

Feminist Writings
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The Goblin Market - Part 4

So, hello and welcome to this NPTEL course, entitled Feminist writings. So, we are looking at Christina Rossetti poem Goblin Market. We have already had a series of lectures on this poem so we just dive into the text on move on from what we left last time. So, we had seen how the poem projects the model economy, which is very interestingly combined with the financial economy and the sexual economy, they are all merged together in different disguises.

And we have two protagonists chiefly in this poem, so we have two sisters Laura and Lizzie, and we have very different responses of the goblin market, as embodied by the two sisters. So the first just Laura, she falls prey to the goblin market. She gets seduced by the goblin market, and she partakes of the goblin fruit, and a goblin fruit, of course, could be a symbol of many things. Several things you talked about, how it could be a symbol of, it could be an allegory about contaminated consumption. It could be a symbol of addiction, it could be a symbol of an outlandish commodity, which is dangerous and its potential and you know, this constant refrain, this constant reference to the outsider, the constant reference to the fact that the goblin fruits come from the outside is something that poem projects quite interestingly.

And contrasting the outside of course is a homeless space of the two sisters intimate home where they share their very idyllic lifestyles together by you know fetching honey, churning butter, making milk and then doing all kinds of household activities which is very idyllic feminine activity. So that idyllic feminine activity space, is corrupted and invaded in a way by the arrival of the Goblin men. And we talked already how the Goblin men they have very interesting physiognomy features in terms of making them look like animals and the half human half animals which is, of course, the part of the alterity package (1:59).

You know, the fact that they are outsiders. The fact that they are the others, this idyllic homely landscape is that keeps coming up in this poem. Now. We saw last time how there are certain verbs in the poem, which interesting linger for instance, a loiter, for instance so, linger, loiter these are verbs which suggests a degree of ambivalence, a degree of direction lessness. So when the poem says, when a speaker tells us that Laura is lingering in the high

glens, lingering near the marketplace or Laura is loitering in the high glens unable to come back home.

We get a sense of, not just ambivalence but sense of you know direction lessness, which is of course coupled with inertia and a decadence that will come in. So this is the beginning of the degeneration of Laura, where she doesn't quite how, since her purpose in live (())(2:49) have a sense of spatial tempo knowledge. And she is loitering aimlessly in the goblins glen and as opposed to that we have Lizzie who of course is very purposeful, who, of course, knows exactly what she wants. And she is projected in this particular poem as a virtuous woman, as one with purpose, one with integrity who keeps resisting the seduction of the goblin men and who walks into the goblin market with sense of to retrieve what her sister is lost. Right? And that is something that poem will talk about in the section. So with that background in mindless diver to the poem and move on for we left last time.

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Come, Laura, not another maiden lags,
No wilful squirrel wags,
The beasts and birds are fast asleep."
But Laura loiter'd still among the rushes
And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill;
Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
"Come buy, come buy,"
With its iterated jingle
Of sugar-baited words:
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups or single,
Of which faint warblers were



Of sugar-baited words:
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling:
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come;
I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:
You should not loiter longer at this brook:
Come with me home.
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glowworm winks her spark,
Let us get home before the night grows dark:
For clouds may gather
Though this is summer weather,

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44996/goblin-market>



And said the hour was early still
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill;
Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
"Come buy, come buy,"
With its iterated jingle
Of sugar-baited words:
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even on goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling:
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups of single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

So we had already done the stanza and the reason why I am repeating that is because if you look at that verbs in this particular section, 'racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling, these are very animal metaphors, a movement metaphors used by or attributed to animals more generally. And, of course, the herds, the tramp along the glens, so herds is an metaphor or an animal pack. pack and the whole idea of tramping along the glen is also very, very you know there is a degree of menace about it. (4:22) trams these are half animals, half humans, the goblins and goblin merchants and they are a menace to the idyllic countryside of the English landscape, which is embodied virtuously by the two sisters. Okay.

And then till Lizzie urged, "Oh, Laura, come;

I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:

You should not loiter longer at this brook:

Again the word loiter is interesting. Loiter has a sense of aimlessness. So Laura is loitering along the brook, hoping to get a glimpse of the Goblin men and the Lizzie the warning voice in the poem, she tells Them, her that you should not, I hear the fruit call but I dare not look. So I should not look towards that direction. I could hear the calls, I could hear the calls of the merchant men, the seductive call coming by the sugar-baited words and we talked about already this poem comes and seen as an allegory, of the emergence, of the advertisement industry in Britain at that point of time and the deceptive quality of advertisement, the language, the deceptive quality of advertisement, you know sensations. How they sensationalize certain things which can be potentially dangerous and this potentially dangerous, deceptive quality in poem is something which keeps coming up and that is very interestingly mapped onto the emergence of contemporary advertisement industry in Britain at that point of time.

So that sense the poem is very topical for us today. The whole idea of consuming something which is contaminated but sensationalized, the whole idea of consuming something which has grown in very inorganic, artificial, unnatural ways. We had references already to places where this always summer, where it is always fertile and that, of course, sense, gives a sense of pathological fertility or unnatural, or perverse fertility or perverse abundance, where it is always abundance and it is nothing which, there's no cyclicity of seasons at all. There is always summer, always fertile, always warm, always (6:08) and that idea of permanent fertility, of permanent abundances is of course what makes that pathological in quality? So,

among other things the poem can also be read as consuming things which are grown inorganically, grown dangerously and again that connects this sport very interestingly to some of the concerns we have today in our times.

(Refer Slide Time: 06:38)

Of sugar-baited words:
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come;
I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:
You should not loiter longer at this brook:
Come with me home.
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glowworm winks her spark,
Let us get home before the night grows dark:
For clouds may gather
Though this is summer weather,

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44966/goblin-market>



11/19/2018

Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti | Poetry Foundation

Put out the lights and drench us through;
Then if we lost our way what should we do?"

Laura turn'd cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
That goblin cry,
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?
Must she no more such succous pasture find,
Gone deaf and blind?
Her tree of life droop'd from the root:
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache;
But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,
Trudg'd home, her pitcher dripping all the way;
So crept to bed, and lay
Silent till Lizzie slept;
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,
And enash'd her teeth for baulk'd desire, and wept



Okay, so you should not loiter longer at this brook:

Come with me home.

The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,

Each glowworm wings a spark,

Let us get home before the night grows dark:

For clouds may gather

Though this is summer weather,

Put out the lights and drench us through;

Then if we lost our way what should we do?"

So, you know this is the warning voice off Lizzy, the wiser sister who tells us, you know, vulnerable sister to get back home. And again, this constant juxtaposition of the homeless space and the unhomey space, or the uncanny space is something which the poem does very well. So the spatial metaphors in the form is interestingly mapped onto or mappable onto the psychological metaphor. So the home is a place where one is protected when one is intimate, where one is safe, as supposed to which we have the market, which is the unhomey space or the you know the uncanny space where there's no protection. There's always a danger of sensation, a danger of contaminated consumption and that danger is something which can pervade the home space as well, that can affect your psychological extended that makes you crack up as it does with Laura.

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Laura turn'd cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
That goblin cry,
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?
Must she no more such succous pasture find,
Gone deaf and blind?
Her tree of life droop'd from the root:
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache;
But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,
Trudg'd home, her pitcher dripping all the way;
So crept to bed, and lay
Silent till Lizzie slept;
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,
And gnash'd her teeth for baulk'd desire, and wept
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,



Laura turn'd cool as stone

To find a sister heard that cry alone,

That goblin cry,

“Come by our fruits, come buy.”.

Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?

Must she no more such succous pasture find,

Gone deaf and blind?

A tree of life droop'd from the root:

She said not one word in her heart sore ache;

But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning.

Trudg'd home, her pitcher dripping all the way;

So you know these are very, very symbolic descriptions. So the whole idea of her pitcher dripping all the way, it could be seen as a symbol of life blood. (Excuse me?) Of life blood and draining outside, draining out of a, the pitcher dripping all the way could be seen very symbolically as that kind of an example of decadence of innovation or emptying out or liquidation of a life blood and the whole idea of trudging is, of course, trudging as laborious walk. So when it trudged you, you walk very laboriously, walk free effort fully so each step becomes heavier than the previous one, and that becomes an act of labor. So you know the clear indications, the clear science that Laura is beginning to show signs of decadence, that began to show signs of emptying and goblin fruit is consumed, is began to make its presence felt in a system, in terms of draining around of life blood, in terms of, you know, liquidating her as it (())(9:00) and in times of biologically affecting in very adverse way.

So, she said not one word in her heart's sore ache;

But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,

Trudg'd home, her pitcher dripping all the way;

So crept to bed, and lay

Silent till Lizzie slept;

Then sat up in a passionate yearning,

And gnash'd her teeth for baulk'd desire and wept

As if her heart would break.

So this whole idea of being addicted to something is very clearly indicated away. So, she gets up in the night, she is unable to sleep and she gets up, and she has a passionate yearning for the fruit, and gnash'd her teeth for baulk'd desire so very, very common science of, you know people have become addicted to certain substance, certain kinds of forbidden or dangerous substance where that affects the body to such an extent that it keep yearning for it. You keep yearning for that drug and again among the other things that this poem maybe read, this can also be read as a warning against addiction, drug addiction or you know dangerous substance addiction.

So Laura over here has obviously consumed something which is dangerous and that dangerous commodity is affecting her system to the extent that she can't sleep at night, and she gets up in the middle of night, and then she gnashes her teeth and passionate desire for that, but of course you can find it on this and then she weeps as if her heart would break. So it is, you know, she is biologically and metabolically completely caving in to the idea of, to the experience of consuming that particular forbidden fruit.

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Trudg'd home, her pitcher dripping all the way;
So crept to bed, and lay
Silent till Lizzie slept;
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,
And gnash'd her teeth for baulk'd desire, and wept
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry:
"Come buy, come buy;"—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen:
But when the noon wax'd bright
Her hair grew thin and grey;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.



And we have a more long (10:34) description of what happens to her, you know, so in terms of the biological effect that the forbidden fruit has on a system.

Day after day, night after night,

Laura kept watch in vain

In sullen silence of exceeding pain.

She never caught again goblin cry”

“Come buy, come buy”—

Should never spied the goblin men

Hawking the fruits along the glen.

But when the noon wax'd bright

Her hair grew thin and grey;

She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn

To swift decay and burn

Her fire away.

So what began with the very symbolic description of the pitcher dripping all the way. Now gets some more embodied experience. So it becomes more spectacularly evident experience. So, you know we are told quite clearly that her hair grows thin and grey, which is obviously indicated, an indicator of premature aging, she should dwindle, she is shrinking bodily and fair full moon doth turn to swift, decay and burn, so her life blood or life system, her life tree is compared to a moon, which we are told is decaying away very-very swiftly and, you know, it turns into something lifeless in quality very-very soon. EThe swift decay and burn her fire away. So, life fire is burning away, her life blood is dripping away, etcetera.

So we have all these very-very consistent images of decadence and degeneration and imminent death as it was. And that is something that Laura is experiencing.

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Hawking their fruits along the glen:
But when the noon wax'd bright
Her hair grew thin and grey;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone
She set it by a wall that faced the south;
Dew'd it with tears, hoped for a root,
Watch'd for a waxing shoot,
But there came none;
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling moisture run:
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dream'd of melons, as a traveller sees
False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crown'd trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.



One day remembering her kernel-stone
She set it by a Wall that faced the south:
Dew'd it with tears, hoped for a root,
Watch'd for a waxing shoot,
But there came none;
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling wants to run:
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dream'd of melons, as a traveler sees
False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crown'd trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

So this final image of a mirage in a desert as it were, which is a false image of hope, a false image of optimism. A deceptive image of optimism, is something which is you know mapped onto the goblin fruit, so the goblin fruit is a false hope. The goblin fruit is an image of, an example of a deceptive optimism. Deceptive happiness, which gives you a temporary happiness within takes away life blood. And then that doesn't really add any substance to you, biologically or essentially or contrary it takes away a substance from you. It makes you more death like, it makes you more driven towards death and this whole idea of setting up a stone and then you know, hoping for a shoot to come out of it, hoping for moisture to come out of it, you know, that doesn't happen.

We have seen before how the example of the figure called Jennie, Jenny, where she is buried we are told, no flowers have born on that particular spot. She is so perfectly dead, she's buried in snow to extend that no food, no flower has emerged around that region. So that is an example of absolute annihilation, and something similar is about to happen with Laura we are told that you know, she's dreaming of melons, but then these are false dreams, she is dreaming of forbidden fruits, those foods that she had consumed but then that kind of dreams is very similar to the dreams of travelers and desserts hope to see, who tend to see, always is, who tend to see what bodies but it turns out that the false images, and that whole idea of deceptive, images of deceptive things to something which is constantly you know referred to this poem and again that can be mapped onto, very interestingly, out of the whole idea of the deceptive and seductive advertisement industry which is controlled by men.


So again, if you do a very conventional, gender reading on the poem, the reading would suggest that the advertisement industry or the commodity industry is controlled by the men who are dangerous, who are deceptive, who are completely unethical, unprincipled and the consumers, the naive consumers in the poem, especially the case of Laura over here as a woman who steps out of the house and consumes a commodity, and in the process she gets contaminated, in the process she gets completely destroyed. You know, ideally, feminine self gets destroyed, but obviously the poem subverts this kind of a binary logic because then we have Lizzy, who walks into the market with a Penny and then she recovers what her sister has lost and that becomes example of an articulation of agency, of retrieval of agency as it were. Okay, so...

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She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Fetch'd honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
Brought water from the brook:
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy;"—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The voke and stir



She no more swept the house,

Tended the fowls or cows,

Fetch'd honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,

Brought water from the brook:

But sat down listless in the chimney-nook

And would not eat.

So all the normal biological domestic activities are interrupted now, as we are told, we begin a passage before where we told, we were told how she would go about doing different kinds of duties, such as fetching honey, milking the cows, churning butter, sewing. But then that, all that ends and that we are also told that she sat down listless, again 'listless' would be a sense of aimlessness, sense of directionlessness, doesn't have a future look forward to. And that chimney-nook a very traditional image of decadence sitting by the chimney-nook listless, this is a very Cinderella image, sitting by the cinders of the chimney and then waiting for nothing to happen.

So that becomes an example on image of desperation, an image of surrender, an image of complete listlessness as it were. And she embodies that image to a great extent and would not

eat. So the whole idea of not eating, the whole idea of refusing to eat or body refusing to eat becomes further extension of the death image that she has, the fact that she is moving towards death, moving away from life, moving away from substance, a sustenance and substance and moving towards annihilation and decadence and nothingness. Now we have the turn of the poem where Lizzie walks into the market and recovers what her sister has lost, recovers the female agency, the female sexuality, the female itself to a certain extent.

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And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy;"—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The yoke and stir
Poor Laura could not hear;
Long'd to buy fruit to comfort her,
But fear'd to pay too dear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride;
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died



So, Tender Lizzie could not bear

To watch her sister's cankerous care

So the fact that her sister is veining away biologically is something which is Lizzie could not bear anymore.

Yet not share.

So Laura could not share what happened to her in the same time she did nothing about it, So Lizzie could not bear this this image of Laura, uh, dying away gradually without being able to share what happened to her.

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She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy;"—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The yoke and stir
Poor Laura could not hear;
Long'd to buy fruit to comfort her,
But fear'd to pay too dear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride;
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest winter time
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp winter time.



She night and morning

Caught the goblins' cry:

"Come buy our orchard fruits,

Come buy, come buy;" ----

Beside the brook, along the glen,

She heard the tramp of goblin men,

The yoke and stir

Poor Laura could not hear;

Long'd to buy fruit to comfort her,

But fear'd to pay too dear.

She thought of Jeanie in the grave,

Who should have been a bride;

But who for joys brides hope to have

Fell sick and died

In her gay prime,

In earliest winter time

With the first glazing rime,

With the first snow-fall of crisp winter time.

So again we have very erotic images and the sense of maybe Jenny died out of her dangerous sexual disease. It's not spelled out, but then we are told us that she gave in to the temptation, perhaps who for joys, the brides hope to have, which you know could be an illusion to different things. Erotic activities, erotic experience and maybe some of the experience are not spelled out but it is very clear that she went for the experience prematurely as a result of it she felt and died in her gay prime, in the prime of her life She felt sick and dying, because of her, you know giving into the temptations of certain experiences that she should not have given in at that point of time.

And we are told earlier and are we told again, how did this so complete that no, no regeneration has happened at that particular point so in earliest winter time, with the first blazing rime, with the first snow-fall of crisp wintertime. So winter traditionally is an image, the seasons of death in Britain and cooler countries generally, where nothing grows, nothing is a regenerator and everything comes to a standstill. So winter becomes that kind of the time. This slow down time. Okay?

And so, we are told that Lizzie is thinking of Jeanie, when how Jeanie gave into certain temptations and how she should not have and, you know, and then she is thinking about her own sister and how she is going through presumably the same kind of experience and then the image of Jeanie is interesting because, you know, like I said, it is a seemingly uninteresting character but then despite being uninteresting on unimportant tather is very-very interesting because she brings in a certain image of decadence. She brings in a certain image of temptation, certain image of dangerous consumption that is used to throw light, perhaps on Laura's condition, Laura's metabolic and biological condition.

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But fear'd to pay too dear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride;
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest winter time
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp winter time.

Till Laura dwindling
Seem'd knocking at Death's door:
Then Lizzie weigh'd no more
Better and worse;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kiss'd Laura, cross'd the heath with clumps of furze
At twilight, halted by the brook:
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.



Till Laura dwindling

Seem'd knocking a Death's door:

Then Lizzie weigh'd no more

Better and worse;

But put a silver penny in her purse,

Kiss'd Laura, cross'd the heath with clumps of furze

At twilight, halted by the brook:

And for the first time in her life

Began to listen and look.

So this again is a very symbolic act of putting pen in her purse. So Putting Penny in her purse is putting the currency to purchase. Put in the instrument, the machine, the object. The instrument through which you can purchase and exchange and establish transactions in the marketplace. She doesn't walk into the market only with a female sexual self that she will trade in for commodity but she walks in with a proper penny with a proper instrument, a proper armchair, a proper object correlative of that kind of transaction, and that becomes on

example of resistance, that becomes example of subversion In the poem. The beginning of the subversive moment, she put a silver penny in purse. Penny becomes a symbolic instrument of exchange, which undercuts the whole idea of you know, male exploiting the female sexuality because she has a penny to enter a proper transaction with the goblin men and that becomes, of course, as I mentioned, that becomes an act of resistance over here.

Kiss'd Laura, cross'd the heath with clumps of furze

At twilight, halted by the brook:

And for the first time in her life

Began to listen and look.

She is a woman to us in goblin market, for the first time in her life she is moving towards that direction, we are told.

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<p>With the first glazing rime, With the first snow-fall of crisp winter time.</p> <p>Till Laura dwindling Seem'd knocking at Death's door: Then Lizzie weigh'd no more Better and worse; But put a silver penny in her purse, Kiss'd Laura, cross'd the heath with clumps of furze At twilight, halted by the brook: And for the first time in her life Began to listen and look.</p> <p>Laugh'd every goblin When they spied her peeping: Came towards her hobbling, Flying, running, leaping, Puffing and blowing,</p> <p><small>https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44996/goblin-market</small></p>	 <p><small>8/15</small></p>
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Laugh'd every goblin

When they spied her peeping:

Came towards her hobbling,

Flying, running, leaping,

Puffing and blowing,

So, again look at the verbs over here, hobbling, flying, flying, running, leaping, puffing, blowing, none of these movements, none of these activities are human in quality and they have a certain degree of menace about them. It is like bats flying in, it is like different kinds of animals, crawling and running and leaping and with a sense of menace created around her. And that that market becomes the market of menace. Market of dangers, dangerous possibilities, dangerous beginnings as we have seen already establish in case off Laura. And there was the reason of other verbs which are suggestive of that kind of an animal metaphor, animal movements.

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Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,
Cat-like and rat-like,
Ratel- and wombat-like,
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—
Hugg'd her and kiss'd her:
Squeeze'd and caress'd her:
Stretch'd up their dishes,
Panniers, and plates:



Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—
Hugg'd her and kiss'd her:
Squeeze'd and caress'd her:
Stretch'd up their dishes,
Panniers, and plates:
"Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,
Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs;
Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs."—



Chuckling, clapping, crowning,

Clucking and gobbling,

Mopping and mowing,

Full of airs and graces,

Pulling wry faces,

Demure grimaces,

Cat-like and rat-like,

Ratel- and wombat-like,

Snail-paced in a hurry,

Parrot-voiced and whistler,

Helter skelter, hurry, skurry,

Chattering like magpies,

Fluttering like pigeons,

Gliding like fishes, ----

Hugg'd her and kiss'd her:

Squeez'd her and caress'd her:

Stretch'd up their dishes,

Panniers, and plates:

“Look at our apples

Russet and dun,

Bob at our cherries,

Bite at our peaches,

Citrons and dates,

Grapes for the asking,

Pears red for basking, with basking

Out in the sun,

Plums on their twigs;

Pluck them and suck them,

Pomegranates, fig.” ---

So if you take a look at the entire passage, we just get words thrown at us. They are not really fully formed sentences. And that is very indicative, that's very, very authentically representative of the advertisement slogans that we see even today. So if you look at advertisements slogans we find they are often times not full sentences. They have certain keywords, which are thrown at us, certain keywords which are meant to attract attention.

So we have a list of different kinds of fruits which are available in the market, and then the whole seduction is a common taste and bite them, chew them and suck them and that is the whole idea of inviting the customer, inviting the supposedly naive an innocent customer to partake of the fruit without even offering a price, without even listing a price becomes the menacing in quality of this market.

And then even before that we see how the series of animal images, the animal attributes, which are mapped onto the goblins, they are rat like and cat like, you know, they're hobbling and they are moving towards the human customer in every menace in fashion and then they are hugging on and kissing on, squeezing on, caressing on, you know, these become activities which are often, which are almost erotic and quality.

So the goblin market becomes a market of not just commodity transaction but also a certain degree of erotic infection. So when the human female walks into the markets, she is surrounded by all these men who began to infect her, at least attempt to infect erotically, sexually, you know and this brings us back to the whole idea of Jeanie and the whole idea of,

the whole you know indication, or the fact that, or suggestion that she may have acquired a sexually transmitted disease by being dangerous, by living her life dangerously, by giving into temptation that she should not have given him before her marriage as it were.

So that idea of a sexually transmitted disease is very much pervasive in this particular section as well, because when Lizzie walks from the market, she's surrounded by all this men who begin to touch up, and begin to squeeze her and caress her and then begin to seduce her with different kinds of objects and outlandish fruits and they invite her to come and partake of the foods in a very erotic fashion. So the whole idea of the erotic economy and the financial economy, the capitalist economy very interestingly and problematically merged onto each other in this poem as we have seen already.

Okay, Uh, right. And then, of course, Lizzie's response is interesting because I remember she had walked in with a penny in her purse and she is not going to give in and trade the food and trade her sexuality in exchange of a fruit. She's going to pay for the fruit with a penny and that idea of classifying the commodity with a penny, that undercuts the menace in the market, because then that market a classified market and that undercut see the dangers and the seduction of the unknown market.


So the moment you put a penny onto a commodity, the commodity becomes a classified commodity. The commodity becomes a non-dangerous commodity because you know it has established, it has moved into a grid of no ability, right? So the penny has a price attached to it. So the commodity has a price attached to it, it begins to have a name.

It begins with a price, it begins to have a classified identity, which then makes it less dangerous in qualities so well, idea of putting a penny to a commodity and asking to pay for a commodity becomes very symbolic act, which changes the economic structure and this particular market and makes it into a buy and sell market with a proper classification. Proper regulation and that undercuts the unregulated quality, the unethical. The anarchic quality in the market that we have seen so far, which was very much tied onto or into the erotic quality of the market, in terms of making it completely outlandish, and unmanageable.

(Refer Slide Time: 27:06)

Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs." —

"Good folk," said Lizzie,
Mindful of Jeanie:
"Give me much and many: —
Held out her apron,
Toss'd them her penny.
"Nay, take a seat with us,
Honour and eat with us,"
They answer'd grinning:
"Our feast is but beginning,
Night yet is early,
Warm and dew-pearly,
Wakeful and starry:
Such fruits as these
No man can carry:
Half their bloom would fly,



<https://www.netmfoundation.com/news/4496/inshin-market> 9/15

"Good folks," said Lizzie,

Mindful of Jeanie:

"Give me much and many: ---

Held out her apron,

Toss'd them her penny.

Very symbolic act, tossing them a penny. I am gonna enter into this exchange, into this economy of exchange only with a penny, not my sexuality, with my penny, so the penny becomes an instrument of protection as was classifications becomes the whole idea of appropriating the penny becomes an appropriation of agency. An articulation of agency to a certain extent which undercuts as I mentioned the masculinist menace in the market. The moment she is prepared to pay with the penny, that undercuts the whole idea of the anarchic market, which was gathered around to seduce them and basically infect up in different forms.

"Nay, take a seat with us,

Honour and eat with us,"

They answer'd grinning"

“Our feast is but beginning.

Night yet is early,

Warm and dew-pearly,

Wakeful and starry:

Such fruits as these

No man can carry:


Half the bloom would fly,

So they are not interested in the penny. They are trying to seduce her into sitting with them and partaking the fruits and joining the feast in the night. And so the whole idea of refusing the penny becomes an act of, refusing the articulation or rejected the articulation of female agency which Laura, Lizzie's embodying by paying them with Penny. Right? So this becomes a bit of a contest.

(Refer Slide Time: 27:29)

11/19/2018 Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti | Poetry Foundation

Half their dew would dry,
Half their flavour would pass by.
Sit down and feast with us,
Be welcome guest with us,
Cheer you and rest with us.” —
“Thank you,” said Lizzie: “But one waits
At home alone for me:
So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Of your fruits though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny
I toss'd you for a fee.” —
They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling.
One call'd her proud,
Cross-grain'd, uncivil:



Okay, so...

Sit down and feast with us,

Be welcome guest with us,

Cheer you with the rest with us.” ---

“Thank you,” said Lizzie. “But one waits

At home alone for me:

So without further parleying,

If you will not sell me any

Of your fruits though much and many,

Give me back my silver penny

So the penny becomes very symbolic instrument, a very symbolic object which is hurled onto the Goblin men with the challenge of giving them a certain kind of quantifiable commodity so the moment you quantify the commodity the commodity becomes quantifiable with the penny then it loses its anarchic, dangerous, seductive possibility. And, of course, the goblins and trying to reject the goblins are trying to resist that kind of a classification. So they are not interested in the penny.

They are actually interested in asking up to join in the feast. But Laura, of course, wants to quantify the commodity. Lizzie, of course, wants to quantify the commodity, wants to pay them with a penny in the process of paying them with a penny. Once undercut the anarchy of the marketplace. So the exchange of the coin, so Lizzie traded them with coin and they are refusing the coin and they throw the coin back at her, it becomes a very, very symbolic act in the poem as you may understand already.

So, if you not sell me any

Of your fruits though much and many,


Give me back my silver penny

I toss'd you for a fee.” ---

So the whole idea of paying you for a fee becomes interesting because moment I pay someone a fee I enter into an exchange, I enter into an understandable exchange of service, service providing and service consumption. So, I'm paying you a fee in order to have a

quantifiable size of, quantifiable and consumption of your commodities, if you are not interested in that, give me back my penny, right? So, the fee becomes very symbolic vehicle over here. It becomes the vehicle of agency; it becomes a vehicle of classification. It becomes the vehicle of quantification of the commodity, which as I keep mentioning undercuts the anarchy and a seductive quality of this marketplace.

(Refer Slide Time: 29:46)

<p>"Thank you," said Lizzie: "But one waits At home alone for me: So without further parleying, If you will not sell me any Of your fruits though much and many, Give me back my silver penny I toss'd you for a fee."— They began to scratch their pates, No longer wagging, purring, But visibly demurring, Grunting and snarling, One call'd her proud, Cross-grain'd, uncivil; Their tones wax'd loud, Their looks were evil. Lashing their tails They trod and hustled her, Elbow'd and jostled her, Claw'd with their nails,</p>	
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They began to scratch their pates,

No longer wagging, purring,

But visibly demurring,

And makes them angry, that makes them cross.

Grunting and snarling.

One call'd her proud,

Cross-grain'd uncivil;

Their tones wax'd loud,

Their looks were evil.

So, it is a very typical male response to a female with agency, so Lizzie walks in with agency. Lizzie walks in with the object agency being the penny and she refused to enter into a sexual exchange with the goblin men as result to which they called her the stereotypical descriptions, proud, uncivil, cross-grained, etc. Because she is not giving in, she is not being the demure, you know, yielding sexualized female. She is a female who walks with agency. She is a female who possesses agency, and that undercuts the entire masculinist invasion of the female space over here, right and as a result of which they began to get cross, they began to call her names, and they began to describe her in very, very negative objectives.

Lashing their tails.

So you know the animal metaphors are coming out, almost like the close up, showing the claws and teeth are showing in the moment.

(Refer Slide Time: 30:45)

So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Of your fruits though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny
I toss'd you for a fee."—
They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling,
One call'd her proud,
Cross-grain'd, uncivil;
Their tones wax'd loud,
Their looks were evil.
Lashing their tails
They trod and hustled her,
Elbow'd and jostled her,
Claw'd with their nails,
Barking, mewling, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soil'd her stocking,
Twitch'd her hair out by the roots.



Lashing the tails

They trod and hustled her,

Elbow'd and jostled her,

It begins, begins more-more violent.

Claw'd with their nails,

Barking, mewling, hissing, mocking,

Tore her gown and soil'd has stalking,

Twitch'd her hair out by the roots,

Stamp'd upon her tender feet,

Held her hands and squeez'd their fruits

Against her mouth to make her eat.

So this becomes almost an example of sexual violence who surround her, and they began to scratch her and tear away her hairs and then they forced the fruit into her mouth. They surround her, squeezed their fruits and forced them into her mouth in order to make her eat. You know, and the whole idea of making her eat without paying for it, would you know continue that after consumption, that would continue the act of male invasion on the female body and the female sexuality, the females are unable to pay and becomes an innocent and helpless consumer of this particular fruit. But of course, Lizzie had walked in with a penny and Lizzie has prepared to pay them a fee for the consumption, so she's not really a gullible, a passive or helpless consumer. She is an agentic consumer, and that becomes the problem in this particular marketplace.

So the attack on Lizzie over here is because of her agentic equality and she has been forced to lose our agency. She has been forced to eat the goblin food without paying for it and the entire idea of forcing her becomes quite sexual in quality, becomes an act of sexual violence to a certain extent. All the men's surrounding her and attacking her body, you know, squeezed the fruits against her mouth to make her eat.

(Refer Slide Time: 32:46)

Stamp'd upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeez'd their fruits
Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,—
Like a rock of blue-vein'd stone
Lash'd by tides obstreperously,—
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire,—
Like a fruit-crown'd orange-tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
Like a royal virgin town
Topp'd with gilded dome and spire
Close beleagu'rd by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44996/goblin-market>

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White and golden Lizzie stood,

So the colors, the traditional colors of virtue and integrity of white and golden and glory.

Whiten and golden Lizzie stood,

Like a lily in a flood, -----

Like rock of blue-vein'd stone

Lash'd by tides obstreperiously, ----

Like a bacon left alone

In a hoary roaring sea,

Sending up a golden fire, ----

Like a fruit-crown'd orange-tree

White with blossoms honey-sweet

Sore beset by wasp and bee, ----

Like a royal the virgin town

Topp'd with glided dome and spire

Close beleaguer'd by a fleet

Mag to turg her standard down.


So, if you look at the descriptions over, a series of positive, honorable, glorified descriptions, but at the end what is really interesting? There is a spatial description of virgin town, of royal virgin town and what virgin over here obviously means many things that could mean sexual virgin, which is indicated of a Laura and Lizzie, special Lizzie sexual quality this point of time she's a virgin against these male invasions, the male sexual invasions which are happening around here that point of time. But also the town which is virgin, it is still pure, uncontaminated and topped with gilder dome and spire and it is beleaguered by a fleet, by a foreign fleet surrounding the particular town. Mad to tug her standard down.

So the particular fleet is mad to bring down the town. Standard, of course means her (()) (33:32) despite over here and the beleaguered fleet, the enemy fleet, the foreign fleet around the town is attacking, has invaded the town in a bit to tear the town down. So, she resembles. She resembles that kind of a town, the town of an integrity, glory, purity, virginity, which is being attacked by foreign fleet, attacked by a dangerous fleet around her. So again, the whole idea of inside and outside dangerous attacker, dangerous invader and virtuous insider is constantly played and projected in this poem.

(Refer Slide Time: 34:05)

11/19/2018 Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti | Poetry Foundation

One may lead a horse to water,
Twenty cannot make him drink.
Though the goblins cuff'd and caught her,
Coax'd and fought her,
Bullied and besought her,
Scratch'd her, pinch'd her black as ink,
Kick'd and knock'd her,
Maul'd and mock'd her,
Lizzie utter'd not a word;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in:
But laugh'd in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syrapp'd all her face,
And lodg'd in dimples of her chin,
And streak'd her neck which quaked like curd.
At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance.



One may lead a horse to water,

Twenty cannot make him drink,

So, the whole fable of taking a horse to water but not making, not able to make him drink that is something which suggested over here in terms of how Lizzie behaves.

Though the goblin cuff'd and caught her,

Coax'd and and fought her,

Bullied and besought her,

Scratch'd her, pinch'd her black as in,

Kick'd and knock'd her,

Maul'd and mock'd her,

Lizzie utter'd not a word;

So, again, these are acts of violence done to her body, so again very symbolic, and the act of violence is done to her body, is performed in order to make her cave in, in order to make her partake of the goblin fruit, as a non-customer, as just a passive consumer, because when she will consume, if she consumes the fruit as a passive consumer, Laura had done, and she falls,

she will fall a prey to the invasion of the goblin Men. But she is still holding on to the penny, and she is refusing to partake or eat or consume any of the forbidden food without having to pay for it, right. So that makes her a customer, an agentic customer in this particular marketplace, right? And that, of course, is tied into the idea of female agency and very male most entitled space.

(Refer Slide Time: 35:51)

NICKU ANU KNOCKU HER,
Maul'd and mock'd her,
Lizzie utter'd not a word;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in:
But laugh'd in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syrapp'd all her face,
And lodg'd in dimples of her chin,
And streak'd her neck which quaked like curd.
At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance,
Flung back her penny, kick'd their fruit
Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot;
Some writh'd into the ground,
Some div'd into the brook
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
Some vanish'd in the distance.



Okay.

Lizzie uttered not a word;

Would not open lip from lip

Lest they would cram a mouthful in:

But laugh'd in heart to feel the drip

Of juice that syrapp'd all her face,

And lodg'd in dimples of her chin,

And streak'd her neck which quaked like curd.

At last the evil people,

Worn out by her resistance,

Flung back her penny, kick'd their fruit

Along whichever road they took,

Not leaving root or stone or shoot;

Some with'd into the ground,

Some div'd into the brook

With ring and ripple,

Some scudded on the gale without a sound,

Some vanish'd in the distance.

So, the idea of violence was very sexual in quality is indicated by different metaphors, which, you know, described over here, you know the whole idea of gonna push the squeeze fruit into her face, you know, and so very syrupy curd like and then, you know, she will be resisting that invasion. She keeps resisting that sexual violence and at last the evil people worn out by her resistance. They fling back the penny at her again. This is very symbolic, flinging back the penny at her, means she repossesses a penny when it was given back to her and that makes, that retains the identity as an agentic customer, as an agentic client in a marketplace whether in a passive consumer. So she gets back the penny.

Again the whole idea, the whole exchange of pennies, very very symbolic in quality and has a lot of symbolic significance as I hope they were established already by the reading. So, at the end they kicked the fruit and they along, and they disappeared in distance.

So, along whichever road they took,

Not leaving root or stone or shoot;

Some with'd into the ground,

Some div'd into the brook


With ring and ripple,

Some scudded on the gale without a sound,

Some vanish'd in the distance.

So, this is a very pied piper like image where the rats disappear in the end, they dive into the sea, swim away, disappeared. We not quite know. We don't quite know, but then a similar kind of disappearance happens over here in a very spectacular level. The goblin men just, merge way and they disappear, they completely blend away in a distance so we don't quite know where they came from. We never knew where they came from. Don't know where they went. But the fatter of matter is they have gone from this idyllic landscape. And then, of course, Lizzie emerges triumphant out this whole episode.

(Refer Slide Time: 38:59)

<p>Some vanish'd in the distance.</p> <p>In a smart, ache, tingle, Lizzie went her way; Knew not was it night or day; Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze, Threaded copse and dingle, And heard her penny jingle Bouncing in her purse,— Its bounce was music to her ear. She ran and ran As if she fear'd some goblin man Dogg'd her with gibe or curse Or something worse: But not one goblin scurried after, Nor was she prick'd by fear; The kind heart made her windy-paced That urged her home quite out of breath with haste And inward laughter.</p>	
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In a smart, ache tingle,

Lizzie went her away;

Knew not it was night or day;

So this refrain of knowing 'not it was night or day' comes back. So, if you go to the marketplace, you sort of lose your sense of embodiment. And if you walk back home from the unhomely space, you walk back to the homely space. You sort of lose your sense of night and day, you lose a sense of embodiment, your knowledge of embodiment, external embodiment around you.

Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,

Threaded copse and dingle,

And heard her penny jingle

Bouncing in her purse,-----

So again very symbolic description over here. She is here with the penny jingle in her purse, and that is a reaffirmation of an agency. That is a reaffirmation of an agentic quality and of course, by extension, a reaffirmation of a victory over these goblin men.

Its bounce was music to her ear.

She ran and ran

As if she fear'd some goblin man

Dogg'd her gibe or curse

Or something worse:

So again, you know, she ran and ran, fearing that some goblin man would turn up and attack her with the gibe or curse or something worse and that something worse could be sexual violence. It is not spelled but we have seen, already seen a series of metaphors, a sexual violence was done on a female body. That kind of suggestion of course there.

But not one goblin scurried after

Nor was she prick'd by fear;

The kind heart made her windy-paced

That urged her home quite out of breath with haste

And inward laughter.

So, the inward laughter is one of the victory, one of triumph. She goes back home with inward laughter. So the whole idea of going back home with laughter, the whole idea of going back home is victorious. It is a very symbolic gesture over here, very symbolic suggestion, she went to the marketplace, the unhomely space. She undercut the uncanny of the unhomely space and now she has gone back home with sound of penny jingling in her purse. And that

sound of penny jingling in her purse reminds of her victory, and she walks back home with the inward laughter or a sense of triumph, or a sense of spiritual triumph, as it were.

(Refer Slide Time: 39:36)

11/19/2018 Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti | Poetry Foundation

She cried, "Laura," up the garden,
"Did you miss me?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeez'd from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;
Laura, make much of me;
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men."

Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutch'd her hair:
"Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden?
Must your light like mine be hidden.



She cried, "Laura," up the garden,

"Did you miss me?

Come and kiss me.

Never mind my bruises,

Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices

Squeez'd from goblin fruits for you,

Goblin Pulp and goblin dew,

Eat me, drink me, love me;

Laura, make much of me;

For your sake, I have braved the glen

And had to do with goblin merchant men."

So, there is almost a Christ like quality about Lizzie's figure over here, she comes back with a bruised body, almost like a nailed body of Christ after crucifixion. But that becomes the holy body, that becomes the body of redemption, the body of resurrection, as it were. As she walks back home with a bruised body and she invites Laura to come and kiss her and get the juices out of her body as an antidote off strange disease, the decadent disease that she has been experiencing.

(Refer Slide Time: 40:56)

Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutch'd her hair:
"Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden?
Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted,
Undone in mine undoing,
And ruin'd in my ruin,
Thirsty, canker'd, goblin-ridden?"—
She clung about her sister,
Kiss'd and kiss'd and kiss'd her:
Tears once again
Refresh'd her shrunken eyes,
Dropping like rain
After long sultry drouth;
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,
She kiss'd and kiss'd her with a hungry mouth.



Laura started from her chair,

Flung her arms up in the air,

Clutch'd her hair:

"Lizzy, Lizzy, have you tasted

For my sake the fruit forbidden?

Must your light like me be hidden,

Your young life like mine be wasted,

Undone in mine undoing,

And ruin'd in my ruin,

Thirsty, canker'd, goblin-ridden?" ---

She clung about her sister,

Kiss'd and kiss'd and kiss'd him:

Tears once again

Refresh'd her shrunken eyes,

Dropping like rain

After long sultry drouth;

Shaking with anguish fear, and pain,

She kiss'd and kiss'd her with a hungry mouth.

So the whole idea of kissing her over and over again, it becomes almost an act of healthy consumption, consuming the antidote as it were. And the whole idea of, she gets scared by saying, Lizzie, walk in, and she asked her first in person," Have you wasted your life in a way that I wasted mine? Have you wasted a young life, the primate for live, the way I have wasted mine and for my sake, have you done away with your life?" And then she walks in and sees Lizzie surrounded by the syrup around her body and the she kissed her and the process of kissing her over and over again. She consumes the syrup, which is presumably the antidote to the disease that she has been suffering because of the consumption the goblin fruit.

(Refer Slide Time: 42:08)

After long sultry drouth;
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,
She kiss'd and kiss'd her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loath'd the feast:
Writhing as one possess'd she leap'd and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast.
Her locks stream'd like the torch
Borne by a racer at full speed,
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,
Or like an eagle when she stems the light
Straight toward the sun,
Or like a caged thing freed,
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44996/goblin-market>

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She kiss'd and kiss'd her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,

That juice was wormwood to her tongue,

She loath'd the feast:

Writhing as one possess'd she leap'd on sung,

Rent all her robe, and wrung

Her hands in lamentable haste,

And beat her breasts.

Her locks stream'd like the torch

Borne by a racer at full speed,

Or like the mane of horses in the flight,

Or like an eagle when she stems the light

Straight towards the sun,

Or like a caged thing freed,


Or like a flying flag when armies run.

So the series of violent metaphors as the velocity over here is suggest you of a recovery, so she is recovering very swiftly. But then that too is a violent process. The process of recovery is very violence, we have all these metaphors of violence and velocity given to us in terms of describing how she is experiencing her recovery.

(Refer Slide Time: 42:28)

11/19/2018 Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti | Poetry Foundation

Swift fire spread through her veins, knock'd at her heart,
Met the fire smouldering there
And overbore its lesser flame;
She gorged on bitterness without a name:
Ah! fool, to choose such part
Of soul-consuming care!
Sense fail'd in the mortal strife:
Like the watch-tower of a town
Which an earthquake shatters down,
Like a lightning-stricken mast,
Like a wind-uprooted tree
Spun about,
Like a foam-topp'd waterspout
Cast down headlong in the sea,
She fell at last;
Pleasure past and anguish past,
Is it death or is it life?



Swift fire spread through her veins, knock'd at her heart,

Met the fire smoldering there

And overboare its lesser flame;

She gorged on bitterness without a name:

Ah! fool, to choose such part

Of soul-consuming care!

Sense fail's in the mortal strife:

Like the watch-tower of a town.

Which an earthquake shatters down,

Like a lightning-stricken mast,

Like a wind-uprooted tree

Spun about,

Like a foam-topp'd waterspout

Cast down headlong in the sea,

She fell at last;

Pleasure past and anguish past,

Is it death or is it life?

So, you know, this whole idea of consuming the syrup, consuming the juice from her sister's body and then she does not know if it is life giving or life taking. That brings us back to the idea of liminality, that a poem has been talking about for a long time. So, the merge of life and death, the merge of home and unhome, the merge of uncanny and domesticity, constantly keeps running in the poem and this process when, this particular point where Lizzie walks in with the syrup and juices from the market, given to her by the goblin men by the attack done to our body, on her body. But the goblin men and she walks into home with that body is almost like walking in within menace of the market.

But then that menace of the market is not domesticated inside the space of a home, and then Laura consumes the syrup, consumes the juice out of her sister's body in the process consuming it, she begins to get a sense of recovery and she begins to recover her degeneration, from of degeneration. She begins to recover from a sense of illness and how gradually dying away. By this point, she is not quite clear whether it is life or death, and that is a liminality that the poem describes and keeps celebrating throughout. And (44:07) through the different experiential conditions of the two female characters. Okay.

(Refer Slide Time: 44:41)

Life out of death.
That night long Lizzie watch'd by her,
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cool'd her face
With tears and fanning leaves:
But when the first birds chirp'd about their eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bow'd in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Open'd of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laugh'd in the innocent old way,
Hugg'd Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks show'd not one thread of grey,
Her breath was sweet as May



Life out of death.
That night long Lizzie watch'd by her,
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cool'd her face
With tears and fanning leaves:
But when the first birds chirp'd about their eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bow'd in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
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Open'd of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laugh'd in the innocent old way,
Hugg'd Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks show'd not one thread of grey,
Her breath was sweet as May
And light danced in her eyes.



Life out of death.

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Her gleaming locks show'd not one thread of grey,

Her breath with sweet as May

And light danced in her eyes.

So, that night when she goes to sleep. She is still just in a liminal condition with life and death because she is recovering from dead and she has still had a sense of death like quality bought up. But then she goes to sleep, and then we are told when she wakes up in the morning, she awoke as from a dream and then there is not a single trail of grey hair on her head, and she is completely back to live, back vitality about the youthfulness. And then her breath we are told is as sweet as May. Maybe in the peak of summer, the peak of sweet summer in British conditions and light danced in her eyes. So, you know, that becomes an image of a lifelike quality. So she has experienced regeneration.

She has experienced redemption from her fall, from being a foreign woman who consumed the forbidden fruit. She is now being resurrected or redeemed back into her life, back into her youthfulness. Thanks through the very Christ, Christ like quality of her sister Lizzie. And then we are told the final paragraph, the final stanza in the poem...

(Refer Slide Time: 46:06)

And dew-wet grass
Bow'd in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Open'd of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laugh'd in the innocent old way,
Hugg'd Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks show'd not one thread of grey,
Her breath was sweet as May
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives;
Laura would call the little ones

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44996/goblin-market>



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Days, weeks, months, years

Afterwards, when both were wives

With children of the own;

Their mother-hearts beset with fears,

Their lives bound up in tender lives;

Laura would call the little ones

And there is a sense of advice and warning and wisdom given to them.

(Refer Slide Time: 46:08)

11/19/2018 Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti | Poetry Foundation

And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time:
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood;
(Men sell not such in any town):
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote:
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,
"For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down.



And tell them of a early prime,

Those pleasant days long gone

Of not-returning time:

Would talk about the haunted glen,

The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,

Their fruits like honey to the throat

But poison to the blood;

So, I will stop at this point today, but then what is interesting at the end is that how that image of the goblin men comes back as a warning to the children and then we are told they are wives, they are married but then you know, there is no mention of the husbands. So, the idea of the sisterhood keeps continuing in the poem and they are told given, they part the wisdom that experience as woman to the next generation of woman and how they are warned against, the next generation woman, they are warned against the evils of the goblin men.

So, the men as outsider invaders and the woman are sisters sticking on together, the system of solidarity that they have with each other, something which the poem establishes again in the end. And that is a bit which will need some unpacking, which will cover the next lecture. So,

I will stop at this point today and will see you for the next lecture. Thank you for your attention.