

English Literature – Summer Independent Learning Y11–Y12

Compulsory Content

Activity 1: Purchasing the Relevant Texts for Year 12

- *A Streetcar Named Desire* (ISBN: 9780141190273)
- *Poems of the Decade* (ISBN: 9780571325405)
- *Frankenstein* (ISBN: 139781853260230)*
- *The Handmaid's Tale* (ISBN: 0099740915)

*All of the exams for A Level English are open book, so these are the editions you will have in the exam.

However, these tend to be minimalist in terms of notes and explanations, given the fact that they will be used in exams. This is certainly the case for *Frankenstein*, where we use the Wordsworth Classic edition.

A much more helpful edition for students who want to – and, indeed, *need to* – get into this complicated text in greater detail would be a critical edition, such as the Norton Critical Edition (978-0393644029) or the Penguin Classic Edition (ISBN: 978-0141439471).

While these won't be the editions you have in the exam, they will help you understand and analyse the text better for the exam.

Also, if you decide to get an edition other than those suggested above – or already have a copy of the novel - be sure that it is the 1831 edition of *Frankenstein*, not the 1818 edition.¹ This is the preferred edition of the exam board – and pretty much all lovers of the novel!

Most editions make clear on the cover if it's the 1818 edition, but if you have any concerns, do ask at the book shop, or double check the information online before your purchase.

¹ For anyone interested, Mary Shelley edits her original novel to include more information about Victor Frankenstein's backstory, so we have extra chapters that are not in the 1818 version, plus Shelley decides to change the novel tonally, so that it emphasises themes of fate and destiny, as well as Romantic ideals, in greater narrative detail.

Activity 2: Poetic Terminology

Complete the Poetic Terminology worksheet (Source A) in full.

- Fill in definitions you already know.
- Research unfamiliar terms and complete them in a different colour.

Activity 3: Poetry

Read the poem 'Ash' (Source B) and complete the following tasks:

- Annotate the poem to identify key choices in language, structure, and form.
- Write an analytical response of around 300 words exploring how the poet presents ideas about love.

Activity 4: Short Story Analysis

Read the short story 'The Yellow Wallpaper' by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and answer the questions about the story (Source C)

- While not an examination text, this short story will introduce the key independent reading and analytical skills you will need to develop for the coursework element of the course.
- We will be returning to this story to do a short comparison piece later in the Autumn term when we introduce the coursework, so we want you to be prepared.
- Finally, this is a classic short story that any burgeoning student of literature needs to know – so enjoy!

Activity 5: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

We will read the play *A Streetcar Named Desire* starting the third week of the course, so it is crucial that you have purchased the text by then.

We will read through the play together as a class, but feel free to read ahead this summer if you would like.

However, it is important that you watch a version of the play. You can make references to specific productions in your exam response, so watching the plays is a crucial aspect to your study and appreciation of the text.

Therefore, over the summer, watch either:

- The 1951 film version, directed by Elia Kazan (<https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0044081/>)

OR

- The 2014 National Theatre Production (<https://www.imdb.com/title/tt4020156/>)

Strongly Recommended Activity

- Start reading both *The Handmaid's Tale* and *Frankenstein* before starting the course.

Source A: Poetic Terminology

Literary Term	Definition
Metaphor	
Personification	
Caesura	
Lineation	
Couplet	
Tercet	
Quatrain	
Anaphora	

Chremamorphism	
Diacope	
Epizeuxis	
Assonance	
Zoomorphism	
Auditory imagery	
Enargia	
Hyperbole	
Alliteration	
Gustatory imagery	
Allegory	
Ode	
Dramatic monologue	
Satire	
Free verse	
Monostich	

Quintain	
Sestet	
Septet	
Octet	

Source B: Ash by Kieran Cottrell

I had a heart like an upturned ashtray.

I spoke smoke. People held their breath.

When I found you, ash was all I had to
pile at your feet.

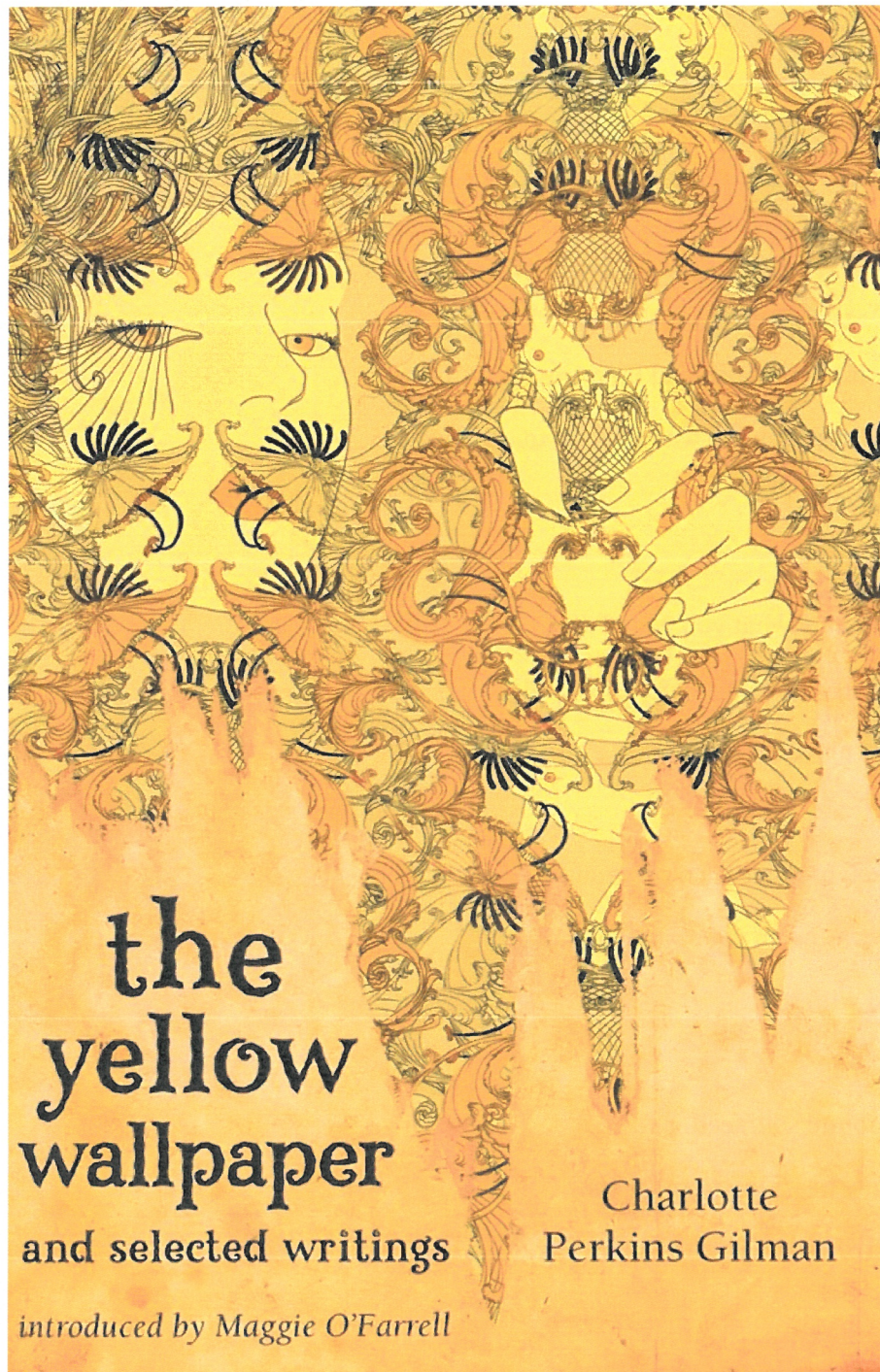
I did not know what you would do
with my dire, dirtying heart crumbled
there, burning.

Would you brush it off, blow it out,
heap it, beating, in your palm offend
the wind with it?

No, you found soil, seeded it. You
poured my heart in, stirred what I
had wasted. And we waited.

Now here's a sapling. Soon, an ash tree.

Source C: 'The Yellow Wallpaper' by Charlotte Perkins Gilman



The Yellow Wallpaper

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

BACKGROUND If a woman sought medical treatment for a disorder such as depression or anxiety in 1892, her illness was often diagnosed as trivial "nervous conditions," curable through isolation and prolonged rest. Today it is believed that some of these disorders were caused in part by the stress of living within the rigid social roles to which women were confined. Doctors of the time, however, typically felt that their patients' gender lay at the root of the problem. Many saw women as weak and emotionally unstable, and thus predisposed to illness.

It is very seldom that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral halls for the summer.

A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a haunted house, and reach the height of romantic felicity—but that would be asking too much of fate!

Still I will proudly declare that there is something queer about it.

Else, why should it be let so cheaply? And why have stood so long untenanted?

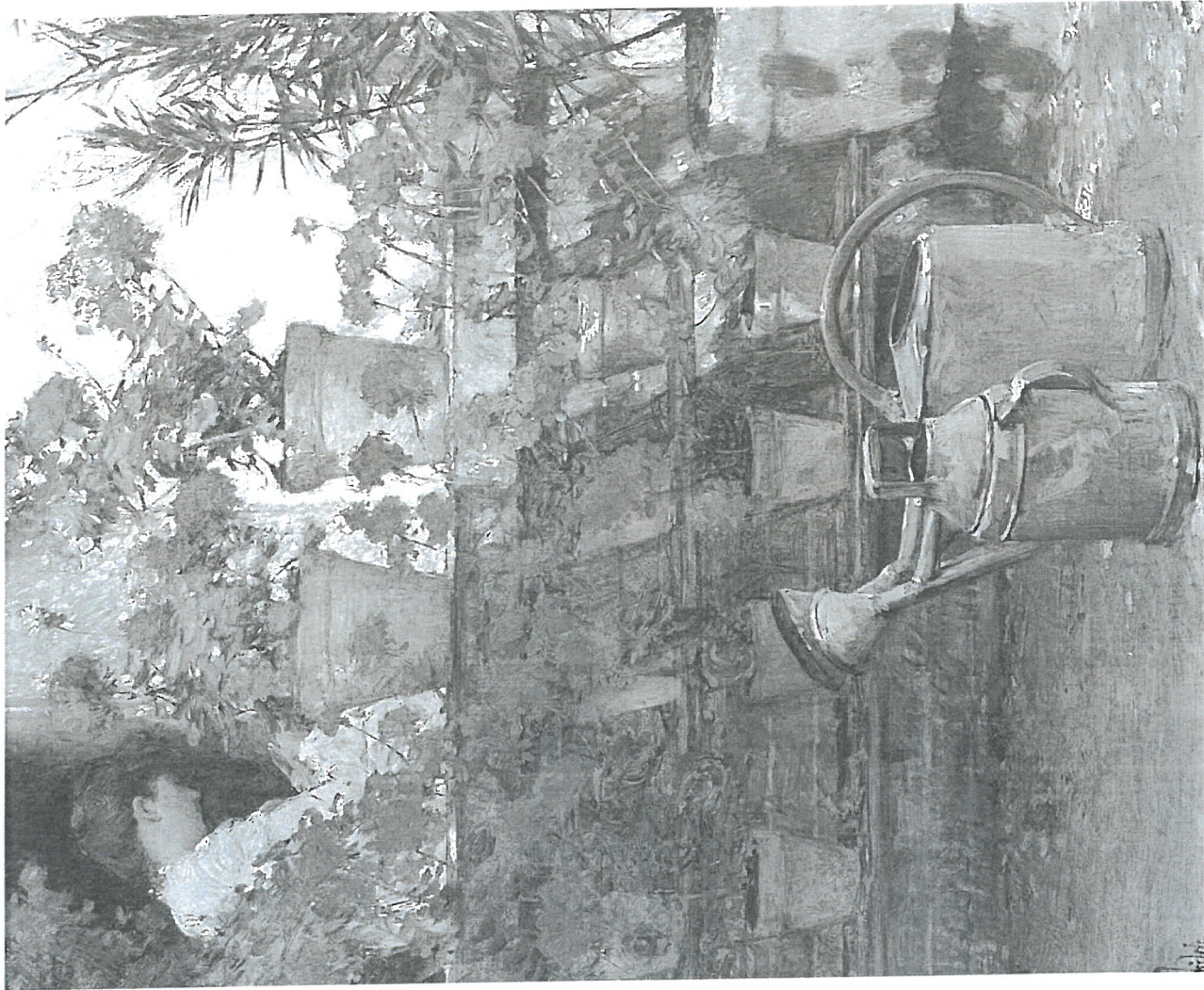
John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage.

John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures.

John is a physician, and *perhaps*—(I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind)—*perhaps* that is one reason I do not get well faster.

You see he does not believe I am sick!

And what can one do?¹⁰



Analyze Visuals

Examine this painting. Describe the woman's size, position, and coloring relative to the flowers in the foreground. How does she look next to the flowers? Explain.

SOCIAL CONTEXT

Consider what you learned from the background paragraph at the top of this page. How does Gilman convey the belief prevalent in her time that women were emotionally unstable and prone to illness?

Genarum (1898). Childs Haxam. 18 1/2" x 12 1/2". The Hyde Collection, Glens Falls, New York. Photo © Michael Fredericks

If a physician of high standing, and one's own husband, assures friends and relatives that there is really nothing the matter with one but temporary nervous depression—a slight hysterical tendency—what is one to do?

My brother is also a physician, and also of high standing, and he says the same thing.

So I take phosphates or phosphores—which ever it is, and tonics, and journeys, and air, and exercise, and am absolutely forbidden to “work” until I am well again. Personally, I disagree with their ideas.

Personally, I believe that congenial work, with excitement and change, would do me good.

But what is one to do?

I did write for a while in spite of them; but it *did* exhaust me a good deal—having to be so sly about it, or else meet with heavy opposition.

I sometimes fancy that in my condition if I had less opposition and more society and stimulus—but John says the very worst thing I can do is to think about my condition, and I confess it always makes me feel bad.

So I will let it alone and talk about the house.

The most beautiful place! It is quite alone, standing well back from the road, quite three miles from the village. It makes me think of English places that you read about, for there are hedges and walls and gates that lock, and lots of separate little houses for the gardeners and people.

There is a *delicious* garden! I never saw such a garden—large and shady, full of box-bordered paths, and lined with long grape-covered arbors with seats under them.

There were greenhouses, too, but they are all broken now.

There was some legal trouble, I believe, something about the heirs and coheirs; anyhow, the place has been empty for years.

That spoils my ghostliness, I am afraid, but I don't care—there is something strange about the house—I can feel it.

I even said so to John one moonlight evening, but he said what I felt was a *draft*, and shut the window.

I get unreasonably angry with John sometimes. I'm sure I never used to be so sensitive. I think it is due to this nervous condition.

But John says if I feel so, I shall neglect proper self-control; so I take pains to control myself—before him, at least, and that makes me very tired.

I don't like our room a bit, I wanted one downstairs that opened on the piazza and had roses all over the window, and such pretty old-fashioned chintz hangings! but John would not hear of it.

He said there was only one window and not room for two beds, and no near room for him if he took another.

He is very careful and loving, and hardly lets me stir without special direction.

1. **hysterical**: Hysteria is the presence of a physical ailment with no underlying physical cause.

2. **chintz hangings**: curtains made out of chintz, a printed cotton fabric.

I have a schedule prescription for each hour in the day; he takes all care from me, and so I feel basely ungrateful not to value it more.

He said we came here solely on my account, that I was to have perfect rest and all the air I could get. “Your exercise depends on your strength, my dear,” said he, “and your food somewhat on your appetite; but air you can absorb all the time.” So we took the nursery at the top of the house.

It is a big, airy room, the whole floor nearly, with windows that look all ways, and air and sunshine galore. It was nursery first and then playroom and gymnasium, I should judge; for the windows are barred for little children, and there are rings and things in the walls.

The paint and paper look as if a boys' school had used it. It is stripped off—the paper—in great patches all around the head of my bed, about as far as I can reach, and in a great place on the other side of the room low down. I never saw a worse paper in my life.

One of those sprawling **flamboyant** patterns committing every artistic sin.

It is dull enough to confuse the eye in following, pronounced enough to constantly irritate and provoke study, and when you follow the lame uncertain curves for a little distance they suddenly commit suicide—plunge off at outrageous angles, destroy themselves in unheard of contradictions.

The color is repellent, almost revolting; a smouldering unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight.

It is a dull yet **lurid** orange in some places, a sickly sulphur tint in others.

No wonder the children hated it! I should hate it myself if I had to live in this room long.

There comes John, and I must put this away. —he hates to have me write a word.

We have been here two weeks, and I haven't felt like writing before, since that first day.

I am sitting by the window now, up in this atrocious nursery, and there is nothing to hinder my writing as much as I please, save lack of strength.

I am glad my case is not serious!

But these nervous troubles are dreadfully depressing.

John does not know how much I really suffer. He knows there is no *reason* to suffer, and that satisfies him.

Of course it is only nervousness. It does weigh on me so not to do my duty in any way!

I meant to be such a help to John, such a real rest and comfort, and here I am a comparative burden already!

Nobody would believe what an effort it is to do what little I am able,—to dress and entertain, and order things.

flamboyant (flām-boi'ənt)
adj. marked by strikingly elaborate or colorful display

lurid (loo'rid)
adj. shocking, gruesome

GRAMMAR AND STYLE
Notice that Gilman chose to tell this story in the **present tense**. This lends the narrative a sense of immediacy and allows readers to feel as though they're witnessing new developments in the narrator's condition as they unfold.

It is fortunate Mary is so good with the baby. Such a dear baby!

And yet I *cannot* be with him, it makes me so nervous.

I suppose John never was nervous in his life. He laughs at me so about this wallpaper!

At first he meant to repaper the room, but afterwards he said that I was letting it get the better of me, and that nothing was worse for a nervous patient than to give way to such fancies.

He said that after the wallpaper was changed it would be the heavy bedstead, and then the barred windows, and then that gate at the head of the stairs, and so on.

"You know the place is doing you good," he said, "and really, dear, I don't care to renovate the house just for a three months' rental."

"Then do let us go downstairs," I said, "there are such pretty rooms there."

Then he took me in his arms and called me a blessed little goose, and said he



A Woman Seated at a Table by a Window, Carl Holsoe. Oil on canvas. © SuperStock.

110 would go down to the cellar, if I wished, and have it whitewashed into the bargain. ☐

But he is right enough about the beds and windows and things.

It is an airy and comfortable room as anyone need wish, and, of course, I would not be so silly as to make him uncomfortable just for a whim.

I'm really getting quite fond of the big room, all but that horrid paper.

Out of one window I can see the garden, those mysterious deepshaded arbors, the riotous old-fashioned flowers, and bushes and gnarly trees.

Out of another I get a lovely view of the bay and a little private wharf belonging to the estate. There is a beautiful shaded lane that runs down there from the house. I always fancy I see people walking in these numerous paths and arbors.

120 But John has cautioned me not to give way to fancy in the least. He says that with my imaginative power and habit of story-making, a nervous weakness like mine is sure to lead to all manner of excited fancies, and that I ought to use my will and good sense to check the tendency. So I try.

I think sometimes that if I were only well enough to write a little it would relieve the press of ideas and rest me.

But I find I get pretty tired when I try.

It is so discouraging not to have any advice and companionship about my work. When I get really well, John says we will ask Cousin Henry and Julia down for a long visit; but he says he would as soon put fireworks in my pillowcase as to

130 let me have those stimulating people about now.

I wish I could get well faster.

But I must not think about that. This paper looks to me as if it *knew* what a

vicious influence it had!

There is a recurrent spot where the pattern lolls like a broken neck and two

bulbous eyes stare at you upside down.

I get positively angry with the impertinence of it and the everlastingness. ☐ Up and down and sideways they crawl, and those absurd, unblinking eyes are everywhere. There is one place where two breadths didn't match, and the eyes

go all up and down the line, one a little higher than the other.

140 I never saw so much expression in an inanimate thing before, and we all know how much expression they have! I used to lie awake as a child and get more entertainment and terror out of blank walls and plain furniture than most children could find in a toy store.

I remember what a kindly wink the knobs of our big, old bureau used to have, and there was one chair that always seemed like a strong friend.

I used to feel that if any of the other things looked too fierce I could always hop into that chair and be safe.

The furniture in this room is no worse than inharmonious, however, for we had to bring it all from downstairs. I suppose when this was used as a playroom they

150 had to take the nursery things out, and no wonder! I never saw such ravages as the children have made here.

5 SOCIAL CONTEXT

Reread lines 99–110 and describe the relationship between the narrator and her husband. What might Gilman be saying about how women were viewed in the late 1800s?

recurrent (rɪˈkʊr) *adj.*
occurring time after time

6 FIRST-PERSON NARRATOR

How are the narrator's feelings about the wallpaper changing? Explain whether or not her response to the room's décor seems rational to you.

4 Analyze Visuals

How would you describe the mood of this painting? In your opinion, is it similar to or different from the mood of the story? Explain, citing specific details from each that influenced your answer.

The wallpaper, as I said before, is torn off in spots, and it sticketh closer than a brother—they must have had perseverance as well as harred.

Then the floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, the plaster itself is dug out here and there, and this great heavy bed which is all we found in the room, looks as if it had been through the wars.

But I don't mind it a bit—only the paper

There comes John's sister. Such a dear girl as she is, and so careful of me! I must not let her find me writing.

She is a perfect and enthusiastic housekeeper, and hopes for no better

profession. I verily believe she thinks it is the writing which made me sick!

But I can write when she is out, and see her a long way off from these windows.

There is one that commands the road, a lovely shaded winding road, and one that just looks off over the country. A lovely country, too, full of great elms and velvet meadows.

This wallpaper has a kind of sub-pattern in a different shade, a particularly

irritating one, for you can only see it in certain lights, and not clearly then.

But in the places where it isn't faded and where the sun is just so—I can see a strange, provoking, formless sort of figure, that seems to skulk about behind that silly and conspicuous front design.

There's sister on the stairs!

Well, the Fourth of July is over! The people are all gone and I am tired out. John thought it might do me good to see a little company, so we just had

mother and Nellie and the children down for a week.

Of course I didn't do a thing. Jennie sees to everything now.

But it tired me all the same.

John says if I don't pick up faster he shall send me to 'Weir Mitchell' in the fall.

But I don't want to go there at all. I had a friend who was in his hands once,

and she says he is just like John and my brother, only more so!

Besides, it is such an undertaking to go so far.

I don't feel as if it was worth while to turn my hand over for anything, and I'm getting dreadfully fretful and querulous.

I cry at nothing, and cry most of the time.

Of course I don't when John is here, or anybody else, but when I am alone.

And I am alone a good deal just now. John is kept in town very often by serious cases, and Jennie is good and lets me alone when I want her to.

So I walk a little in the garden or down that lovely lane, sit on the porch under the roses, and lie down up here a good deal.

I'm getting really fond of the room in spite of the wallpaper. Perhaps *because*

it dwells in my mind so!

I lie here on this great immovable bed—it is nailed down, I believe—and

follow that pattern about by the hour. It is as good as gymnastics. I assure you. I start, we'll say, at the bottom, down in the corner over there where it has not been touched, and I determine for the thousandth time that I *will* follow that pointless pattern to some sort of a conclusion.

I know a little of the principle of design, and I know this thing was not arranged on any laws of radiation, or alternation, or repetition, or symmetry, or anything else that I ever heard of.

It is repeated, of course, by the breadths, but not otherwise.

Looked at in one way each breadth stands alone, the bloated curves and flourishes—a kind of 'debased Romanesque' with *délirium tremens*—go waddling up and down in isolated columns of **fatuity**.

But, on the other hand, they connect diagonally, and the sprawling outlines run off in great slanting waves of optic horror, like a lot of wallowing seaweeds in full

chase.

The whole thing goes horizontally, too, at least it seems so, and I exhaust myself

in trying to distinguish the order of its going in that direction.

They have used a horizontal breadth for a frieze, and that adds wonderfully to

the confusion.

There is one end of the room where it is almost intact, and there, when the crosslights fade and the low sun shines directly upon it, I can almost fancy radiation after all,—the interminable grotesques seem to form around a common center and rush off in headlong plunges of equal distraction.

It makes me tired to follow it. I will take a nap I guess.

I don't know why I should write this.

I don't want to.

I don't feel able.

And I know John would think it absurd. But I *must* say what I feel and think

in some way—it is such a relief!

But the effort is getting to be greater than the relief.

Half the time now I am awfully lazy, and lie down ever so much.

John says I mustn't lose my strength, and has me take cod liver oil and lots of

tonics and things, to say nothing of ale and wine and rare meat.

Dear John! He loves me very dearly, and hates to have me sick. I tried to have a real earnest reasonable talk with him the other day, and tell him how I wish he

would let me go and make a visit to Cousin Henry and Julia.

But he said I wasn't able to go, nor able to stand it after I got there; and I did

not make out a very good case for myself, for I was crying before I had finished.

It is getting to be a great effort for me to think straight. Just this nervous

weakness I suppose.

And dear John gathered me up in his arms, and just carried me upstairs and

laid me on the bed, and sat by me and read to me till it tired my head.

7 SOCIAL CONTEXT

Examine the narrator's description of John's sister in lines 158–162.

How do these lines add to your understanding of the story's setting and how it affects the narrator?

8 SOCIAL CONTEXT

Reread lines 177–179.

What is suggested or highlighted by the fact that all the male characters in the story share common traits?

What role does the social context play in shaping the story's setting? Cite evidence to support your answer.

fatuity (fə-tyū-ē) *n*
something foolish or stupid

9 FIRST-PERSON NARRATOR

Reread lines 223–229.

Imagine the "real earnest reasonable talk" the narrator describes. How might the account of this scene be different if John were the narrator? How do you think the change in point of view would affect your perception of the main character? Explain your answer.

3 Weir Mitchell: Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell, a physician famous for his "rest cure" for nervous diseases, which is no longer considered effective

4 "debased Romanesque" with *délirium tremens*: Romanesque is an artistic style characterized by simple ornamentation. *Délirium tremens* refers to violent trembling and hallucinations caused by excessive drinking.



Portrait of Dr. Wallington Epps, My Darling (1885), Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. Oil on canvas, 64.2 cm x 51 cm. Private collection. © Bridgeman Art Library.

He said I was his darling and his comfort and all he had, and that I must take care of myself for his sake, and keep well.

He says no one but myself can help me out of it, that I must use my will and self-control and not let any silly fancies run away with me.

There's one comfort, the baby is well and happy, and does not have to occupy this nursery with the horrid wallpaper.

Why, I wouldn't have a child of mine, an impressionable little thing, live in such a room for worlds.

I never thought of it before, but it is lucky that John kept me here after all. I can stand it so much easier than a baby, you see.

Of course I never mention it to them any more—I am too wise,—but I keep watch of it all the same.

There are things in that paper that nobody knows but me, or ever will.

Behind that outside pattern the dim shapes get clearer every day.

It is always the same shape, only very numerous.

Analyze Visuals

Study this painting, then describe the emotion conveyed by the subject's facial expression. Does this image make you feel more or less sympathetic toward John, the narrator's husband? Explain your answer.

250 And it is like a woman stooping down and creeping about behind that pattern. I don't like it a bit. I wonder—I begin to think—I wish John would take me away from here!

It is so hard to talk with John about my case, because he is so wise, and because he loves me so.

But I tried it last night.

It was moonlight. The moon shines in all around just as the sun does.

I hate to see it sometimes, it creeps so slowly, and always comes in by one window or another.

John was asleep and I hated to waken him, so I kept still and watched the moonlight on that undulating wallpaper till I felt creepy.

The faint figure behind seemed to shake the pattern, just as if she wanted to get out.

I got up softly and went to feel and see if the paper *did* move, and when I came back John was awake.

"What is it, little girl?" he said. "Don't go walking about like that—you'll get cold."

I thought it was a good time to talk, so I told him that I really was not gaining here, and that I wished he would take me away.

"Why darling," said he, "our lease will be up in three weeks, and I can't see how to leave before."

"The repairs are not done at home, and I cannot possibly leave town just now. Of course if you were in any danger, I could and would, but you really are better, dear, whether you can see it or not. I am a doctor, dear, and I know. You are gaining flesh and color, your appetite is better. I feel really much easier about you."

"I don't weigh a bit more," said I, "nor as much; and my appetite may be better in the evening when you are here, but it is worse in the morning when you are away!"

"Bless her little heart!" said he with a big hug, "she shall be as sick as she pleases! But now let's improve the shining hours' by going to sleep, and talk about it in the morning!"

280 "And you won't go away?" I asked gloomily.

"Why, how can I, dear? It is only three weeks more and then we will take a nice little trip of a few days while Jennie is getting the house ready. Really dear you are better!"

"Better in body perhaps—" I began, and stopped short, for he sat up straight and looked at me with such a stern, reproachful look that I could not say another word.

"My darling," said he, "I beg of you, for my sake and for our child's sake, as well as for your own, that you will never for one instant let that idea enter your mind! There is nothing so dangerous, so fascinating, to a **temperament** like yours, it is a false and foolish fancy. Can you not trust me as a physician when I tell you so?"

undulating (un'de-lating)
adj. appearing to move in waves
undulate v.

temperament
(tem'per-ment) n. a person's characteristic mode of emotional response

5. Improve the shining hours: make good use of time—an allusion to the poem "Against Idleness and Mischief" by Isaac Watts.

290 So of course I said no more on that score, and we went to sleep before long. He thought I was asleep first, but I wasn't, and lay there for hours trying to decide whether that front pattern and the back pattern really did move together or separately.

On a pattern like this, by daylight, there is a lack of sequence, a defiance of law, that is a constant irritant to a normal mind. ①

The color is hideous enough, and unreliable enough, and infuriating enough, but the pattern is torturing.

You think you have mastered it, but just as you get well underway in following, it turns a back-somersault and there you are. It slaps you in the face, knocks you 300 down, and tramples upon you. It is like a bad dream.

The outside pattern is a florid arabesque,⁶ reminding one of a fungus. If you can imagine a toadstool in joints, an interminable string of toadstools, budding and sprouting in endless convolutions—why, that is something like it.

That is, sometimes!

There is one marked peculiarity about this paper, a thing nobody seems to notice but myself, and that is that it changes as the light changes.

When the sun shoots in through the east window—I always watch for that first long, straight ray—it changes so quickly that I never can quite believe it.

That is why I watch it always.

310 By moonlight—the moon shines in all night when there is a moon—I wouldn't know it was the same paper.

At night in any kind of light, in twilight, candle light, lamplight, and worst of all by moonlight, it becomes bars! The outside pattern I mean, and the woman behind it is as plain as can be.

I didn't realize for a long time what the thing was that showed behind, that dim sub-pattern, but now I am quite sure it is a woman.

By daylight she is subdued, quiet. I fancy it is the pattern that keeps her so still. It is so puzzling. It keeps me quiet by the hour.

I lie down ever so much now, John says it is good for me, and to sleep all I can. Indeed he started the habit by making me lie down for an hour after each meal.

And that cultivates deceit, for I don't tell them I'm awake—O no!

The fact is I am getting a little afraid of John.

He seems very queer sometimes, and even Jennie has an inexplicable look. It strikes me occasionally, just as a scientific hypothesis,—that perhaps it is the paper!

I have watched John when he did not know I was looking, and come into the room suddenly on the most innocent excuses, and I've caught him several times 330 looking at the paper! And Jennie too. I caught Jennie with her hand on it once.

She didn't know I was in the room, and when I asked her in a quiet, a very quiet voice, with the most restrained manner possible, what she was doing with

the paper—she turned around as if she had been caught stealing, and looked quite angry—asked me why I should frighten her so!

Then she said that the paper stained everything it touched, that she had found yellow smooches⁷ on all my clothes and John's, and she wished we would be more careful!

Did not that sound innocent? But I know she was studying that pattern, and I am determined that nobody shall find it out but myself! ②

Life is very much more exciting now than it used to be. You see I have something 340 more to expect, to look forward to, to watch, I really do eat better, and am more quiet than I was.

John is so pleased to see me improve! He laughed a little the other day, and said I seemed to be flourishing in spite of my wallpaper.

I turned it off with a laugh. I had no intention of telling him it was *because* of the wallpaper—he would make fun of me. He might even want to take me away.

I don't want to leave now until I have found it out. There is a week more, and I think that will be enough.

I'm feeling ever so much better! I don't sleep much at night, for it is so interesting 350 to watch developments: but I sleep a good deal in the daytime.

In the daytime it is tiresome and perplexing.

There are always new shoots on the fungus, and new shades of yellow all over it. I cannot keep count of them, though I have tried conscientiously.

It is the strangest yellow, that wallpaper! It makes me think of all the yellow things I ever saw—not beautiful ones like buttercups, but old foul, bad yellow things.

But there is something else about that paper—the smell! I noticed it the moment we came into the room, but with so much air and sun it was not bad. Now we have had a week of fog and rain, and whether the windows are open or not, the smell is here.

It creeps all over the house.

360 I find it hovering in the dining room, skulking in the parlor, hiding in the hall, lying in wait for me on the stairs.

It gets into my hair.

Even when I go to ride, if I turn my head suddenly and surprise it—there is that smell!

Such a peculiar odor, too! I have spent hours in trying to analyze it, to find what it smelled like.

It is not bad—at first, and very gentle, but quite the subtlest, most enduring odor I ever met.

In this damp weather it is awful. I wake up in the night and find it hanging 370 over me.

It used to disturb me at first. I thought seriously of burning the house—to reach the smell.

① FIRST-PERSON NARRATOR

Reread lines 323–338. How has the narrator's attitude toward John and Jennie changed? What do you think they might say about her feelings if they were aware of them?

Language Coach

Word Definitions
Skulking (line 360) means "moving in a secretive manner" or "hiding with a bad intent." What human qualities is the narrator giving to the smell?

7 smooches: smudges

6 florid arabesque: an elaborate interwoven pattern



In Bed (1878), Federico Zandomeni. Oil on canvas, 60.5 cm x 73.5 cm. Galleria d'Arte Moderna, Florence. © Alinari/Art Resource, New York.

But now I am used to it. The only thing I can think of that it is like is the color of the paper! A yellow smell.

There is a very funny mark on this wall, low down, near the mopboard. A streak that runs round the room. It goes behind every piece of furniture, except the bed, a long, straight, even *smooch*, as if it had been rubbed over and over.

I wonder how it was done and who did it, and what they did it for. Round and round and round—round and round and round—it makes me dizzy!

380 I really have discovered something at last.

Through watching so much at night, when it changes so, I have finally found out.

The front pattern *does* move—and no wonder! The woman behind shakes it!

Sometimes I think there are a great many women behind, and sometimes only one, and she crawls around fast, and her crawling shakes it all over.

❶ FIRST-PERSON NARRATOR

How would an impartial, omniscient narrator describe the woman's mind at this point? How would this change in the story's point of view affect Gilman's depiction of her main character? Explain your answer.

Then in the very bright spots she keeps still, and in the very shady spots she just takes hold of the bars and shakes them hard.

And she is all the time trying to climb through. But nobody could climb through that pattern—it strangles so: I think that is why it has so many heads.

They get through, and then the pattern strangles them off and turns them upside down, and makes their eyes white!

If those heads were covered or taken off it would not be half so bad.

I think that woman gets out in the daytime!

And I'll tell you why—privately—I've seen her!

I can see her out of every one of my windows!

It is the same woman, I know, for she is always creeping, and most women do not creep by daylight.

I see her on that long road under the trees, creeping along, and when a carriage comes she hides under the blackberry vines.

I don't blame her a bit. It must be very humiliating to be caught creeping by daylight!

I always lock the door when I creep by daylight. I can't do it at night, for I know John would suspect something at once.

And John is so queer now, that I don't want to irritate him. I wish he would take another room! Besides, I don't want anybody to get that woman out at night but myself.

I often wonder if I could see her out of all the windows at once.

But, turn as fast as I can, I can only see out of one at one time.

And though I always see her, she *may* be able to creep faster than I can turn!

I have watched her sometimes away off in the open country, creeping as fast as a cloud shadow in a high wind.

❷ I only that top pattern could be gotten off from the under one! I mean to try it, little by little.

I have found out another funny thing, but I shan't tell it this time! It does not do to trust people too much.

There are only two more days to get this paper off, and I believe John is beginning to notice. I don't like the look in his eyes.

And I heard him ask Jennie a lot of professional questions about me. She had a very good report to give.

She said I slept a good deal in the daytime.

John knows I don't sleep very well at night, for all I'm so quiet!

He asked me all sorts of questions, too, and pretended to be very loving and kind.

As if I couldn't see through him! ❸

❶ FIRST-PERSON NARRATOR

Consider the narrator's statements in lines 403–404 and line 423. Why is she turning against her husband? Explain what John's real concerns might be.

Still, I don't wonder he acts so, sleeping under this paper for three months. It only interests me, but I feel sure John and Jennie are secretly affected by it.

Hurray! This is the last day, but it is enough. John to stay in town overnight, and won't be out until this evening.

Jennie wanted to sleep with me—the sly thing! but I told her I should undoubtedly rest better for a night all alone.

That was clever, for really I wasn't alone a bit! As soon as it was moonlight and that poor thing began to crawl and shake the pattern, I got up and ran to help her. I pulled and she shook. I shook and she pulled, and before morning we had peeled off yards of that paper.

A strip about as high as my head and half around the room.

And then when the sun came and that awful pattern began to laugh at me, I declared I would finish it today!

We go away tomorrow, and they are moving all my furniture down again to leave things as they were before.

Jennie looked at the wall in amazement, but I told her merrily that I did it out of pure spite at the vicious thing.

She laughed and said she wouldn't mind doing it herself, but I must not get tired. How she betrayed herself that time!

But I am here, and no person touches this paper but me—not *alive*!

She tried to get me out of the room—it was too patent! But I said it was so quiet and empty and clean now that I believed I would lie down again and sleep all I could; and not to wake me even for dinner—I would call when I woke.

So now she is gone, and the servants are gone, and the things are gone, and there is nothing left but that great bedstead nailed down, with the canvas mattress we found on it.

We shall sleep downstairs tonight, and take the boat home tomorrow.

I quite enjoy the room, now it is bare again.

How those children did tear about here!

This bedstead is fairly gnawed!

But I must get to work.

I have locked the door and thrown the key down into the front path.

I don't want to go out, and I don't want to have anybody come in, till John comes.

I want to astonish him.

I've got a rope up here that even Jennie did not find. If that woman does get out, and tries to get away, I can tie her!

But I forgot I could not reach far without anything to stand on!

This bed will *not* move!

I tried to lift and push it until I was lame, and then I got so angry I bit off a little piece at one corner—but it hurt my teeth.

Then I peeled off all the paper I could reach standing on the floor. It sticks horribly and the pattern just enjoys it! All those strangled heads and bulbous eyes and waddling fungus growths just shriek with decision!

I am getting angry enough to do something desperate. To jump out of the window would be admirable exercise, but the bars are too strong even to try.

Besides I wouldn't do it. Of course not. I know well enough that a step like that is improper and might be **misconstrued**.

I don't like to *look* out of the windows even—there are so many of those creeping women, and they creep so fast.

I wonder if they all come out of that wallpaper as I did?!

But I am securely fastened now by my well-hidden rope—you don't get *me* out in the road there!

I suppose I shall have to get back behind the pattern when it comes night, and that is hard!

It is so pleasant to be out in this great room and creep around as I please! I don't want to go outside. I won't, even if Jennie asks me to.

For outside you have to creep on the ground, and everything is green instead of yellow.

But here I can creep smoothly on the floor, and my shoulder just fits in that long smooch around the wall, so I cannot lose my way.

Why there's John at the door!

It is no use, young man, you can't open it!

How he does call and pound!

Now he's crying for an axe.

It would be a shame to break down that beautiful door!

"John dear," said I in the gentlest voice, "the key is down by the front steps, under a plantain leaf!"

That silenced him for a few moments.

Then he said—very quietly indeed, "Open the door, my darling!"

"I can't," said I. "The key is down by the front door under a plantain leaf!"

And then I said it again, several times, very gently and slowly, and said it so often that he had to go and see, and he got it of course, and came in. He stopped short by the door.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "What are you doing?"

I kept on creeping just the same, but I looked at him over my shoulder.

"I've got out at last," said I, "in spite of you and Jane." And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back!"

Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!

misconstrued
(mɪsˈkɒnˌstrʊd)
adj. misunderstood;
misinterpreted
misconstrue *v*

❷ **FIRST-PERSON NARRATOR**
What does the narrator now believe about the wallpaper?

8 In spite of you and Jane: As Jane is previously unmentioned, the name may be a typographical error by the original printer of the story in place of the name of the housekeeper, Jennie, or Cousin Julia, or it may denote the narrator herself, freed from her commonplace, wifely, "Jane" persona

"The Yellow Wallpaper" Questions for Analysis

1. How would you describe the story's setting?

2. How and why is the setting significant?

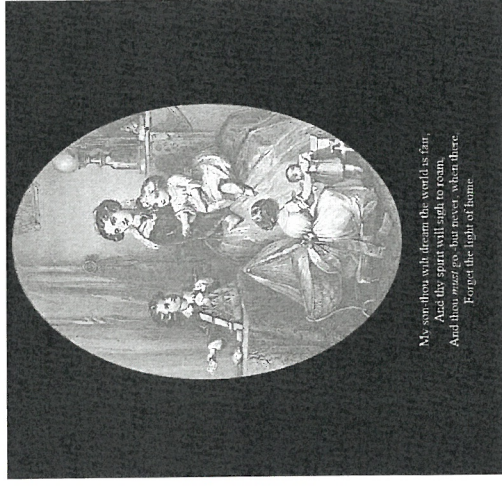
3. How would you describe the narrator's husband?

4. What is the narrator's style of writing? What is her tone?

5. What does the narrator believe would be the best cure for her?

6. How does this contrast with what her husband and brother say?

7. How does Gilman's vision of work compare to the roles of the mother in the "Light of the Home" image and the representation of "keeping house" in the "I Can't Keep House without It" (1918) advertisement?



8. What is the narrative style of this story? What is the effect of this journal style narrative in developing the main character?

9. How does it influence how the reader understands the main character?

10. How does the narration mimic the narrator's mental state?

11. Point out digressions and discuss why the narrator might digress during her account. An 1867 Godey's quote from the "Motherhood" says, "About every true mother there is a sanctity of martyrdom- and when she is no more in the body, her children see her with the ring of light around her head." Compare this description to the narrator's role of mother.

12. What does the following passage suggest about the relationship between the narrator and her husband?

"And dear John gathered me up in his arms, and just carried me upstairs and laid me on the bed, and sat by me and read to me till it tired my head."

13. How would you characterize the narrator?

14. How would you characterize the husband?

15. What is the significance of the woman behind the yellow wall-paper?

16. To aid discussion for the above question, compare the narrator's feelings about the wall-paper to the tone and message of the 1890 cartoon, For the benefit of the girl about to graduate.



17. How would you describe the narrator's mental state in Section 6? ("I'm feeling ever so much better! . . . round and round and round -- it makes me dizzy!")

18. How has she changed?

19. What is her tone at this point in the story?

20. What do you notice about the narrator's diction in Sections 5-9? ("Life is very much more exciting now than it used to be. . . . John and Jennie are secretly affected by it.")

21. How does the narration change?

22. What does the narrator mean by, "I got out at last?"

23. What does the ending of this story suggest about the woman behind the wall-paper?

24. How are this woman and the wall-paper itself symbolic?

25. Discuss the metaphor of the window in relationship to "getting out."