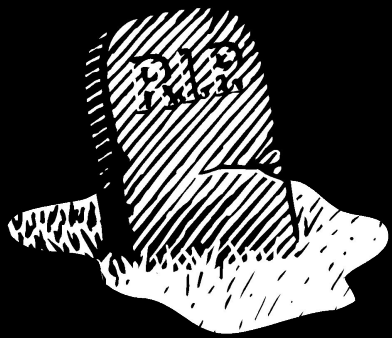


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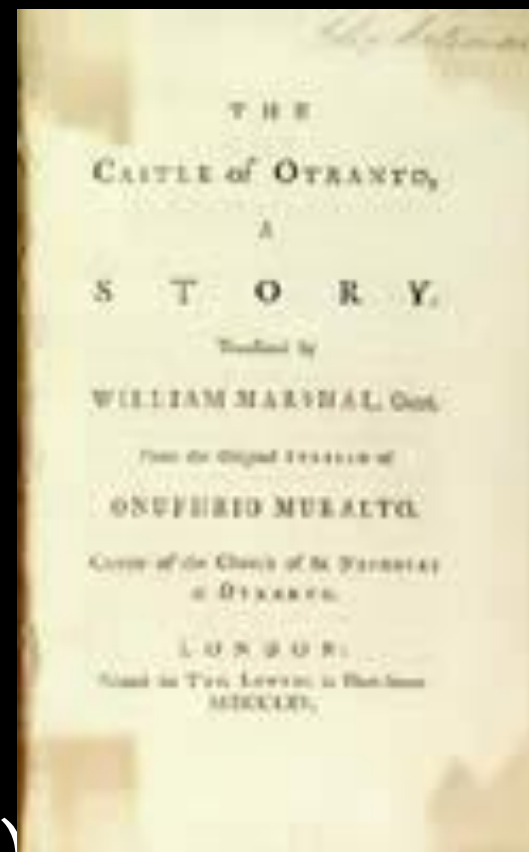


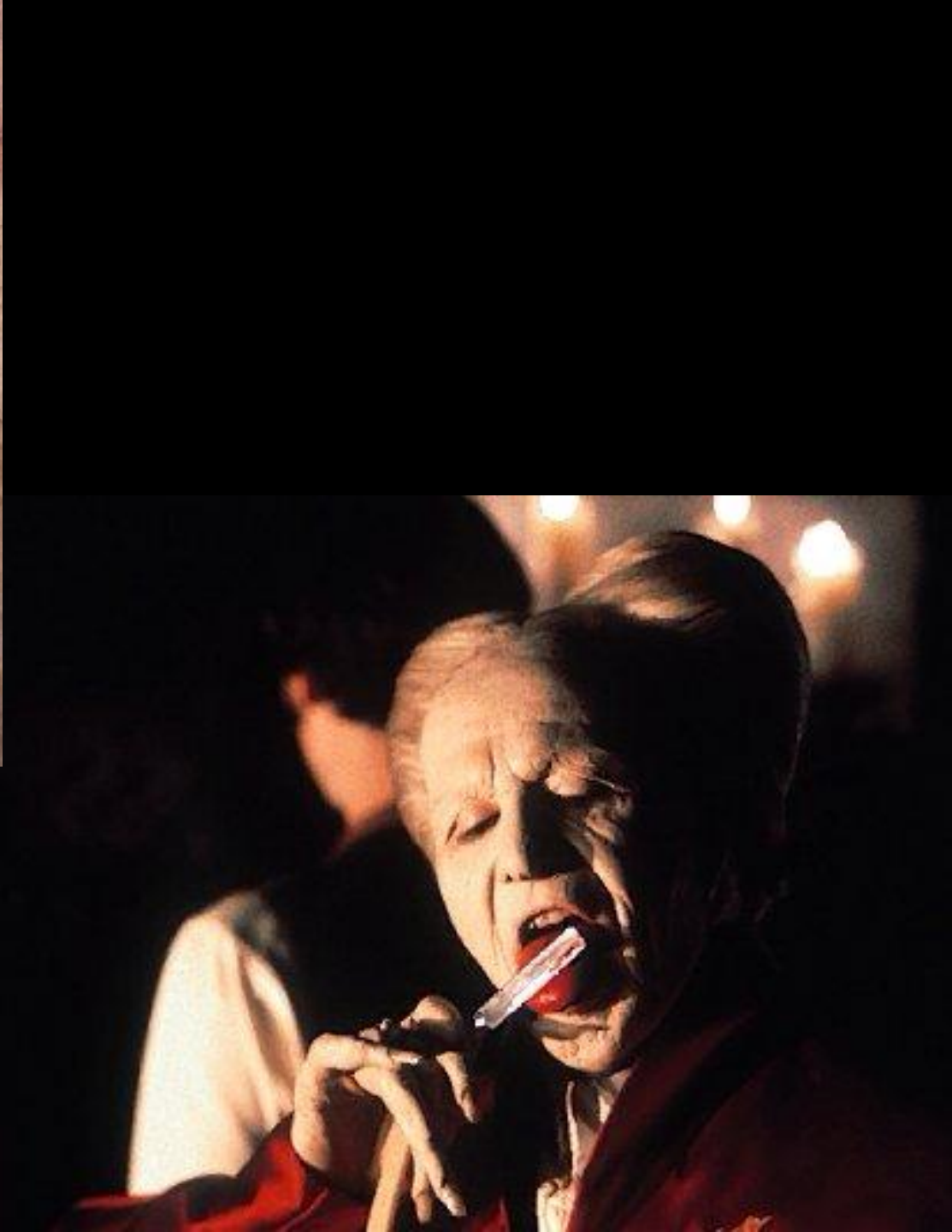
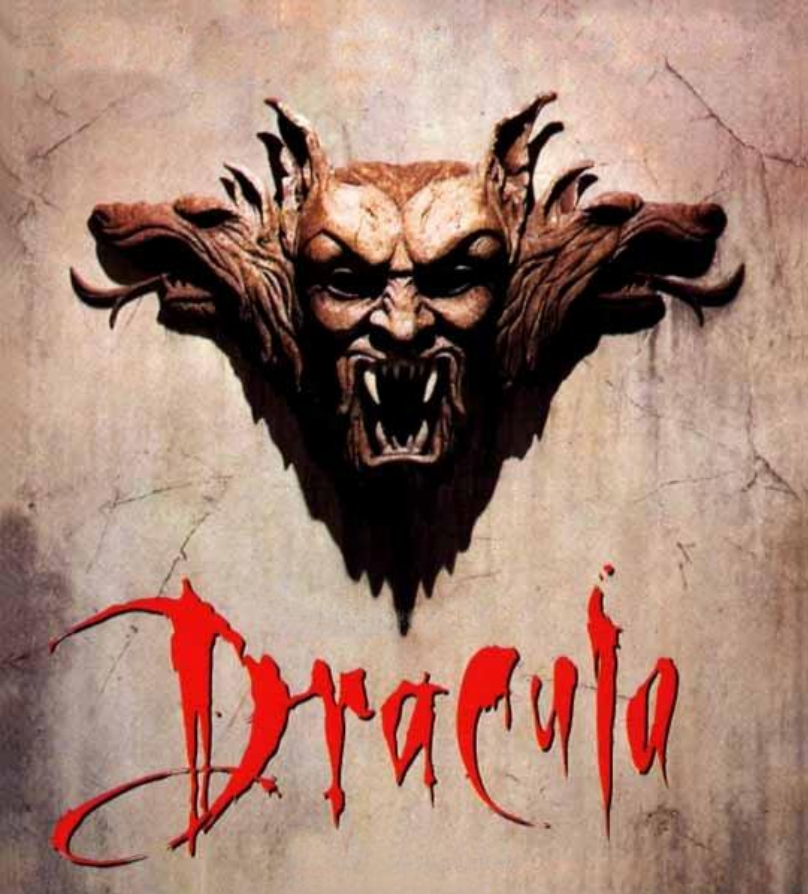
AND THE
WORKS OF
EDGAR ALLAN

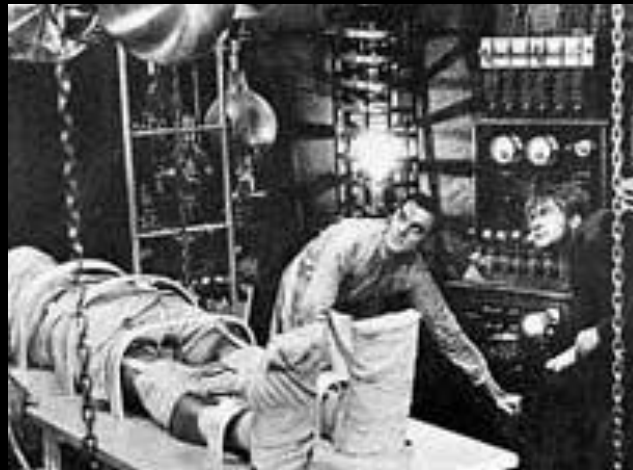
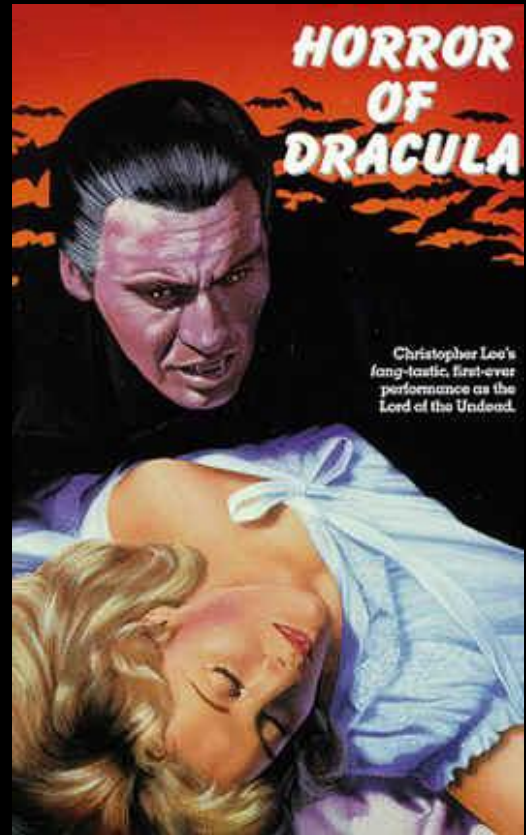


The Gothic Tradition

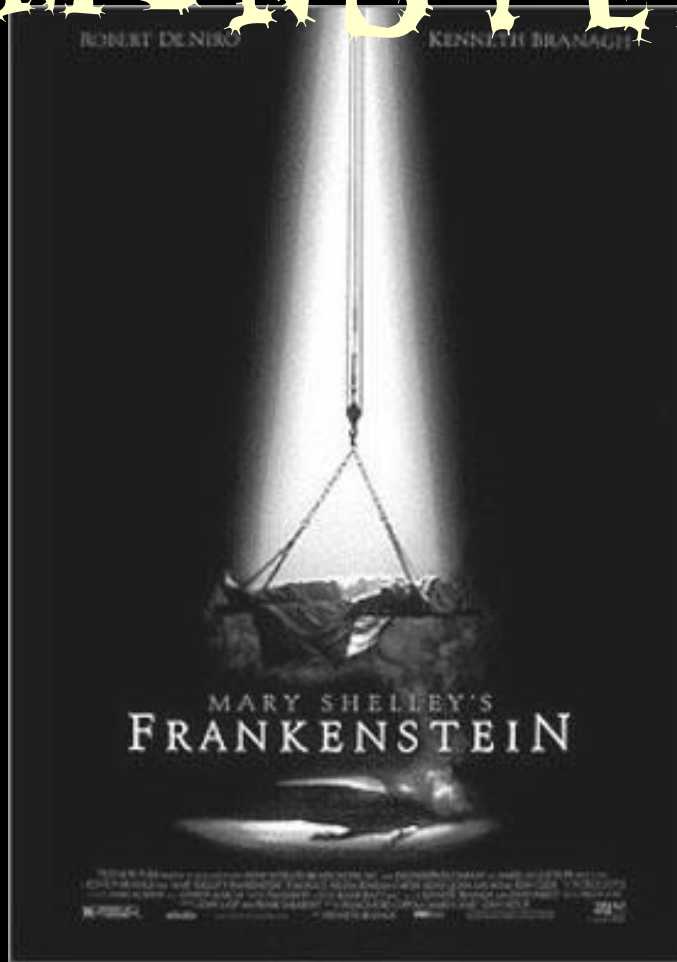
- Began in Europe
- First Gothic Work:
 - 1765 *The Castle of Otranto* – Horace Walpole
- Two Early Works:
 - Mary Shelly's *Frankenstein, or The Modern Prometheus* (1818)
 - Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (1897)



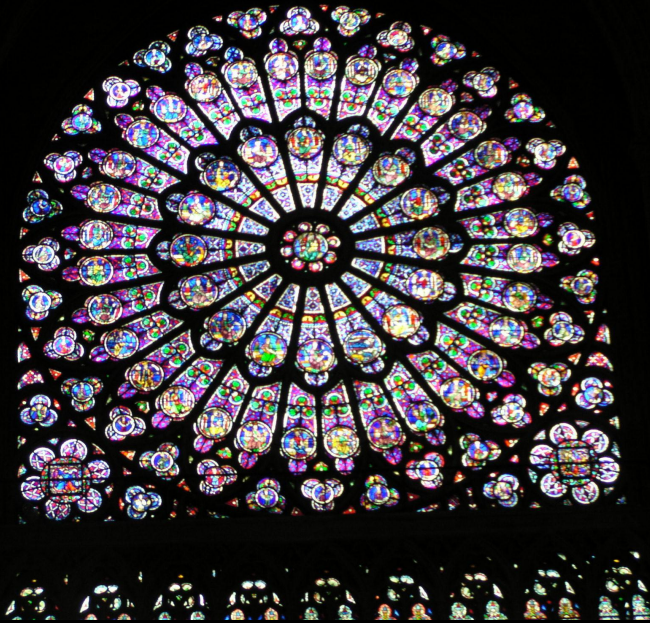




FRANKENSTEIN'S TEIN'S MONSTER



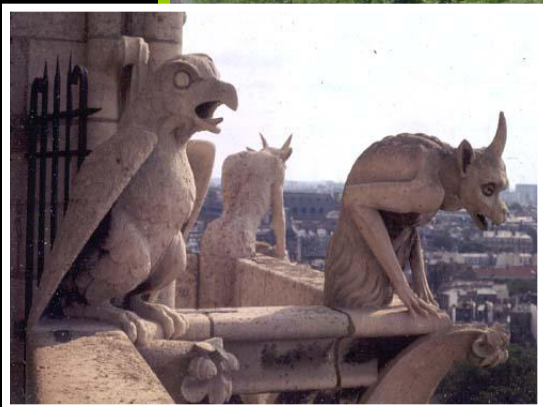
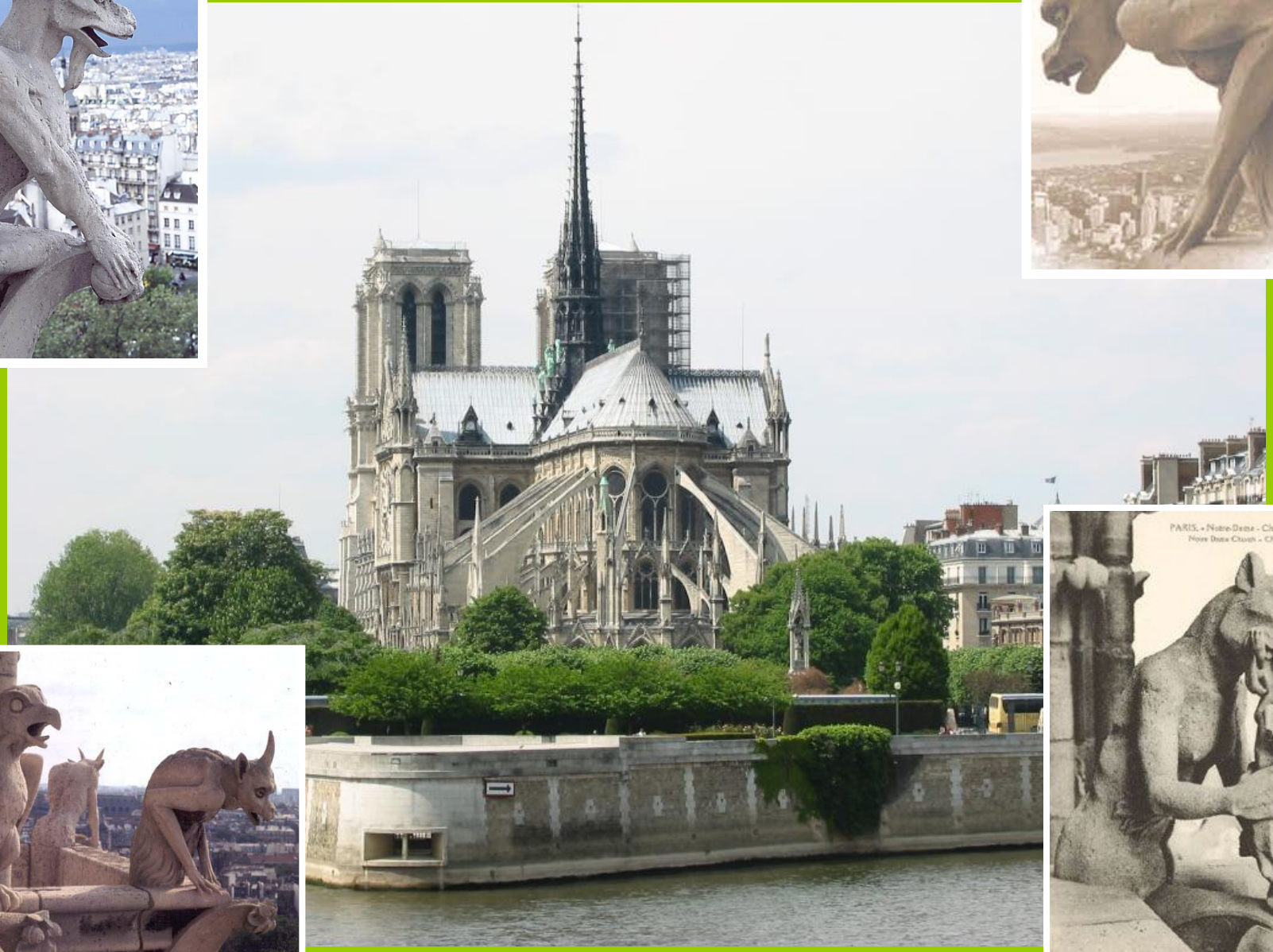
Architectur e



The Gothic tradition was also reflected in architecture: vaulted ceilings, arches, stained glass windows,



Notre Dame



Characteristics of Gothic Fiction

- Mystery
- Horror
- The Grotesque
- Violence
- The Supernatural





The Gothic





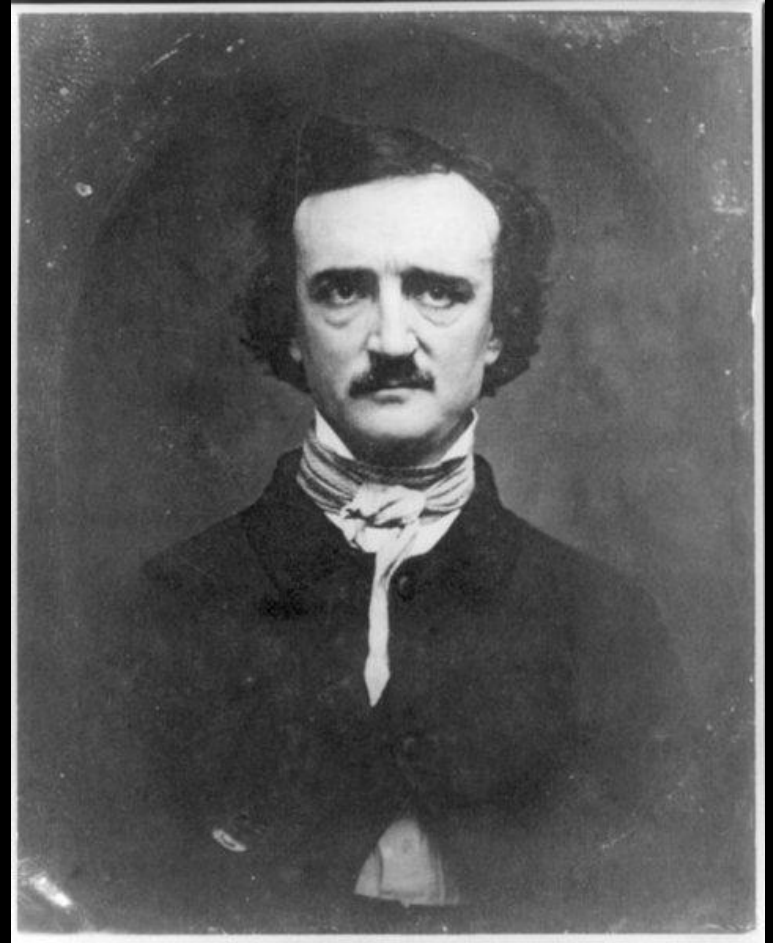
Edgar Allan Poe

“The death...of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world – and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover.”

Edgar Allan Poe
from “*The Philosophy of Composition*”

EDGAR ALLAN POE

- His biography is often distorted
- His life was filled with personal tragedy and professional failure
- Poe drank to escape this failure but had a low tolerance for alcohol
- Numerous women whom he loved died, most from tuberculosis
- His true love, his wife Virginia died from tuberculosis; Poe watched her slowly die for five years





- The death of a beautiful woman was a common topic of his works because he had experienced such loss himself, including his stepmother, his childhood love, and his wife

- Poe's professional life was full of failure
- His greatest success was "The Raven," which brought him fame, but earned him only \$14.00
- Poe wrote many short stories simply for the money; ironically he is most famous for these stories
- He saw himself as a poet, but could not make a living from writing poetry

- He is the most important American poet before Walt Whitman
- Poe was also an important literary critic (he was known as the “tomahawk man” for his often brutal criticism)
- He is credited with the invention of the detective story (these stories provided Poe with the order & logic that was lacking in his own life)



POE

Poe can be considered the father of the modern horror story, influencing writers such as Stephen King and Anne Rice

Until now no one has dared to film this...the most diabolical classic of all time!

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES PRESENTS

Edgar Allan Poe's

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

FILMED IN PANAVISION AND COLOR



"Down and still down it came — to cross the region of the heart!..." POE



"The shrieking of mutilated victims is the music of my life."



"The agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long and final scream of despair."



"While they were mourning me — I was alive — struggling to be free."



"Ever since that day — I have not been able to live as other women!"

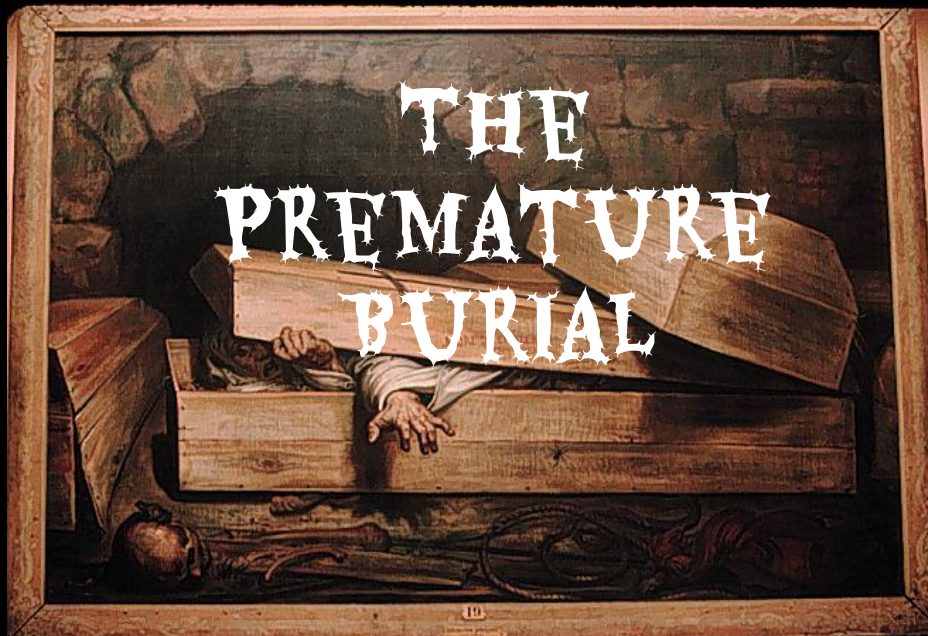
STARRING VINCENT PRICE • JOHN KERR • BARBARA STEELE • LIANA ANDERS • SCREENPLAY BY RICHARD MATHESON • PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ROGER CORMAN • MUSIC BY LES BAXTER



- Poe explored the dark and often irrational side of the human mind (Hawthorne explored the dark side of the human heart)
- His stories often are filled with a sense of anxiety & have a dreamlike quality

MASTER OF THE SHORT STORY

- Along with Nathaniel Hawthorne, Poe perfected the modern short story
- Poe stressed a single dominant effect in his short stories



POE

- After the death of his wife, Poe went insane, desperately trying to find someone to take her place
- His death remains a mystery; his final words were, “God help my poor soul.”



“Six years ago, a wife whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and again I hoped. At the end of a year, the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. Again, in about a year afterward. Then again—again—again—and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death—and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity...I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness I drank, God only knows how often or how much. ”

- Edgar Allan Poe, 1848

- Poe saw women as angelic figures: “Women have been angels of mercy to me.”
- Poe’s characters are often tortured by guilt
- Poe’s stories are quite modern in their psychoanalytical components
- Like many of his characters, Poe was caught between
 - Rationality & irrationality



“The Masque of the Red Death”

- The Red Death can be seen as tuberculosis, a disease which haunted Poe his entire life
- Tuberculosis (consumption) seemed to kill everyone Poe loved; “The Masque of the Red Death” is often seen as Poe’s expression of this idea
- A symptom of consumption was the coughing up of blood &



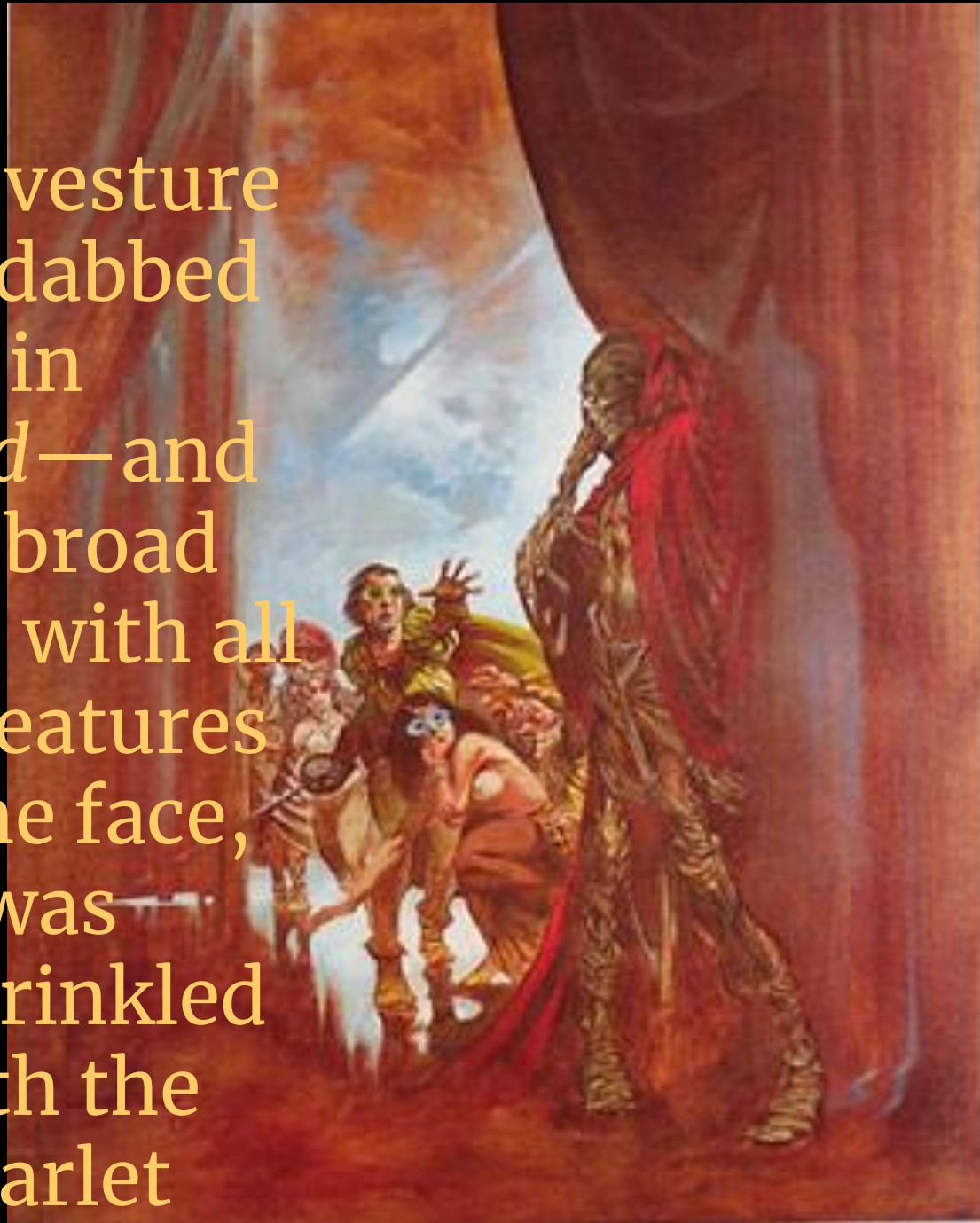
THE "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal -- the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress and termination of the disease, were the incidents of half an hour.

Avatar: any incarnation or embodiment

Dissolution: death

“The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have difficulty in detecting the cheat.”

“His vesture
was dabbled
in
blood—and
his broad
brow, with all
the features
of the face,
was
besprinkled
with the
scarlet



And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

“The Tell-Tale Heart”

“TRUE! --nervous --very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses --not destroyed --not dulled them.

Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily --how calmly I can tell you the whole story.”

“The Black Cat”

FOR the most wild, yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad indeed would I be to expect it, in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet, mad am I not -- and very surely do I not dream. But to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburthen my soul.

My immediate purpose is to place before the world, plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences, these events have terrified -- have tortured -- have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me, they have presented little but Horror -- to many they will seem less terrible than baroques. Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the common-place -- some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will perceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.

Baroques: gaudily ornate, excessively decorated (stories, in this context)

“One night, returning home, much intoxicated, from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence. I seized him; when, in his fright at my violence, he inflicted a slight wound upon my hand with his teeth. The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed, at once to take its flight from my body; and a more than fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtured, thrilled every fibre of my frame. I took from my waistcoat-pocket a pen-knife, opened it, grasped the poor beast by the throat, and deliberately cut one of its eyes from the socket! I blush, I burn, I

“The Black Cat”

...In the meantime the cat slowly recovered. The socket of the lost eye presented, it is true, a frightful appearance, but he no longer appeared to suffer any pain. He went about the house as usual, but, as might be expected, fled in extreme terror at my approach. I had so much of my old heart left, as to be at first grieved by this evident dislike on the part of a creature which had once so loved me. But this feeling soon gave place to irritation. And then came, as

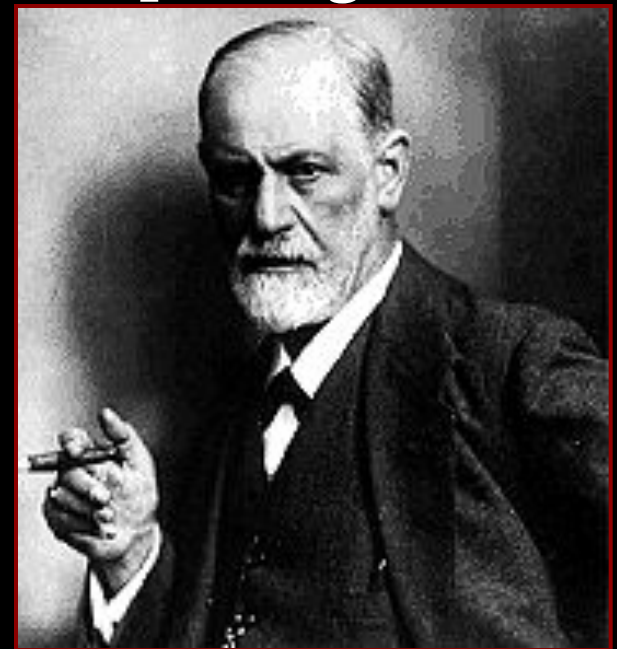
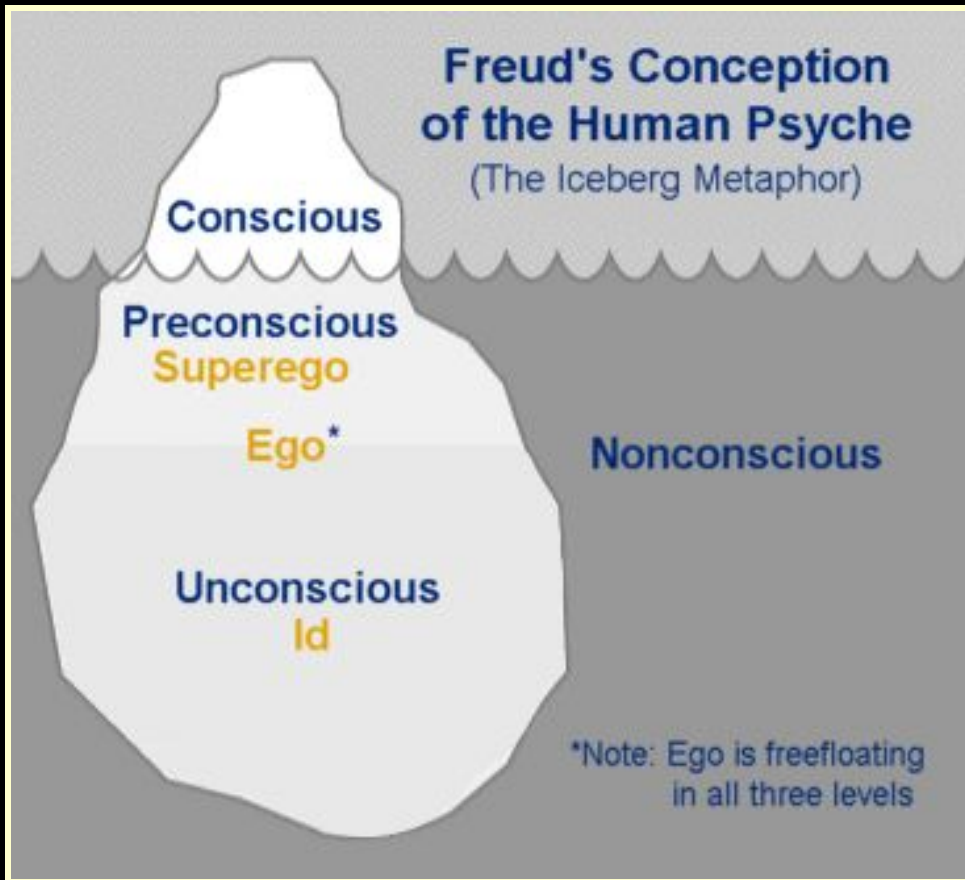
Of this spirit philosophy takes no account. Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives, than I am that perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart—one of the indivisible primary faculties, or sentiments, which give direction to the character of Man. Who has not, a hundred times, found himself committing a vile or a silly action, for no other reason than because he knows he should *not*? Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is *Law*, merely because we understand it to be

It was this unfathomable longing of the soul *to vex itself*— to offer violence to its own nature— to do wrong for the wrong's sake only— that urged me to continue and finally to consummate the injury I had inflicted upon the unoffending brute. One morning, in cool blood, I slipped a noose about its neck and hung it to the limb of a tree; -- hung it with the tears streaming from my eyes, and with the bitterest remorse at my heart; -- hung it *because* I knew that it had loved me, and *because* I felt it had given me no reason of offense; -- hung it *because* I knew that in doing so I was committing a sin— a deadly sin that would so jeopardize my immortal soul as to place it— if such a thing were possible— even beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of the Most Merciful and Most Terrible God.

Sigmund Freud

The human Mind:

- Id
- Ego
- Super-Ego



The Human Psyche – Sigmund Freud

Id

- The id represented primary process thinking — our most primitive, need-gratification impulses. It is organized around the primitive instinctual drives of sexuality and aggression. In the id, these drives require instant gratification or release.

Ego

- In Freud's view the ego mediates between the id, the superego, and the external world to balance our primitive drives, our moral ideals and taboos, and the limitations of reality.

Superego

- The superego stands in opposition to the desires of the id. The superego is based upon the internalization of the world view, norms and mores a child absorbs from parents and the surrounding environment at a young age. As the conscience, it includes our sense of right and wrong, maintaining taboos specific to a child's internalization of parental culture.

One day she accompanied me, upon some household errand, into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and, nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an axe, and forgetting, in my wrath, the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal which, of course, would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded, by the interference, into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the axe in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot, without a groan.

This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself forthwith, and with entire deliberation, to the task of concealing the body. I knew that I could not remove it from the house, either by day or by night, without the risk of being observed by the neighbors. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments, and destroying them by fire. At another, I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it in the well in the yard -- about packing it in a box, as if merchandize, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these. I determined to wall it up in the cellar -- as the monks of the

The second and the third day passed, and still my tormentor came not. Once again I breathed as a free-man. The monster, in terror, had fled the premises forever! I should behold it no more! My happiness was supreme! The guilt of my dark deed disturbed me but little. Some few inquiries had been made, but these had been readily answered. Even a search had been instituted --but of course nothing was to be discovered. I looked upon my future felicity as secured.

Gentlemen," I said at last, as the party ascended the steps, "I delight to have allayed your suspicions. I wish you all health, and a little more courtesy. By the bye, gentlemen, this --this is a very well constructed house." (In the rabid desire to say something easily, I scarcely knew what I uttered at all.) -- "I may say an excellently well constructed house. These walls --are you going, gentlemen? --these walls are solidly put together"; and here, through the mere phrenzy of bravado, I rapped heavily, with a cane which I held in my hand, upon that very portion of the brick-work behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my

But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs of the Arch-Fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb! --by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman --a howl --a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party upon the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and of awe. In the next, a dozen stout arms were tolling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators.

Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to

“The Raven”

- “The Raven” reflects the darkness, anger and frustration Poe felt while watching his wife Virginia die for five years
- During that time, Poe struggled to keep Virginia fed and warm, and also to give her the medicine she desperately needed
- The guilt & anger he felt are expressed in the darkness of “The Raven”

“The Raven”



- Written while Poe’s wife, Virginia, was dying from tuberculosis
- The darkness of the poem – the feeling that he will be free from the pain of the memory of his “Lost Lenore” nevermore is reflective of the agony and desperation Poe felt in his own life

“The Raven”

- The poem contains internal rhyme:
 - “Once upon a midnight *dreary* while I wandered weak and *weary*”
- Poe establishes immediately, an atmosphere/tone of *darkness/melancholy/suspense/fear/anxiety*



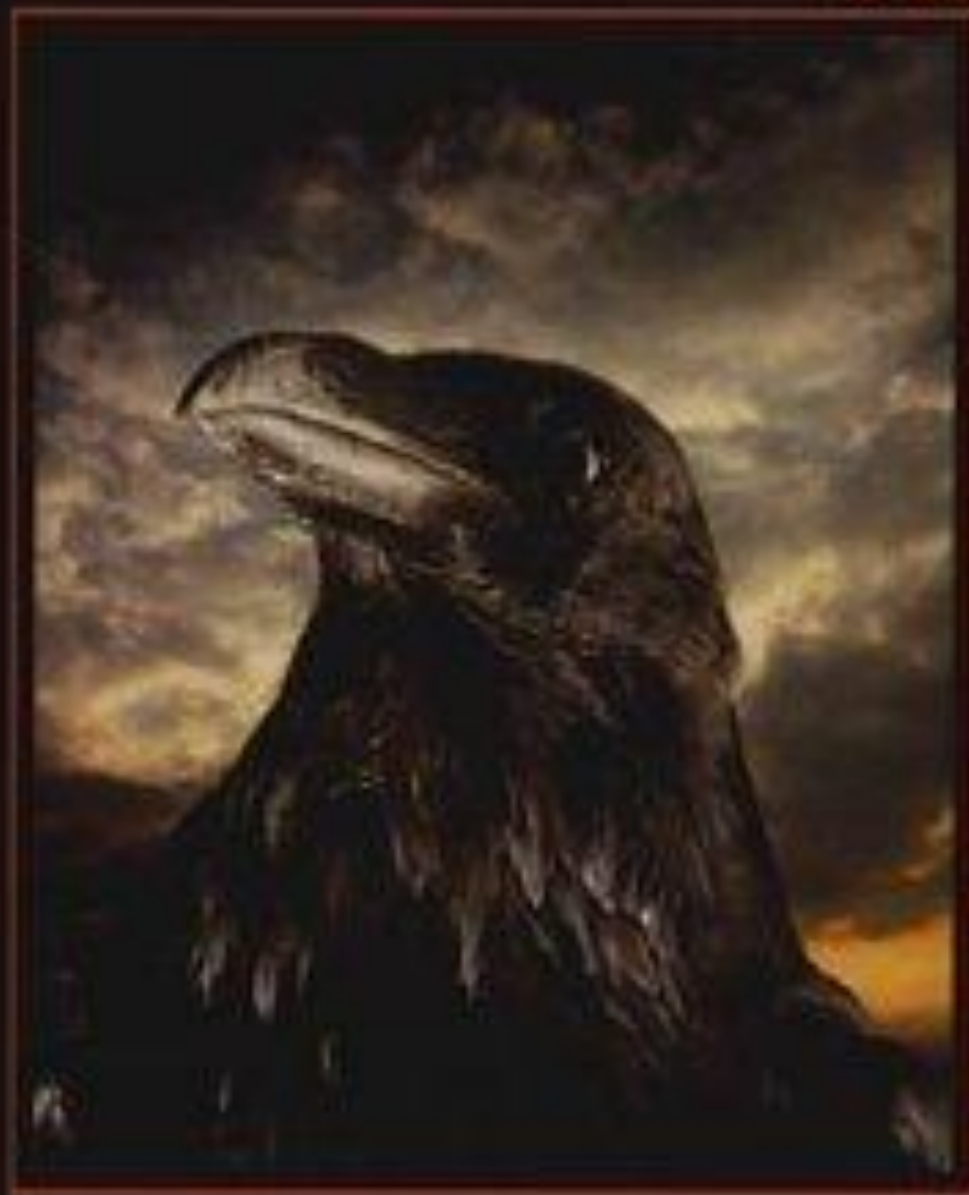
“The Raven”

- The poem mirrors Poe’s own experience of dealing with his wife’s slow death (for five years) from tuberculosis.
- She would get better, then worse, then better, then worse – a rollercoaster of emotions for Poe. The narrator/speaker tries to forget his lost Lenore, but can’t; he is distracted by books (forgotten lore) then the tapping on the door, then the raven, but only momentarily.



“The Raven”

- He is continually reminded of the pain he feels from her loss (the bird will leave him in the morning like Lenore; Lenore will never sit in the chair as he does in the poem).
- As much as the narrator wants to forget his loss, he can't help but remember.



the Raven

“Annabel Lee”

- This poem is also about the death of Poe’s wife, Virginia, but it evinces a much more positive view of her passing.
- Poe seems to have come to terms with the loss of his wife; he seems to be at peace with her passing, for she remains with him
- The poem presents a romanticized memory of the death of Poe’s wife

“Annabel Lee”

- *“For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams of the beautiful Annabel Lee/ And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes of my beautiful Annabel Lee.”*
- Contrary to “The Raven,” the narrator wants to remember his lost love; the narrator of “The Raven” wants to forget.

Comparing & Contrasting

“The Raven”

- Lenore is angelic: “For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—”
- Speaker wants to forget because it hurts to remember
- Memory of her full of darkness and despair: “On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.”
- Internal rhyme creates suspense and changes in tone which reflect speaker’s failed attempts to forget

“Annabel Lee”

- Annabel Lee is angelic: “The angels, not half so happy in heaven/Went envying her and me—”
- Speaker wants to remember
- Romanticized memory of her: “For the moon never beams”
- Fairy-tale like feel: “It was many and many a year ago....” – consistent with romanticized memory
- Sing-song rhythm to poem creates hopeful and nostalgic tone

from “The Bells”

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody
foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically
wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the
bells

from “The Bells”

Hear the tolling of the bells-
Iron Bells!
What a world of solemn
thought their monody
compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of
their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their
throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the
people—
They that dwell up in the
steeple,
All Alone

And who, tolling, tolling,
tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a
stone—
They are neither man nor
woman—
They are neither brute nor
human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who
tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls

“For Annie” (1849)

Thank Heaven! the crisis—
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last—
And the fever called
“Living”
Is conquered at last...

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing
Are quieted now,
With that horrible
 throbbing
At heart: --ah, that
 horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness—the nausea
The pitiless pain—
Have ceased, with the fever
That maddened my brain—
With the fever called
 “Living”
That burned in my brain...

And so it lies happily
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of
Annie
Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of
Annie.

She tenderly kissed
me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her
breast-
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of
her breast.

When the light was
extinguished,
She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm.
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm...

But my heart it is
brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
For it sparkles with
Annie—
It glows with the light
Of the love of my
Annie—
With the thought of the
light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

