TEI By Example

TEI by Example. Module 5

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1. Henrik Ibsen: The Wild Duck

The following example is a fragment (the front matter, and pages 102 to 105, belonging to the fifth act) of Henrik Ibsen's play *The Wild Duck*, encoded and made available by the University of Virginia Library, for their Text Collection.

The text of the play is preceded by front matter, consisting of a title page, and a table of contents.

The body of the play (<body>) consists of 5 acts, in which no further scenes are discerned. Acts are encoded in <div1> elements, with an act value for their @type attributes. The first act is preceded by a character list, encoded in a separate <div1> element, of @type section. This character list is transcribed as part of the text's body, in the form of a simple <list>, with role names and descriptions as plain text inside <item> elements. Inside the same <div1> element, the cast list is followed by two paragraphs (<p>). As descriptions of global aspects of the play's settings, they could have been wrapped in a more expressive <set> element, were they transcribed as part of the text's <front> part (<set> is only allowed as a child element of <front>). Inside the acts, each speech is marked with <sp>, indicating the speaker as it occurs in the source (<speaker>), without formal reference to the character's 'definition' in the cast list. Stage instructions are encoded inside <stage>. The speeches are encoded as prose paragraphs (<p>). Note, however, how this encoding makes abstraction of physical lines: these are explicitly encoded using the <lb/> element.

Besides the regular drama elements, this fragment also contains one footnote, which is transcribed as

```xml
<note place="foot" xml:id="note5">
  <seg type="note-symbol">"Livslognen,"</seg>
  <p>literally "the life-lie."</p>
</note>
```

right before the corresponding page break (<pb/>). From this encoding it is not clear, however, whether this is a transcribed authorial annotation, or an annotation made by the editor; the @resp attribute could have avoided this confusion. Moreover, as it apparently concerns a translation, the contents of the note could have been encoded more semantically as a <term> - <gloss> pair. The note indicator in the running text is encoded as

```xml
<ref target="note5">*</ref>
```

where it occurs in the text.
<text xml:id="d1">
  <front xml:id="d2">
    <titlePage xml:id="d3">
      <pb/>
      <docTitle>
        <titlePart type="main">THE WILD DUCK</titlePart>
        <titlePart type="main">THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH</titlePart>
        <titlePart type="main">ROSMERSHOLM</titlePart>
        By HENRIK IBSEN
      </docTitle>
      <docImprint>BONI AND LIVERIGHT, INC. PUBLISHERS — NEW YORK Printed in the United States of America</docImprint>
    </titlePage>
    <div1 type="contents">
      <head>CONTENTS</head>
      <list>
        <item>PAGE</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>THE WILD DUCK</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>ACT I</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>ACT II</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>ACT III</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>ACT IV</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>ACT V</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>ACT I</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>ACT II</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>ACT III</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>ACT IV</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>ACT V</item>
        <lb/>
        <item>ROSMERSHOLM</item>
      </list>
    </div1>
  </front>
</text>
<item> ACT I................. 251 </item>
<lb/>
<item> ACT II................. 278 </item>
<lb/>
<item> ACT III............. 304 </item>
<lb/>
<item> ACT IV.............. 326 </item>
<lb/>
</list>
</div1>
</front>
<body xml:id="d5">
<div1 type="section" xml:id="d6">
<pb n="2"/>
<head> CHARACTERS </head>
<list>
<item> WERLE, a merchant, manufacturer, etc. </item>
<lb/>
<item> GREGERS WERLE, his son. </item>
<lb/>
<item> OLD EKDAL. </item>
<lb/>
<item> HIALMAR EKDAL, his son, a photographer. </item>
<lb/>
<item> GINA EKDAL, Hjalmar's wife. </item>
<lb/>
<item> HEDVIG, their daughter, a girl of fourteen. </item>
<lb/>
<item> MRS. SORBY, Werle's housekeeper. </item>
<lb/>
<item> RELLING, a doctor. </item>
<lb/>
<item> MOLVIK, student of theology. </item>
<lb/>
<item> GRABERG, Werle's bookkeeper. </item>
<lb/>
<item> PETTERSEN, Werle's servant. </item>
<lb/>
<item> JENSEN, a hired waiter. </item>
<lb/>
<item> A FLABBY GENTLEMAN. </item>
<lb/>
</list>
</div1>
<front>
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<div1 type="section" xml:id="d6">
<pb n="2"/>
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<list>
<item> WERLE, a merchant, manufacturer, etc. </item>
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<lb/>
<item> JENSEN, a hired waiter. </item>
<lb/>
<item> A FLABBY GENTLEMAN. </item>
<lb/>
</list>
</div1>
</front>
</body>
<item>A THIN-HAIRED GENTLEMAN.</item>

<item>A SHORT-SIGHTED GENTLEMAN.</item>

<item>SIX OTHER GENTLEMEN, guests at Werle's dinner-party.</item>

<item>SEVERAL HIRED WAITERS.</item>

The first act passes in WERLE'S house, the remaining acts at HJALMAR EKDAL'S.

Pronunciation of Names: GREGERS WERLE = Grayghers Verle; HIALMAR EKDAL = Yalmar Aykdal; GINA = Cheena; GRABERG = Groberg; JENSEN = Yensen.

---

<sp>
<speaker>Relling.</speaker>
<p>Well, you see, I'm supposed to be a sort of a doctor — save the mark! I can't but give a hand to the poor sick folk who live under the same roof with me.</p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Gregers.</speaker>
<p>Oh, indeed! Hialmar Ekdal is sick too, is he!</p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Relling.</speaker>
<p>Most people are, worse luck.</p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Gregers.</speaker>
<p>And what remedy are you applying in Hialmar's case?</p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Relling.</speaker>
<p>My usual one. I am cultivating the life-illusion in him.</p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Gregers.</speaker>
<p>Life-illusion? I didn't catch what you said.</p>
</sp>
<sp></sp>

<speaker>Relling.</speaker>

<p>Yes, I said illusion. For illusion, you know, is the stimulating principle. </p>

</sp>

<sp></sp>

<speaker>Gregers.</speaker>

<p>May I ask with what illusion Hialmar is inoculated? </p>

</sp>

<sp></sp>

<speaker>Relling.</speaker>

<p>No, thank you; I don't betray professional secrets to quacksalvers. You would probably go and muddle his case still more than you have already. But my method is infallible. I have applied it to Molvik as well. I have made him “daemonic.” That's the blister I have to put on his neck. </p>

</sp>

<sp></sp>

<speaker>Gregers.</speaker>

<p>Is he not really daemonic then? </p>

</sp>

<sp></sp>

<speaker>Relling.</speaker>

<p>What the devil do you mean by daemonic! It's only a piece of gibberish I've invented to keep up a spark of life in him. But for that, the poor harmless creature would have succumbed to self-contempt and despair many a long year ago. And then the old lieutenant! But he has hit upon his own cure, you see. </p>

</sp>

<sp></sp>

<speaker>Gregers.</speaker>

<p>Lieutenant Ekdal? What of him? </p>

</sp>

<sp></sp>

<speaker>Relling.</speaker>

<p>Just think of the old bear-hunter shutting himself up in that dark garret to shoot rabbits! I tell you there is not a happier sportsman in the world than that old man pottering about in there among all that rubbish. The four or five withered Christmas-trees he has saved up are the same to him as the whole great fresh Hoidal forest; the cock and the hens are big game-birds in the fir-tops; and the rabbits that flop about the garret floor are the bears *<note place="foot" xml:id="note5"><seg type="note-symbol">"Livslognen,"</seg> literally "the life-lie."</note> he has to battle with — the mighty hunter of the mountains! </p>

</sp>

<sp></sp>

1. Henrik Ibsen: <i>The Wild Duck</i>
<speaker>Gregers. </speaker>
<p>Poor unfortunate old man! Yes; he has indeed had to narrow the ideals of his youth. </p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Relling. </speaker>
<p>While I think of it, Mr. Werle, junior — don't use that foreign word: ideals. We have the excellent native word: lies. </p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Gregers. </speaker>
<p>Do you think the two things are related? </p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Relling. </speaker>
<p>Yes, just about as closely as typhus and putrid fever. </p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Gregers. </speaker>
<p>Dr. Relling, I shall not give up the struggle until I have rescued Hialmar from your clutches!</p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Relling. </speaker>
<p>So much the worse for him. Rob the average man of his life-illusion, and you rob him of his happiness at the same stroke. </p>
</sp>

<stage> (To HEDVIG, who comes in from the sitting-room.) </stage>
Well, little wild-duck-mother, I'm just going down to see whether papa is still lying meditating upon that wonderful invention of his.</p>
</sp>

<stage> [Goes out by passage door. ] </stage>

<sp>
<speaker>Gregers</speaker>
<stage> (approaches HEDVIG). </stage>
<p>I can see by your face that you have not yet done it. </p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Hedvig. </speaker>
<p>What? Oh, that about the wild duck! No.</p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Gregers. </speaker>
<p>I suppose your courage failed when the time came.</p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Hedvig.</speaker>
<p>No, that wasn't it. But when I awoke this morning and remembered what we had been talking about, it seemed so strange. </p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Gregers.</speaker>
<p>Strange? </p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Hedvig.</speaker>
<p>Yes, I don't know — Yesterday evening, at the moment, I thought there was something so delightful about it; but since I have slept and thought of it again, it somehow doesn't seem worth while. </p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Gregers.</speaker>
<p>Ah, I thought you could not have grown up quite unharmed in this house. </p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Hedvig.</speaker>
<p>I don't care about that, if only father would come up — </p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Gregers.</speaker>
<p>Oh, if only your eyes had been opened to that <pb n="104"/> which gives life its value — if you possessed the true, joyous, fearless spirit of sacrifice, you would soon see how he would come up to you. — But I believe in you still, Hedvig.</p>
</sp>

<stage>
<p>[He goes out by the passage door. HEDVIG wanders about the room for a time; she is on the point of going into the kitchen when a knock is heard at the garret door. HEDVIG goes over and opens it a little; old EKDAL comes out; she pushes the door to again.]</p>
</stage>

<sp>
<speaker>Ekdal.</speaker>
<p>H'm, it's not much fun to take one's morning walk alone. </p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Hedvig.</speaker>
<p>Wouldn't you like to go shooting, grandfather? </p>
</sp>

<sp>
<speaker>Ekdal.</speaker>
It's not the weather for it to-day. It's so dark there, you can scarcely see where you're going.

D<br/>o you never want to shoot anything besides the rabbits?

D<br/>o you think the rabbits aren't good enough?

Yes, but what about the wild duck?

Ho-ho! are you afraid I shall shoot your wild duck? Never in the world. Never.

No, I suppose you couldn't; they say it's very difficult to shoot wild ducks.

Couldn't! Should rather think I could.

How would you set about it, grandfather? — I don't mean with my wild duck, but with others?

I should take care to shoot them in the breast, you know; that's the surest place. And then you must shoot against the feathers, you see — not the way of the feathers.

Do they die then, grandfather?

1. Henrik Ibsen: *The Wild Duck*
Yes, they die right enough — when you shoot properly. — Well, I must go and brush up a bit. H'm — understand — h'm.

[Goes into his room.]

[HEDVIG waits a little, glances towards the sitting-room door, goes over to the book-case, stands on tip-toe, takes the double-barrelled pistol down from the shelf, and looks at it. GINA, with brush and duster, comes from the sitting-room. HEDVIG hastily lays down the pistol, unobserved.]