vampire Goths, scary-booted skinheads – for which the English are renowned are evidence of our eccentricity and originality, not conformist, conservative rule-following? The idea that English street-fashion is characterized by eccentricity and imaginative creativity has become a universally accepted “fact” among fashion writers – not only in popular magazines but also in academic, scholarly works on English dress. Even the normally cynical Jeremy Paxman fails to question this stereotype, reiterating the widely accepted view that English street-fashions “all express a basic belief in the liberty of the individual.” But what most people think of as English eccentricity in dress is really the opposite: it is tribalism, a form of conformity, a uniform. Punks, Goths and so on may look outlandish, but this is everyone – or rather a well-defined group – all being outlandish *in exactly the same way*. There is nothing idiosyncratic or eccentric about English street-fashions: they are just sub-cultural affiliation signals.

Designers such as Vivienne Westwood and Alexander McQueen pick up on these street-fashion trends and interpret and glamorise them on the international catwalks, and everyone says, “Ooooh how eccentric, how English,” but really there is nothing terribly eccentric about a diluted copy of a uniform. Street-fashions do not even function for very long as effective sub-cultural affiliation signals, as these styles invariably and rapidly become “mainstream”: no sooner do youth sub-cultures invent some daft new tribal costume than the avant-garde designers pick it up, then a somewhat more muted interpretation appears in the high-street shops and everyone is wearing a version of it, including one’s mother. This is infuriating for the young originators of these street-styles. English youth tribes spend a lot of time and energy trying to avoid being “mainstream” – a dirty word, used as an insult – but this does not make them eccentric, anarchic individualists; they are still conformist sheep, all disguised in the same wolf’s clothing.

The most truly eccentric dresser in the country is the Queen, who pays no attention whatsoever to fashion, mainstream or otherwise, continuing to wear the same highly idiosyncratic style of clothing (a kind of modified 1950-retro look, if you had to define it in fashion-speak, but very much her own personal taste) with no regard for anyone else’s opinion. Because she is the Queen, people call her style “classic” and “timeless” rather than eccentric or weird, politely overlooking the fact that absolutely no-one else dresses in this peculiar way. Never mind the herds of street-sheep and their *haute-couture* imitators: the Queen is the best example of English sartorial eccentricity.

Kate FOX, *Watching the English* (Hodder, 2004)

DOCUMENT C

ELE 30

By contrast, a woman's presence expresses her own attitude to herself, and defines what can and cannot be done to her. Her presence is manifest in her gestures, voice, opinions, expressions, clothes, chosen surroundings, taste - indeed there is nothing she can do which does not contribute to her presence. Presence for a woman is so intrinsic to her person that men tend to think of it as an almost physical emanation, a kind of heat or smell or aura.

To be born a woman has been to be born, within an allotted and confined space, into the keeping of men. The social presence of women has developed as a result of their ingenuity in living under such tutelage within such a limited space. But this has been at the cost of a woman's self being split in two. A woman must continually watch herself. She is almost continually accompanied by her own image of herself. Whilst she is walking across a room or weeping at the death of her father, she can scarcely avoid envisaging herself walking or weeping. From earliest childhood she has been taught and persuaded to survey herself continually.

And so she comes to consider the *surveyor* and the *surveyed* within her as the two constituent yet always distinct elements of her identity as a woman. She has to survey everything she is and everything she ~~is~~ *point down* does because how she appears to others, and ultimately how she appears to men, is of crucial importance for what is normally thought of as the success of her life. Her own sense of being herself is supplanted by a sense of being appreciated as herself by another.

Men survey women before treating them. Consequently how a woman appears to a man can determine how she will be treated. To acquire some control over this process, women must contain it and interiorize it. The part of a woman's self which is the surveyor treats the part which is surveyed so as to demonstrate to others how her whole self would like to be treated. And this exemplary treatment of herself by herself constitutes her presence. Every woman's presence regulates what is and is not 'permissible' within her presence. Every one of her actions - whatever its direct purpose or motivation - is also read as an indication of how she would like to be treated. If a woman throws a glass on the floor, this is an example of how she treats her own emotion of anger and so of how she would wish it to be treated by others. If a man does the same, his action is only read as an expression of his anger. If a woman makes a good joke this is an example of how she treats the joker in herself and accordingly of how she as a joker-woman would like to be treated by others. Only a man can make a good joke for its own sake.

One might simplify this by saying: *men act* and *women appear*. Men look at women. Women watch themselves being looked at. This determines not only most relations between men and women but also the relation of women to themselves. The surveyor of woman in herself is male: the surveyed female. Thus she turns herself into an object - and most particularly an object of vision: a sight.

John BERGER, *Ways of Seeing* (New York : Penguin Books, 1977, pp.45-47)

DOCUMENT B

ELE 32

The main conclusion arrived at in this work, namely that man is descended from some lowly-organised form, will, I regret to think, be highly distasteful to many persons. But there can hardly be a doubt that we are descended from barbarians. The astonishment which I felt on first seeing a party of Fuegians on a wild and broken shore will never be forgotten by me, for the reflection at once
 5 rushed into my mind—such were our ancestors. These men were absolutely naked and bedaubed with paint, their long hair was tangled, their mouths frothed with excitement, and their expression was wild, startled, and distrustful. They possessed hardly any arts, and like wild animals lived on what they could catch; they had no government, and were merciless to every one not of their own small tribe. He who has seen a savage in his native land will not feel much shame, if forced to
 10 acknowledge that the blood of some more humble creature flows in his veins. For my own part I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey, who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper; or from that old baboon, who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs—as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse,
 15 treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions.

Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hopes for a still higher destiny in the distant future. But we are not here concerned with hopes or fears, only with the truth as far as our reason
 20 allows us to discover it. I have given the evidence to the best of my ability; and we must acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with his god-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers—Man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible
 25 stamp of his lowly origin.

Charles DARWIN, *The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex*, vol. II, chap. XXI,
 London: John Murray, 1871, pp. 403-405.

'Pass the time?' said the Queen. 'Books are not about passing the time. They're about other lives. Other worlds. Far from wanting time to pass, Sir Kevin, one just wishes one had more of it. If one wanted to pass the time one could go to New Zealand.'

5 With two mentions of his name and one of New Zealand Sir Kevin retired hurt. Still, he had made a point and would have been gratified to know that it left the Queen troubled, and wondering why it was that at this particular time in her life she had suddenly felt the pull of books. Where had this appetite come from?

10 Few people, after all, had seen more of the world than she had. There was scarcely a country she had not visited, a notability she had not met. Herself part of the panoply of the world, why now was she intrigued by books which, whatever else they might be, were just a reflection of the world or a version of it? Books? She had seen the real thing.

15 'I read, I think,' she said to Norman, 'because one has a duty to find out what people are like,' a trite enough remark of which Norman took not much notice, feeling himself under no such obligation and reading purely for pleasure, not enlightenment, though part of the pleasure was the enlightenment, he could see that. But duty did not come into it.

20 To someone with the background of the Queen, though, pleasure had always taken second place to duty. If she could feel she had a duty to read then she could set about it with a clear conscience, with the pleasure, if pleasure there was, incidental. But why did it take possession of her now? This she did not discuss with Norman, as she felt it had to do with who she was and the position she occupied.

25 The appeal of reading, she thought, lay in its indifference: there was something lofty about literature. Books did not care who was reading them or whether one read them or not. All readers were equal, herself included. Literature, she thought, is a commonwealth; letters a republic. Actually she had heard this phrase, the republic of letters, used before, at graduation ceremonies, honorary degrees and the like, though without knowing quite what it meant. At the time talk of a republic of any sort she had thought mildly insulting and in her actual presence tactless to say the least. It was only now she understood what it meant. Books did not defer. All readers were equal, and this took her back to the beginning of her life. As a girl, one of her greatest thrills had been on VE night, when she and her sister had slipped out of the gates and mingled unrecognised with the crowds. There was something of that, she felt, to reading. It was anonymous; it was shared; it was common. And she who had left a life apart now found that she craved it. Here in these pages and between these covers she could go unrecognised. * point double *

40 These doubts and self-questionings, though, were just the beginning. Once she got into her stride it ceased to seem strange to her that she wanted to read, and books, to which she had taken so cautiously, gradually came to be her element.

Alan Bennett, *The Uncommon Reader*
(London: Faber and Faber, 2008), pp. 29-31

DOCUMENT A

ELE 35

'As some of you may know, over the last few years I have become an avid reader. Books have enriched my life in a way that one could never have expected. But books can only take one so far and now I think it is time that from being a reader I become, or try to become, a writer.'

5 The prime minister was bobbing again and the Queen, reflecting that this was what generally happened to her with prime ministers, graciously yielded the floor.

'A book, Your Majesty. Oh yes, yes. Reminiscences of your childhood, ma'am, and the war, the bombing of the palace, your time in the WAAF¹.'

'The ATS²,' corrected the Queen.

10 'The armed forces, whatever,' the prime minister galloped on. 'Then your marriage, the dramatic circumstances in which you learned you were Queen. It will be sensational. And,' he chortled, 'there's not much doubt that it will be a bestseller.'

'The bestseller,' trumped the home secretary. 'All over the world.'

15 'Ye-es,' said the Queen, 'only' – and she relished the moment – 'that isn't quite the kind of book one had in mind. That is a book, after all, that anyone can write and several people have – all of them, to my mind, tedious in the extreme. No, I was envisaging a book of a different sort.'

The prime minister, unsquashed, raised his eyebrows in polite interest. Maybe the old girl meant a travel book. They always sold well. [...]

'Who knows,' said the Queen cheerfully, 'it might stray into literature.'

'I would have thought,' said the prime minister, 'that Your Majesty was above literature.'

20 'Above literature?' said the Queen. 'Who is above literature? You might as well say one was above humanity. But, as I say, my purpose is not primarily literary: analysis and reflection. What about those ten prime ministers?' She smiled brightly. 'There is much to reflect on there. One has seen the country go to war more times than I like to recall. That, too, bears thinking about.'

25 Still she smiled, though if anyone followed suit, it was the oldest ones who had the least to worry about.

'One has met and indeed entertained many visiting heads of state, some of them unspeakable crooks and blackguards and their wives not much better.' This at least raised some rueful nods.

30 'One has given one's white-gloved hand to hands that were steeped in blood and conversed politely with men who have personally slaughtered children. One has waded through excrement and gore; to be Queen, I have often thought, the one essential item of equipment is a pair of thigh-length boots. * point double *

35 'One is often said to have a fund of common sense but that's another way of saying that one doesn't have much else and accordingly, perhaps, I have at the instance of my various governments been forced to participate if only passively in decisions I consider ill-advised and often shameful. Sometimes one has felt like a scented candle, sent in to perfume a regime, or aerate a policy, monarchy these days just a government-issue deodorant.

40 'I am the Queen and head of the Commonwealth, but there have been many times in the last fifty years when that has made me feel not pride but shame. However' – and here she stood up – 'we must not lose our sense of priorities and this is a party after all, so before I continue shall we now have some champagne?'

Alan Bennett, *The Uncommon Reader* (2007).

DOCUMENT B

ELE 39

“Teddy boys – ‘gonna rock it up – gonna rip it up’”

The teds were the first post-war, working-class dandys in the late 1950’s, a drab and dreary period in Britain after the war. They were the first rebellious folk devils, mainly from unskilled backgrounds, left out of the upward mobility of post-war British affluence, lacking grammar school education and unable to gain entrance into white-collar work, or apprenticeships into skilled trades. They confirmed the myth of the affluent worker to the affronted genteel middle class, appropriating as they did the Edwardian suiting of the prosperous upper classes, which they combined with a Mississippi gambler image, drape jackets, velvet collars, pipe trousers, crêpe-soled shoes and bootlace ties. Hall and Jefferson saw them in this way: “Thus the ‘Teddy boy’ expropriation of an upper-class style of dress ‘covers’ the gap between largely manual, unskilled near-lumpen real careers and life-chances, and the ‘all-dressed-up-and-nowhere-to-go’ experience of Saturday evening.”

The cult heroes were Brando’s menacing biker hipster, Dean the sensitive mixed-up kid, but the prime masculinity model was Memphis’s Elvis Presley. The working-class Southern boy from the wrong side of town with sexy, black movements and voice spoke beyond the United States to working-class youth everywhere. The butch image of the ted set off his dandyism to protect his masculinity – elegance was no longer ladylike. Societal reaction was outrage, as shown in this article ‘by a family doctor’: “Teddy boys are ... all of unsound mind in the sense they are all suffering from a kind of psychosis ... Because they have no mental stamina to be individualistic they had to huddle together in gangs ... It is the desire to do evil, not lack of comprehension which forces them into crime.”

Teds became responsible for everything, and off-duty soldiers were forbidden to wear the teddy boys suits. Melly reminds us of the atmosphere at the time: “The fights and cinema riots, the gang bangs and haphazard vandalism were produced by a claustrophobic situation. They were the result of a society which still held that the middle classes were entitled not only to impose moral standards on a class whose way of life was totally outside its experience; of an older generation who used the accident of war to lay down the law on every front, of a system of education which denied any creative potential and led to dead-end jobs and obligatory conscription; of a grey, colourless, shabby world where good boys played ping-pong.”

Michael Brake, *Comparative Youth Culture: the Sociology of Youth Cultures and Youth Subcultures in America, Britain and Canada*, Routledge & Kegan, 1985, p. 73-74

DOCUMENT A

ELE 40

Washing the face and hands is usually considered proper in commencing the day, but Dick was above such refinement. He had no particular dislike to dirt, and did not think it necessary to remove several dark streaks on his face and hands. But in spite of his dirt and rags there was something about Dick that was attractive. It was easy to see that if he had been clean and well dressed he would
 5 decidedly have been good-looking. Some of his companions were sly, and their faces inspired distrust; but Dick had a frank, straight-forward manner that made him a favorite.

Dick's business hours had commenced. He had no office to open. His little blacking-box was ready for use, and he looked sharply in the faces of all who passed, addressing each with, "Shine yer
 10 boots, sir?"

"How much?" asked a gentleman on his way to his office.

"Ten cents," said Dick, dropping his box, and sinking upon his knees on the sidewalk, flourishing his brush with the air of one skilled in his profession.

"Ten cents! Isn't that a little steep?"

15 "Well, you know 'taint all clear profit," said Dick, who had already set to work. "There's the *blacking* costs something, and I have to get a new brush pretty often."

"And you have a large rent too," said the gentleman quizzically, with a glance at a large hole in Dick's coat.

"Yes, sir," said Dick always ready to joke; "I have to pay such a big rent for my manshun up on Fifth Avenoo, that I can't afford to take less than ten cents a shine. I will give you a bully shine, sir."

20 "Be quick about it, for I am in a hurry. So your house is on Fifth Avenue, is it?"

"It isn't anywhere else," said Dick and Dick spoke the truth there.

"What tailor do you patronize?" asked the gentleman, surveying Dick's attire.

"Would you like to go to the same one?" asked Dick shrewdly.

25 "Well, no; it strikes me that he didn't give you a very good fit."

"This coat once belonged to General Washington," said Dick, comically. "He wore it all through the Revolution, and it got torn some, 'cause he fit so hard. When he died he told his widder to give it to some smart young feller that hadn't got none of his own; so she gave it to me. But if you 'd like it, sir, to remember General Washington by, I'll let you have it reasonable."

30 "Thank you, but I wouldn't like to deprive you of it. And did your pants come from General Washington too?"

"No, they was a gift from Lewis Napoleon. Lewis had outgrown 'em and sent 'em to me, -he's bigger than me, and that's why they don't fit."

"It seems you have distinguished friends. Now, my lad, I suppose you would like your money."

"I shouldn't have any objection," said Dick

35 "I believe," said the gentleman, examining his pocket-book, "I haven't got anything short of twenty-five cents. Have you got any change?"

"Not a cent," said Dick. "All my money's' invested in the Erie Railroad."

"That's unfortunate."

"Shall I get the money changed, sir?"

40 "I can't wait; I have got to meet an appointment immediately. I'll hand you twenty-five cents, and you can leave the change at my office any time during the day."

"All right, sir. Where is it?"

"No. 125 Fulton Street. Shall you remember?"

"Yes, sir. What name?"

45 "Greyson, - office on second floor."

"All right, sir; I'll bring it."

"I wonder whether the little scamp will prove honest," said Mr Greyson to himself, as he walked away.

Horatio Alger, JR, *Ragged Dick*, (1868; New York Penguin Classics 1986), pp 4-5

Document A

ELE 42

5 First I should tell you who I am. My name is Otto Korner. Dropping the umlaut over the *o* was my first concession to America. Yesterday, September 13, 1978, I celebrated my eighty-third birthday at the aforementioned Emma Lazarus, a retirement home on West End Avenue in Manhattan. Eventually you'll find me just south of Mineola, Long Island, where I will be taking up permanent subterranean residence.

10 Quite a few of my friends are already buried there. Only last week Adolphe Sinsheimer led the motorcade. He was to have been our Hamlet. (Yes, we have our little theatrical society here. Nothing to boast of, I suppose, by the severe standards of Broadway, but good enough.) Adolphe alone of all of us could claim some professional experience. For reasons now buried with him, he was in Hollywood in the 1930s and, amazingly, found brief employment as a Ruritanian soldier in the movie *The Prisoner of Zenda*. This was, it is true, his sole public offering on the altar of Thespis, but such are the vagaries of fame that this happenstance has granted him a kind of celluloid and ghostly immortality. [...]

15 But my subject is not amateur theatricals, it is art – or, more accurately, anti-art: in brief, Dada. I want to set the historical record straight. For sixty years I have been harboring the truth, a private possession, whether out of greed or modesty I cannot say. But Magda Damrosch has reappeared, and now the truth must out. It groans for expression. If, as a result, my part on the world's stage appears inflated, so be it.

20 I might as well tell you that I have been cast as the Ghost in Hamlet. There is an irony in that if one can but sniff it out. We produce only the classics at the Emma Lazarus. Of course, you have to make allowances. Last year, for example, our Juliet was eighty-three and our Romeo seventy-eight. But if you used your imagination, it was a smash hit. True, on opening night, when Romeo killed Tybalt, it was Romeo who fell down and had to be carried on a stretcher from the stage. Look for him now in Mineola.

25 Meanwhile, we've lost our Hamlet. Our little troupe is in disarray. We are to meet formally this afternoon to discuss what we are to do. But already cliques are forming. You cannot imagine the flutter in our dovecote. Some are talking of cancelling the production, as a token of respect. Others say that if the play were a comedy, then yes, cancel it, no question; but since it is a tragedy... Tosca Dawidowicz, our Ophelia, flatly refuses to play opposite Freddy Blum, Sinsheimer's understudy, claiming that he lacks "stage presence", and besides, his halitosis would make her forget her lines. Actually, it is an open secret here that Blum wooed her, won her, and rejected her in the course of a single hectic week-end. La Dawidowicz has found an ally in Lottie Grabscheidt, our Gertrude, another Blum reject. As for me, I remain aloof from such childish squabbling and bickering. In principle, I believe that "the show must go on," but I should not be
30 much put out were it called off. Sinsheimer, the cause of the tempest, is, needless to say, beyond caring. In the meantime, I hold my counsel. But at the meeting I intend to reveal that I have already mastered the Prince's role, and should I be asked to take the part, I will of course accept. Under those circumstances, Blum could become Osric, and Hamburger could be shifted from Osric to the Ghost. We shall see. "The readiness is all."
35

Alan Isler, *The Prince of West End Avenue* (Vintage, 1996).

The Disgrace of it All

It has happened! Yes, it is just as we expected and have suggested for months. Is the election of Obama shocking to us? Not at all! We have been telling our people that unless white people begin sticking together this is exactly what would happen. Still 39% of white women and 41% of white men voted for him. They believe they live in a color blind society. But he received a land slide majority vote from non-whites. Apparently they voted according to race. The ones who will be shocked and blind sided are those who will one day be awakened to what they have done! But those of you who are now awakened - this is your opportunity to begin the process of sticking together.

The president elect now stands as a symbol to our people throughout this nation that change is indeed coming. What will it mean for those who are being disenfranchised from the very nation purchased by the blood of their forefathers? It could mean an awakening of our spirit and blood. Every time the television shows an image of Obama it will be a reminder that our people have lost power in this country. We actually lost that power 40 years ago, but with a white president people would go to sleep thinking at least white people were still running things. Now there is no reason to believe this. The betrayal will stare them in the face each time they watch the news and see little black children playing in the rose garden. Are we angry that 97% of blacks voted for Obama? Not at all! They voted what they felt would serve their best interest. They voted for Obama because he is one of them. But white people who foolishly rejected the future security of their children only heard the sound of the piper.

So we have to admit that this may be the best thing that has happened to us. It perhaps comes as a wake-up call to the sleeping giant deep in the heart of our people. So don't despair! Don't be discouraged! We have been saying this would happen. We have said that there is a growing subtle hatred for our people. This has not been a battle between Republicans or Democrats. This was not a battle between liberals and conservatives. This is a race war - a culture war - being waged against white people. As more and more non-whites come into this country the hatred for the founding people will grow.

The Bible says, "*When my judgments are in the land the inhabitants of the earth will learn righteousness.*"

If you think it is time for white people to start sticking together. If you want to do something to help provide a future for your children then you need to become part of a movement working for our people. We are not asking you to hate anyone! We are not asking you to commit an illegal act. We are not asking you to hurt anyone. We just want you to love your people and do that which your forefathers did - give your children a bright future. White young people who are celebrating Obama's victory, stop and consider you may not agree with us but you have to admit we were right about one thing. We have said that there is the calculated design to get into the minds of young people and turn them away from loving our people. Every time you reject your white heritage you prove once again we were right. I ask you, What is so bad about loving your people? Black people are proud to love their people, why aren't you?

What is White Christian Revival. <http://www.kkk.bz/>

Document B

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Not long after I arrived in Chicago, Uncle Victor took me to a showing of the movie *Around the World in 80 Days*. The hero of that story was called Fogg, of course, and from that day on Uncle Victor called me Phileas as a term of endearment—a secret reference to that strange moment, as he put it, “when we confronted ourselves on the screen.” Uncle Victor loved to concoct elaborate, nonsensical theories about things, and he never tired of expounding on the glories hidden in my name. Marco Stanley Fogg. According to him, it proved that travel was in my blood, that life would carry me to places where no man had ever been before. Marco, naturally enough, was for Marco Polo, the first European to visit China; Stanley was for the American journalist who had tracked down Dr. Livingstone “in the heart of darkest Africa”; and Fogg was for Phileas, the man who had stormed around the globe in less than three months.

It didn’t matter that my mother had chosen Marco simply because she liked it, or that Stanley had been my grandfather’s name, or that Fogg was a misnomer, the whim of some half-literate American functionary. Uncle Victor found meanings where no one else would have found them, and then, very deftly, he turned them into a form of clandestine support. The truth was that I enjoyed it when he showered all this attention on me, and even though I knew his speeches were so much bluster and hot air, there was a part of me that believed every word he said. In the short run, Victor’s nominalism helped me to survive the difficult first weeks in my new school. Names are the easiest thing to attack, and Fogg lent itself to a host of spontaneous mutilations: Fag and Frog, for example, along with countless meteorological references: Snowball Head, Slush Man, Drizzle Mouth. Once my last name had been exhausted, they turned their attention to the first. The *o* at the end of Marco was obvious enough, yielding epithets such as Dumbo, Jerko, and Mumbo Jumbo, but what they did in other ways defied all expectations. Marco became Marco Polo; Marco Polo became Polo Shirt; Polo Shirt became Shirt Face; and Shirt Face became Shit Face—a dazzling bit of cruelty that stunned me the first time I heard it. Eventually, I lived through my schoolboy initiation, but it left me with a feeling for the infinite fragility of my name. This name was so bound up with my sense of who I was that I wanted to protect it from further harm. When I was fifteen, I began signing all my papers M. S. Fogg, pretentiously echoing the gods of modern literature, but at the same time delighting in the fact that the initials stood for *manuscript*. Uncle Victor heartily approved of this about-face. “Every man is the author of his own life,” he said. “The book you are writing is not yet finished. Therefore, it’s a manuscript. What could be more appropriate than that?” Little by little, Marco faded from public circulation. I was Phileas to my uncle, and by the time I reached college, I was M. S. to everyone else. A few wits pointed out that those letters were also the initials of a disease, but by then I welcomed any added associations or ironies that I could attach to myself. When I met Kitty Wu, she called me by several other names, but they were her personal property, so to speak, and I was glad of them as well: Foggy, for example, which was used only on special occasions, and Cyrano, which developed for reasons that will become clear later. Had Uncle Victor lived to meet her, I’m sure he would have appreciated the fact that Marco, in his own small way, had at last set foot in China.

Paul Auster, *Moon Palace* (Viking, 1989).