

Exploring Literary Allusions in *Frankenstein*

Due Date: Friday, December 6, 2019

Objectives:

- Become familiar with the general setting, narrative, and context of two classic European poems alluded to in Shelley's *Frankenstein*
- Analyze and thoroughly explicate excerpts from two classic poems
- Practice poetic commentary
- Determine the thematic threads in both poems to determine the effect of the allusions on the novel

Process:

- Choose a partner you trust academically to work with
- Decide who will present the Milton poem and who will present the Coleridge poem
- Do some initial, informal research to determine:
 - The plot of the whole poem (both are narrative poems)
 - The length and major organizational features of the whole poem
 - The context of the poem and the era when the poem was written
- Complete either the TP-CASTT or the "How to Read a Poem" close study sheet from your romantic poetry packet to analyze the excerpt from your poem.
- Locate the parts of *Frankenstein* where Shelley uses your poem and analyze the effect of using your poem as an allusion.
- On Friday, you'll present your information about the poem in an eight-minute presentation. Write a thesis statement about how Shelley uses allusion you've been assigned in *Frankenstein*.

Scoring Guide:	
Poem's Plot and Historical Context	10 points
Poem Excerpt Analysis & Explication Commentary	20 points
Thesis about use in <i>Frankenstein</i>	10 points

- **You'll submit a typed paper copy of the analysis you present to your partner for Mrs. Matheny to score.**

Selection from John Milton's *Paradise Lost* (1667): Book X

<p>The growing miseries, which <i>Adam</i> saw [715] Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade, To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within, And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost, Thus to disburd'n sought with sad complaint. O miserable of happie! is this the end [720] Of this new glorious World, and mee so late The Glory of that Glory, who now becom Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face Of God, whom to behold was then my highth Of happiness: yet well, if here would end [725] The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare My own deservings; but this will not serve; All that I eat or drink, or shall beget, Is propagated curse. O voice once heard Delightfully, Encrease <i>and multiply</i>, [730] Now death to hear! for what can I encrease Or multiplie, but curses on my head? Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling The evil on him brought by me, will curse My Head, ill fare our Ancestor impure, [735] For this we may thank <i>Adam</i>; but his thanks Shall be the execration; so besides Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound, On mee as on thir natural center light [740] Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes! Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee From darkness to promote me, or here place [7 In this delicious Garden? as my Will Concurd not to my being, it were but right And equal to reduce me to my dust, Desirous to resigne, and render back All I receav'd, unable to performe [750] Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold The good I sought not. To the loss of that, Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added The sense of endless woes? inexplicable Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late, [755] I thus contest; then should have been refusd Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd: Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good, Then cavil the conditions? and though God Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son [760] Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort, Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee That proud excuse? yet him not thy election, But Natural necessity begot. [765]</p>	<p>God made thee of choice his own, and of his own To serve him, thy reward was of his grace, Thy punishment then justly is at his Will. Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair, That dust I am, and shall to dust returne: [770] O welcom hour whenever! why delays His hand to execute what his Decree Fixd on this day? why do I overlive, Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet [775] Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth Insensible, how glad would lay me down As in my Mothers lap! There I should rest And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse [780] To mee and to my ofspring would torment me With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt Pursues me still, least all I cannot die, Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish [785] With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave, Or in some other dismal place who knows But I shall die a living Death? O thought Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life [790] And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither. All of me then shall die: let this appease The doubt, since humane reach no further knows. For though the Lord of all be infinite, Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so, [795] But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end? Can he make deathless Death? that were to make Strange contradiction, which to God himself Impossible is held, as Argument [800] Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out, For angers sake, finite to infinite In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour Satisfi'd never; that were to extend His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law, [805] By which all Causes else according still To the reception of thir matter act, Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd, Bereaving sense, but endless miserie [810] From this day onward, which I feel begun Both in me, and without me, and so last To perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution On my defensless head; both Death and I [815] Am found Eternal, and incorporate both, Nor I on my part single, in mee all Posteritie stands curst:</p>
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<p>"I woke, and we were sailing on As in a gentle weather: 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high; The dead men stood together.</p> <p>All stood together on the deck, For a charnel-dungeon fitter: All fixed on me their stony eyes, That in the moon did glitter.</p> <p>The pang, the curse, with which they died, Had never passed away: I could not draw my eyes from theirs, Nor turn them up to pray.</p> <p>And now this spell was snapped: once more I viewed the ocean green, And looked far forth, yet little saw Of what had else been seen -</p> <p>Like one that on a lonesome road Doth walk in fear and dread, And having once turned round walks on, And turns no more his head; Because he knows a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread.</p> <p>But soon there breathed a wind on me, Nor sound nor motion made: Its path was not upon the sea, In ripple or in shade.</p> <p>It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek Like a meadow-gale of spring - It mingled strangely with my fears, Yet it felt like a welcoming.</p> <p>Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, Yet she sailed softly too: Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze - On me alone it blew.</p> <p>Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed The lighthouse top I see? Is this the hill? is this the kirk? Is this mine own country?</p> <p>We drifted o'er the harbour-bar, And I with sobs did pray - O let me be awake, my God! Or let me sleep away.</p>	<p>The harbour-bay was clear as glass, So smoothly it was strewn! And on the bay the moonlight lay, And the shadow of the moon.</p> <p>The rock shone bright, the kirk no less, That stands above the rock: The moonlight steeped in silentness The steady weathercock.</p> <p>And the bay was white with silent light, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came.</p> <p>A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck - Oh, Christ! what saw I there!</p> <p>Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat, And, by the holy rood! A man all light, a seraph-man, On every corse there stood.</p> <p>This seraph-band, each waved his hand: It was a heavenly sight! They stood as signals to the land, Each one a lovely light;</p> <p>This seraph-band, each waved his hand, No voice did they impart - No voice; but oh! the silence sank Like music on my heart.</p> <p>But soon I heard the dash of oars, I heard the Pilot's cheer; My head was turned perforce away, And I saw a boat appear.</p> <p>The Pilot and the Pilot's boy, I heard them coming fast: Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy The dead men could not blast.</p> <p>I saw a third -I heard his voice: It is the Hermit good! He singeth loud his godly hymns That he makes in the wood. He'll shrive me my soul, he'll wash away The Albatross's blood."</p>
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