



Module B: Texts and ways of thinking.

Question 5.

Elective 2: Postmodernism.

'Who says your way is right,' the woman said to no one ~~in particular~~. 'I have been through many changes. I have seen many changes. And in none of these have I ever agreed with you.' ~~Then~~

Even though she spoke with venom in her voice, no one was there to ~~hear~~<sup>listen</sup>. Seated under the mighty oak, as she was, in the dry field, passers by may of thought her mad, insane, queer.

Queer. What a word. Yes, she may have been queer (in the homosexual sense) because of her appearance. With slightly androgenous features, a quick glance would not disclose her sex. But when looking in, she - that is I - becomes complex. A woman is undoubtedly complex: ~~but this one~~

But this woman, who is over four-hundred years-old, ~~this~~ is more than any of us could understand.

'But why do you think you are right?' she continues. 'Why should I marry you? Because



you adore me? And why should you marry me? <sup>Before</sup> ~~##~~  
~~But~~ I agreed with the first, but now, I am not sure. I could have married, saved my home, saved my fortune. But no.'

Her head drops. She may be dead.

'If I were a man,' she smiles <sup>a secret smile,</sup> ~~deeply herself~~, 'what would stop me from being a man? Compassion? Love? Death? I don't know.

'And what makes a man, a man? Ignorance? Hate? Disregard for life? This I know. Men think they are power. I know. They think because they are men, they can belittle women, control their lives, drop them at a moments notice and ignore what they are trying to say.

"She is silent... perfect". Perfect? If silence in women is perfect, then what is perfection in men?'

A child, a girl, runs towards her, giggles, then runs away.

'Ah, but what of women? They are the most powerful manipulators. They can make a man believe anything. Ah yes, but men see only what they want. That is



Why it is so easy. Men think women are owned by men. But they are not. Women can also drop men.

Quicker than men do women. Love is their weapon.

'It is strange that the most powerful ruler was a woman, yet everyone likened her strength to that of a man. Why can't women have strength? Who made up that rule?'

'Why must a story have a romance? Why must it end happily-ever-after? Who decided that was how a story should be?'

She relaxed, sinking back into the oak. Looking through the branches, she smiled.

Who knows what made her smile.

'Who says your way is right?' she repeated.

'I say your way is ~~not~~<sup>wrong</sup>. I have never had romance that lasted, but I know love. My story doesn't look like it will end soon, but I am happy.

'I am who sits her. I am the same person I was when favoured by Eliza. I am the same as when I returned from the east. I am the



one who loved twice. I rejected and have been rejected. I have had power and have been nothing.

'I have learnt that death is not the end, and birth doesn't have to come first. I have learnt that power is power, no matter who holds it, and that poets are scrupulous and although use a muse, mock and put-down women. The opinions of others do not matter and I am free.

'You may believe what you want about me. But I am the same person, no difference at all. I'm just in a different time, a different place, a different frame of mind.

'Post modernism liberated me. What will liberate you? What will you believe is right?'

Looking ~~through~~ <sup>up</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> the sky she smiles again. Then she - that is I - looks at you. I search your eyes, I unlock your secrets, I question what you believe is right.

I come across the divide to you.