textuality II

theories of text, literariness, fiction and non-fiction

poetic function

- Roman Jakobson (1896-1982)
- "Style in Language" (1960)
- structuralism
- syntagmatic and paradigmatic axis

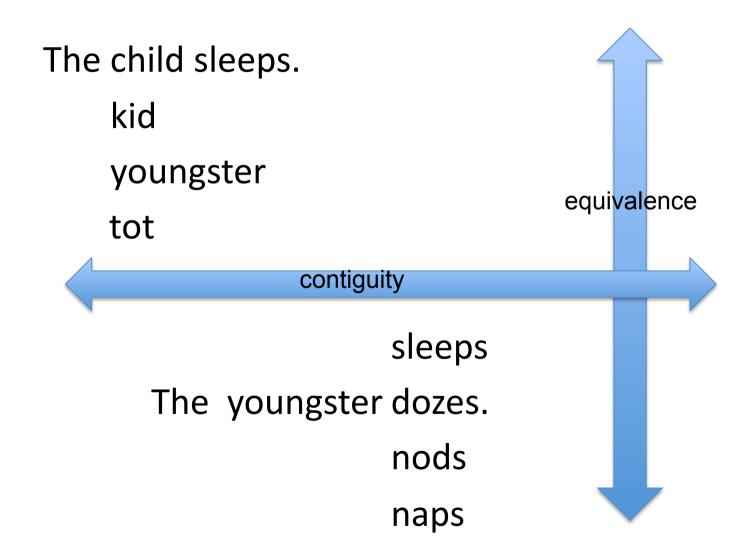
What is the empirical linguistic criterion of the poetic function? In particular, what is the indispensable feature inherent in any piece of poetry? To answer this question we must recall the two basic modes of arrangement used in verbal behavior, selection and combination.

If 'child' is the topic of the message, the speaker selects one among the extant, more or less similar, nouns like child, kid, youngster, tot, all of them equivalent in a certain respect, and then, to comment on this topic, he may select one of the semantically cognate verbs - sleeps, dozes, nods, naps.

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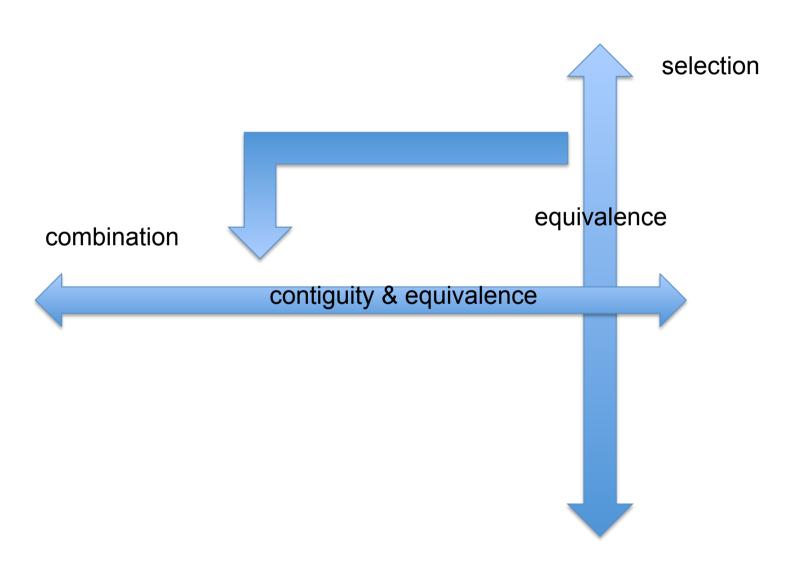
Both chosen words combine in a speech chain. The selection is produced on the base of equivalence, similarity and dissimilarity, synonymity and antonymity, while the combination, the build up of the sequence, is based on contiguity.

poetic function



The poetic function projects the principle of equivalence from the axis of selection into the axis of combination. Equivalence is promoted to the constitutive device of the sequence.

poetic function



In poetry one syllable is equalized with any other syllable of the same sequence; word stress is assumed to equal word stress, as unstress equals unstress; prosodic long is matched with long, and short with short; word boundary equals word boundary, no boundary equals no boundary; syntactic pause equals syntactic pause, no pause equals no pause.

Robert Browning, Sumum Bonum

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:

All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:

In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea:

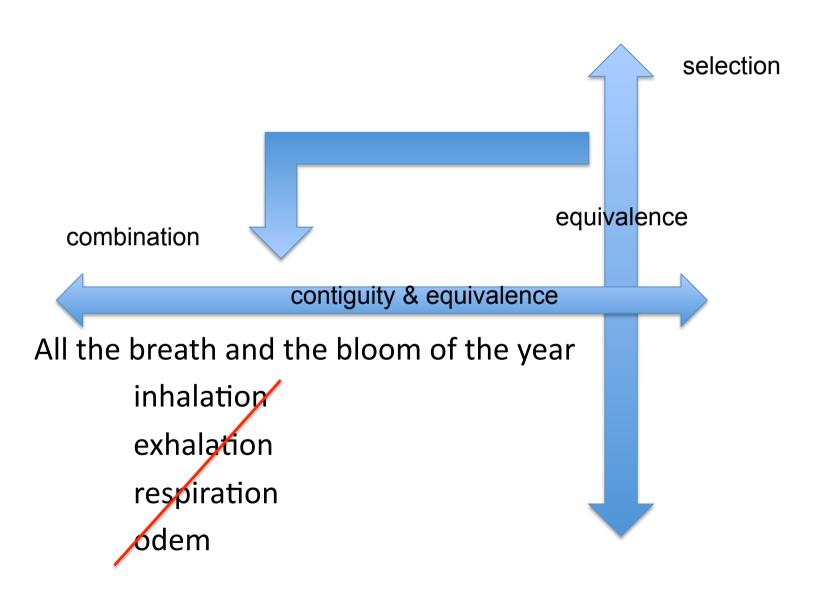
Breath and bloom, shade and shine, - wonder, wealth, and - how far above them –

Truth, that's brighter than gem,

Trust, that's purer than pearl, -

Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe - all were for me In the kiss of one girl.

poetic function



This Is Just To Say

I have eaten the plums that were in the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast

forgive me they were delicious so sweet and so cold

criteria

- written language
- English
- we read & understand it
- we fill syntactic gaps
- we contextualize it
 - formally: poem
 - thematically: food
 - historically/culturally/geographically

analysis

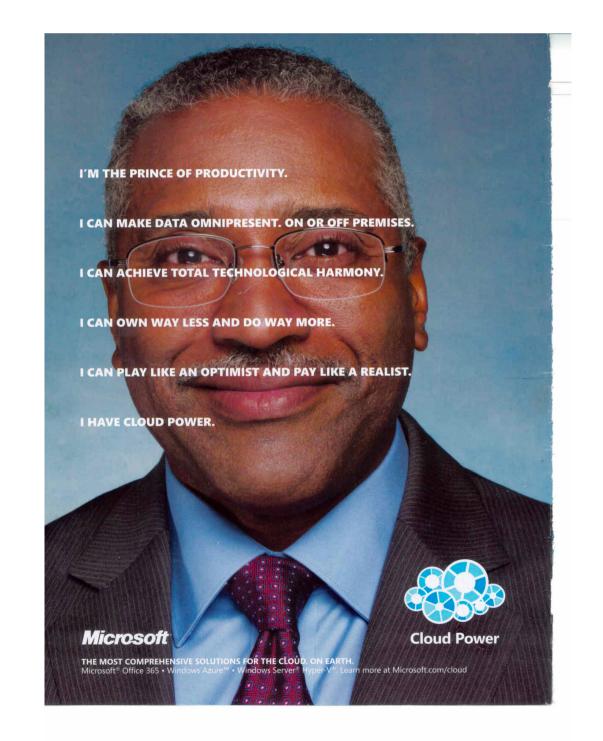
- poetic form vs poetic language
 - modernist/modern/contemporary poem (form)
 - no rhyme or meter, but run-on lines and stanzas
 - register: intimate, personal; not regional or social
- structure
 - 1st person speaker
 - 2nd person addressed
 - setting, time, location of action, location of message

themes

- greed, lust, pleasure
- (oral) gratification
- forbidden fruit
- religious implication: the fall
- domestic sphere of intimacy
- consumption
- "delicious" = sweet, cold
- transgression

theme

- male/female
- childlike (self-control)
- power (self-interest)
- might provoke a crisis
- paradise vs. expulsion from paradise (the Fall)



Microsoft

I'm the prince of productivity.

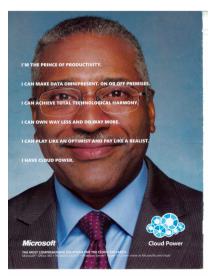
I can make data omnipresent. On or off premises.

I can achieve total technological harmony.

I can own way less and do way more.

I can play like an optimist and pay like a realist.

I have cloud power.



limerick

There was a young lady of Riga

Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;

They returned from the ride

With the lady inside,

And the smile on the face of the tiger.

Lewis Carroll, "Jabberwocky", from Through the Looking Glass (1872)

`Twas brillig, and the slithy tove Did gyre and gimble in the wabe: All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought –
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through The vorpal blade went snicker-snack! He left it dead, and with its head He went galumphing back.

"And, has thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy! O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!' He chortled in his joy.

`Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe; All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.

Poetry?

Zicke zacke Zig zag

Hühnerkacke Chicken crap