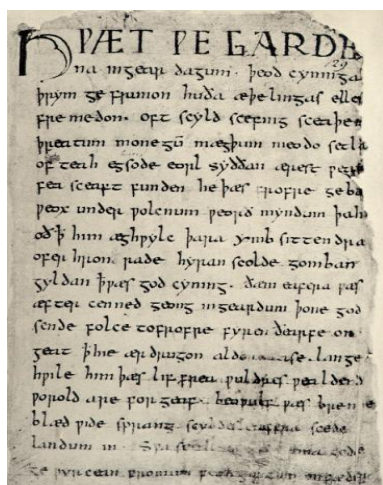


Reflections on REL 226 “Religions of Europe,” a May Term travel course with Bill Huntley

In 2010, I took eleven students and nine other somewhat more aging adults to London, Ireland and Scotland. The comments below are taken from my journal and letters of evaluation from some of the students. What follows is a kind of aide to memory written in June before many details find their way deeper into our brains. The process started with a Powerpoint at a meeting in October 2009 in the Casa Loma room; there I showed some slides of Western Ireland and the small island in Scotland named “Iona.” That night I knew in the “twinkling of an eye” that the class would be a “go.” Twenty students came up to sign a list of interested travelers, and 8 students from that original list boarded planes in May 2010 zooming toward London. From October until May much planning took place in the fall and spring semesters; for we needed places to stay in 8 different settings, with deadlines to pay for lodgings. We needed airline tickets to get us across the 8 time zones from LA to London, ferry tickets across the Irish Sea, Brit rail passes to use in England and Scotland, and finally, reservations for a three day bus journey across Ireland, which all paid for individually. Moreover, we needed to agree upon a list of readings about the three settings, which would excite students with interests in religious studies, history, economics, business, art, English, creative writing, and indeed the whole spectrum of majors at the University of Redlands. On our first group meeting, one student asked “Just what is it we shall study?” Knowing that we had 6 months to read before the class would begin officially in May and that almost no students ever have time to read during travel courses, I came up with a list of a dozen books, from which students were to select and to read three during the spring semester (January-April). Most did so. Several read all and commented on them at our weekly meetings.



Some items in the list of readings were suggested by students. Some came from my own readings during college in a favorite course I remembered with William Blackburn at Duke—“Representative Writers in British Literature.” The oldest work we considered was Beowulf, which might have taken us back into a time when his world was “pagan” for “Beowulf and his men cannot be Christian, but their prayer (i.e. as written by the author) is characterized by a Christian formula and....they are praying from a Christian perspective.” (ll. 227-8 cf. Hill, 203). (for some comments I shared in March cf. Appendix E below). The latest work, City of the Mind by Penelope Lively, was set in 1990’s in London. None of us in the class read the original first page of Beowulf in the spring semester or in the British Library in May. We might have thought the manuscript looked foreign “written in a script called Anglo-Saxon square minuscule.” (Heaney, xv).

During the spring semester the favorite reading of most of the students was R. L. Stevenson’s The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. At least the discussion on it was the best during the spring semester. (See below in Appendix F for my comments just after our group discussion in February).

Image Source: <http://www.en.academic.ru/dic.nsf/enwiki/202407>

As a CC (Cross-cultural Studies) in the Liberal Arts Foundations, the course should offer students the chance to gain insight into a culture through various fields. This course was a “double-header” in that we read the literature from three places, if all were written in various stages as English developed as a language; and we visited churches, cathedrals and abbeys that captured a thousand years of history, with at least one speaker in each country from about

his city. Built into the syllabus was a requirement that some knowledge of the culture of each place should be experienced and also a “critical comparison” between specific topics expressed, e.g. St. Paul’s Cathedral and St. Patrick’s. Most students reflected on other topics such as the inclination of the Irish to be more friendly than the English. Was that the result of the recent economic problems in Ireland or the fact that every Irish person we met commented on relatives who moved to America in more recent times than the English did? Or some other cause? A final requirement for the self evaluations was made at the end of the course to write about how each place we visited had shaped each student’s outlook. This is clearly something that each will think about for years to come as pictures and journals are reflected on. Some may even read hereafter books on the reading list which were not yet read. Chaucer may turn out to be the best read of all, because I compared each student with one of the pilgrims described in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

LONDON

A day by day account follows. We usually traveled by bus with our newly bought Oyster cards which allow unlimited travel for a week for about 25 British pounds. Most of the time we were upstairs on the 2nd deck, but on this journey we seem settled in below.



Most of the students from S. California had never ridden a public bus, much less used an underground. Brandi Bangle wrote in her evaluation, “The trip to the U.K. was an amazing experience. I had never really been outside of the U.S. before, so traveling to a different country was very eye opening for me. I loved the fact that we were able to visit three different countries and spend a week in each. It allowed us to learn about and experience three different cultures.” (Bangle). She confessed in June that she had never ridden such a

bus or imagined a “tube.”

On the first morning May 5, we went to the British Museum to search for objects that had historical meaning for us or our course. I led several students to a collection of medieval pieces, especially the newly discovered pieces. Especially interesting to us were the discoveries of the Sutton Hoo Burial including the “great gold buckle” which was used about the time of Beowulf (Heaney, figure 5, Cf. Leahy, 18). In the image below, I captured Emily and her mother looking at the famous Sutton Hoo Helmet from the 7th Century that might very well look like what Beowulf wore.



Later that day we ate a snack in the middle of the park in Russell Square, then walked to the British Library to view the Magna Charta, the text of Beowulf, and 14th Century manuscripts. One looked the age of the Ellesmere Manuscript of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales in the Huntington Library. Amy Harrah noted that she found original manuscripts of Shakespeare's plays, if not the play of "Macbeth" that some of us had attended in Redlands in November or of "Henry V" which she read in the spring. Wow, the British Library gave us three connections with our list of possible readings—Beowulf, Chaucer and Shakespeare!

On Thursday May 6 we went to the National Portrait Gallery looking for portraits of the persons who were buried or memorialized in Westminster Abbey. Kailey Gillotti found the portrait of Elizabeth I on the 2nd floor of the Gallery; there we got to witness a docent giving a lecture to some school children on that very same portrait. Then going to Westminster for an evensong saved us a great deal of money as well as giving a sense of the cathedral as a place of worship, more than just a place where kings and queens were crowned or a place of burial of the rich or famous.



Alas we did not get into the famous part of the Cathedral containing the burial place of Edward the Confessor (d. 1066) who was the major force in making this building a sacred monument. I had read in Churchill's History that Edward the Confessor came to be viewed as a "gentle, grey-bearded prophet (who) foretold the end, when on his death-bed Edward spoke of a time of evil that was coming upon the land...." (p. 127). Indeed, his death led to the Norman invasion in 1066 that changed much in England, including William the Conqueror being crowned in Westminster Abbey. We could not see Edward the Confessor or William the Conqueror tombs, or any other of the royalty, but Debbie found the place where Chaucer rests. (Cf. Appendix C for the list from which others made their choice).

Image

Source: http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/3/37/Westminster_Abbey_West_Door.jpg

Then on Friday we walked from the IES residence to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where we somehow missed our guide. A docent took us through the medieval art pieces. Here is one I saw and photographed, but the image below by a better photographer than I gave me a feeling of somehow being in an ancient religious sanctuary, for which I did not have to pay an entry fee. "Why, " I wondered is it more 'religious' to experience such art in a museum than in a cathedral where one is closely watched and cameras are forbidden?" I liked the lambs in the carving below who seem to be supporting the story portrayed!

The photo to the right which I took in the Victoria and Albert Museum contrasts two images, which I might call "destination heaven or hell." The

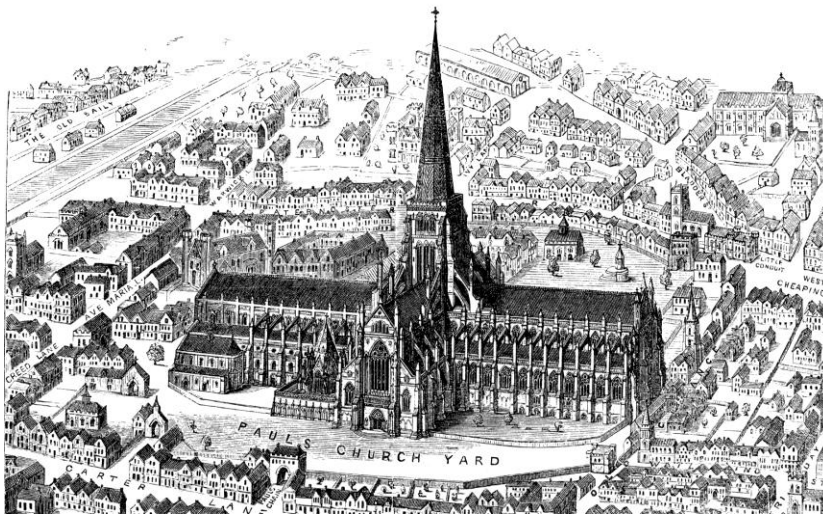


figure on the left is of St. Peter with the key to heaven ready to lead the young women looking expectantly toward him, while the figure on the right shows some women being taken by a dark and sinister figure to what must be hell. Note that both groups are equally undressed, but the bright light on the left of the image was because my flash went off close to St. Peter's right ear. Also in the V and A", as it is called in London, I was amazed to see the collection of art from Asia, especially from Japan. On reflection I realized that the opening of Japan to the West in 1868 took place during Queen Victoria's rule. I should also comment that the British Museum had a collection from the whole planet and a course could easily be taught in London about Asia, especially the art of Japan and China. But that was not the name of this course, but in some future year, who knows?

The rest of this Friday was free, and several of us went for the best fish and chips I had in London at the Bunch of Grapes Pub just down the street from the Victoria and Albert. Thereafter we went to Harrods' amazing department store, and Bob Speer got to celebrate his imagined birthday there at the coffee shop on the top floor, which was perhaps our most famous setting for a cup of coffee or for eating anything during all of May for that matter.

Saturday was a day for many individual options, and I wanted to see where some Jews had celebrated their lives in England in ancient and modern times. Little did I know that in visiting Rob and Barbie Neufeld for lunch that day I would meet many of Rob's family as well. His dad told me of their lives on the Isle of Man as German –speaking Jews who were considered dangerous by the English in the 1940's, until a wise Brit realized that no Jews would ever have become spies for the Nazis. On the way back from Kent to London, I remembered that Denise Davis' friend Claus told us about his family and their rescue from a Nazi

Concentration camp. They were also interned for a while on the Isle of Man.



On Sunday morning May 9 at St. Paul's Cathedral we attended a "Sung Eucharist," a very different form of worship most students had ever witnessed. In her journal Monique wrote that she appreciated the music, while if new to her, could be followed and even sung from the programs that we were

given. The first St. Paul's was built in the 6th Century. The present cathedral is the 5th building by that name on this same little plot of land in England; both it, a second building, and a third were destroyed, the third in a thunder storm. The fourth, a splendid Gothic cathedral the pride of the city lasted for 500 years. The most famous preacher in this 4th building (shown on the left) was its dean, Dr. John Donne, when London had only a population the size of Redlands, in the very center of London, and the parish church of London for 5 centuries.

Image Source:

http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/0/0a/St_Paul%27s_old._From_Francis_Bond,_Early_Christian_Architecture._Last_book_1913.jpg

I had planned to read to my students something from a sermon that the famous great preacher of England, John Donne, delivered in old St. Paul's in the 1620's. By the way he got his job as "Dean of St. Paul's" by the appointment of King James I who liked Donne's style and maybe even his personality. I did NOT read it to my students in May, as I had planned, for other events took priority that day. But the words below were in my journal to be read just outside the building. How often are our preparations delayed!

"If you look upon this world as a Map, you will find two Hemispheres, two half worlds apart. ..two half heavens Half will be Joy and half will be Glory; for in these two, the joy of heaven and the glory of heaven, is all heaven often represented unto us. And if these two Hemispheres of the world, the first hath been known long before, but the other, that of America, which is the richer in treasure, God reserved for later Discoveries; so though he reserved that Hemisphere of heaven with its the Glory thereof, to the Resurrection of the other Hemisphere, the Joy of heaven, God opens to our Discovery and delivers us for our habitation even whilst we dwell in this world....." (Gill's Sermons of John Donne). Image Source: <http://social-deviant.net/wp-content/uploads/2010/02/John-Donne.jpg>



I like the focus in the image above of John Donne's bright eyes, his pointed beard, and his sermons. Especially in the sermon printed above, I was surprised to find that Donne thought of America, within the first decade of the landing of English speaking peoples in Plymouth, as a treasure reserved by God for later discovery. I should repeat that my own appreciation of John Donne's poetry was inspired decades ago by my dear Professor William Blackburn by his reading aloud in class Donne's love poems and his spiritual ones.

In 1666 the 500 year old Gothic building was burned in the Great Fire, and a new structure was needed to capture the need for a cathedral that represented the ideals of the Protestant Reformation. Thus the building, which we visited in 2010 has stood in London from the late 17th Century was designed by Christopher Wren. Wren we learned had worked on various designs which he submitted to King Charles II and an appointed committee to the rebuilding of the church. It took Wren about 40 years of labor until the present building was completed when Wren's son, also an architect, placed the top most stone.



Image source: <http://www.twickenham-museum.org.uk/images/medium/medSirChristopherWren.jpg>

I can recall the service we attended having a short homily by a visiting preacher who started with the line, "What an amazing week, we have had this week!" He referred to the election which led to "Britain's accidental revolution of Cameron, Clegg and coalition." (Economist, May 15, 2010). But for us it was also amazing week in many, other different ways!



The image to the left captures the circles of Wren's Neo-classical dome and ceiling designs as it does also in the influences of Greco-Roman columns. The simple cross shows the influence of Protestantism in what is this enduring symbol of English form of worship. I did not imagine such colors as I looked up, but I guess these are added by Photoshop

coloring. The colors that I remember as white are here portrayed as velvet. In any case the images of the life of St. Paul are difficult to find in this image.

Image source: http://farm1.static.flickr.com/174/462557671_2b12e655b4.jpg

On leaving the Cathedral we met Rob Neufeld and Julian Tyler, Rob's best man at his wedding, who took us down in a tube station near St. Paul's where we were shown a newspaper preserved from the 1940's celebrating the failed attempts by the Nazi bombers to destroy the Cathedral. In the newspaper from 1940 was the image to the right of St. Paul's still standing as the some clear, not in flames as much of the rest of London was in that time. He told us that his aunt who lived nearby had been on duty almost every night to protect the Cathedral. Also Julian and Rob took us down into a nearby subway station where we were asked to imagine what life would have been like down there every night for most of a year during the Nazi blitz, with no beds, toilets, or restaurants. Indeed, I had read "during this ordeal the Londoners cemented their reputation for facing a crisis with quiet toughness, carrying



on the face of overwhelming fear and pain.” (Bucholz, 93). Image source:
http://www.knowledgerush.com/wiki_image/7/7b/StPaulsCathedral.jpg



After a long walk, we had our first group lunch in an outside restaurant named “the Giraffe”; it was, according to Monique, “the best meal of the week.”

As a whole the journals students shared with me early just after the first week in London were better than those later in the course. Perhaps that is because each student was getting weary of writing; and

somehow the sense of surprise at each museum restaurant, bar or church was becoming more attuned to “finishing an assignment” than to the joy of writing. However, **every one of their journals is more interesting to read than my own.** Only two or three selections from my own journal appear worth sharing. On Saturday May 7, while sitting across from the Portrait Gallery where we had all gone on Thursday, I went back for another look, bought a sandwich, and with echoes of Mozart’s “Requiem” being rehearsed in St. Martin’s in the Field, I wrote about flashbacks in London when I was there as a midshipman on a Navy Cruise in 1952.

The last day in London we found the George Inn in Southwark (south of the Thames) from which Chaucer imagined his stories as being told en route to Canterbury, I felt I re-entered the past, at least for an hour. I promised myself I would read the entire book, so I bought a paperback of the Canterbury Tales in London and started focusing on just this one book, not to be distracted by all the other possibilities. Then I began to think of the students in the May Term class as unwitting pilgrims, if not on the way to Canterbury telling stories, at least as modern travelers whose lives unfolded slowly over the next days as they shared their lives, their concerns, and sometimes gossip not intended for my ears. Was that the way Chaucer “caught” is vision, I wondered. Chaucer became for me more than a just an interesting writer from the past; he is now an inspiration as I try to capture some diversity among the eleven students who traveled in May; hence I am attempting to find some quality in each of my students that Chaucer might



have noticed about each of them. (Cf. Appendix A below for my summaries of connections I imagined between Chaucer's pilgrims and my students).

Now in June I continue to think about Chaucer more than any other author whom we read or discussed. I can imagine being alive in the 14th Century. I can recite the dates of each English monarch from Edward I to Richard II and shall continue to think about Chaucer, thanks to John Gardner's book on Chaucer's time. I could imagine going back in a time traveler's journey if I could take with me all the 21st Century medicine I took on this year's travel.

DUBLIN

After a ferry ride to Ireland, an arrival in the rain, a kind act by Joe Haid by buying a bus ride to our Stay. Dublin.com apartments, we got up the next day to a cool but dry day. We went to Trinity College the first morning (May 12) to see the Book of Kells. Most students had the sense that this was an important event in the course and their journals are filled with appreciation of these ancient manuscripts written on Iona, then moved to safety in Ireland during Viking invasions, and discovered to be the priceless treasure of the Irish people, viewed by a million people a year.



The image to the left is from the Book of Kells edited by Meehan (50) showing the face of Christ. In this drawing Christ's identity is confirmed by the symbol of the fish on the right side and by the letters "XPS" which are an abbreviation of the letters in Greek "XPISTOS." The Book of Kells is a codex of the Latin text of the four gospels, with summaries of each gospel and drawings in vibrant colors representing each evangelist. St. Matthew for example was portrayed as a human looking angel. St. John is portrayed as a bird, perhaps as a phoenix to represent a figure after the resurrection, or so said CD interpretation I rented. On close examination of the panels, one might find enlargements small figures in the margins and the colored faces of humans and animals, one

can also see that the monks/scribes showed creative urges. Not all the students enjoyed this day as much as I, but it was a valuable morning for many of the students; for example, Kayla Eason wrote about the faith of monks who spent their lives on such handwritten texts wondering if what they were doing was "to see life as only a test before eternal life." I learned on return to Redlands that when the Book of Kells was on display in New York City some years ago, the lines to enter were "about a mile long." How easy it was by contrast to have such immediate access to the Book and to be able to stay and view it in such leisure!

That afternoon David Rothfeder took several of us on a walking tour of James Joyce's Dublin, thereby showing the best preparation of any student during the semester. He seems the only student in the class who selected Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man as one of the course readings.

The following day we went to the area of St. Patrick's Cathedral as promised in the syllabus, but I suggested anyone who wished could return at another time during the week; Catherine Walker, David Neighbours, and Amy did so. That morning we forged on to meet Oisín Gray (in the center of the photo to the right) a distinguished architect whom I had come to know during his daughter's wedding on a Greek beach. He talked to us about the architecture in Dublin, and after lunch he led us to a Georgian House. Photo by Brian Nuno.



The next evening some of us returned to St. Patrick's Cathedral to attend an evensong service; while there I remembered I reading Gulliver's Travels as a child; and I remembered that Jonathan Swift had served as dean and a preacher at St. Patrick's Cathedral. I also wondered if he amused his congregation in his preaching. He may have subdued his satire, since the present dean in May 2010 showed no hint of humor, especially of satire. St. Patrick's Cathedral seemed to me a dark and dreary place compared to St. Paul's in London, where light and beauty shone through Wren's neo-classical style architecture. (Cf. Appendix D for my comments on Jonathan Swift's writings).

I knew of the Bubonic Plague in the 14th Century when Ireland lost 1/3 of her population and again the potato famine in the 19th from reading Neville's history about Ireland. Yet I did not learn there that the houses of those who died from the famines or those who left for better lives in the Americas or Australia, would survive in the present century as 200 year old moments to their plight, in which no modern folk would ever deign to live. Instead these shadows of buildings are just ghostly and impure reminders of the past.



The beautiful landscapes we saw from our bus ride for three days gave us both great moments for photography and a sense of belonging to a group. In the image on the left, we almost got most everyone on the journey into a single image. But where are the others? Only one could be taking this picture. (Photo by Catherine Walker but notice the clarity of focus in Brian's camera)

I did not remember Killarney or where I had stayed in 1952 on my first visit there during an NROTC summer cruise. Probably we were assigned to a military barrack nothing like the "Disneyland" village of Killarney today filled with many tourists and tourist traps. When I saw

the Ross Castle in 2010, I thought to myself “Disney would have done better to use this castle than the one in S. Germany on which he based his Disneyland castle”.

On the ride around the Ring of Kerry, I longed to see the scene I had imagined of Ireland since the 1970 film “Ryan’s Daughter”; but students would no doubt write quite different first impressions in each city, or about encountering the unexpected. One might even write about picking up, holding and posing for a picture with a sheep, as did Kailey Gillotti, in the image I captured of her on the right



The most pleasant days in Ireland for me were the three days on the bus with Noel our driver, guide and entertainer. From him we learned that Ireland, a neutral nation in World War II, was host to many crashed airmen from England, Germany and the USA during the period of 1940-45. We heard that the prisoners were allowed to go out to pubs in the evening or to fall in love with local girls and at the conclusion of hostilities would, some of them at least, return to spend out their lives in peaceful Ireland. We could imagine soccer (or “football” as it is called there would become the way that the various nations could take to the playing fields of Ireland as national “teams” in completion as the Germans competed with the Americans in a quite different way that on the battle fields with guns or bombs.



At each stop of the bus we found ourselves looking at scenes which were as beautiful as any place on our planet. Noel told us to look at the small village in the foreground, but a string of island reaches out Westward into the Atlantic, and that this peninsula is the closest that any part of Europe is to America. The next parish one

Irishman said from the Ring of Kerry is Boston, Mass. The image to the left was a very special place on our journey that day. It is also the spot from which I got my best picture of each student, for nearly each picked up a lamb as Kailey did in the image above. This shot from my camera is just as good as any I could find on the web of the same view.

On the journey back to Killarney we were able to visit a 19th Century mansion done in Tudor style; Muckross Manor was formerly a Franciscan monastery with splendid grounds stretching deep into a valley. Just outside the mansion in the background we saw a family celebrating the first communion of a daughter. I asked her father for his permission take a picture, whereupon he brought his whole family into my camera's focus. I could see the pride and joy of the family in this celebration of a sacrament in Roman Catholicism, and I could not help but notice the size of his family. With families of such size in modern times, I realized that Ireland somehow managed to have enough people to send to America, to Australia, and a hundred other places to spread the joy that often we found in 2010 for those who remained behind in Ireland



On the journey back in Dublin on Sunday we stopped at the Rock of Cashel in County Tipperary which became in 1101 CE a place upon which the high kingship of Ireland would be established. The king gave the Rock to the Church, which led to the establishment of a monastery ([Rock of Cashel](#), 8). I must confess that I had not read or studied about this spot along the road to Dublin, but I knew in a flash it was very important as a moment in our class, when a building, indeed what many tourists might consider “only a ruin” became for me and for several students a time for a special look back almost a thousand years to see where people fled to protect themselves from attack and where they came to pray for their deliverance or to give thanks. Somehow with most of the roof missing, the massive walls stood as a testimony of the protection for which the medieval people prayed. A Romanesque East portal as portrayed below has to the West a Gothic nave, quite short with a much longer choir or chancel. Image source: [Rock of Cashel](#), 16

Once inside the cathedral students agreed to pose for me beside the icons in a manner we could never have done elsewhere on the trip, for the cathedral was no longer in regular use. Kate McCarthy brought a sense of delight in having discovered a coat of arms of one of the early benefactors of the building. Perhaps the coat of arms is from her own ancestors. At least each time we signed the registers in hotels and “b and bs” that the clerks would try to figure out which student bore that Irish name.



Monday was day free for all, but I learned that Ryan Air travelers needed printed boarding passes, which would have cost each of us as much as the \$40 charge on each bag, so with Luke Griffith I spend 3 hours finding the code numbers from Bravo-air; finally all were printed and I went back with Joyce and John Fearon to the National Museum of Art to see the Caravaggio “Taking of Christ”, only to find out it was “on loan” in Rome for a season. “Come back next year!” said the guide. Instead, I bought a greeting card of the image to the left. I learned that the great work had been lost or

hidden in a Jesuit home for priests for centuries. The Italians deserved to see the great painting, I thought. Brian had identified the scene as the moment in Jesus life, when Judas kissed him, to allow the Roman soldiers to identify him and thereafter take him to crucify him on Golgatha. I observed that Caravaggio seems to have depicted Jesus as a little apprehensive of the approach of Judas, if not of the events which would follow in his life and death.

Image Source: a greeting card from the National Museum of Art.

EDINBURGH

The flights took off; and those who planned to fly did so, while the others made it by rail, ferry and bus. Suddenly



we were in the last week of our course, now in Edinburgh, my “home” for both semesters of my middle year in seminary, as a 2nd year as a divinity student at New College, University of Edinburgh. One perceptive student could feel my mood change, and she reported that I appeared to “love Scotland,” I do indeed! It was my favorite place to visit on this May journey,

I planned to guide the students along the Royal Mile from the Palace to the Castle, but I learned from Harry Ogilvie (Elder-York Guest House, where we were to stay for 5 nights) that young local guides could be found near Starbucks. So instead of trying to rely on my 50 year ago memories, I decided we should join in with the local guides. It worked; the guides were much more on the “wave length” of my students that I would have been as I tried to remember my own days on the Royal Mile some 50 years earlier.

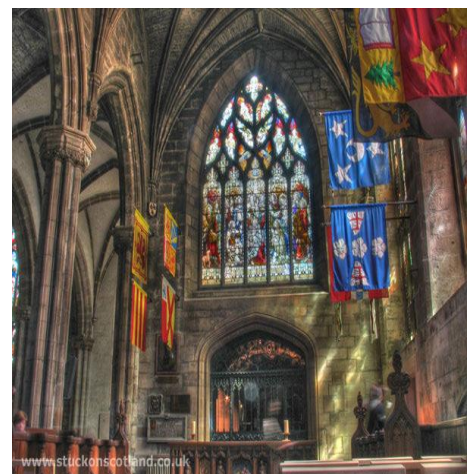


On the tour we learned about King Charles II, looking like a Roman general on a horse, the size of a donkey, in a stature just behind St. Giles Cathedral. We learned about the Scottish writers, Burns, Scott, and Stevenson in a little nook called the Writers’ Museum. I learned with delight that two students went back for another visit during our days in Scotland. We went down by Grayfriars Church and heard the story of

Bobby who is buried in the graveyard near his master. The rest of the day allowed some time to shop, and we found a “deal” we could not pass up, three warm scarves for 10 British Pounds.

On the second day in Edinburgh, I met the class again on the Royal Mile to search for objects to write about in the Scottish National Museum, and later we sat down for a moment St. Giles Cathedral. Image source: http://www.stuckonscotland.co.uk/pictures/edinburgh/st_giles_16.jpg

Most of us managed to make it on time for a short prayer and scripture reading. The minister turned out to be a retired Virginia pastor from the United Presbyterian Church who performs every week- day at noon. His “job” seemed like an easy one, only 15 minutes each day. One student commented that this was the “best” visit to a church, because it was the shortest.

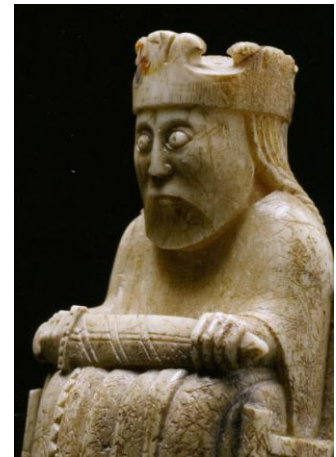




We had a day off on Friday, but we gathered for a group meal in the evening in the “Jeckyl and Hyde Pub”; there I got to meet Kayla Eason’s cousins. One is a high school student on an exchange in Berlin, whom I tried to recruit to come to Redlands, and another who was, as I had been at that age, a grad student at the U. of Edinburgh. I wished that I had worked it out for her to speak to the class. She appeared to me to have been able to speak to this group about medieval studies. No one actually discussed with me the Stevenson novel that inspired the name of the pub, but perhaps a student met a

Scottish person there to ask about her/his view of the novel! Still our February discussion remains in my memory as the best focus on any book from January until May.

My favorite objects acquired in Scotland were the copies of the king and queen sold in the National Museum of Scotland of the Lewis Chessmen, which appeared in an exhibition there during our week in Scotland. These ivory figures found in the 19th Century were about 700 years old, preserved near a beach on Lewis. I did not remember that I had seen them earlier in the 1964 film “Becket.” (Caldwell, 75).



Bright and early, without our full breakfast, we went to the Waverly Station, taking first a train to Glasgow, then a second train to the ferry to Iona. A wonderful surprise for me came when I urged a Scot behind me, who seemed interested in the students headed for Iona, to read a poem from my recently bought volume on R. Burns’ poetry. He selected “My love is like a red, rose” and read it with feeling, got applause, and then told us that the poem had been read at his own wedding. We cheered again, and his wife took a picture of him.



Upon our safe arrival of all, save one, in Iona, I found my heart beating with joy. To get to Iona was the major goal for me on this May journey, and we had made it. Now all of us could enjoy this place for the

next 40 hours. I knew from reading the Johnson/Boswell journey to Scotland in the 18th Century that Iona was mainly remembered for its ruins, and Johnson had to be convinced by Bowell that it was worth visiting at all. But when they arrived, Johnson could feel the religious power of the island. Also I knew from other sources that the island had been in the process of being rebuilt, at least since the 1960's to become more than a museum of Christianity history but a place of ecumenical renewal! The first evening in the Iona Abby I told a stranger who brought me water that I had longed to come to Iona for 50 years. He said, "That appears a long journey!" He was right. There that night I appreciated our congregational singing, no choirs, no choirboys, no organ playing that night, just a piano and a hundred visitors from all over the planet. The worship leader turned out to be a volunteer for a season from Queens University back in Charlotte, N. C., my hometown. She and her song leader from somewhere in Scotland inspired me.

I did not walk to the cemetery where Macbeth was buried, but I did take the picture below, now a grazing ground for sheep. Alas, the followers of Oliver Cromwell threw the gravestones into the sea. That morning I remembered we had seen "MacBeth" at least Shakespeare's version back in Redlands in November.

I went to another service in the Abbey Sunday morning, and suddenly I realized it was Pentecost; there the song leader taught us 5 songs from the various continents, in Arabic from Palestine, in New Zealand native language; an American woman, gave the meditation that Sunday morning about the first Pentecost when the followers of Jesus, after his death and resurrection, came together and discovered they could understand the various tongues which they spoke because of the arrival and inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Suddenly a voice came out of nowhere! It was Peter, our new friend from the train who told me I had to run with him to buy the tickets for the ferry. He invoked the words of Holy Communion and we passed common cups of dark, sweet wine for the blood of Christ and freshly baked, still warm bread for the body of Christ. I partook deeply of both and shared with Dr. Joanie Haid a sense of this moment being a memorable time of a Pentecost filled ceremony in this blessed island, where Christianity was first taught in Scotland.



Then I walked to the Iona Youth Hostel to see where the students had spent the first night and was warmly welcomed and told all the bills had been paid by Amy and Catherine. The accommodations were much better than I expected and far better than any I remembered staying in 50 years ago. Since this was the only time in the whole month of travel that the students were staying in a youth hostel, I felt as if at last somehow

in Iona that I managed to connect their travel in this decade with my own kind of experiences in Europe a half century earlier.

The journey was dream like the rest of that day and riding back to Edinburgh on Monday. I read most of the rest of the journals and became pleased that nearly all had found Iona a memorable place, and worth the two days of train traveling to get there. My journal on that leg of the trip contains reflections of my journey to Glasgow, while the ship on which I was stationed, USS Northampton, was anchored near Greenock in the Clyde River Basin. The year was 1957 just after an exercise named "Strikeback",



when we simulated attacks upon Russia from the icy waters of the Arctic Ocean. I imagined I could see my old ship out the train window, across the mists of space and time and I also remembered a day's leave from the old ship to visit New College in Edinburgh and where I would someday study. Indeed, I managed to do just that two years later in 1959-60.

Looking at my photo of the Abbey, I reflect now on the day in Iona the best day in the whole month of travel to ponder the events, readings, people we met and the student writings about a course which was almost over. In Iona I realized the dream of going to that island inspired me all through the winter of reading and planning, and now the group actually made it to Iona!

Now upon our on arrival back in California in June, I am trying to record my reflections of many hours spent in museums, cathedrals, and castles; especially I enjoy reflecting on Iona; I feel also inspired by reading journals and evaluations of each student's excitements or difficulties; indeed, I spent more time in busses, trains, planes, and restaurants on such trips

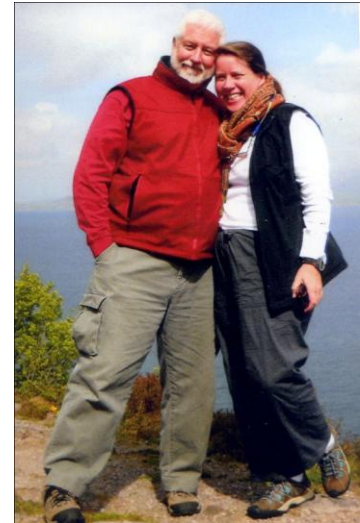


than a mere 40 hours with during a semester in a classroom in Redlands. Many hours a day over 22 days gives a much better chance to observe, to inspire, to be inspired by students than any class I teach on campus. This year was also a challenge, for I was teaching from books outside my field; but the reading of old favorites was comfortable as much as the discovery of books exciting.

I remembered the words of Prof. Fritz Bromberger as reported in a memorial service by Bill McDonald who said, “At the end of a long day in London, Fritz noticed all the students had vanished, and said, ‘I hope they had a good day!’” My wish is that my students in 2010 had a good May. I know their Mayterm must have held some different dimensions from mine, especially in Iona.

In Iona I can always remember their day from the photograph shown here. Indeed, from student journals, I read it was a chance to ride a bike, to walk to a beach, or to climb a hill, or pet a dog. Madeline Irving wrote that the peaceful beaches on Iona made “me feel as though I was on the edge of the world. I can understand how the peaceful surroundings can make Iona a religious place as it would be easy to feel a spiritual connection.”

In reflection after being back a month, I still am not quite “finished” with this course. Many memories remain; even dreams are about traveling and looking for missing students. This was the best planned travel course of any I ever made. Moreover, more hours were spent in planning than in any other course. But these efforts were not just done by me alone. Catherine Walker, pictured below with her husband, David Neighbours, managed to get prices on the internet that made the total cost for the trip less for accommodations than the original projected costs back in October. Thanks, Catherine! When asked in June, what was your favorite place and memory of May 2010, Catherine responded, “Iona on the beach is the place; having wedding rings for our anniversary next month made in Iona with the script (or should we say “font”) from the Book of Kells is the best memory.” Image source: Barbara Speer.



Finally, the idea of hiring a bus for three days to the Western region of Ireland was the brainstorm of our friend John Fearon. He reported that he spent one whole day on the telephone back in February to get that component of the class. Thanks, John! You made those days the best days of travel I remember for any travel course I can remember. And Joyce, without your being with us in Ireland we would never have known Ryan Air was just waiting to charge us an extra \$50 each just to print out our boarding passes. Thanks for the \$500 saving!

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Appendix A: Mayterm Students as sharing some quality with Chaucer's pilgrims:

Brandi Bangle:

I found Brandi's gentle nature, uncomplaining and tolerant of others as being most like the "Plowman" among this band of unwitting pilgrims. Brandi like the Plowman is "as near an approximation as could be imagine to uncorrupted human nature." (Hodgson 123). Brandi like the Plowman liked to ride if "not upon a mere (mare)" (Chaucer, Prologue, l.541) she did seem to enjoy her ride upon a bicycle in Iona. Moreover, she was hard working, I determined in laboring to make this May trip and now in summer employment, just as was Chaucer's "Plowman."

Debbie Chu

I came to think of Debbie as most like Chaucer's scholar from Oxford, "for gladly wolde (she) learn and gladly teche." (Chaucer, Prologue l. 309) Like the scholar from Oxford, she had invested in books and on learning, and she took care in her studies. She was a student who will be remembered as have moral virtue in her speech toward this professor and toward the other members in the group.

Monique Corcoran

I came to think of Monique as most like Chaucer's Squire, (Chaucer, Prologue l. 79-100). Although the Squire was a male and Monique a female, they shared the same age and each showed great strength. She and he were "as fressh as in the monthe of May" (l.92) She, like the Squire had agility for active deeds, and she like the squire showed moral qualities in being courteous, humble and dutiful. For example, she started to write her journal in the first days of our "pilgrimage" and did so each day. She lived on a modest budget and affirmed that meals shared with the group were "the best in this country." She, like the Squire, made friends easily and in her calm and quiet way never offended this professor or other students (to my knowledge) in the journey.

Kayla Eason

I have concluded Kayla is of all my eleven fellow pilgrims the most like Chaucer himself. She captured very well in her journal many details, many interesting sentences, many strong feelings, and some unresolved questions on this pilgrimage like Chaucer she was writing about our journey from a more theological perspective than sometimes this reader realized. She wrote not from the point of view of a pilgrim "in the faith" but about the journey itself. She saw, no doubt, as did Chaucer, the hypocrisy of some of the fellow "pilgrims;" but like Chaucer, she did write in order to condemn or degrade but to correct.

Kailey Gillotti

It will be no surprise to Kailey to discover I thought of her as having qualities like the "wife of Bath" Chaucer, Prologue, l. 476). For I have told her already that she not only shares the gender with the Wife of Bath, but she shares a lust for life. If only half the age of wife of Bath, Kailey discoursed on pilgrimages from a perspective of some wisdom about men. She can spot dimensions of "bi-polar" acts in males, and she is well admired by a wonderful young man

whose intelligence I admire. Perhaps closer to marriage than some other pilgrims, I pray that she will not have 5 husbands hereafter upon which to base her developing wisdom.

Amy Harrah

I came to think of Amy as most like Chaucer's Knight, who seemed well traveled. She led the group to the hostel in Iona and paid the deposit on the rooms, so trustworthy and honest she appeared. And like the Knight was worthy in ways confident and clear in his (her) goals "of is in port as meeke as is a mayde" ("maiden" Chaucer's Prologue, ll.69-71),

Emily Haid

I came to think of her as most like Chaucer's "Parson in a toun, (town)" Chaucer Prologue l. 478). As a Christian and a Religious Studies major, she seemed to have an ability to think about religious issues and to move freely into religious buildings. For example, he seemed the student most comfortable attending services of worship in St. Paul's in London, St. Giles in Edinburgh, and the the Pentecost celebration of the Lord's Supper in Iona. She seemed to have delight in Ireland in picking up a sheep and indeed, sometimes like the Parson in the town, she seemed to view the other students as "sheep" as in the Parable of the Good Shepherd (Chaucer, Prologue, l. 496)

Madeline Irving

I came to think of Maddy as most like Chaucer's "Sea captain." Both were well travelled navigators, who would no doubt have many more travels ahead in life. Also Chaucer's captain had named his ship the "Maudelayne" (Chaucer, Prologue l.410)

Kate McCarthy

I found it easy to think of Kate as most like Chaucer's "Merchant" for she clearly was a business major, with accounting skills. She, like the Merchant did not appear to loan money to others, for usury was an anathema in medieval England (Hodgson, 99); but she could readily collect fees owed by others from their inclinations to drinking.

Brian Nuno

I easily came to imagine Brian as most like Chaucer's "Franklin" who was a "thoroughly likeable travelling companion (Hodgson, 104) who often showed interest in pleasures of the table. For more than once, I came into a room to find him already eating, and he shared with me often breakfasts in Scotland. Clearly he was a "free man" and he appeared to be quite well to do, often to be seen as escorting nine fellow pilgrims on this month long journey.

Appendix B: The Syllabus

I. PURPOSE

The purpose of the course is to enable the student to:

1. Become familiar with the religions of Europe, esp. historical settings.
2. Recognize the various types of literature of England, Ireland and Scotland

toward the CC requirement in the Liberal Arts Foundation.

3. Become familiar with modern forms of travel and become self reliant in control of conduct, eating as good examples representing our university and nation.
4. Understand and appreciate some basic ideas and the religious perspective of the Judeo-Christian traditions.

II. THE NATURE OF THE COURSE:

1. Class sessions will be devoted to lectures, questions, discussions, reports, etc. Daily assignments are to be read as listed under "assignments"
2. **Attendance is required and informed participation is expected.** Only one absence may be excused.
3. Each student is responsible for 12 short (500 words or so) commentaries in a journal format. Also, an oral report of 5-7 minutes on each of 3 readings. Other entries were to include interviews of living persons in each country and objects seen in the three museums we visit. A final assignment added in May as evaluations were being composed was to annotate a way in which the travel course had shaped their views of themselves.
4. There will be no mid-term or final exam, but a 1000 word commentary should be submitted on the Johnston format of self evaluation as to learning styles and success to Teresa_area@redlands.edu

Appendix C. List of names of those buried or with tablets in honor of them in Westminster Abbey:

Edward the Confessor

William the Conqueror

Henry V

Henry VII

Elizabeth I

Mary I

Chaucer

James I

Isaac Newton

Charles Darwin

Robert Browning



Appendix D. Some journal entries of my own shared during the spring discussions.

image source: <http://culturaperta.files.wordpress.com/2009/11/jonathan-swift.jpg>

Swift, Jonathan (1726, but more recently 2003) Gulliver's Travels.

Introduction and Notes by Michael Seidel. Barnes and Noble, New York.

As we wind up our discussions about Ireland and begin to think about London, we may note that Swift is a transitional figure. Born in 1667 in Dublin, educated in Trinity College there, which we will visit on our first full day in Dublin, Swift moved to England just after the Glorious Revolution of 1688, where he developed his satirical skills as in A Tale of the Tub. He seems to have become famous in London, but in 1724 he became the Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, which we will visit on our second day there. In 1717 when he was 60 years of age he published Gulliver, "with its bitter allegory of Irish dependence" then

went to England for the last time but came back to Ireland in time for his beloved Stella's death. (Birch, D. ed. (2009) "Swift, Jonathan" in The Oxford Companion to English Literature. 7th ed. Oxford U., Oxford)

In my reading or watching an old cartoon of Gulliver's Travels in my childhood, I had no idea that it was satire. I probably did not even know the meaning of the word, nor could I have imagined that chapter 3, at any rate, was about conflict between England and Ireland. From childhood I only remember the "voyage to Lilliput" and bought recently a DVD of that chapter. I also remember reading some selections from Gulliver in college where I first learned the name "yahoo" was a useful word from chapter 4 that could be applied to some ill-educated and poorly behaving fellow students.

Hoping all the class will someday revisit this classic, let's skip to chapter 3 where Gulliver has just set out on his third voyage. (Swift, 157) but which was in fact written last. This voyage was to be to India, where the British had just established a trading colony in Madras. But the ship "Hopewell" perhaps an ironic name was overtaken by pirates, whose captain was Japanese. Instead he ends up in Lagado located under the flying island of Laputa. "the satire is here directed against men of science (especially members of the Royal Society)" ("Gulliver's Travels" in Birch p. 447). We can discern that the flying island (England) is able to stop the sun from bringing light to Lagado (Ireland) where professors in the university there try to extract the sunshine from cucumbers. Watch for the "Struldbruggs," old timers who are the most miserable of people on that island, or any island for that matter.

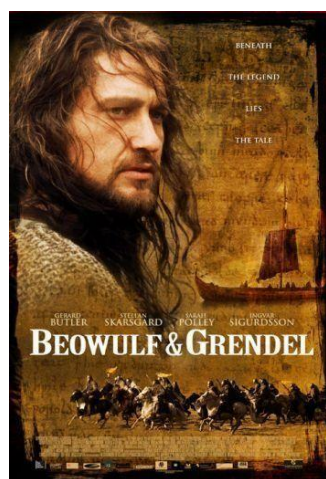
When we get to chapter 4, we meet Gulliver on the "Adventure" a merchantman of 350 tons (Swift, 223), from which he debarks and immediately starts seeing creatures of deformed

nature whom we learn later to be “yahoos.” Then two horses approach, and soon he starts learning their language. (Swift, 235) These horses are actually “Houyhnhnms” and are endowed with reason. They are clean and have the best qualities that Gulliver has elsewhere known as humans. Herein I found the bitterest satire in the whole book aimed at the traits of Yahoos whom “Gulliver (or is it Swift?) detests. For when he returns to his own country, he cannot stand to be amongst these Yahoo-looking “Englishmen, or are they “Irish”).

Appendix E. “Beowulf for Breakfast.”

Source of image: <http://culturaperta.files.wordpress.com/2009/11/jonathan-swift.jpg>

Most of the images on this great work were from the recent film which at least shares the same title.



Instead of reading cereal boxes this week, I found myself reading 1,000 lines of Beowulf in preparation for our Thursday session. As you may have noticed, I tend to write after the sessions so far. But here we are in week 8 of the semester, having met 6 times, and I am writing my 5th journal entry. March 16, 2010(As a confession at the outset, I assigned Beowulf hoping to erase my failure to read this classic). Heaney (2002), after 75 pages of translation, includes 180 pages of scholarly articles, sources, and bibliography .

In the prologue, which Heaney entitled “the Rise of the Danes,” readers (in olden times “hearers”) learn of ancestors of the Danes, 4 generations of them, ending with the present king Hrothgar and also a guardian of forts named “Beow” who I imagined I would meet again. One also learns Heorot as the name of the place meaning “a symbol of royalty”, a palace later it seems a “meade-hall ‘for eating and

drinking (lines 1-85 pages 1-5) That made me feel very good since I was also eating breakfast at the moment and was excited to learn that “mead” comes from fermented honey.

The present reader was looking for some way to date the book (manuscript known as MS Cotton Vitellius A, Xv now in the British Library in London (shall pay our homage in person in May?) . One learns the MS was in the possession of Sir Robert Bruce Cotton in the 17th Century in a building “ominously named Ashburnm House” (p. 82) where it got scorched. It is the only old MS of this poem, story, epic but thankfully many copies have been made since, and perhaps other copies by photographers, as was done of the Dead Sea Scrolls by the Huntington Library. Some scholars date the MS as about 1000 CE, but it is a copy of another copy as old as 800 CE (not yet found) and that was based on oral story telling for a couple of hundred years, so perhaps we are back now in the 6th Century, when many people living in what is now called England were just beginning to embrace Christianity. One finds hints of excitement at the new religion (i.e. Christianity) which led to monks writing down the MS. Clearly some of ideas of ancient Germanic people seem in conflict with some Christian teaching, perhaps including topics like warfare glorified, or larger than life humans who are glorified in their military successes and worship of gold as a reward in this life. No clear message of what follows this life is in evidence in the story, I thought two breakfasts ago.

Grendel, a “grim demon haunting the marches “(l.101-2) appears just before he is put among the “banished monsters, Cain’s clan, whom the Creator had outlawed and condemned...” (l.105-7). This comment means the poet who wrote Beowulf knew the story of Cain and Able from the

Hebrew Scriptures (Gen 4 or to by cynical was added later by a monk. At this point we are in a section of about 1000 lines that could be called “act 1” of the epic, in which Grendel attacked Heorot, carried away Ring Danes living there waging “his lonely war, inflicting constant cruelties on the people (ll. 163-65) So far we have read (or heard) only the narrator’s voice who comment that these people being attacked by Grendel where the Danes had made offerings to idols, swore oaths to the killer of souls (the devil, footnote 3 on p. 7). These footnotes were quite helpful.

Now comes the hero to Heorot, Beowulf arrives (l. 342) from Geatland, somewhere in what is today southern Sweden. He tells how he learned of Grendel and has come to help King Hrothgar. From here we have a good deal of the imagined voices of our heroes, kings and queens and Beowulf. A jealous Dane named Unferth, challenges Beowulf as he narrates his success with swimming and underwater conquests (that hints at what will happen soon). Grendel attacks the great hall Heorot and Beowulf is there to do battle. Grendel and Beowulf are locked in a hand combat (l. 814 and Beowulf was granted the glory of winning. Beowulf tears off his arm and Grendel withdraws, where he soon dies. The victory is celebrated with lots of mead and gifts to Beowulf and stories are told of the past, including a long poem by Sigemund known elsewhere in Icelandic Sagas. Then another poem double spaced in the translation with an attempt to show assonance or perhaps some rhyme in the original (l. 1070-11600 As the poem ends in comes the queen to bring drinks. In the poems we meet a Danish princess Hildeburh married to a Frisian king who has to watch her son fight with her uncle wherein divided loyalty is suggested. (in a footnote this might be dated in a raid in 520 CE at the mouth of the Rhine in Frankish territory #4 p. 33 It is the end of my Sunday reading, did you catch a couple of insights from the suggested influence of Christianity on the text?).

Act II. Is between Grendel’s mother (Monday morning now in my reading). The mother is also a monster from some underwater lair, where there were “writhing sea-dragons and monster slouching...with serpents and wild things...” (ll.1426-9). She carries away a Dane, and Beowulf observes her terrible strength and his blade will not cut her. Sometimes he is on top then she is, then she pulls out a broad knife; but his chain mail saves Beowulf. He then sees a sword on her wall, that he hit her in the neck, cutting off her head with her own blade, a theological insight was there inserted “the holy god decided the victor. It was for the Lord, the Ruler of Heaven, to redress the balance once Beowulf got back up on his feet. (ll. 1555-6) I was reminded of Greek gods who came to the rescue when their heroes were in difficulty. Beowulf then managed to hoist her head which was “a task for four” (l. 1635. Then comes another big party with more celebration, more gifts for Beowulf after which he tells the king that he and his fellow from Geatland are homesick and need to return to their homeland. They do so, are well received at home he retells the story of the two battles with Grendel and her mother (ll.2010-1) Some years pass in the homeland, Beowulf becomes the king and rules there for 50 years until another Demonic force, this time a dragon who breaths fire. In the battle with the dragon, Beowulf feels his power weakening, he is wounded by the dragon by a bite of poison on his neck, his kinsman, Wiglaf comes to the rescue with a trust of his knife into the dragon, Beowulf and Wiglaf win, but Beowulf is to die shortly after giving a farewell speech. Then Wiglaf gives a prophecy of more wars to come as a result of the failure of Beowulf’s other man to come to the rescue and the loss as a kind of punishment A great funeral scene is described with the fire to burn not only the body of Beowulf but all his gold and other treasure, back into the ground from which it came.

Heaney(2002) Beowulf: A Verse Translation. New York, Norton Critical Edition, with editor ,Daniel Donoghue.



Appendix F

image source:

<http://www.bunksplace.com/robert%20louis%20stevenson.jpg>

I did not do a summary of R. L. Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (orig. 1886, but my 1952 edition was from Heritage Press, Norwalk, CN). However, let me do more than summarize our excellent discussion on that day in February, when 7 students had read the book and all made comments. I went to the library looking for some critical comments on Dr. Jekyll And I wanted to find some other writings of Stevenson that might relate to the course. My journey to the Library was a success, not only could I buy coffee for the first time in the Library, but I found several other writings of Stevenson of interest and I find a volume of essays by scholars around the world about Stevenson.

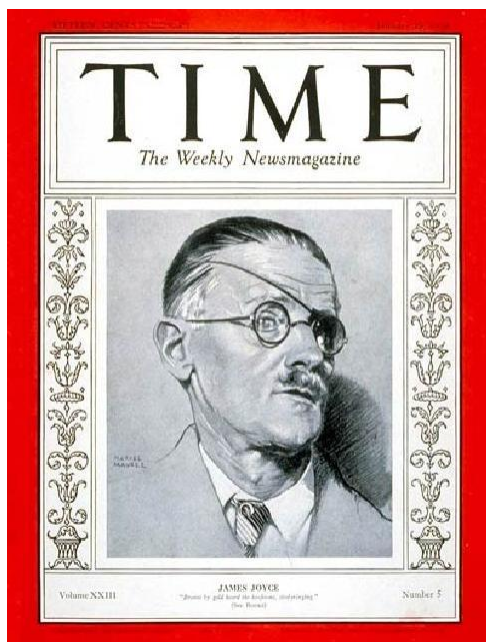
Ambrosini, R and R. Dury, ed. (2006) Robert Louis Steenson, Writer of Boundaries. Madison: Univ. of Wisconsin Press.

Of special interest was an article by Dryden , "City of Dreadful Night " in Boundaries in which the city of London was discussed as Stevenson would have known it, especially the region of Soho, which we shall walk through in May, if not at night and in fear of meeting Mr. Hyde. IT was a time of gaslights being introduced to the city, certain streets becoming bright and lit up, with others still dark and frightening. Dryden suggests that Stevenson not only explored the notion of "the best within" to create a vision of one divided soul, but he showed "the degenerative capabilities of ..."the whole race" (Dryden, 253). London was in the daytime "Janus-faced" with a "salubrious district of Jekyll's Home" but Hyde came out at night into the nightmarish space of Soho, where prostitution and vaguely criminal activities are suggested." (Dryden, 261). In summary, the city of London, one of our "texts" if you will, can be a different as the personalities and moralities of Jekyll and Hyde. What a wonderful book, I thought to myself, for I told the class in November that I picked the book because we were going to have a meal at the pub "Jekyll and Hyde" in Edinburgh, and it turns out it will introduce us to a district of London as well.

In Armacost Library I found a collection of poems written by Stevenson for children entitled as follow: "A Child's Garden of Verses". Some of them brought back memories of my own childhood when I first heard of Stevenson, never imagining that I would be reading his Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, for the first time in my 70's.

I also found some travel narratives in Armacost Library, one that gives a lot of detail about the weather, the streets, the boyhood times of Stevenson. I will read you some paragraphs, perhaps in Edinburgh. As well, Stevenson wrote, I learned, a travel narrative about his trip to America in steerage class on a ship and on a train across the Continent entitled Amateur Emigrant, in which he was strongly influenced by the great American Writers, (Wendy R. Katz, "Whitman and Thoreau as Literary Stowaways in Stevenson's American Writings" in Boundaries, pp 327-336). From those writers Stevenson would come to seek to understand

the variety of classes we have in America and appreciate those less educated or gifted than those he most often traveled with. Hence Stevenson, from a “upper British” class was “democratized” by Whitman and Thoreau, thereby making him more aware of his future readers as well as his subjects. I found as well a small volume of essays on travel by Stevenson in which the first essay on Edinburgh gave a sense the space we shall visit the last week of May and an implicit warning or echo of the warning I offered in the October session in the Casa Loma Room under my umbrella. Stevenson wrote the ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slop and summit of three hills. No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom....but Edinburgh pays cruelly for her high seat in one of the vilest climates under heaven. She is liable to be beaten upon by all the winds that blow, to be drenched with rain, to be buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and powdered with the snow as it comes flying southward from the Highland hills. The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shifty and uncongenial in summer, and a downright meterological purgatory in the spring....” (Stevenson, R. (1908) Essays of Travel. Scribners: New York. p.



Appendix G

Image source: <http://www.malaspina.com/jpg/joyce.jpg>

On reading James Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. (Published first in 1916 and again in 1957 in New York by the Vintage Press).

James Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man is "largely autobiographical, shows the process of attaining maturity and self-consciousness by a young gifted man. The main character is Stephen Dedalus. In this novel some glimpses of Joyce's later techniques are evident, in the use of interior monologue and in the concern with the psychic rather than external reality." (macneil.blog.spot)

On this my second reading of Joyce this time as one of the books picked as preparation for the 2010 May term class in London, Dublin and Edinburgh, it seemed somehow more difficult to read than the first time. Perhaps I was looking for more insight into the life of the city of Dublin and to historical circumstances that I had just read about in a history of Ireland last week.

I discovered that Joyce had written the book in his 30's far removed from the circumstances of Ireland in the struggles with England, probably in Paris where he lived for about 20 years when he left Ireland in his early 20's.

What is clear is that he followed a somewhat linear plot from his own autobiographic reflections with many, many characters in his story. In the first pages the narrator seems to be a child looking at his father, who had a hairy face. His father was singing a song about the wild rose blossoms on the little green place.

Then the narrator seems to have wet his bed, as babies often do. And he remembers the smell of his mother as better than his father. In the first pages we meet his Uncle Charles

and Aunt Dante. By the second page we meet neighbors who have a daughter named Eileen, whom our protagonist hopes to marry someday, and we learn the name of the main character. Stephen.

Soon we are outside on wide playgrounds with many other boys, Rody Kickham “a decent fellow,” but Nasty Roche was “a stink. When they meet Stephen they ask his name and he answers “Stephen Dedalus”. Nasty asks “What kind of name is that?” (actually, the first time I read this novel, I looked up “Daedalus” and wrote he was a royal Athenian forced into exile to Crete, where he met a minotaur who made wings for him and his son, Karus; but they flew too near the sun, and crashed” from my notes on an card, 1958) From this page throughout the book, we appreciate the ability of Joyce to create (perhaps remember) dialogue with a hundred or more characters.

Stephen soon realizes that he would rather “be in the study hall than out there in the cold,” Delivered from the playground. we find Stephen reading with him from Doctor Cornwell’s Spelling Book, where he also learns the form of poetry (iambic pentameter)

Wolsey died in Leicester Abbey
Where the abbots buried him.
Canker is a disease of plants.
Cancer one of animals” (Joyce, 10)

Before long we discover he has been delivered to a boarding school far from him and hears about poetry and trigonometry. By Stephen is eager to get home for the holidays and dreams he is already on the train homeward “full of fellows, a long, long chocolate train with cream facings” (Joyce 20)

but alas this is only a dream, and he is sick and weak and feels far from home in the infirmary where he meets Bother Michael, sanding at his bedside. A hint at Irish history appears in Stephen’s vision of “Parnell dying and ringing forth a wail of sorrow,” Parnell was the first of Irish liberators.

This noel is not written in a stream of consciousness, as others novels of Joyce’s would be, but there are jumps in the plot that tested my “linear like” tendency in reading, for now we are at home during Christmas, where he sees his uncle and aunt and even Eileen, who turns out to be a protestant and thereby somewhat forbidden. Later in a few pages she appears again, or he imagines putting his hand into his pocket and finding her hand there as well. But suddenly she runs away with her fair hair, gold in the sun...

Back at school one reads of the discipline in a Roman Catholic upbringing, when the prefect of studies calls for a student. Fleming, to hold out his hand and then hits him 6 times on one hand and then on the other and finally makes him bend down and hits him again; next Stephen (now called “Dedalus) who had broken his glasses and was accused of sloth, who gets the same treatment, whereupon he describes his pain anger and embarrassment. This time the punishment seemed unfair not only to Stephen but to his fellows as well, even to Nasty Roche who comforts Stephen.

Chapter II opens back home with Uncle Charles who tries to teach the use of tobacco in a well described scene, where we read of “a hale old man with a well tanned skin, rugged features and white side whiskers” (Joyce, 60). (I am guessing Stephen is now 10 or 12 years old, bbeing reminded of an uncle who tried to teach me how to smoke at that age.

The family seems to have moved to Dublin which brought “a new and complex sensation... (where) he reached the Custom House. He passed unchallenged among the docks and along he quays wondering at the multitude of corks that lay bobbing on the surface of the water” (Joyce,66). ((I wondered if we would still find corks in the river, for our lodging in Dublin is near the Custom House).

Soon we meet Vincent Heron who had “a bird’s face as well as a bird’s name. A shock of pale hair lay on the forehead like a ruffled crest: the forehead was narrow, with a hooked nose.” (Joyce 76) (Here I found myself wondering if I could have described any of my school chums with such exactness.)

Toward the end of chapter II, when Stephen was in “number 6” (about 12 years old) he encountered a difficulty with Mr. Tate, the English master, who accused Stephen of approaching heresy when he wrote about the Creator and the soul “without a possibility of ever approaching nearer.”

To which Stephen responded “I meant without a possibility of ever reaching” (Joyce, 79) What struck me as shocking is the care of the teacher reading an essay and looking for heresy.

Dublin is described as a “maze of narrow and dirty streets....with wrangling and drawling of drunken singers.he had strayed into the quarter of the Jews. Women and girls dressed in long gowns traversed the street from house to house. They were leisurely and perfumed. A trembling seized him and his eyes grew dim.” (Joyce 100)

In chapter III, we find a setting in a December ceremony when the students were taken into the chapel and hear a protracted sermon from Father Arnall who leads a “retreat in honour of Saint Francis, with your whole heart and your whole mind. (Joyce 110) The language surprised me, even after years in a divinity school context, I never heard or imagined such a “hell fire and damnation” sermon in Roman Catholic schools. His Aunt Dante appears a couple of times in his consciousness, so I thought of the Italian poet, Dante, who took his readers to the lowest bowels of hell

When Stephen leaves the chapel he feels “his legs shaking and the scalp of his head trembling and thought it had been touched by ghostly fingers.” ((p. 124) Later as if in contrast to the visions of hell Stephen finds himself at the ocean and looking at the figures of children then a girl alone and still and he imagines her in an paragraph on her body part perhaps inspired by the biblical “Song of Solomon” more than the Book of Revelation in the previous chapter. (Joyce 171)

Here I should indicate that Joyce is considered among the greatest of Irish writers and that his Ulysses is “the greatest book of the 20th Century” (F. Davenport Lonely Planet Dublin City Guide (no date). There I learned that, Joyce left Ireland in 1904 the same year he met Nora Barnacle. They went to Trieste for 10 years, then back to Dublin only for visits and funerals, and afterward still together, they spent 20 years in Paris.

By Chapter V. Stephen’s expanding mind moves to examine the essence of beauty, with suggestions of his readings from philosophy class such as Aristotle and Aquinas.

The teachers in his college now seem to treat Stephen as a maturing young man. The dean of his college addressed him “You are an artist, are you not, Mr. Dedalus?” said the dean,

glancing up and blinking his pale eyes. The object of the artist is the creation of the beautiful..."(Joyce, 85)

In my first reading of the novel I seem to have been looking for quotations to mark or to quote and I found one I still like "This race and this country and this life produced me, he said (Stephen) and I shall express myself as I am."(Joyce 203), This quote seems an affirmation Stephen taking own direction now but paying tribute to Ireland and the people in his life who influenced him. The Portrait of the Artist was first published in Ireland, but most of his subsequent works would be published in Paris.

The book seems to have two endings, one in 1904 in the Dublin in his manuscript, but w a diary like series of entries written in Trieste in 1914 showing the manuscript had been in revision for 10 years, but the end is clearly of a much more mature artist than in the earlier chapters.



Appendix H.

Image source: [http:// www.sacred-tex.com](http://www.sacred-tex.com)

On Reading Chaucer for the April sessions with an email exchange from my brother Reid, a retired professor of English at Ohio University.

My journal on Chaucer revised April 2, 2010
Geoffrey Chaucer "The Summoner's Tale"

Almost all Americans read from the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer in high school. I had the chance to read "The Wife of Bath" in a British Literature class in college, about a woman who had three good husbands and two bad ones.

But this year, while looking for a tale I had not read, the Summoner's Tale came to mind, for he seemed to have something to do with religion, and Prof. J. Tschann shared an article she wrote on him, so I assigned it and even put the Medieval English version up on the Armacost Library, course documents.

When Chaucer described the Summoner in the "Prologue" we learn that he had some kind of skin disease and that he frighten children. To smell his breath was to sense the garlic and onions he liked, and by contrast he sometimes carried a large cake and decorated his head with a garland.

The "Summoner's Tale "follows the" Friar's Tale", and each tells a story about the other's profession. The Summoner did not like the" Friars Tale"and gave a description of exactly where in hell friars live and proceeds to tell his story about a friar in Yorkshire.

"Lordynges, ther is in Yorkshire, as I gesse, a mersshy contree called Holderneshe, In which ther went a lymytour (*limiter) about, to preche, and week to begge, it is no doubt. And so bifel that on a day this frere, hadde preched at a chirche in his manere...." (ll. 1710-14).

The Summoner continues with what the friar did as follows:

When upon seeing a woman (a wyf) "the frere ariseth up ful curteisly, and hire embraceth in his armes narwe .And kiste hire sweete, and chirketh as a

sparwe..."(ll.1801-3) Actually the friar was hungry for food and asked for white bread and a pigs head. The woman's husband is named "Thomas" whom then the friar addresses warning him to beware of his wife, and the serpent that so slyly creeps up to tempt her (thinking of the Gen 3 story in this example).

Next the friar warns Thomas of the temptation to drink which might cause him to lose his mind.

"Wyn maketh man to lessen wrecchedly, his mynde and eek his lymes everichen (every one l. 2054)

Finally, a knight sends his son to get more and shoots his arrow and kills his son. No doubt the Knight hearing this tale would have objected.

Then the friar asked the hearers to give gold to build a cloiseter "Yif me thane of thy gold to make oure cloystere," (l. 2099). Thomas the sick man agrees to give on the condition the friars share, so put your hand friar in my back, which the friar does and the man let the friar a fart "amydde his han he leet the frère a fart" (l. 2148) that a horse drawing a card could not have made such a sound. Clearly the Friar on the Canterbury pilgrimage would have been offended as well. Was that not a surprise ending, showing Chaucer's dislike of those going about the land full of pious language and Biblical quotations seeking to take money for sick and aged folk!

But I could not stop with this page. I went to the Armacost Library and read the article by J. Tschann (1994) on reserve in hard copy in a manila folder for REL 226. I found Tschann able to present the story of Chaucer against the background of St. Augustine's reflections on time. My favorite paragraph of interpretation in her essay on Chaucer appeared when she shows that "the friar abuses both gifts of the Holy Spirit, the Pentecostal power of preaching and the sacramental power of forgiving sins. The cartwheel as a Pentecostal parody connects or brings full circle a number of issues in the story, namely "groping," glossing, flatulence and death, which, like Augustine's psalm, reveal's a connection between language and time. (Tschann 358)

I realized while reading the "Summoner's Tal " that Chaucer did not like hypocrites who preached religion which seeking to disrupt the lives and bodies of those whom they encountered. But I also discovered that Chaucer was "one of the first English masters of the sermon, which came to be seen as the basis of Protestant worship, as distinct from the Mass, with its emphasis on Holy Communion.(West, 181). Moreover, a connection could be made between "Chaucer and Wyclif (his contemporary), who taught that the place of a clergyman (if not a summoner) was the pulpit, expounding the Bible. Hence, Chaucer would not be making fun of the summoner as a preacher, but rather the fact that the Christian message was being misused."

Sources cited:

Tschann, J. (1994) "The Mind Distended: the Retraction, Miller's Tale and Summoner's Tale" *Chaucer's Humor: Critical Essays* ed. Jean E. Jost. Garland Publishing: New York.

Richard West, (2000) *Chaucer: 1340-1400* Carrol and Graf: New York.

Now, before I close the comments on Chaucer, I emailed most of what is above to my brother, Reid, who taught English for 30 years, including Chaucer, at Ohio University, who then gave some comments as to three stages in the development of our language, first that of Beowulf, then of Chaucer, and then of modern English as in Penelope Lively, City of the Mind, our reading for next week.

Here is what he shared:

Dear Bill,

Briefly to answer your question re the history of the English language:

A. **Old English** is another name for Anglo-Saxon, Actually West Saxon dialect, started in some parts of what we now call England, from various language roots that are connected with Teutonic (Germanic) and Celtic (Welsh) and Scandinavian (esp. Danish) languages.

Old English is dated from around 800 to 1100 A.D. **Beowulf** is the major surviving piece of literature, plus some other shorter poems and some historical chronicles, I studied them in a course called Anglo-Saxon (in Grad. School at UNC. Latin (from the Roman--Italian--influences **began** to influence the English Lang. during this period.

B. **Middle English** is dated approx. 1100 to 1400. Old English very gradually over a hundred years morphed and evolved into Middle English. Primarily because of "the Great Vowel Shift," a very complex process where some vowels shifted to a different pronunciation, and spelling. Chaucer and his contemporaries are the best examples of Middle English literature that has survived in manuscripts that were not lost. **The Canterbury Tales** are the high point of Middle English literature. French language and literature had a major influence on the English language during this long period, because several English kings and queens were French, esp. after William the Conqueror.

C. **"Modern English"** evolved--again over hundreds of years--and is dated variously 1400- present, 1450- to the present. And obviously "English" has grown in many ways, over those 600 years, probably most importantly by adding foreign language words into English. E.g. Indian, Native American, other European languages, etc. *et al.*

This is grossly oversimplified, but you get a sense of the development over time of what we call English.

It amazes me that a tiny island north of the European continent has given the lingua franca to the whole world (world-wide language to the whole globe.) *Lingua franca* means--I just checked my dictionary--"any language that is widely used as a means of communication among speakers of other languages." I wonder what the lingua franca will be in a hundred years . . . Chinese?

Your brother, Reid