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Letters to the Crooked Timber

¹ Bigstock, 2014. *Illustrations & Vector, Russian Stamp WWII*. [image].

“Out of the crooked timber of humanity, no straight thing was ever made.”
— *Immanuel Kant, Idea for a Universal History with a Cosmopolitan Purpose*

Dedication

For the victim, who was not always so, stricken with another's evil, perpetually marked.

For the bystander, who did not always stand by; to the guilt, regret and acceptance of one's own corruption when faced with brutality and its wrecking.

And, for all, to explore perceived evil within the world, dig deeper, and acknowledge the complexity of such, for humanity is but a crooked timber in a grey sea.

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PREFACE

To the reader,

How do you find that, when all else has been written, discussed, dissected; what can make a worthy story? What makes it timeless? Is it the predictability, or the beauty, or the triumph of good? Is it that these characteristics apply seldom in the lives of so many, in a world of injustice, antipathy and futility? What of a delve into the many truths of humanity? And what of that evil, I wonder, how it forms, dominating mankind. In a world of so many evils, comes the predicament of one's good and how it's found.

Humanity is the most riddling complexity, built on a history of suffering... The triumph over which, fuels the literary world. But have you ever pondered the opposing story, that of the evil itself?

This collection of letters is written by an older man to himself, though younger, impartial to an evil act. A nameless soldier during World War Two, a Russian, who liberated the Jewish people and fought for justice for years prior. One who swore by his flag. A hero to many, but followed still by a forgotten story, a German woman sexually assaulted during the Red Rape of Berlin by his comrade. Although unheard, many find themselves antagonists in this story, and so presents the conundrum: who can be reduced to the villain in this story, a complacent German or a corrupt Russian soldier, and who answers this moral query? Is there an answer? Perhaps not... But it remains trying nonetheless.

*From,
the epistolist.*

BEFORE

PERED LITSOM перед лицом

Dearest 1930,

To a younger me. A boy once innocent, once patriotic.

Do you remember? In the evening, as the sun set below the wide eyes of the country, we'd pretend to settle our little souls by the fire and mother would read. Just as *Matushka Rossiya*² was wise and old, so was this mother of mine. You, myself, were no taller than a young pine, barely sprouting but growing even still, gazing into the crowded eyes of my mother reciting stories, a once soft bosom now hardened and hollowed. I knew only of tall grasses and a gentle sun, but mother knew *all*. I knew of my love for her and her love for me, but the worn map on her palm held that inexhaustibly. Sphere of the youth, nothing to crow about, from where do the stories of men malevolent and men wicked come? A lively hearth narrated our evening, our soft even breaths, our warmth.

Rested within her weathered hand, a book, one dishevelled by many fingers, strained by many eyes: a fairytale, fantastical yet familiar. Ivan Tsarevich³ and his web of trickery and misdeed. We'd lay slumber to that story. A story of a woman stolen, no matter her creed, no matter her dignity, herself be the prize won for her market price. But I, myself, knew better... I knew the impropriety of the hero. This was a world to fear, I imagine... within the mind of this youth, a story told and digressed.

Bottomless was the wit of our youth, our pride. But how unconsidered life once was, nothing to hark, nothing to brag. In the happy day, we'd run through the dry feathered grasses hidden behind a wall of pine. It would tickle and scratch at our naked legs. We'd have to run to get there, sometimes away from mother.

² *Mother Russia.*

³ *Russian folklore, 'Ivan Tsarevich the Firebird and the Grey Wolf'.*

Mice would dance in a round, while on a bench, a cat would sleep.

"Hush, you mice, don't make such noise or you'll wake up Vaska Cat.⁴ Vaska Cat will jump and leap and will spoil and break your round." We'd chant as we ran, through cobbled streets, toward the woods. I resented playing Cat. I still know not if our ventures there were permissible. Did our mothers know?

Somewhere, the wit of the youth turns to the wit of the greedy... How does the chasm grow, from the youth to the monster? It was not a feeling. It was not happenstance. Caught in Ivan's very snare of greed and I wonder who weaved it, a Cat chasing away innocence? I grow older. I grow to be the brother of Ivan, the familiar fool, and the son of our Motherland.

You and I, the brother and the son, the centre of the world's vulgarity.

What caused this chasm? Who made the change?

Surely not the child?

But it was you, the child, now the villain, now laying in wait for evil to rupture like a vein exposed and bleeding, but bleeding Red, nonetheless.

In tender reverie, 2001.

⁴ A popular Russian children's game.

WE COME IN ACRIMONY

MY PRISHLI V RAZDRAZHENIYE мы пришли в раздражение

To 1947,

I am the pride of the country, the world, wouldn't you know? A nameless Soviet hero.

My calloused feet abraded the soles of boots bestowed upon me seasons ago, but still we marched in pride and glory, arriving in streets of bitterness through a battered Brandenburg Gate.

As much as I'd have liked to, I didn't join the war an activist. I was just nineteen, I wanted to be a champion... for my mother, for my late father, for my country. Then I found myself hating *their* houses of peace. Their dappled papered walls, vivid vases, faded family portraits. Their German. Their propaganda. Their idealism. The beat of their hearts as their children died. Their inhumanity.

This heart of mine did once beat too, kept in a cell but prided by her blazing scarlet front, *Matushka Rossiya*,⁵ her dignity, her strength. She once bled by the red of our flag, but slowly she bled no longer. Our colours were tainted. Heroes, blackened like tramps. The shirt that rested on my shoulder, now dirtied with odium, befouled, seeped through skin too willingly. Accepted by the auburn rivers of my veins, left riddled. Now withered she waned, leaving all but her empty cell swung open. She was harrowed. And then she was cold. And I was all too aware of who was to blame; who forced my hand and who withered her so... innocent hearts polluted by their evil, mine was next, and that's all but the beginning.

I was taken by these Germans for a while, a captive in a Maykop camp.⁶ But without my colours, with my Red beaten grey, I was scared. I was no hero, and I did not expect to be rescued. I hated the Germans for their torture, but it was the Reds who agonised me. Poor food, poor boots. Once a comrade, Red with blood, stuck to his guns. They shot him. He was twenty. We were told not

⁵ *Mother Russia.*

⁶ *Battle of the Caucasus; Maykop (Russia) invaded and opened up to German forces (1942).*

to be captured, it was our duty to Stalin, after all. But if it *were* to happen, your life must be taken by your own hand. But I did not. They recovered me, after that. Maybe it was the work of the supposed generosity that we flew our flag to preach.

I was sent to Berlin in acrimony, where I thought I'd play the Shepherd. Maybe the wolf.

But I was tired, by years of relief, years of fear, and the fears that the relief would never come again. Children sang and they laughed sometimes, as we promenaded our freshly conquered posts. When was the last time I had laughed? In between bullets, in between battlefronts? I marched with the Germans for a time, through a newly plundered village. Dust still flew through the sky, infecting wounds so they would last, but hiding the wreckage from which it came... There was a boy, no taller than a young pine, his face wet from forlorn tears-- he wailed, pants messed, nobody around to fix him. He cried for his mother over and over. I wanted to as well. But I was a soldier, and we were about to win the war. So I waited.

Even in our victory, I felt no pride. My heart could not bleed, cold and dry. My flushing cheeks were long paled.

My Red was drained. She was cold. She grieved. I had come to Berlin in acrimony and suddenly my cold heart bled again, though with the browned vigour of retribution. Somehow I felt no sympathy... not for them. For all I'd seen and all I'd heard, impartiality was no longer a part of me. I hated them. Hated what they'd done. Hated their cowardice. Their innocence. Hated the chance that they could be pardoned and hated the thought that I would come to. My cold heart bled. We had come to Berlin in acrimony. The first three days would be wiped from the books.⁷

Marched in victory, marched in fury. Marched in relief, marched in gratitude. Marched in rage.

We had come to Berlin in acrimony, and we had come to march in vengeance.

2002.

⁷ *The Red Rape of Berlin.*

FAUCET
KРАН кран

1947,

Did I regret it then as I regret it now? Truthfully, I cannot recall. I know now, I am sorry.

Frozen in winter, metallic year-round. Wound tight but dripping evermore, paling the concrete below.

I remember the tremble of my hand. It was not fear that shook it; not of what I was too ashamed to do. Fear, maybe so, of how I was to feel, a man of Russia, against a Russian man. My heart raced. Not in fear... but maybe so. My heart beat in forewarn. My heart, it always knew from where I had come, though my soul did forget it. How far I was to go, though my wit forgot it. My fingertips glowed crimson in the cold, as the red in my veins fled their chambered heart.

Somewhere a drip. Not so slow as to pass you by, but time enough to step with, my leaden heart to beat with. A drip, a step, due to fall eternally, filling a bottomless pool.

A black and fatal jackboot, not by any means new, but even still, separate from the foot that wore it. Something strange, whose pride infected thee, whose honour infected thee, whose fear made him step in time to a drip, down distant a darkened stair.

Cold and riddled. A hidey-hole.

The gloom of it wasn't new to me either, though the descent felt rehabilitating-- a darkness not yet explored.

A drip.

A step.

I knew what awaited me there, at the final step. *Tovarisch*,⁸ who would take her, in spite of her market price. A woman, girl-- who unwittingly waited for him. I did not know her name, her age, her father... He did not need to. She was here by chance, he was there by decree. Yet just as by chance, I fought shy of a mauser⁹ pistol, crushed beneath a heap of rubble and dross. How by chance I survived the night of capture, in the mountains thick with snow. Many died that night, stripped of their cloaks as the Jews were stripped of their lives. So many had died.

Bare waisted, bare legged, all but dignified in her violation.

How filthy I remember him.

How filthy she must have felt. How she remains to feel.

How she wished the endless faucet would cleanse her.

As I find myself now, I'm regretful... Today she shivers in my memory, frantic and afraid, as do I, terrified of him, of me. And the drip kept on, though faster now, faster and faster still.

Sympathy, no matter how I crave it, was never mine to behold. I wonder what I would say, if I spoke to him. Would you cower at the monster you are, that I am, for letting your transgression pass us by? Would you even notice? As I did notice you, and her, now admittedly, that Red April¹⁰ day.

From, 2002.

⁸ *A comrade by trade.*

⁹ *Pistol introduced in Nazi Germany during World War II, and manufactured until 1977.*

¹⁰ *The Red Rape of Berlin, occurring between the 16th April and 2nd of May 1945.*

A HOLLOW CONTAGION

POLAYA ZARAZA поляя зараза

To 1949,

See how a man has changed. Could you ever pity me now?

I recall an unfettered time, a time in which life was to be lived -- Then, I was not plagued, I was unruly. Unparalleled. I lived with morals more resolute than the heart which funded them, and the will to sanction, but that didn't last long. I remember, still, early on, walking the Caucasus mountains, calloused feet. I could hardly walk. Their barking commands riddle me still, harkened by my vestal ear:

"Move faster, soldier!"

"Move faster, soldier, for this country and for Stalin!"

They had whips, my brothers on their high horses. The hierarchy plagued me.

A mind of unrest -- Not so much a victim, but a sufferer no less. My heart of extravasation and my mind of despondency, though quite a different heart to what now beats within me. The fallacy of the world's facade has plagued me, but how does one become plagued? Is it the fault of you or I? Is it neither? I don't remember much of my father, was he plagued as he battled in Siberia, before the war? When he died there? I cried when they took him, but even then I was not plagued. I cried when I joined the war, I cried for my mother and she sobbed for me, yet *Matushka Rossiya's*¹¹ stoney complexion hardened.

The things enacted in allegiance to Stalin's calls are those which haunt me, and hide within me, shred my soul with blades of bloody masses, smithed by this hand of mine. I made choices, choices I do not wish to detail... one day I will. In the name of my country, for *Matushka Rossiya*, for Stalin. For the many sufferers I'd encounter. Maybe it was recklessness. Cowardice. Reprisal or rage... the affix of which paves a path of dread and guilt, laid only for the foot of one. The path I now walk.

¹¹ *Mother Russia.*

I do recall my indefatigable heart, but not the heart which led me here. So how do I settle now? In a pained torment -- I am sick, riddled by a plague birthed by my own volition. I am a beast that craves my own acceptance; Ankles shackled by the iron grip that is my own, braced and trawled, through a thickened fog afflicted rift. Do you recognise me?

In the end... I remain undeserving. But do not stoop to pity the ground on which I stand. I deserve no pity. At least now, if nothing else, that is something which I can accept.

Truly, 2001.

FOR HER

YEY ей

For you, wherever you are,

Your name I do not possess, but still, we are riddled with remembrance.

The brightest day now shines upon me, a gentle sun gnashes its teeth in a lick of heat and wrath. Though that same wrath did too remain impartial to happenings so forgotten, as did its clemency, as did I. This garden hid its gentle, dormant with the affliction that plagued me. Rotten and ruined, banned beyond repentance. An unfortunate beech much older than I stands tall, a lonely leaf corrupted. And so tall she stood and stayed, lying witness to impurity... would you have reached out if you could, *Matushka*?¹² A strong, feminine hand?

My home, hosted by singing birds who call and pray for beg-pardon, their voices stifled to a cough, frozen chills. I'd assume you're the same, even still, years after? If I knew you before, would things be different? Would I still be the boy I was in '39, able to run and able to titter? Would you be happy? But I do not mean to question you. I hardly know what I intend to do.

Today, I shiver in a spectred sun. I do not intend to justify, rationalise, or reason. I do not beg forgiveness as much as my soul hankers for it. One mustn't mistake a day so sunny as one which lacks the rain. Clouds tend to whisper, they tip toe. My greying hair dampens beneath *Matushka*'s tears, I'll move indoors. How long had I been sitting here?

I live alone now, in a home that creaks. Somewhere behind a wall, my steel tap drips.

Drips.

Drips.

¹² *Mother.*

Staining the steel sink below it.

I do not dare fix it, though I'm sure if I faced it, I could. It remains steady, reminding me to remember you. I do not know your age, though you were young. Sometimes I hear your words through that leaky tap, I wish it would remind me of what you said, as you watched. Watched your doom tread through darkness, with a drip. A drip that stains.

I'm writing to you to apologise, not to beg forgiveness. I think Mother did reach, to stop the dread and the violence. My mother, with her weathered hands, the lines reaching from her eyes, rest her soul. I never told her what I had witnessed. I didn't tell her how her gentle features warned me not to stand by. She reached to urge me, but my heart had long run dry.

*Matushka Rossiya*¹³ lives on, content in her ignorance. I wonder how many women like yourself, men like myself. I wonder how *Matushka* hushes them. Hollows their voices like ours.

I see myself now, a crooked timber, torn from that tall beech tree. In front of me, my tap drips, I wonder how long it would take to break through the steel sink.

The crooked timber, 2003.

¹³ *Mother Russia.*

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1. Bigstock, 2014. *Illustrations & Vector, Russian Stamp WWII*. [image].
2. *Matushka Rossiya*; Mother Russia.
3. *Ivan Tsarevich the Firebird and the Grey Wolf*; Russian folklore/fairytale.
4. *Vaska Cat*; A common Russian childrens came, similar to cat and mouse.
5. *Maykop*; Battle of the Caucasus, Maykop. Mountain range in Russia that was invaded by the Germans and opened up to German forces in 1942. Established camps for captured Russian soldiers, many froze or starved to death.
6. *The Red Rape of Berlin*; Occupation of Germany's capital lasting from 16th of April, 1945 to the 2nd of May, 1949. Directly proceeding the defeat of the Germans and liberation of millions of Jews from concentration camps, regions of Germany were then delegated to a number of participating forces in order to keep peace and stamp out any rebellion that may occur. During this time, Russian soldiers were allowed and, in some cases encouraged, to assert their control over the population and enact their revenge by raping the women of Berlin. Russia has attempted to wipe this from their history, though it is assumed that nearly 100,000 experienced this assault several times during the Red Army's four year occupation.
7. *Tovarisch*; Meaning friend, comrade or ally by trade, especially used in reference to the former USSR.
8. *Mauser Pistol*; A 7.65mm pistol introduced into Nazi Germany for use during World War Two. Manufactured until 1977.

“The nature of the epistolary genre was revealed to me: a form of writing devoted to another person. Novels, poems, and so on, were texts into which others were free to enter, or not. Letters, on the other hand, did not exist without the other person, and their very mission, their significance, was the epiphany of the recipient.”

— Amélie Nothomb, *Life Form*¹

I seek challenge, to break boundaries in a literary world filled with repetition; to peer behind the facade of humanity’s glory to unveil uncomfortable truths, that of guilt and suffering. The Red Rape of Berlin, despite its countless victims, remains seldom untouched in literature. My epistolary suite, from its ‘*Dedication*’ to its last poem, ‘*FOR HER*’, carefully guides the recipient, revealing an exploration of a Russian man’s conscience, reflecting upon a time in which he complacently bore witness to his comrade’s transgression of rape upon a German girl. This persona is left grappling with his indiscretion as a bystander, he does this through ‘*Letters to the Crooked Timber*’, inciting in the reader a gradual grasp of humanity. A title that bookends the piece, particularly when the narrator labels himself in the final letter, ‘*From, The Crooked Timber*’², which acts as an acceptance of guilt, demonstrating remorse and becoming an act of penance. Comprehensive historical and literary research enabled me to explore notions of human morality in my work. Literature that I engaged with through my HSC English courses assisted my development of ideas, characterisation and form.

My research unveiled the lesser known tragedy, the Red Rape of Berlin, and it was my intention to provide greater value to this seemingly ignored subject. The foundation of my thesis on a hidden history, was to pay homage to the women who live with the suffering of their past, and acknowledge their stories. I chose a male perspective to reveal a more unsung history, that of the wrongdoings of a bystander. To further this moral conversation, I implored my audience in my ‘*Dedication*’ to “explore perceived evil within the world, dig deeper, and acknowledge the complexity of such, for humanity is but a crooked timber in a grey sea”.³ I was committed to prompting a lingering response within the reader, to carefully consider the enduring pain of human indiscretions, how it impacts my persona and the victim in turn, evidenced using

¹ Nothomb, A., 2010. *Life Form*; *Une Forme De Vie*. Europa Editions.

² ‘*Letters to the Crooked Timber*’ pg. 12.

³ ‘*Letters to the Crooked Timber*’ pg. 4.

inspiration from Kantian Ethics⁴ in *'FOR HER'*, "I see myself now, a crooked timber",⁵ a continuity that can be traced throughout each poem. I sought confidence in my ability as an epistolist through in-depth research, leaving me to write from the perspective of a Russian soldier, one who loved his country and his mother but even still, chose to stand by and allow the rape of a girl, "I did not know her name, her age, her father... *He* did not need to. She was here by chance, he was there by decree."⁶ It became apparent that my original intention of exploring the grey space in morality, was lost in the tragedy and shocking explicitness from the perspective of the perpetrator. By shifting the perpetrator narrator to the bystander, the reader can emotively relate more to the persona. Evil should not be pardoned, but it is crucial to explore and understand, otherwise be doomed to an eternity of repetition. By placing this within the direct aftermath of WWII, it further complicates the moral narrative. These men had been fighting for justice in Germany, and became heroes to the world, yet these same men ironically committed war-time atrocities in revenge, in turn, blurring the line between hero and villain, evidenced in my allusion in *'BEFORE'*, "Caught in Ivan's very snare of greed and I wonder who weaved it, a Cat chasing away innocence? I grow older. I grow to be the brother of Ivan, the familiar fool, and the son of our Motherland."⁷ These men are not unique, yet rarely are spoken of in literature because it remains an uncomfortable subject to touch. Thus, I envision my work of this nature to be published in the likes of projects such as *Sūdō Journal*, whose goal aligns with mine, "Voices from the edge speaking uncomfortable truths."⁸ Uncomfortable content encourages the reader to explore their own sense of morality.

To actualise my work, I focussed on independent research with connections to both English Advanced and English Extension 1, to select a form that best represented the intimacy, unveiling a personal connection to the privacy behind the persona, fortified through emotive motifs. Wartime rape is not a new occurrence, but the monstrous scale to which the Red Army conducted it will haunt modernity forever. Interviews with these women and their rapists alike sparsely arise in literature, notably in Anthony Doerr's *'All The Light We Cannot See'*,⁹ when he alludes

⁴ Immanuel Kant, Kantian Ethics. 1724-1804.

⁵ 'Letters to the Crooked Timber' pg. 16.

⁶ 'Letters to the Crooked Timber' pg. 12.

⁷ 'Letters to the Crooked Timber' pg. 8.

⁸ Sudo Journal. 2022. *Sudo Journal*. [online] Available at: <<https://sujournal.com/>>.

⁹ Doerr, A., 2014. *All The Light We Cannot See*. Recorded Books.

to a supporting character, Jutta, and her rape committed by a Russian as they take Berlin. I was captivated by the illusivity of this history, and research of these interviews are what contributed to the production of my work, such as Svetlana Alexievich's 'The Unwomanly Face of War', in which Russian officers recount "(...) I can not understand how I did it. A boy from a good family.... But that was me."¹⁰ This fascinated me, how war can warp a person's moral compass, and how fury fuels such unspeakable violence. I emulated this voice by reflecting on my persona's own mother and Mother Russia, "Just as *Matushka Rossiya* was wise and old, so was this mother of mine."¹¹ Through my research, interviewees often explained their slow disapproval for their once loved country,¹² one which elected not to address their collective transgressions during their occupation of Berlin. Real accounts of these rapists were crucial in emulating an authentic narrative, considering I was writing from a foreign context, age, gender and nationality.

Additionally, contextual motifs through my work provided emotion and personal connectivity, evidenced in, "without my colours, with my Red beaten grey, I was scared",¹³ which strived to symbolise the patriotism the soldier felt in the Red Army. I utilised a central metaphor of wood reflected in my title, symbolising growth, change, and the imperfections in humanity, further extended in "pine"¹⁴, to represent youth and innocence, and later, a "tall beech tree",¹⁵ representing the impurity of those who have grown from innocence, having experienced atrocities, and how that in turn promotes complacency in both Russia's own history, and an existential complacent society.

Initially, I wrote in standard poetic form, but noticed a lack of intimacy and emotion. Through studying John Keats' beautifully private and emotive poetry, specifically 'To Autumn',¹⁶ I was inspired by its discussion of the passage of time in the natural world, which progressed my narrative to explore the passage of time within my narrator's life. Additionally, Keats also enforced my experimentation with an addressal at the beginning of each poem.

¹⁰ Alexievich, S., 1985. *The Unwomanly Face of War: An Oral History of Women in World War II*. Russia: Penguin.

¹¹ 'Letters to the Crooked Timber' pg. 7.

¹² Alexievich, S., 1985. *The Unwomanly Face of War: An Oral History of Women in World War II*. Russia: Penguin.

¹³ 'Letters to the Crooked Timber' pg. 7.

¹⁴ 'Letters to the Crooked Timber' pg. 10.

¹⁵ 'Letters to the Crooked Timber' pg. 12.

¹⁶ Keats, J., 1820. *To Autumn*. Lamia, Isabella.

The epistolary form was discerned in English Extension 1 with the letter form of Mary Shelley's 'Frankenstein',¹⁷ I was intrigued by the humanity of Frankenstein's monster in contrast to Frankenstein himself, which guided the moral compass of my narrator, "I said in one of my letters, my dear Margaret, [...] I have found a man who [...] I should have been happy to have possessed as the brother of my heart."¹⁸ I also found this feature in Li Bai's esteemed epistle, 'The River-Merchant's Wife',¹⁹ translated by Ezra Pound. The intimacy of such a form has withstood its evolution, implementing a loose stylism that avoids enhanced poetic diction or an overcomplicating syntax. Li creates beautiful dialogicity between author and addressee with "I" and "You", naturally stepping beyond as the reader becomes part of it. I used this to establish a conversation between a Russian soldier and his past self, the contextual references are key to furthering the reality of the work, seen in 'We Come In Acrimony', "arriving in streets of bitterness through a battered Brandenburg Gate",²⁰ The struggle for conversational intimacy in poetic form was resolved through the epistolary sub-form as my narrator addresses his past self. Sylvie Crinquand states, 'Epistolary Sketches' detail that, "...a letter is the most immediate form of writing",²¹ which led me to construct an authentic and emotive narrative of a troubled older Russian man. Each of these elements journeys the reader through a soldier's mournful transgressions, and how he confesses his own crooked humanity. A confessional piece, the epistolary follows continued metaphors to uncover this same crookedness, allowing the reader to ultimately turn inward and respond to their own transgressions, or those they have witnessed.

These letters were written for bystanders, victims, for me and ultimately, for you. I immersed myself in research to form a character so foreign to myself, to pave the way for a tormented portrait of a man enveloped by his own suffering, heightened through carefully considered motifs, symbolic imagery and the epistolary form. Instead of an epiphany, I want to spark an ongoing conversation in my reader that afflicts them with the moral shadow of humanity.

¹⁷ Shelley, M., 1818. *Frankenstein*. London: Lackington, Hughes, Harding, Mavor & Jones.

¹⁸ Ibid.

¹⁹ Bai, L., 1915. *The River-Merchant's Wife*. Ezra Pound: Cathay.

²⁰ 'Letters to the Crooked Timber' pg. 9.

²¹ Crinquand, S., 2010. *Epistolary Sketches: Landscapes in a Few Letters by Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats*. HAL SHS Human and Social Science, 1.

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