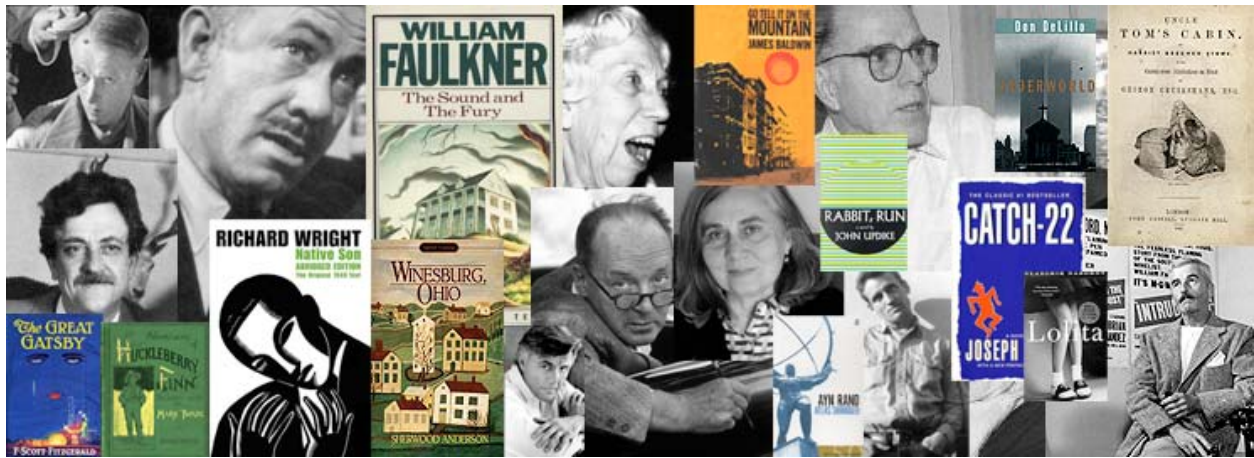


James Madison High School
Advanced Placement Summer Institute
July 28 – 31, 2014

AP English Literature and Composition



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AP English APSI 2014

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AP Access and Equity Initiative

Access for All Students

The College Board and the Advanced Placement Program encourage teachers, AP Coordinators, and school administrators to make equitable access a guiding principle for their AP programs. The College Board is committed to the principle that all students deserve an opportunity to participate in rigorous and academically challenging courses and programs. All students who are willing to accept the challenge of a rigorous academic curriculum should be considered for admission to AP courses. The Board encourages the elimination of barriers that restrict access for AP courses to students from ethnic, racial, and socioeconomic groups that have been traditionally underrepresented in the AP Program. Schools should make every effort to ensure that their AP classes reflect the diversity of their student population.

Preparing Every Student for College

Pre-AP is based on the following two important premises. The first is the expectation that all students can perform well at rigorous academic levels. This expectation should be reflected in curriculum and instruction throughout the school such that all students are consistently being challenged to expand their knowledge and skills to the next level.

The second important premise of Pre-AP is the belief that we can prepare every student for higher intellectual engagement by starting the development of skills and acquisition of knowledge as early as possible. Addressed effectively, the middle and high school years can provide a powerful opportunity to help all students acquire the knowledge, concepts, and skills needed to engage in a higher level of learning.

Labeling Courses Pre-AP

The College Board does not officially endorse locally designed courses labeled "Pre-AP." Courses labeled "Pre-AP" that inappropriately restrict access to AP and other college-level work are inconsistent with the fundamental purpose of the Pre-AP initiatives of the College Board.

The College Board strongly believes that all students should have access to preparation for AP and other challenging courses, and that Pre-AP teaching strategies should be reflected in all courses taken by students prior to their enrollment in AP. The College Board discourages using "Pre-AP" in the title of locally designed courses and listing these courses on a student's transcript, because there is no one fixed or mandated Pre-AP curriculum that students must take to prepare for AP and other challenging coursework. Rather than using Pre-AP in course titles, the College Board recommends the adoption of more comprehensive Pre-AP programs that work across grade levels and subject areas to prepare the full diversity of a school's student population for AP and college.

CollegeBoard Access and Equity:

<http://apcentral.collegeboard.com/apc/public/program/initiatives/22794.html>

Pre-AP Programs <http://apcentral.collegeboard.com/apc/public/preap/index.html>

About the Exam

The three-hour and fifteen-minute exam usually consists of a one-hour multiple-choice section and a two-hour and fifteen-minute free-response section.

Section I: Multiple-Choice

The multiple-choice questions test your ability to read closely and analyze the rhetoric of prose passages. Total scores on the multiple-choice section are based on the number of questions answered correctly. Points are not deducted for incorrect answers and no points are awarded for unanswered questions.

Section II: Free-Response

After a fifteen-minute reading period, you'll write three essays to demonstrate your skill in composition. Free response questions require close reading, thoughtful rhetorical analysis, and purposeful argumentation, and include a synthesis question that tests your ability to effectively make an argument of your own by combining and citing several supplied sources, including at least one visual source.

Scoring the Exam

The multiple-choice section counts for 45 percent of your grade. The free-response section contributes the remaining 55 percent.

Study Skills: Reading

In an AP English course, you may feel you have never been given so much to read. AP English demands plenty of serious reading, and you might be tempted to "speed-read." You may try to scan paragraphs and pages as fast as you can while hunting for main ideas. In a word: Don't. First, main ideas usually aren't quickly accessible from "speed-reading" complex texts.

Also, if you race through good writing, you are likely to miss the subtlety and complexity. A paragraph of text by Frederick Douglass or Joyce Carol Oates, a speech by Abraham Lincoln, or a letter by E. B. White cannot be appreciated—or even minimally understood—without careful, often-repeated readings.

In reading your AP assignments, be sure to:

Read slowly

Reread complex and important sentences

Ask yourself often, "What does this sentence, paragraph, speech, stanza, or chapter mean?"

Make Your Reading Efficient How can you balance the careful reading AP English requires with your demanding chemistry and calculus workloads, plus get in play practice, soccer games, and whatever else you've got on your busy schedule? We've compiled some helpful tips to make your AP reading more efficient, fun, and productive.

- **Get a head start.**
Obtain copies of as many assigned texts as you can. Then you won't waste time searching for a text when you absolutely need it.
- **Preview important reading assignments.**
By previewing, you carefully note:

- Exact title
- Author's name
- Table of contents
- Preface or introduction; this section often states the author's purpose and themes
- In essays and certain types of prose, the final paragraph(s).
- **Pause to consider the author's principal ideas and the material the author uses to support them.**
Such ideas may be fairly easy to identify in writings of critical essayists or journalists, but much more subtle in the works of someone such as Virginia Woolf or Richard Rodriguez.
- **Know the context of a piece of writing.**
This technique will help you read with greater understanding and better recollection. A knowledge of the period in which the authors lived and wrote enhances your understanding of what they have tried to say and how well they succeeded. When you read Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*, find other sources to learn about social attitudes and cultural conditions that prevailed in the late 1950s.
- **Read text aloud.**
Slow down when you are having trouble with complex prose passages, and read them aloud. Reading aloud may help you to understand the tone of the passage.
- **Reread difficult material to help you understand it.**
Complex issues and elegant expression are not always easily understood or appreciated on a first reading.
- **Form the habit of consulting your dictionary, thesaurus, encyclopedia, or atlas.**
Through such resources, you'll discover the precise meanings of words as well as knowledge about the content of what you are reading. Similar resources are available online or as computer software.

Study Skills: Writing

Writing is central to the AP English courses and exams. Both courses have two goals: to provide you with opportunities to become skilled, mature, critical readers, and to help you to develop into practiced, logical, clear, and honest writers. In AP English, writing is taught as "process" -- that is, thinking, planning, drafting the text, then reviewing, discussing, redrafting, editing, polishing, and finishing it. It's also important that AP students learn to write "on call" or "on demand." Learning to write critical or expository essays on call takes time and practice.

Here are some key guidelines to remember in learning to write a critical essay:

Take time to organize your ideas.

Make pertinent use of the text given to you to analyze.

Quote judiciously from the text to support your observations.

Be logical in your exposition of ideas.

If you acquire these skills -- organizing ideas, marshalling evidence, being logical in analysis, and using the text judiciously -- you should have little trouble writing your essays on the AP Exam. Practice in other kinds of writing -- narrative, argument, exposition, and personal writing -- all

have their place alongside practice in writing on demand.
As you study and practice writing, consider the following points.

Reading Directly Influences Writing Skills & Habits

Reading and writing are intertwined. When you read what published authors have written you are immersed not just in their ideas, but in the pulsing of their sentences and the aptness of their diction. The more you read, the more that the rhythm of the English language will be available to influence your writing. Reading is not a substitute for writing, but it does help lay the foundation that makes good writing possible.

Writing is Fun

When you have penned what you think is a great sentence or a clean, logical paragraph, read it over to yourself out loud. Enjoy it. Delight in the ideas, savor the diction, and let the phrases and clauses roll around in your mind. Claim it as part of your self. You may discover you have a voice worthy of respect.

A Tip from E. M. Forster

He is reputed to have said that he never knew clearly what it was he thought until he spoke it; and once he had said it, he never knew clearly what it was that he said until he had written it down. Then, Forster noted, he could play with it and give it final form. Be like Forster: think, speak, write, analyze your writing, then give it final shape.

Write Purposefully with Rhetorical Awareness

When you write, fashion your text with awareness of key rhetorical elements. What is the message of your text? How do you intend to convey your message to your particular audience? Give shape to your thinking with language that enlightens your readers and lets you achieve your aims.

About the Exam

The three-hour exam usually consists of a one-hour multiple-choice section and a two-hour free-response section.

Section I: Multiple-Choice

The multiple-choice section tests your critical reading skills. You'll read several passages and answer questions about the content, form, and style of each. Total scores on the multiple-choice section are based on the number of questions answered correctly. Points are not deducted for incorrect answers and no points are awarded for unanswered questions.

Section II: Free-Response

In this section you'll write essays to show your ability to analyze and interpret literary texts in clear and effective prose.

Scoring the Exam

The multiple-choice section counts for 45 percent of your grade. The free-response section contributes the remaining 55 percent.

Study Skills: Reading

See Language Exam (The skills are the same with the following additions or changes)

- **Pause to consider the author's principal ideas and the material the author uses to support them.**
Such ideas may be fairly easy to identify in writings of critical essayists or journalists, but much more subtle in the works of someone like Virginia Woolf or Emily Dickinson.
- **Know the context of a piece of writing.**
This technique will help you read with greater understanding and better recollection. A knowledge of the period in which the authors lived and wrote enhances your understanding of what they have tried to say and how well they succeeded. When you read John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, find other sources to learn about the difficult conditions for migrant laborers in California in the 1930s.

To understand and appreciate much of English and American literature, you should have some acquaintance with the major themes of Judaic and Christian religious traditions and with Greek and Roman mythology. These religious concepts and stories have influenced and informed first English and then American literary traditions from the Middle Ages through modern times.

As you study Literature and Composition, you should study extensively several representative works from various genres and periods from the Renaissance forward. You are advised to concentrate on works of recognized literary merit, worthy of scrutiny because of their richness of thought and language.

Study Skills: Writing

See Language Exam (The skills are the same with the following additions or changes)

Grammar, Mechanics, and Rhetoric

Think of them as elements that you can order to clean up your ideas, to sharpen your statements, to make your words and sentences glisten and stick.

Vocabulary

Writers and critical readers have a "technical vocabulary" they use when talking about the language of drama, poetry, and fiction. Compile a list of such words. Notice writing that uses such vocabulary. Here are some of the words you should already know: *syntax, tone, rhetoric, attitude, antecedent, denouement, exposition, climax, atmosphere, voice, speaker, stock character, thesis, ideology, persuasion, paradox, allusion, ambivalence, syllogism, and aphorism.*

Audience

Your teachers may specify an audience that you are supposed to keep in mind when writing a paper. Most of us in daily life are not writing for a particular person or audience, but rather for someone called "the general reader." The general reader is someone, anyone, who possesses an average intelligence and has a fairly sound general education. This general reader is interested in the events of the day and in the world as a whole. He or she has a good measure of sympathy for humankind, appreciates the happy as well as the unhappy accidents of life. This reader also is blessed with a good sense of humor and the ability to listen to others; to writers like you, in fact. Keep the general reader in mind when you write.

What to Bring

- Several sharpened No. 2 pencils with erasers for all responses on your multiple-choice answer sheet.
- Pens with black or dark blue ink for completing areas on the exam booklet covers and for free-response questions in most exams.
- Your six-digit school code. Home-schooled students will be given a code at the time of the exam.
- A watch.
- AP-approved calculator with the necessary capabilities if you are taking the AP Calculus, Chemistry, Physics or Statistics Exams.
- A ruler or straightedge only if you're taking an AP Physics Exam.
- A government-issued or school-issued photo ID if you do not attend the school where you are taking the exam.
- Your Social Security number* for identification purposes (optional). If you provide your number, it will appear on your AP score report.
- If applicable, your SSD Student Accommodation Letter, which verifies that you have been approved for extended time or another testing accommodation.

What Not to Bring

- Cell phones, digital cameras, personal digital assistants (PDAs), BlackBerry smartphones, Bluetooth-enabled devices, MP3 players, email/messaging devices, or any other electronic or communication devices.
- Books, compasses, mechanical pencils, correction fluid, dictionaries, highlighters,**notes or colored pencils.**
- Scratch paper; notes can be made on portions of the exam booklets.
- Watches that beep or have an alarm.
- Portable listening devices** or portable recording devices (even with headphones) or photographic equipment.
- Computers.**
- Clothing with subject-related information.
- Food or drink.**

* Some colleges and universities use Social Security numbers as student identifiers when assigning AP credit or advanced placement for qualifying AP scores. While the College Board does not require you to provide your Social Security number, you may want to check with the college or university where you are sending scores to see if they prefer for you to provide a Social Security number on your AP Exam answer sheet.

**Unless this has been preapproved as an accommodation by the College Board Services for Students with Disabilities office prior to the exam date.

Level One – Literal – Factual

You can actually put your finger on the answer in the text. You are reading “on the” lines.

Level One questions can be answered explicitly by using the facts in the text.

You should be able to provide an accurate and complete *summary* of text because the information is “in front of you”.

(The AP tests seldom ask level one questions. Why?)

Level Two – Interpretive – Inferential

You can put your finger on *evidence* in the text to support your answer. You are reading “between” the lines.

Level Two questions are implied, requiring the reader to analyze and/or interpret specific parts of the text. They are inference-based. You must read between the lines for the answers.

A good answer will probably lead to an identification of the significant patterns in the text.

Level Three – Experiential – Connecting – Abstract

You *cannot* put your finger on the answer in the text. You are reading “beyond” the lines.

Level Three questions are open-ended and go beyond the text. These questions will provoke discussion of an *abstract idea or issue*. In addition to evidence from the text, you may bring your own personal experience into the discussion **if** it has a connection and a bearing to the abstract idea or issue.

Good answers lead to an appreciation of the text and further discussion.

(Adapted from Ayn Grubb, Broken Arrow Public Schools, Broken Arrow, Oklahoma)

How to read “Difficult Texts”

A difficult text, by definition, is one that permits, stands up to, even insists upon interpretive works. Students cannot learn to do interpretive work in a curriculum devoid of difficult texts.

...read like a detective and write like an investigative reporter. -David Coleman

There are no uninteresting things in the world, only uninterested people. ~Lord Chesterton

Anything becomes interesting if you look at it long enough. ~ Gustave Flaubert

Active Reading summarized/adapted from John Bean, *Engaging Ideas*, Chapter. 8

Roots of poor student reading skills

- Assuming that reading should be speed reading, not laborious and slow
 - Experts read slowly and reread often
 - They write “gist” statements in the margins as they read
 - They question the text as they read
 - They link the text with other readings and/or personal experience
- Failing to adjust reading strategies for different texts and circumstances
 - Experts use skimming, close scrutiny, application
- Failing to perceive an argument’s structure as they read
 - Experts “chunk” the complex material into parts with describable functions
- Difficulty in assimilating or accepting the unfamiliar
 - The deep harbors the strange and sometimes terrifying
- Difficulty seeing the rhetorical/cultural context in which a text exists
 - Appreciate political biases, varying levels of scholarship, **author as real person...**
- Difficulty in seeing themselves engaged in the text’s (the author's) broader conversation
 - Carry on a silent conversation as both skeptic and believer
- Failing to know the allusions and cultural references of a text
 - Knowledge of cultural codes is often essential to making meaning of the text
- Possessing an inadequate vocabulary, and resistance to looking up words
 - How does the context affect word meanings
 - Develop an "ear" for irony and/or humor
- Difficulty in understanding difficult and unfamiliar syntax (sentence structure)
 - Isolate main clauses in complex sentence structure
- Failing to see how discourse varies from discipline to discipline
 - Need to examine highly metaphorical and/or allusive styles

Tips for Students: Getting “Unstuck”

1. Trust the author. Don't panic if at first the text doesn't make sense. The author will slowly reveal clues.
2. Ask questions. Someone else may have the same question. Someone else may be able to clear up confusion.
3. Slow down. Give yourself time to read, reread, and paraphrase what you've read.
4. It is okay to go back. Sometimes readers go back and reread several times before parts of the text make sense.

Getting Started With Marking the Text

1. Annotate in different color with each reading (silently, aloud...) or *throw away your highlighter* and **Stop, Think, and Write** a note in the margin
Write the thinking next to the words on the page that caused you to have the thought or question
2. Don't copy the text; respond to it.
3. Merely underlining text is not enough. Thinking about the text must accompany the underlining.
4. There is no one way to respond to the text. Here are some possible options:
 - ✓ Ask a question
 - ✓ Give an opinion
 - ✓ Make a connection to something familiar
 - ✓ Draw a conclusion
 - ✓ Make a statement
5. Engage in a dialogue with the author.
6. Map, or outline, the writer's argument
Engage in outside/independent reading of all kinds.
Newspapers, Magazines, Internet articles, facebook, books of any kind, cereal boxes, can labels, etc.

Writing the Essay

1. Open with an detailed and engaging first sentence (answer the prompt, let the reader know you understand the text)
Address the What and How of the prompt
Explain the What of the prose and the introduce the techniques to explain the How
2. Write chronologically through the piece. You are less likely to miss something if you do
3. Support your "What" (thesis/theme) with literary elements
Provide examples from the text to support the "What"
Explain in detail how the examples relate to the "What"
4. Don't repeat the same ideas. State it once and move on
5. Use your best vocabulary
Use apt verbs to describe how an author uses a particular literary technique and how that contributes to the "What" (thesis/theme)
Use strong vocabulary for tone and mood
Think of the exact tone/mood you are describing
Mature analysis of mood/tone and theme requires close reading and strong vocabulary

2005 AP English Literature and Composition
Free-Response Question 2

Printed below is the complete text of a short story written in 1946 by Katharine Brush. Read the story carefully. Then, write an essay in which you show how the author uses literary devices to achieve her purpose.

The Birthday Party

They were a couple in their late thirties, and they looked unmistakably married. They sat on the banquette opposite us in a little narrow restaurant, having dinner. The man had a round, self-satisfied face, with glasses on it; the woman was fadingly pretty, in a big hat. There was nothing conspicuous about them, nothing particularly noticeable, until the end of their meal, when it suddenly became obvious that this was an Occasion—in fact, the husband's birthday, and the wife had planned a little surprise for him.

It arrived, in the form of a small but glossy birthday cake, with one pink candle burning in the center. The headwaiter brought it in and placed it before the husband, and meanwhile the violin-and-piano orchestra played "Happy Birthday to You" and the wife beamed with shy pride over her little surprise, and such few people as there were in the restaurant tried to

help out with a pattering of applause. It became clear at once that help was needed, because the husband was not pleased. Instead he was hotly embarrassed, and indignant at his wife for embarrassing him.

You looked at him and you saw this and you thought, "Oh, now don't be like that!" But he was like that, and as soon as the little cake had been deposited on the table, and the orchestra had finished the birthday piece, and the general attention had shifted from the man and woman, I saw him say something to her under his breath—some punishing thing, quick and curt and unkind. I couldn't bear to look at the woman then, so I stared at my plate and waited for quite a long time. Not long enough, though. She was still crying when I finally glanced over there again. Crying quietly and heartbrokenly and hopelessly all to herself, under the gay big brim of her best hat.

2005 AP ENGLISH LITERATURE SCORING GUIDELINE

Question #2: Katharine Brush's "Birthday Party"

General Directions: This scoring guide will be useful for most of the essays that you read, but in problematic cases, please consult your table leader. The score that you assign should reflect your judgment of the quality of the essay as a whole—its content, its style, its mechanics. **Reward the writers for what they do well.** The score for an exceptionally well-written essay may be raised by one point above the otherwise appropriate score. In no case may a poorly written essay be scored higher than a three (3).

- 9-8** These essays offer a persuasive analysis of how the author uses literary devices to achieve her purpose. The writers make a strong case for their interpretation of the story. They explore possibilities of character and situation; consider literary elements such as characterization, point of view, syntax, diction, and tone; and engage the text through apt and specific references. Although these essays may not be error-free, their perceptive analysis is apparent in writing that is clear, precise, and effectively organized. Generally, essays scored a nine (9) reveal more sophisticated analysis and more effective control of language than do essays scored an eight (8).
- 7-6** These essays offer a reasonable analysis of how the author uses literary devices to achieve her purpose. The writers provide a sustained, competent reading of the story, with attention to literary elements such as characterization, point of view, syntax, diction, and tone. Although these essays may not be error-free and may be less perceptive or less convincing than 9-8 essays, the writers present their ideas with clarity and control and refer to the text for support. Generally, essays scored a seven (7) present better developed analysis and more consistent command of the elements of effective composition than do essays scored a six (6).
- 5** These essays respond to the assigned task with a plausible reading of the story, but tend to be superficial or undeveloped in their treatment of how the author uses literary devices to achieve her purpose. While exhibiting some analysis of the story, implicit or explicit, the discussion of how literary elements contribute to the author's purpose may be slight, and support from the text may be thin or tend toward paraphrase. While these writers demonstrate adequate control of language, their essays may be marred by surface errors. Generally, essays scored a five (5) lack the more effective organization and more sustained development characteristic of 7-6 papers.
- 4-3** These essays offer a less than thorough understanding of the task or a less than adequate treatment of how the author uses literary devices to achieve her purpose. Often relying on plot summary or paraphrase, the writers may fail to articulate a convincing basis for understanding situation and character, or they may misread the story. These papers may be characterized by an unfocused or repetitive presentation of ideas, an absence of textual support, or an accumulation of errors. Generally, essays scored a four (4) exhibit better control over the elements of composition than those scored a three (3).
- 2-1** These essays compound the weaknesses of the papers in the 4-3 range. They may persistently misread the story or be unacceptably brief. They may contain pervasive errors that interfere with understanding. Although some attempt has been made to respond to the prompt, the writer's ideas are presented with little clarity, organization, or support from the story. Essays scored a one (1) are especially inept or incoherent.
- 0** These essays make no more than a reference to the task.
- These essays are either left blank or are completely off-topic.

2005-Essay #2-Katharine Brush's "The Birthday Party"

Sample Essays

Sample MM

"The Birthday Party" by Katherine Brush is truly a story with an objective to depict the cruelty of some people in the world. It does not go far enough to explain it; however her descriptions, perspective, diction and syntax portray the husband's insolence so well that its purpose to induce the reader's disgust is utterly achieved.

Initiating the short story by introducing her subjects immediately the author describes the couple of no extraordinary people but as merely a married "couple in their late thirties." She begins by describing simple physical characteristics, and then lets the reader know that it was the husband's birthday celebration at a restaurant.

Next, the author describes the situation in great detail so as to bring the reader into the shoes of a viewer of the situation. She describes the look of the birthday cake, the sound of the orchestra, the reactions of the patrons in the restaurant—almost so detailed that the reader can hear the clapping and see the lit candle. In this way, the author is able to present a typical situation which any reader can relate to, and bring him/her directly to the scene.

The last paragraph, however, is by far the most significant in assisting and evoking the reader's disgust. Primarily, the author introduces the pronoun 'you.' In this way, the reader is brought even more intimate with the situation at hand; the author realizes that almost every reader would think "Oh, now, don't be like that!" persuading the reader to keep reading to see what happens next. The next sentence is very important because it portrays a series of events all happening very quickly; and to portray this, the author deliberately uses a run on sentence. She writes, "But he was like that, and as soon as the little cake had been deposited on the table, and the orchestra [finished] . . . and the general attention had shifted. . . ." to keep the reader entertained and hoping to see how the husband reacts. Just as the answer is about to be revealed, the author now does something she hasn't done yet, and this is introduce "I." The author now introduces "I" because this, again, brings the reader closer to the incident; by doing this, the reader is not only reading about it, but he is reading a personal account of it. She writes that she, "couldn't bear to look at the woman," after the husband cruelly said something to his wife because she accidentally embarrassed him, and this puts the reader in the author's shoes.

The author finishes the third paragraph with potency and by evoking the most sympathy and disgust from the reader. She includes the fragment, "Not long enough, though," to explain the misfortunate reaction of the wife, crying for a long time for simply trying to please her husband. The last sentence is extremely important because it leaves the reader with a lasting impression of sympathy for the wife and anger at the husband. This sentence includes the wife "crying quietly" (as to not make her cruel husband any angrier), "and heartbrokenly" (for she tried her best to please her husband yet was condemned), "and hopelessly" (as to explain there was no redeeming herself). The wife was "all to herself" because she was emotionally conflicting with her husband. The author then leaves us with the idea that this was meant to be a happy and special celebration, yet she was left sobbing under the "gay big brim of her best hat."

Although we as a reader do not know the husband or the wife personally, and although only a simple celebration of a birthday party is described, the detailed and fascinating use of description by the author easily places the reader into the author's shoes, viewing every facial expression, hearing every clap, and smelling the burning candle personally. In this way, the author's purpose of conveying the husband's cruelty to the point of evoking much disgust and sympathy from the reader is achieved greatly.

Sample DD

Katharine Brush uses literary techniques in Birthday Party to convey the sense of helplessness an abused person feels in an abusive relationship.

The point of view Brush uses keeps the reader distanced and reserved from the events in the story. The couple's thoughts are unreachable. The narrator is merely an observer to the situation; a customer in the restaurant. This point of view gives the reader a frustration at the distance between the abused woman and the narrator, as if it were impossible to be other than a removed observer.

Imagery is used to positively describe the pains the wife took to make r husband happy. Even though described as "fadingly pretty" and "shy," the woman wears a big hat to hide what she may lack in appearance. And when the cake comes out, "she beams with shy pride." And she would be prideful of the present because went through a great deal of effort to order the cake and have the orchestra play "Happy Birthday to You."

The wife's hat is used a metaphor for how the abusive relationship affects her. She tries hard to cover up her sadness by putting forth a cheerful demeanor, like putting on her best hat to celebrate not her own, but her husband's birthday. Yet when her husband criticizes her hard work, she is crushed inwardly. Her cheer and pride of hard work means nothing after her husband is "indignant" with her. The facade she put on for the benefit of her husband means nothing when she lies "heartbrokenly and hopelessly" under the "big brim of her best hat." Neither her actions or the wishes of the narrator have any effect on the husband, which adds the sense of helplessness of the abused wife in a relationship that seems impossible to mend.

Sample EE

In the short story Birthday Party written by Katherine Brush in 1946, she used literary devices to achieve her purpose. Brush uses imagery in line 4 describing the couple, "The man had a round, self-satisfied face, with glasses on it; the woman was fadingly pretty, in a big hat". This helps to visualize the couple.

When the husband let her have it, she became disappointed. "crying quietly" is the wife weeping in small volume. The fact that the "heartbroken" woman hides behind her "gay" (happy) hat is ironic.

Sample NN

As clichéd as it is, many times appearances can be deceiving. People are adept at putting on a facade to cover up the true state of their lives, as putting on a happy face even when they are collapsing inside. In her short story, Katharine Brush writes about a seemingly happy incident in which a wife prepares a birthday surprise for her husband. However, the husband's cruel ingratitude causes the facade of normalcy to collapse, and his wife is left devastated. Through the use of detailed description, anonymity of the characters, and repetition of sounds and phrases, Brush suggests that even songs and birthday cake can't fix or hide a marriage that is broken inside, and we can't always put on a smile.

Brush creates a very detailed description of the husband and wife at the restaurant. The man has a "round, self-satisfied face", and the wife is "fadingly pretty." As the author suggests, there is nothing out of the ordinary about them. Once the narrator realizes that this is actually an Occasion with a capital O, she begins to notice and describe the details that the wife tried so hard to include. The cake is glossy with a pink candle, and there is an orchestra with both violin and piano. These details suggest the time and effort the wife put into surprising her husband and it serves to make it all the more pathetic when her husband rejects her. Brush's use of detail emphasizes that adornment cannot substitute for substance, especially in a relationship.

Another technique Brush employs is anonymity of character. We don't know anything about the narrator, and the husband and wife have no names. They are simply an average "couple in their late thirties." This anonymity adds universality to the situation. They are not just a husband and wife; they are every husband and wife who have tried to make their relationship seem happy and gay when it is not. There are few things more painful than making a sincere effort to reach out to someone and getting it thrown back in your face. We have all experienced this, and we project our own experiences onto this hapless wife and feel her pain as our own. At once, we are the creators and observers of a façade that just doesn't hold up to reality, and this is made possible by the anonymity and universality of the characters.

Another technique Brush utilizes is repetition of particular phrases and sounds that add pathos to the wife's situation. Her plans are constantly referred to in a pejorative ("Little surprise", "Little cake", etc.) making them seem like they lack importance, when really, they were everything to the wife. Though the surprise is little, she "beam(s) with shy pride." The repetition of "little" foreshadows the husband's cruel rejection later in the story and his lack of respect for wife's efforts. Another place repetition is very effectively employed is in the last sentence of the story. Brush uses alliteration when she describes the wife crying "under the gay big brim of her best hat." It is truly pathetic that the wife went to the effort to get dressed up fancy for her husband's birthday, only to be reprimanded for it. The repetition of the B sound almost sounds like someone crying to themselves as their lips quiver, adding to the pain of the wife. Her efforts to add romance and fun to an already dead relationship blew up in her face.

Marriages and relationships in general can be destroyed by a lack of respect and sensitivity. Though we do not know the circumstances of the husband and wife's relationship, his utter cruelty in rejecting her kindness could not have been an isolated event. The public display of the birthday surprise suggests that the wife was trying to convince her herself and the world that she had a healthy marriage, when clearly she did not. Through the use of specific details, anonymous characters, and repetition, brush shows that appearances really can be deceiving.

Sample YY

In the story, Birthday Party, the author achieved her purpose by using literary devices.

When the man was described as being "round-faced" and "self-satisfied" it made me dislike him instantly. He sounded like an arrogant aristocrat who believes he is better than anyone else. The woman who was married to him was "fadingly pretty, in a big hat" also sounded like an arrogant aristocrat at first. It made me think of someone who is no longer beautiful, but wants to maintain the guise of being a young beauty. When I learned that she was surprising him with a cake for his birthday I realized that I had underestimated the woman. This small thing gave her character some depth and made her seem more kind. If she had been arrogant she would have thrown him a huge party or simply told him to pick out his own gift. Since she was pleased, but he seemed embarrassed it proved that he thought himself too good for a simple gesture like the cake. When he muttered at her under his breath and made her cry it demonstrated that he thought a birthday cake was childish and unworthy of him. He may have also believed that getting older could be avoided by not celebrating and that being old would be seen as a weakness among his friends and colleagues. When she cried he showed that he was heartless and undeserving of such endearments by not comforting her.

The literary devices make you feel sorry for the woman and indignant at the husband.

Sample PP

In "Birthday Party," a wife in her late thirties hopes to surprise her husband with a glossy cake as a symbol of her love. However, the husband reacts with embarrassment and anger. The author, Katharine Brush, makes the reader feel disgusted by the man's heartlessness. Brush asserts that these small gestures of affection are of the greatest importance, and represent a potential heartbreak.

The first section of the passage creates an inconspicuous scene which is interrupted by the sweet surprise the wife has planned for her husband. The narrator uses the words "unmistakenly married" to describe the couple's relationship. They seem ordinary at first, as does the story. However, by capitalizing "Occasion," Brush reveals that this dinner has a special significance. Although the cake is small, it is also glossy. This description conveys that despite the surprise seeming small, it is entirely genuine. The narrator's intimate description of the event draws the reader into the story. One cannot help but smile when the wife "beams with shy pride over her little surprise." In other words, the poignant and sweet tone of the cake scene endears the reader to the wife. Her gesture is one of genuine, heartfelt affection. Brush employs a light but honest tone in creating a mood of endearing love for the reader.

As a result, when the husband responds with cruelty, the reader actually hates him for not acknowledging his wife's affection. The volta comes when the narrator expresses the husband's obvious displeasure. The word "Instead" seems to reveal that the husband's reaction is the opposite of what one expects. Again, Brush draws the reader into the narrator's disappointment with the repetition of "you." Additionally the wish of the narrator is an example of understatement. Therefore, Brush enhances the reader's anger at the husband. When describing the husband's nasty whisper, the narrator's words mirror the husband's tone: they are short and harsh, involving hard consonants. The reader can't bear to look at the wife along with the narrator because the experience seems somehow all too common, the pain too familiar. Brush ends with an ironic juxtaposition that highlights the despair of the wife. The dinner should have been happy and gay like her hat. Instead, the young woman is crying under it, "heartbroken and hopeless." A seemingly harmless and loving gesture has tremendous implications. The wife seems "all to herself," a subtle foreshadowing that their marriage will never be the same. Her husband has pointlessly caused irreparable emotional damage only because of his selfish fear of receiving public attention. By ending with "her best hat," Brush emphasizes the sincerity of the woman's attempt to surprise her husband. The reader finds himself absolutely disgusted by the husband.

Brush believes that these seemingly small gestures have the utmost importance. When the narrator witnesses along with the reader the husband's rejection of his wife's sincere affection, the tragedy of such heartlessness is clear.

Sample BBB

The story starts out in a fancy tone. The way both couples were described, the restaurant and the way the man looked when his cake came. I think her purpose was to make the reader feel sorry for the women who is trying so hard to please her husband.

She uses her word choice very carefully to describe her characters. "the wife beamed with shy pride". These words shy and pride usually do not go right next to each other. The author uses these words for the wife because it explains that she probably does not do these little thing for her husband often. She's shy because she is unsure how he will react.

The imagery the reader gets in their head is very vivid. I can almost see the couple sitting there; him "hotly embarrassed" and her with "shy pride". The author uses very descriptive words which helps the reader to picture what is going on, in their head.

Using quotation in the middle of the story was a great idea. That was what I was really thinking and it was nice to have had it said.

In the beginning it talks about the women begin fadingly pretty and wearing a big hat. The author then brings up the big hat again but not until the very end. But instead of it being something pretty she uses it to hide herself. Her hat is a metaphor for how she feels. In the beginning she feels pretty and proud, and her hat is standing tall and is a beautiful hat. Then in the end she has become heartbroken and has become smaller, just like her hat.

Sample KK

In her short story, "Birthday Party", author Katharine Brush uses pedestrian diction and simplistic imagery to convey her disapproval for the patriarchal traditions of society and for the lack of appreciation of a wife by her husband.

Brush's diction is not overly elevated or complex. She creates a common scene of an "unmistakably married" couple celebrating "the husband's birthday." The husband wears "glasses" and the wife is "fadingly pretty". By using such descriptions, Brush makes the situation average and common. The couple becomes an appropriate manifestation for a typical American couple. Thus, as the story progresses and the reader is presented with a cruel and unappreciative husband, the situation serves a criticism of a male-dominated society. The "hotly embarrassed" husband says something "punishing" and "unkind" to his wife. The man is cruel to the woman. He intentionally hurts her because his own pride has been damaged.

The mistreated wife resorts to “crying quietly and heartbrokenly and hopelessly” to herself. Her “indignant” and dominating husband cannot show love to anyone except for himself. He is the alpha-male, “self-satisfied” and full of pride. Brush criticizes the traditions of male-dominance by generating disgust for the husband and sympathy for the wife.

Complimenting her rather simplistic diction is Brush’s use of common imagery. She does not trouble herself (or the reader) with lengthy metaphors or allusion. Instead, she describes the “little narrow restaurant” and the small cake with “one pink candle” in a very real fashion. This enables the reader to better relate to the situation taking place. The restaurant is average, and the couple traditional and common. Again, by making the situation universal, Brush is able to point out the flaws in a male-dominated society.

Sample O

Katherine Brush’s “The Birthday Party” is a short story about a wife’s birthday surprise for her husband gone terribly wrong. By the end of the story, the reader is left quite sympathetic of the woman. To achieve this effect, the writer uses diction, imagery, structure, and characters’ actions.

Brush is a quite descriptive in creating her restaurant scene, employing a wide array of words to present setting, character, and action. With words such as “unmistakably married,” “shy pride,” and “hotly embarrassed,” the reader’s attention is focused exactly when and where the author wants the reader to notice or feel something a certain way.

The diction of the story also creates vivid imagery. The entire first paragraph presents such a well formulated description of the couple sitting at the table in the restaurant that one can almost reach out and touch them. In the final scene, the woman’s heartbreak is so apparent and so real that the reader can feel genuine pity for her.

The narrator, although no significant figure by any means in the birthday story whatsoever, nonetheless plays an integral role in conveying the mood of the room surrounding the couple. When the narrator sees the man reprimand the woman, he or she instantly thinks, “don’t be like that!” - a sentiment that is also generated in the reader. The narrator is then forced to look away, and sees the woman is still crying when he or she looks up again, further emphasizing a strong sense of pity.

Finally, the very structure of the story enhances its meaning. Although only three paragraphs in length, the story brings us full circle with a build-up to a climactic point and drops into a tragic ending. The tale builds up with happy images of a couple and warm feelings generated with the birthday surprise. However, the husband’s quiet remarks and the woman’s quiet tears cause the story to collapse on itself into pity and melancholy.

Such a short story cannot easily have such a strong effect on a reader as “The Birthday Party.” Katharine Brush is able to achieve such an impact with her careful employment of literary devices turning a joyful situation into a heart wrenching tragedy.

Sample H

One very overused saying in the US is “Things aren’t always what they seem”, and I think that this well-known saying describes the idea of Katharine Brush’s short story. Her use of metaphor, along with other techniques, shows just how things aren’t always what they seem.

The story starts off in a happy, light-hearted manner, describing a charming married couple. The man’s description, “round, self-satisfied face” (line 3) and the woman’s description, “fadingly pretty, in a big hat” (line 3) tell us some much about them. The imagery used to convey physical descriptions of these two also creates character descriptions. The “self-satisfied face” gives off an impression of arrogance and pulls the reader back from the man. The woman, on the other hand, pulls the reader in. Her pretty appearance is inviting & her big hat is really just a metaphor for her heart. She’s a very kind hearted woman whose eager to please. She is later on said to have “beamed with shy pride” (line 10), which also adds to her warmth. She is so simple and kind that she wouldn’t even hurt a fly.

Another technique is the tone shift. The story goes from a happy birthday surprise to an angry word ending in tears. The shift comes at line 11 when the narrator says, “It became clear at once that help was needed, because the husband was not pleased”. This is surprising, since most people would enjoy a birthday surprise. The original description of the husband was a foreshadow of how his character would come out later.

Needless to say the heart-broken & teary wife gets blamed by the husband. She is sad and now embarrassed herself. The last lines really show the woman’s characters through the use of metaphor, “Crying quietly and heartbrokenly and hopelessly, all to herself, under the gay big brim of her best hat.” (lines 20-21).

The couple that seemed so happy and perfect is now torn apart and weeping. Brush has certainly shown that things aren’t always as they seem, but also that some things never change. Whether she is “fadingly pretty” in it, or crying “under the gay big brim” the woman still had her big heart & that never changed.

Some things to remember when reading poetry

1. **Read the syntax literally.** What the words say literally in normal sentences is only a starting point, but it is the place to start. Not all poems use normal prose syntax, but most of them do, and you can save yourself embarrassment by paraphrasing accurately (that is, rephrasing what the poem literally says, in plain prose) and not simply free-associating from an isolated word or phrase.
2. **Articulate for yourself what the title, subject, and situation make you expect.** Poets often use false leads and try to surprise you by doing shocking things, but defining expectation lets you be conscious of where you are when you begin.
3. **Identify the poem's situation.** What is said is often conditioned by **where** it is said and by **whom**. Identifying the speaker and his or her place in the situation puts what he or she says in perspective.
4. **Take a poem on its own terms.** Adjust to the poem; don't make the poem adjust to you. Be prepared to hear things you do not want to hear. Not all poems are about your ideas, nor will they always present emotions you want to feel. But be tolerant and listen to the poem's ideas, not only to your desire to revise them for yourself.
5. **Look up anything you don't understand:** an unfamiliar word (or an ordinary word used in an unfamiliar way), a place a person, a myth, an idea—anything the poem uses. When you can't find what you need or don't know where to look, ask for help.
6. **Remember that poems exist in time, and times change.** Not only have the meanings of words changed, but whole ways of looking at the universe have varied in different ages. Consciousness of time works two ways: your knowledge of history provides a context for reading the poem, and the poem's use of a word or idea *may* modify your notion of a particular age.
7. **Find out what is implied by the traditions behind the poem.** Verse forms, poetic kinds, and metrical patterns all have a frame of reference, traditions of the way they are usually used and for what. For example, the anapest (two unstressed syllables followed by a stressed one, as in the word *Tennessee*) is usually used for comic poems, and when poets use it "straight" they are aware of their "departure" and are probably making a point by doing it.
8. **Be willing to be surprised.** Things often happen in poems that turn them around. A poem may seem to suggest one thing at first, then persuade you of its opposite, or at least of a significant qualification or variation.
9. **Assume there is a reason for everything.** Poets do make mistakes, but in poems that show some degree of verbal control it is usually safest to assume that the poet chose each word carefully; if the choice seems peculiar to us, it is often we who are missing something. Try to account for everything in a poem and see what kind of sense you can make of it. **Poets make choices;** try to figure out a coherent pattern that explains the text as it stands.
10. **Discuss.** Discussion usually results in clarification and keeps you from being too dependent on personal biases and preoccupations that sometimes mislead even the best readers. Talking a poem over with someone else (especially someone very different) can expand your perspective.

Thanks to Doris Rutherford for sharing.

Some things to remember when analyzing poetry

1. **Answer the prompt. Remember: AP means Answer the Prompt**
2. **Mark the poem** and make a plan.
3. The poet is not the speaker; the poet is not the speaker; the poet is not the speaker. The poet uses literary devices and the **speaker** speaks.
4. Write in **literary present tense**.
5. One very useful approach is to begin by identifying three key elements of the poem: the speaker, his/her subject, and the dramatic situation.
6. Make sure your topic sentences are explicit about your structural choices. Frost opens the poem (lines 1-14)... or Frost's first two stanzas...
7. Almost every poem has a series of natural divisions. Look for transitions in theme, subject matter, tone, or chronology and use those for dividing the essay.
8. You are proving a thesis in a poetry explication. Don't forget to write your paper with the central thesis in mind.
9. As you read, look for unusual, distinct or clever phrasing of words or phrases. If a poet violates an expectation of language or presents an idea in an entirely new way, there is likely a reason that you can explore.
10. Look for powerful phrases that have an impact, because of meaning or sound quality. Look for metaphor, symbolism, sound devices.
11. Identify "cool" ideas that you can write about. In other words, if a poem references a historical event or philosophical ideal that you are familiar with, you certainly want to write about it.
12. **Don't fixate on the things that you don't know**; focus on the things that you do. In a poetry explication where you are only given ten minutes to read a poem, there is no way that you can expect to get everything. Emphasize your strengths and focus on those.
13. **Weave in nuggets** from the text of the poem(s). Don't use full quotations, but brief critical nuggets from the text.
14. **Weave** in the use of poetic devices; don't force them in. You want to demonstrate knowledge of the devices and their application, but they are tools, not the **focal point** of your writing.
15. Don't write excessively about sound devices, meter, and rhythm unless you a) have little else to write about or b) are very good at it. They can be really powerful tools for analysis, but are often over-used and trite observations.
16. Make sure that you do more than identify particular devices and techniques. Readers of the essays expect analysis of how the devices function in the piece.

Organizational Structures: **Best:** Natural divisions of the poem—ideas, stanzas, themes. The best papers follow the chronological order of the poem. This ensures that you cover the essay from top to bottom and do not miss any important literary concepts in the piece. This technique also makes your essay easier for the AP readers to read and score.

Remember, the essay is not about the literary techniques or an interpretation of the poem. The essay should be an analysis of **why the poem is effective in portraying a theme**. Every

sentence that you write about the poem should be used to convince the reader that the author is working toward a particular idea.

Only if you must: Literary Devices

Remember your time limit; Make decisions accordingly

Poetry Terms

<p style="text-align: center;">language</p> <p>allusion: brief reference to a person, place, thing, event, or idea in history or literature</p> <p>antithesis: the juxtaposition of contrasting ideas, often in parallel structure</p> <p>hyperbole: the use of exaggerated terms for the purpose of emphasis or heightened effect</p> <p>image: a short, vivid description that creates a strong sensory impression</p> <p>imagery: a combination of images</p> <p>irony (verbal): use of a word in such a way as to convey a meaning opposite to the literal meaning of the word</p> <p>litotes: deliberate use of understatement</p> <p>metaphor: implied comparison between two things of unlike nature</p> <p>metonymy: substitution of some attributive or suggestive word for what is actually meant</p> <p>paradox: A statement that initially appears to be contradictory but then, on closer inspection, turns out to make sense.</p> <p>parallelism: similarity of structure in a pair or series of related words, phrases, or clauses</p> <p>personification: investing abstractions or inanimate objects with human qualities</p> <p>simile: explicit comparison between two things of unlike nature</p> <p>synecdoche: figure of speech in which a part stands for the whole</p>	<p>trope: one of the two major divisions of figures of speech (the other being rhetorical figures) which refers to the figurative turning or twisting of some word or phrase to make it mean something else. Metaphor, metonymy, simile, personification, and synecdoche are the principal tropes.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p style="text-align: center;">sounds</p> <p>Accent and Duration</p> <p>foot: a pair of syllables</p> <p>iamb or iambic foot: a pair of syllables, with the first syllable less prominent than the second</p> <p>accent or stress: the sound of a syllable as affected by a change in pitch when spoken</p> <p>duration or quantity: shortness or length of a syllable when pronounced relative to the syllables surrounding it</p> <p>Syntax and Line</p> <p>line: the characters that appear on a single line regardless of grammatical structure</p> <p>syntax: the words in their arrangement, and the dynamic energy the arrangement creates</p> <p>syntactical unit: a sentence, phrase, or clause</p> <p>enjambment: a run-over line</p> <p>Technical Terms</p> <p>trochee: an inverted iamb, where the first syllable is more prominent than the second, as in "Tell me"</p> <p>anapest: the unstressed half of a foot divided into two, as in "the expense"</p>	<p>sprung rhythm: the omission of an unstressed syllable, resulting in the jamming of two stressed syllables together, as in "saw, who" in the line "Wonders I saw, who can tell?" rather than "Wonders I saw, that who can tell?"</p> <p>spondee: a foot of two long syllables, as in the spondaic line "And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste"</p> <p>caesura: a pause in a line often indicated by punctuation, as in the first and third lines of "First, prepare you to be sorry/That you never knew till now,/Either whom to love, or how:"</p> <p>dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, pentameter, hexameter: lines consisting of two, three, four, five, and six feet , respectively</p> <p>Like and Unlike Sounds</p> <p>assonance: repetition at close intervals of the vowel sounds of accented syllables or important words: <i>hat-ran-amber, vein-made</i></p> <p>consonance: repetition at close intervals of the final consonant sounds of accented syllables or important words: <i>book-plaque-thicker</i></p> <p>alliteration: repetition at close intervals of the initial consonant sounds of accented syllables or important words: <i>map-moon, kill-code, preach-approve</i></p>
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ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The poems below, published in 1789 and 1794, were written by William Blake in response to the condition of chimney sweeps. Usually small children, sweeps were forced inside chimneys to clean their interiors. Read the two poems carefully. Then, in a well-written essay, compare and contrast the two poems, taking into consideration the poetic techniques Blake uses in each.

The Chimney Sweeper

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry "'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!'"*
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

Line

5 There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head
That curl'd like a lambs back, was shav'd, so I said,
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

10 And so he was quiet, & that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping he had such a sight!
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, & Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black;

15 And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins & set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun;

20 Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father & never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm;
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

* The child's lisping attempt at the chimney sweep's street cry,
"Sweep! Sweep!"

William Blake, "The Chimney Sweeper," *The Complete Poetry and Prose of William Blake*, ed. David V. Erdman (1789; 1794; Berkeley: University of California Press, 1965).

(1789)

The Chimney Sweeper

A little black thing among the snow
Crying "'weep, 'weep," in notes of woe!
"Where are thy father & mother? say?"
"They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Line

5 "Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter's snow;
They clothéd me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

10 "And because I am happy, & dance & sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery."

William Blake, "The Chimney Sweeper," *The Complete Poetry and Prose of William Blake*, ed. David V. Erdman (1789; 1794; Berkeley: University of California Press, 1965).

(1794)

2005 AP ENGLISH LITERATURE SCORING GUIDELINE

Question #1: William Blake's Chimney Sweeper Poems

General Directions: This scoring guide will be useful for most of the essays that you read, but in problematic cases, please consult your table leader. The score that you assign should reflect your judgment of the quality of the essay as a whole—its content, its style, its mechanics. **Reward the writers for what they do well.** The score for an exceptionally well-written essay may be raised by one point above the otherwise appropriate score. In no case may a poorly written essay be scored higher than a three (3).

- 9-8 These essays offer a persuasive comparison/contrast of the two poems and present an insightful analysis of the relationship between them. Although the writers of these essays offer a range of interpretations and choose to emphasize different poetic techniques, these papers provide convincing readings of **both** poems and demonstrate consistent and effective control over the elements of composition in language appropriate to the analysis of poetry. Their textual references are apt and specific. Though they may not be error-free, these essays are perceptive in their analysis and demonstrate writing that is clear **and** sophisticated, and in the case of a nine (9) essay, especially persuasive.
- 7-6 These essays offer a reasonable comparison/contrast of the two poems and an effective analysis of the relationship between them. They are less thorough or less precise in their discussion of the themes and techniques, and their analysis of the relationship between the two poems is less convincing. These essays demonstrate the writer's ability to express ideas clearly with references to the text, although they do not exhibit the same level of effective writing as the 9-8 papers. While essays scored 7-6 are generally well written, those scored a seven (7) demonstrate more sophistication in both substance and style.
- 5 These essays respond to the assigned task with a plausible reading of the two poems and their relationship, but they may be superficial in analysis of theme and technique. They often rely on paraphrase, but paraphrase that contains some analysis, implicit or explicit. Their comparison/contrast of the relationship between the two poems may be vague, formulaic, or inadequately supported by references to the texts. There may be minor misinterpretations of one or both poems. These writers demonstrate control of language, but the writing may be marred by surface errors. These essays are not as well conceived, organized, or developed as 7-6 essays.
- 4-3 These lower-half essays fail to offer an adequate analysis of the two poems. The analysis may be partial, unconvincing, or irrelevant, or may ignore one of the poems completely. Evidence from the poems may be slight or misconstrued, or the essays may rely on paraphrase only. The writing often demonstrates a lack of control over the conventions of composition: inadequate development of ideas, accumulation of errors, or a focus that is unclear, inconsistent, or repetitive. Essays scored a three (3) may contain significant misreadings and/or demonstrate inept writing.
- 2-1 These essays compound the weaknesses of the papers in the 4-3 range. Although some attempt has been made to respond to the prompt, the writer's assertions are presented with little clarity, organization, or support from the poems themselves. They may contain serious errors in grammar and mechanics. These essays may offer a complete misreading or be unacceptably brief. Essays scored a one (1) contain little coherent discussion of the poems.
- 0 These essays give a response with no more than a reference to the task.
- These essays are either left blank or are completely off-topic.

AAAA William Blake's two poems, both titled "The Chimney Sweeper" can be compared through an analysis of Blake's use of poetic structure, rhyme scheme, religious and non-religious imagery, and rhythm and meter.

There are many remarkable similarities between the two poems. both are composed of quatrains, featuring an AABB rhyme scheme. Both poems also feature a large amount of religious reference and imagery. In his 1789 poem, Blake writes of "an Angel who had a bright key." he uses

UU The overall moods of both poems differ, first of all. Poem A (published in 1789) is about misery in life like Poem B (published in 1794), but unlike Poem B, Poem A ends in a happier, more joyful mood, while poem B ends in hypocritical irony and misery. Blake uses words as he describes Tom's dream that enhance feelings of happy rebirth into a new life as the children are freed from coffins by an angel. It's as if they have died and revived. Blake also uses setting of a river, and green plains covered in sunlight to further enhance feelings of happiness as the children wash filthy soot off their bodies. This action represents their passing on to new lives. Blake, however casts very sympathetic feelings on us with Poem B. The speaker who was "happy upon the heath", was "clothed in clothes of death". His/her search for happiness and result in misery gives us feelings of depression.

Poetic techniques are also used differently in both poems. In poem A, Blake maintains six stanzas with four lines in each stanza and rhyming pattern AABB. Meanwhile, poem B is only half as long, having only 3 stanzas with four lines. One Stanza's rhyming pattern is AABB, while the remaining two are of ABAB patterns.

CCC William Blake wrote two poems in which he displayed similar conditions that the young chimney sweepers have to live through and what brings happiness to their lives.

The first poem is formed from couplets and iambic pentameter with variations in almost every stanza. In the first stanza, Blake talks about how the boy came to be a sweeper. The next stanza introduces "Tom Dacre" who has a dream through stanzas three, four, and five. Then, in stanza six, Tom awakes with happiness and contentness that the dream has given him. This poem showed some hard times that sweepers had to go through and how they find some peace.

The second poem has a set of couplets and is also in iambic pentameter with some variations. The second poems is much different from the first in that it doesn't tell a story but instead it just tells of a chimney sweepers thoughts. In the first poem, the sweeper has a dream in which the author uses imagery to portray to the reader how "Tom awoke" to be "happy and warm" In the second poem, however, the sweeper never needs a dream to tell him to be happy because he is and no one can drag him down.

In both poems, it is made apparent that God has made the sweepers content and happy

with their lives. In the first poem, Tom has a dream in which God sends an angel to him to tell him be happy and not sad, for as long as he is good, he will "have God for his father and never want joy." In the second poem, God also provides the sweeper with happiness because he says that God "make up a heaven of our misery" which means that God will be good to those who have suffered and this thought makes the sweeper happy.

Although the two poems are very different, the author still portrays to the reader the same message that God will always watch out for the ones who suffer.

L William Blake portrays two young boys in his poems *The Chimney Sweeper*. These poems not only share the same title but they have similar story lines, characters, and dialect. If it had not been for the stylistic techniques, and small details these poems would be one in the same.

These poems were not written that far apart and share many of the same qualities. Both poems are about young boys who are chimney sweepers. These boys don't have parents, caused either by death or abandonment. They were both forced into this work because of their lack of family. Not only do they share similar backgrounds but their dialect is the same. Both boys are unable to say sweep. Blake shows this by using " 'weep! 'weep! "

Another thing both poems share are their view on God. The message conveyed about God through Blake's poems is that of misery and joylessness. In the first poem, line 20 says, "He'd have God for his father + never want joy." Basically if Tom has god he will never want anything more than that. He will spend his life joyless until he is in god's kingdom. This similar message is conveyed in lines 11 and 12 in the second poem, "and are gone to praise God + his Priest + King,/Who make up a heaven of our misery." God has made life miserable for this boy. There is no hope for either of these boys to change their fates, so they stay stuck in their similar situations.

Although these poems share some qualities they do vary in other aspects. For instance the boy in the first poem is not completely alone. He knows other chimney sweepers and has a friend Tom who sweeps with him. On the other hand, the second boy is alone, without a parent or a friend.

That is only the beginning the poems tones also vary. The first poem has an uplifting and positive tone toward the end. This is conveyed through "warm", "not fear harm", "happy". The second poem is ended on misery which gives the poem a negative tone.

As far as techniques go the rhyming differs between the two. The first is made up of rhyming couplets, while the second every other line rhymes. although each varies in length their stanzas are the same length at four lines.

Although these poems share the same title they do vary in their styles and stories slightly. Overall it seems you could add them together and not tell the difference.

T The attitudes Blake conveys in the two poems are distinctly different. The poem written in 1789 begins much like the one written in 1794 does, but then continues in a more optimistic attitude than the latter one. Both begin with the rhyme scheme AABB. In the first quatrain of each, Blake provides the background that the chimney sweepers were very young. The parents in both have abandoned their children. The speaker in the first poem, though, seeks to make the best of the circumstances he's in: "Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare/you know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair." The sweeper in the second poem resorts to "notes of woe."

The poem written in 1789 consists of rhyming couplets in six quatrains. At one point Blake conveys the image of "coffins in black," but then the angel released the children from the coffins and the poem is then sprinkled with happier imagery, such as "green plain," "sun," "clouds," and "wind." The poem ends with the optimistic line: "So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm."

While in the first poem an angel had released the children from the coffins, no such freedom is bestowed upon the child in the 1794 poem. The rhyme scheme following the first quatrain is also different. In the first poem, Blake employs CCDD, but in the second switches to CDCD. The clash in attitudes is signified by the difference in the rhyme scheme following the first quatrain. In the second poem, we see the image of "a little black thing among the snow." The contrast in colors signifies the child's dark existence, a life lacking in joy. While in the first poem God was looked upon as a benefactor: "He'd have God for his father and never want joy," in the second poem God does nothing to alleviate the child's misery: ".God and his Priest..who make up a heaven of our misery."

It is apparent from the two poems that Blake's opinion regarding the employment of children as chimney sweeps had changed from 1789 to 1794. by 1794, his poem no longer expressed hope for the children. Through the use of rhyme and imagery, Blake differentiates between the attitudes he had held at the different times. The children in the 1794 poem are fated for a life of misery. Even God has abandoned these children.

ooo God, the all-knowing being, is often used to connect people, places, and things through a common idea. However, while comparing both "chimney Sweepers" by William Black, his mere presence divides the poems, while the true saving grace that connects the poems is structural.

"The angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy, he'd have God for his father and never want joy." "Chimney Sweeper-1789" uses religious imagery as a positive, a saving grace for young chimney sweeps everywhere. By accepting God, according to Tom's dream, their lives would improve immensely until one day they rejoined their father and "leaping" and "laughing" they would play in the great Kingdom of Heaven. By doing their duty and risking their lives in unstable conditions the boys would be "happy and warm." God in "chimney Sweeper 1789" is portrayed as a benevolent savior, while in chimney Sweeper 1794" the opposite is true.

In "Chimney Sweeper 1794," a young sweep depicts God as a malevolent, heartless character. It is He who "makes up a heaven of our misery." God destroys all happiness in the far more cynical version of "Chimney Sweeper." While Tom finds "happiness" in his "duty," the second sweep believes his work to be dangerous and full of "woe." He dresses in "clothes of death," believing he will never ascend to the kingdom that Tom believes in. The second narrator's life is far too cynical and depressing to ever believe that a benevolent God is possible. In "Chimney Sweeper 1789" and "Chimney Sweeper 1794" the very thing that should connect these poems proves to divide them and the sweeps.

The poems are divided in ideology, yet in structure they are remarkably similar. In fact they are identical! both poems employ quatrains as stanzas that help progress the respective stories of Tom and the second sweep. Both are also written in rhyming couplets with a rhyme scheme of aabbcc. Along with quatrains and rhyme schemes the poems employ the use of caesuras, for natural pauses. Yet aside from these structural similarities that most likely reflect the author's style-the poems maintain an extremely obvious similarity-both poems are entitled "Chimney Sweeper," perhaps to contrast the ideologies in both poems, employing the use of irony, but none the less both poems have the same title.

William Blake, perhaps found cynicism and atheism at a later date, within the time period of 1789 and 1794, thus explaining the ideological differences of both his "chimney sweeper" poems. Whatever the case may be, new found atheism or not, Blake retained his style and structure in both.

LLLL In his poems, The Chimney Sweeper, William Blake uses different poetic techniques such as employing imagery, evoking certain moods, and using different structures for each of his poems to express a common theme of pity for the chimney sweep's situation. In his first poem, 3 quatrains longer than the second, his theme is more focused on a more subtle warning to the late 18th century English public, whereas his second is a more direct and concise criticism of the practice of using children for chimney sweeps.

In his first poem, Blake's tone, which is critical of the child labor undertaken by the particular chimney sweep the poem is about, is developed by first evoking pity in lines 1-4 when the speaker relates how his mother died and his father sold him into becoming a chimney sweep. The rest of this poem, composed of Tom Dacre's dream, and the boy's resolution to be good and do what they are told are meant to be empathetic to the reader, drawing on the boy's innocent picture of death and life after death where "He'd have God for his father & never want joy" (line 20).

In contrast to the first poem, the authorial tone is much more mournful than it is empathetic and cautionary. The images of death that are present in the first poem (coffins, line 14) are also present in the second quatrain of the second poem, but the speaker's tone has

become much more mournful and pathetic as he exclaims his woeful situation. This poem can be seen as a more direct didactic, aimed at those who are either in support of child labor, or those neglectful parents whose children work as chimney sweeps.

The imagery in the first poem of bright fields, coupled with death in Tom's dream, is a contrast to the imagery in the second poem, which does not appear to be bright in any case but is all dark, also dealing with death. The bleak images in the second poem contrast the speaker's views and understanding of the life and death as a chimney with that of the first. Blake's incorporation of the Church into his poetry as an institution that encourages and espouses the child labor can be seen as a criticism of the church at the time.

The structures of the two poems, including slight differences in rhyme scheme and poem length, the first being 6 quatrains and the second poem only 3, do not add up to much of a contrast between the two poems, but the length of the first poem, coupled with Tom Dacre's dream, help to emphasize the more warning tone of the poem itself. The brevity of the second poem helps to emphasize its sharp and harsh message that is critical of the child labor of the time.

Through using different poetic techniques, William Blake was able to express his feeling of pity for chimney sweeps and his criticisms of the church and conventions of late 18th century England.

TTTT The chimney sweep children live a life of woe, sleeping in soot & working day after day. This life is accepted, even praised by their parents, as the children suffer their lives away with smiles on their faces.

William Blake's "The Chimney Sweeper" from 1789 opens in tragedy. The speaker, narrating his experiences in first person to directly relate his life to the readers, lost his mother at a very young age. He cannot turn to his father, for his father "sold" him to be a chimney sweep. This idea of being "sold" connotes the image of a slave, worthless & owned by society. If the child's own father treats his chimney sweep son as a slave then how must the rest of society regard him? Certainly not very well, as he tell us, "in soot I sleep." The child is sleeping in dirt, symbolizing his very low standing in society. sadly, the child in this position is so young that he "could scarcely cry " 'weep!" He cannot even fully pronounce his words, yet society (including his father) throws him on the street to sleep in soot.

But it seems that these children can't hold on to their youth & innocence very long, as seen in the narrator's consolation to Tom Dacre that having a bald head means that "the soot cannot spoil your white hair." The connotation of the word "spoil" is one of decay & degradation, of ruin. Not only can the soot spoil white hair, but it can also spoil lives, childhood, and innocence. In fact, the color white often symbolizes purity & innocence, something that can clearly be robbed by chimney sweeping, as seen in the soot's ability to spoil the children's white hair. This idea is reaffirmed in Tom's vision of his chimney sweeping companions "lock'd up in

coffins of black." Opposite white, black is a symbol of death & loss, portraying once again the lives of these boys wasting away.

Also in this vision, we see an angel, who tells Tom that, "if he'd be a good boy,/He'd have God for his father & never want joy." This seems to be almost bribery for the children to comply with their poor state of living, coming from an Angel of God! In addition, the lack of a need for joy is portrayed as a reward almost as if you won't want it, so you'll be content," a promise of a sad life paired with a request for compliance. In the end, the narrator says "So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm, advocating an obedience to the duty he had previously described as black & spoiling, as if he had been brainwashed by the Angel, representative of those above him.

5 years later, in Blake's other "The Chimney Sweeper," we are introduced to "a little black thing." The connotation of "thing" here is rather negative, not really considering the boy as a human being. This seems to dually represent society's lack of concern for the sweep and the inability to recognize him under the soot from his job. As in the first poem, the boy is crying "weep, 'week," with "crying" portraying a sadness for his predicament. Yet unlike the first poem, this boy cries "in notes of woe," with an even more despairing connotation. This boy has a mother & father (unlike the first), but they have "gone up to the church" in order to "praise God & and his Priest & King," reminiscent of the angel that seemed to brainwash the first boy; now the parents are the ones brainwashed by a higher power despite the fact that they "taught" their son "the notes of woe." (they must have known them themselves to be able to teach them.).

Like the "happy & warm" Tom, this second boy also appears happy, causing his parents to "think they have done (him) no injury." But they clearly think wrong as they worship those who are a "heaven of our misery." Unlike the first boy, this chimney sweep cannot be brainwashed by a higher power; he knows of the pain of his job, yet cannot convince those above him of it.

YYY William Blake's two poems entitled "The Chimney Sweeper" both illustrate the injustice of forcing children to perform some of the dirtiest work in British cities: sweeping the black soot out of chimneys. both also contain religious imagery and a consistent rhyme scheme. But, the anonymity of the second poem cause it to serve as a more universal condemnation of the practice, and the hypocrisy behind it, than the longer version.

Upon first glance, an immediate difference between the two poems is in their length; while the first poem is over twenty lines long, the second version is barely ten. After looking more closely, though, certain striking similarities present themselves to the reader. In the first stanza of each, the youth of the subject is made apparent. The first poem begins, "When my mother died I was very young," (ln. 1) while the second starts, "A little black thing." (ln. 1). The use of "little" and "young" establish the youth and vulnerability of both subjects. Both first stanzas also include the line "crying ' weep! 'weep! 'weep!" The lisp, combined with the

similarity between the speakers "weep" and the very "to weep" or "to cry," also highlight the helplessness and sadness of the child's situation.

After establishing the age of the subject, though, the poems start to differ substantially in terms of narrative perspective and their impact upon the reader. The first version starts off as a first person narrative whose speaker is speaking of himself. He says, "When my mother died I was young.my father sold me.I sweep.I sleep." (lns. 1-4). The use of so many "i"s and "me"s immediately establishes an intimacy between reader and speaker; we feel as if we are becoming involved in his experiences. After the first stanza, the speaker shifts the subject from himself to "Tom Dacre", a friend of his. While the poem has shifted to a third person perspective, the use of the name "Tom Dacre" (ln. 5) keeps the reader intimately connected with the story; we are personally attached not to an anonymous figure, but to a boy with a name. The bond is strengthened by further characterization of Tom. The speaker says, ".little Tom..cried when his head was shaved.the soot cannot spoil your white hair." (lns. 5-8). Now, the reader understands physical aspects of Tom such as his recently shorn white hair. The imagery created by the specific details of Tom allows the reader to form a mental picture of Tom or put a specific face to this name. More names are mentioned in subsequent lines. Boys such as "Dick, Joe, Ned and Jack," are also now involved in the story. The personalization and familiarization created by the use of names draws the reader in, making the horror of chimney sweeping feel much stronger and hit "closer to home". In a dream of Tom's, not arbitrary children, but "Tome and Dick" are "locked up in coffins of black." (ln. 12).

The second poem maintains an anonymity that, while distancing the reader from one individual subject, universalizes the plight of the children. No names are mentioned; the subject is not "tom" but "A little black thing among the snow." (ln. 1) After the first stanza, this version, too, switches perspective. Here, the switch is to first person but the use of quotations keeps the story distant. In this version, the real impact comes from the contrasting images in the speaker's lines. The child says, "Because I was happy.they clothed me in clothes of death.Because I am happy.they think they have done me no injury and are gone to praise God." (lns. 5-8). The contrast between "happy" and "death" highlight the irrationality of essentially condemning innocent children to the dirty, black, almost deadly, as implied by the negative, death-related religious imagery in the first version in lines like ".an Angel.opened the coffins." (lns 13-14), labor. The hypocrisy of the adults is brought through in these lines as well. They manage to go to church, pray to God for benevolence and mercy, and think themselves pious while they simultaneously ignore what they have done to their children. In the first version, the child was "sold" (ln. 2) like a slave into the black deadly profession.

The combination of pure, white religious imagery, such as the angel's "bright" key and the naked, white children in Tom's dream, and the dark, sooty, deadly images of chimney sweeping along with the contrast between the dark labor the children perform and the play, "leaping and laughing. in the sun." (version 1, lns. 15-16) in which they should be engaged is used in both

versions to highlight the injustice of the treatment of the children. The first poems personalization through the use of names and vivid description heightens the impact of their injustice on the reader while the second poem accomplishes a universalization of the injustice by omitting such names.

Multiple Choice General Instructions: The multiple choice section of the recent exams consists of 50-55 questions on four to six passages which have to be answered in one hour. Strategies that help students consist of reading comprehension practices and familiarity with the exam structure.

1. Quickly survey ALL of the reading passages and note the number of questions attached to each one. Start with the passage that you think you might understand the best AND has a significant number of questions attached to it. After you have worked through that passage, attack the passage that is your second favorite, and so on. This means that you might complete the last passage first if you think that is your best passage, while leaving the first passage for last (because you feel it is your weakest).
2. Skim the questions, not the choices or distracters, to identify what the constructors of the test think is important in the passage.
3. The directions are always the same for each section: "Read the following passage carefully before you choose your answer." **Remember** that the questions that say "Not, Least, and Except are really well crafted true/false or yes/no questions which are **time bandits**.
4. Aggressively attack the questions. Remember that questions do NOT become more difficult as they progress.
5. Don't be afraid to use the test as a source of information. Sometimes, another question will help you answer the one you are stuck on.
6. Read the questions CAREFULLY! Many wrong answers stem from misreading the question; know what is being asked.
7. Read the introductory paragraph and the last paragraph and mark the key topic.
8. Mark any rhetorical shifts usually identified with conjunctions such as But, Although, Since, etc.
9. Read the passages actively by circling the items that seem to be addressed in the questions. Draw lines from the question to the line reference in the passage to save time finding the lines later.
10. Read a few lines before and a few lines after a line question (usually a sentence) to make sure your inference is correct.
11. Be deliberate in your reading; words are there for a reason. Do not imagine what isn't there.
12. Read the questions crossing out obvious wrong answers: a question that contradicts the passage, is irrelevant to the passage, or repeats the same information in more than one question. Remember: Read all the choices, but there is only **one right answer**: mark and move on.
13. All questions follow the order of appearance in the passage; nothing is out of sequence.
14. In paired passages the first questions address the first passage; then, the second passage is addressed. Questions that deal with both passages are at the end of the selection.

15. Watch your time by avoiding a re-reading the passage. READ CAREFULLY the first time.
16. Do not linger, obsess, or dither over any one question. You should move at a brisk, but comfortable pace throughout the questions.
17. Go over the test when you are finished. When you go over the test, make sure you read the question correctly and that you answered what it asked. Do not change answers unless you are certain that you made a mistake. If you are not absolutely sure the answer you want to change is incorrect, go with your first impression. Almost without fail, first associations are correct.
18. With approximately 90 seconds left to go in this one-hour section, pick a letter and bubble in any remaining answers. You should complete the test as thoughtfully as possible for 58-59 minutes and then fill in any remaining empty bubbles in the last 90 seconds.

Since this is a **skill-based test**: there is little chance that you will have seen the passages before, but the questions the test asks focus on **higher-level reading skills**.

Helpful Reminder: Until your brain is warm and focused, you will have a tendency to miss questions. So, be very careful with your first few questions of the test and your first couple of questions on a new passage.

Reminder Two: Students tend to lose focus and confidence during this section of the test. As a result, students will miss a series of questions because of lost concentration and internal doubts.

For this first section of the AP Literature exam, you are allotted 1 hour to answer between 45 and 55 objective questions on five to seven prose and poetry selections. The prose passages may come from works of fiction or drama. You can expect the poems to be complete and from different time periods and of different styles and forms. In other words, you will not find two Shakespearean sonnets on the same exam.

These are not easy readings. They are representative of the college-level work you have been doing throughout the year. You will be expected to:

- Follow sophisticated syntax
- Respond to diction
- Be comfortable with upper-level vocabulary
- Be familiar with literary terminology
- Make inferences
- Be sensitive to irony and tone
- Recognize components of style

The multiple choice questions are designed to assess your understanding of:
The meaning of the selection,
Your ability to draw inferences,
Your ability to see implications,
How a writer develops ideas;
Therefore, the questions will be **factual, technical, analytical, and inferential**

Some Other Tips for Multiple-Choice Tests

Multiple choice items consist of a question or an incomplete statement, called the "stem," followed by five choices. Most often only one is the correct or "best" answer and the others are called distracters or decoys. A few strategies can help you do your best on multiple choice tests.

First, cover the answers to an item and read only the stem of the question. See if you can provide the correct answer without having to be prompted by the choices. If an answer comes to mind, then look at the choices and select it if it is listed there.

If you apply the first strategy and no answer pops into your head, try the second: join each choice to the question or the stem and consider it as a true/false item. The answer that sounds most valid or "most true" should be your choice.

And third, test designers are often limited in their "supply of decoys," and as a result will make up terms to use for that purpose or utilize obscure terms. If you have been studying regularly and have done a good job of preparing for the test, you should not choose an answer that sounds totally new to you.

Remember that the "distracters" are usually written as almost correct. It is your task to effectively think through the question to make sure that you select the correct answer.

If you find yourself having to guess on multiple-choice items, you might keep the following tip in mind.

If two of the choices have balanced phrasing or echo each other, choose one or the other. Again, human nature comes into play in this tendency. If the correct answer on a nursing test on the effect of a given drug is "lowers body temperature," it might be logical for the first decoy item that pops into the teacher's mind to be "raises body temperature." When researchers analyzed a wide range of teachers' tests, they found that the correct answer is often one of the phrases that has a parallel or "echoed" decoy item.

Types of Questions

Below are broad categories of AP Literature and Composition multiple-choice questions and question stems. Examine the list. Determine which types of question give you the most difficulty.

Literary Technique

Questions about technique ask that students examine devices and style.

- What dominant technique/rhetorical strategy is the speaker using in lines...
- All of the following may be found in the passage EXCEPT
- The rhetorical strategy employed in lines...is best described as....
- The style of the passage is best determined as...

Main Ideas

Questions about main ideas often require students to make a generalization about the passage or section of a passage based on key details presented. Examine the first and last sentence of each paragraph and the first and last paragraph. Read around key details mentioned in a passage to put the phrases in context.

- The speaker is concerned with...
- The first seventeen lines deal with...
- The narrator would argue that...
- The first paragraph highlights which of the following concerns of the narrator...
- The point of the speaker's statement is...
- The speaker's primary purpose in the passage is...

Inference

Inference questions ask students to define words, read for main ideas and understand tone. Words, Phrases, Lines

Remember to read around the line numbers in order to establish context.

- In context line 28 most nearly means...
- In line 22, the word "other" most probably refers to...

Paragraphs/Sections

These questions require close reading over the course of a section.

- The metaphor developed in the second paragraph suggests primarily that...
- The speaker emphasizes in lines 20-30 that...

Tone/Mood/Style

Examine the first and last sentence of each paragraph and the first and last paragraph.

- The tone of the passage is best described as...
- The atmosphere established in the passage is mainly one of...

Organization/Grammar

Questions of this sort examine the patterns, order and grammar in the passage.

- The phrase_____ signals a shift from_____to_____....
- The phrase_____refers to which of the following?

Projected Score	Multiple Choice Correct	Weighted Score MC	Multiple Choice %	Essay 1 Score	Essay 2 Score	Essay 3 Score	Composite Score	Possible/Impossible
3	42	51.5424	76.4%	3	3	3	79	Impossible
3	44	53.9968	80%	3	3	3	81	Possible
3	36	44.1792	65.6%	4	4	4	81	Possible
3	29	35.5888	52.7%	5	5	5	81	Possible
3	26	31.9072	47.3%	5	5	6	81	Possible
4	45	55.224	81.8%	4	5	5	98	Possible
4	38	46.6336	69.1%	5	6	6	99	Possible
4	37	45.4064	67.3%	5	6	6	97	Impossible
4	37	45.4064	67.3%	6	6	6	100	Possible
4	37	45.4064	67.3%	7	6	6	103	Possible
5	41	50.3152	74.5%	7	7	7	114	Possible

To Calculate your Score

Multiple-Choice

Number Correct _____ x 1.2272 = _____
(out of 55) (Do not round)

Question 1 _____ x 3.0556 = _____
(Do not round)

Question 2 _____ x 3.0556 = _____
(Do not round)

Question 3 _____ x 3.0556 = _____
(Do not round)

Sum = _____
(Do not round)

Composite Score _____ + _____ = _____
Multiple Choice Essays Composite Score

AP Score Conversion

Composite Score Range	AP Score
114-150	5
98-113	4
81-97	3
53-80	2
0-52	1

1982 Exam Stems

1. The headings of the stanzas, _____, indicate which one of the two is being/acting/winning/speaking
2. In the poem, which of the following best describes the relationship between _____ and _____?
3. Which of the following devices is dominant in the first stanza?
4. The notion of an _____ that can _____ and an _____ that can _____ (lines __) suggests that
5. In the context of the first stanza, the lines __ express a longing to be freed/separated/saved/cured/released
6. Which of the following best sums up what is said in lines ____?
7. What does line __ suggest about the nature of _____?
8. Which of the following best restates the question posed in lines ____?
9. Lines __ are best understood to mean that
10. " _____ " (line __) refers metaphorically to
11. Which of the following best describes the effect of the metaphor in lines ____?
12. The last four lines, which extend the length of the last stanza, have the effect of?
13. Which of the following most fully expresses the cleverness of _____ in its impingement on the _____
14. The primary distinction made in the first paragraph is one between
15. Which of the following best describes the function of the first sentence in the passage?
16. The phrase " _____ " (line __) is best read as a metaphor relating to
17. In context, the clause " _____ " (lines __) suggests which of the following?
18. According to the passage, writers who are most aware of _____ would be those who _____
19. In the first paragraph, the author is most concerned with explaining/berating/defining/developing/summarizing
20. In lines __, the repeated linkage of the words _____ and _____ can be interpreted as an emphasis on the
21. According to lines __, which of the following would be a _____ and _____ attitude for a young writer to hold?
22. The author implies that " _____ " (lines __) because following it leads to
23. The " _____ " (line __) is best understood as that which
24. In line __, " _____ " refers to which of the following?
25. In lines __, the author refers to " _____ " as an example/a part/evidence
26. Which of the following is implicit before " _____ " (lines __)?
27. The function of the quotation in lines __ is primarily to support/refute/ridicule/show/add
28. The development of the argument can best be described as progressing from the assertion/summary/statement/criticism/description
29. Taken as a whole, the passage is best described as a narrative/a technical discussion/an argument/an expository/a descriptive
30. The speaker assumes that the _____ referred to in lines __ will come proclaiming
31. According to the speaker, the prophet's " _____ " (line __) will probably not be heeded because

32. In the phrase, " _____ " (line __) , the speaker is suggesting that
33. In line __ the speaker is doing which of the following
anticipating/despairing/exchanging/heeding/prescribing
34. In lines __, the speaker is asserting that
35. The speaker implies that without " _____ " we would
36. The phrase " _____ " (line __) implies
37. The " _____ " (line __) refers to
38. The phrase " _____ " (line __) is best understood as
39. According to the speaker, we use the images of " _____ " (line __), " _____ " (line __), and the
" _____ " (line __) literally/as metaphors/as similes/to reinforce/to explain
40. Which of the following best describes an effect of the repetition of the phrase " _____ " (line __)
41. Which of the following best paraphrases the meaning of line __
42. Which of the following best describes the poem as a whole?
43. Which of the following best describes the " _____ " in the passage?
44. The opening sentence can best be described as
45. In line __ "which" refers to
46. The speaker contrasts his preferred _____ with which of the following?
47. In lines _____, which of the following does NOT modify " _____ " (line __)
48. Which of the following is true about the syntax of the clause " _____ "(lines __)
49. The phrase " _____ " (lines __) modifies
50. In lines__ " _____ " means which of the following?
51. The best contrast with the image of " _____ " (lines __) is
52. After line __. the author's tone becomes more
53. The most explicit suggestion that _____ is contained in
54. When the author says, " _____ " (lines __) , he is commenting on
55. Which of the following best describes the passage as a whole?

1987 Exam Stems

1. The phrase " _____ " (line __) is best interpreted to mean that
2. The phrase " _____ " (lines __) evokes
3. The phrase " _____ " (lines __) presents an example of
4. _____ had hated her _____ primarily for
5. The image of " _____ " (line __) is a reference to
6. In context, which of the following depends on " _____ " (line __)
7. in context, the phrase " _____ " (line __) is best interpreted to mean
8. The parable of _____ (lines __) serves primarily to
9. _____ believed that the very best characteristic of human nature is
10. In the parable of _____, " _____ " (line __) most likes represents
11. It can be inferred that each _____ who _____ " _____ " (line __) to see _____ was
12. Which of the following best describes _____ at the end of the passage?
13. The tone of the last two paragraphs (lines __) is best described as
14. Which of the following best describes how _____ felt about the influence of _____ and _____ on her character?
15. All of the following represent figurative language EXCEPT
16. The _____ pictured in lines __ is best described as which of the following
17. The _____ described in lines __ is pictured chiefly in his role as
18. The change referred to in line __ is described as one from " _____ to _____ "
19. In line __, the phrase " _____ " is best taken to mean which of the following
20. The relationship between lines __ and lines __ is best described by which of the following
21. In lines __, the desire to _____ is seen chiefly as
22. In lines __, the speaker regards himself as
23. The main point made about _____ and _____ is lines __ is that
24. Lines __ suggest that
25. Beginning in line __, the speaker does which of the following
26. In line __ the phrase " _____ " refers to
27. According to the speaker, " _____ " (line __) lack all of the following vices EXCEPT
28. In lines __, the speaker attempts to do which of the following
recapitulate/recount/offer/draw/chastise
29. According to line __, the speaker finds value in which of the following aspects of poetry?
30. According to the speaker, a positive aspect of poetry is its
31. According to the speaker, poets are despicable if they imitate/become/fail/mock/compose
32. This excerpt is written in which of the following?
33. The passage contains all of the following rhetorical devices EXCEPT
34. It can be inferred from the passage that the speaker would agree with which of the following statements about _____?
35. In the passage's second sentence the speaker uses language that might best describe a
36. It is most likely that the _____ " _____ " (line __) in order to
study/admit/remind/trick/hide

37. The speaker's _____ is concerned that his _____'s fear may make/weaken/subvert/cause/prompt
38. The comparisons in lines __ of _____ with the _____ and " _____ " suggest that _____ is all of the following EXCEPT
39. In lines _____, that speaker suggests that _____ is motivated by
40. The sentence beginning " _____ " (lines __) supports the speaker's proposition that _____ is /may/cannot
41. One could at least partially rebut the implication of lines__ by noting that a man who is " _____ " might
42. "They" in line__ refers to
43. A more conventional, but still accurate, replacement for "nor" in line __ would be
44. " _____ " (lines __) appears to be a contradictory statement because
45. At the conclusion the speaker finds that he
46. Which of the following seems LEAST compatible with the speaker's _____?
47. In the first section of the poem (lines_), the speaker seeks to convey a feeling of
48. In context, " _____ " (line__) suggests that
49. The speaker give symbolic significance to which of the following?
50. Lines __ and __ (" _____ ") are best understood to mean which of the following?
51. In lines __, the _____ is compared to
52. Which of the following occurs directly because the _____ is " _____ " (line __).
53. The speaker's description of the _____ of the _____ emphasizes all of the following EXCEPT its
54. In lines __, " _____ " suggests that
55. In line __, " _____ " functions as which of the following an adjective modifying/an adverb modifying
56. in lines __, the speaker compares
57. In the poem, the _____ is, for the speaker, all of the following EXCEPT
58. Lines __ can best be described as a digression/change/counterargument/metaphorical/simile
59. In the last section of the poem, the speaker implies that to try to _____ the " _____ " (line __) is
60. It can be inferred that _____'s attitude toward the speaker's speculations is one of
61. The poem is an example of which of the following verse forms?

1991 Exam Stems

1. The speaker of the passage is most likely a
2. In the first paragraph, the speaker characterizes the _____ primarily by describing their
3. The dominant technique in the first paragraph is the use of
4. Which of the following best describes the order in which objects are presented in paragraph one?
5. In context, " _____ " (line __) is best interpreted as
6. The words " _____ " (line __) and " _____ " (line __) contribute which of the following to the development of the passage?
7. The _____ and _____ are characterized in terms of which of the following aspects of their lives?
8. The characterization of the _____ in lines __ is marked by
9. In line __, "they" refers to
10. In the second paragraph, the author develops a contrast between
11. In the second paragraph, the speaker characterizes the _____ primarily by describing their
12. The primary rhetorical purpose of the passage is to
13. Which of the following best describes the organization of the passage?
14. The speaker is best described as
15. It can be inferred that the rhythm and diction of the concluding lines (" _____ ") are intended to reflect
16. The phrase " _____ " emphasizes which of the following?
17. In lines __, there is an implied comparison between _____ and
18. In lines __, _____ implies that " _____ " are
19. In lines __, _____ makes use of
20. The two quotations in lines _____ by _____ are seen by _____ as
21. _____'s " _____ " (line __) are not comforting because they
22. In line __, the " _____ " are mentioned as which of the following?
subjects/rabble/people/criminals
23. In line __, " _____ " refers to the idea that the
24. When _____ says " _____ " (line __), he means that he
25. In line __, " _____ " is best interpreted as meaning
26. Which of the following best restates the meaning of lines __?
27. In the passage, _____ uses language primarily to
28. In the passage, _____ reflects on all of the following EXCEPT
29. In the passage, _____ exhibits which of the following?
30. The speaker implies that the _____ is
31. The speaker implies that there is a similarity between the
32. An example of the literary device of apostrophe is found in line
33. In line __, " _____ " refers to the
34. Which of the following is an irony presented in the poem?
35. A major rhetorical shift in the poem occurs in line
36. Which of the following lines is closest in meaning to lines __ and __?
37. The final stanza of the poem primarily expresses the speaker's

38. The basic meter of the poem is
39. The speaker characterizes the life of the _____ as
40. In line __, "its" refers to
41. In the first sentence (lines ____) of the passage is characterized by which of the following
42. The succession of phrases " _____ " in lines _____ emphasizes the
43. The antecedent of the word "them" is
44. The chief effect of the diction in the sentence " _____ " (lines __) is to provide
45. The predominant tone of the speaker toward the _____ is one of
46. The function of the sentence beginning " _____ " (lines __) is to
47. The description " _____ " (lines __) serves to
48. The description in the _____ sentence (lines __) is characterized by all of the following EXCEPT
49. Which of the following indicates the major shift in the development of the speaker's exposition?
50. In the passage, the _____ functions as
51. Which of the following is the most logical deduction from the speaker's assertions?
52. Which of the following are the most prominent images in the passage?
53. The central rhetorical strategy of the passage is to

1994 Exam Stems

1. The passage is primarily concerned with
2. In lines ____, the words "_____" have which of the following effects? they retard/they satirize/they highlight/they change/they emphasize
3. Which of the following best describes the effect produced by the repetition of the phrase "_____" in lines __ and ____
4. It can be inferred from the phrase "_____" (line __) that _____
5. In lines ____, the pronoun "it" in the phrase "_____" refers to
6. The depiction of _____'s "_____" and _____'s "_____" (lines __) serves what specific function in the narrative progress of the passage? it diverts/it retards/it provides/it counters/it offers
7. In context, "_____" (line __), "_____" (line __), and "_____" (line __) serve to evoke/situate/highlight/mask/endorse
8. The qualifiers "_____" (lines __) and "_____" (lines __) suggest that
9. The image of "_____" (line __) suggests all of the following EXCEPT
10. The attention the speaker pays to the details of _____ serves primarily to
11. The style of the passage as a whole is characterized by
12. The irony in the passages as a whole rests chiefly on the conflict between
13. The point of view in the passage is that of
14. Which of the following best describes the effect produced by the repetition of the words "_____" and "_____" throughout the passage?
15. The poem dramatizes the moment when the speaker
16. The poem contains which of the following?
17. In the context of the poem, the phrase "_____" (line __) is best paraphrased as
18. Which of the following pairs of words refers to different entities?
19. When the speaker says the _____ will deny ever having seen him (lines __), he means that
20. A principle purpose of the use of "_____" (line __) is to foreshadow/emphasize/serve/compensate/contrast
21. In the context of the poem, the expression "_____" (line __) is best interpreted to mean
22. Lines ____ describe an example of
23. In line __ "_____" is best paraphrased as
24. By the expression "_____" (line __), the speaker means that he will have
25. Which of the following pairs of phrases most probably refers to the same moment in the sequence of events in the poem?
26. In the final stanza, the speaker anticipates
27. Which of the following is LEAST important to the theme of the poem?
28. The tone throughout the poem is best described as one of
29. Which of the following descriptions is an example of the narrator's irony?
30. Which of the following phrases most pointedly refers to _____'s _____ character?
31. In context, the adjective "_____" (line __) is best interpreted as meaning
32. The use of the word "_____" in line __ is an example of which of the following?

33. In the context of the sentence, the phrases " _____ " (line __) and " _____ " (line __) are used to show _____'s
34. Which of the following terms is (are) meant to be taken ironically?
35. The passage suggests that, as member of _____, _____ was
36. Which of the following statements best defines _____'s relationship with _____?
37. Which of the following best describes the effect of the last paragraph?
38. The narrator attributes _____'s attitude and behavior to which of the following factors?
39. The style of the passage as a whole can be best characterized as
40. The narrator's attitude toward _____ can best be described as one of
41. In the first stanza, the _____ is presented chiefly as
42. The _____ is most probably called a " _____ " (line __) because it
43. How many reasons does the speaker give to try to explain why the _____
" _____ " (line __)
44. The speaker hypothesizes that _____ might be
45. The diction used to describe _____ in lines _____ suggests that
46. In line _____, " _____ " refers to something that
47. The object of "to" in line __ is
48. For the speaker, the _____ and _____ are similar in that they both
49. In line __, the speaker implies that the _____ had/was/understood/preferred
50. In line _____ the cause of the _____ is described in language most similar to that used by the speaker to describe
51. In the poem as a whole, the speaker views _____ as being essentially
52. The speaker makes a categorical assertion at all of the following places in the poem EXCEPT
53. Which of the following lines contains an example of personification?
54. Lines _____ have all of the following functions EXCEPT to return/illustrate/link/emphasize/evoke
55. The _____'s words (lines __) convey a sense of

1999 MC Stems

1. Which of the following is the primary meaning of the word "_____" as it is used in the passage?
2. _____'s first words ("_____") are surprising because _____ prevents/claims/thinks/implies/is not responding
3. From the context, the reader can infer that "_____" (line __) is
4. _____ probably calls the quotation in lines __ "_____" because he considers/knows/believes/sees
5. _____'s view of _____ might best be described as
6. In lines ____ ("_____"), the speaker makes use of all of the following EXCEPT
7. The primary rhetorical function of the sentence "_____" (lines __) is to introduce/provide/undermine/distinguish
8. In line __, the "_____" refers to English
9. The second of _____'s two speeches repeats the argument of the first that
10. Which of the following does _____ explicitly endorse?
11. From the passage, we can infer that the art _____ would most value would be characterized by all of the following EXCEPT
12. In the passage, _____ ridicules all of the following commonly accepted ideas about _____ EXCEPT
13. The comedy of the passage derives chiefly from
14. The central opposition of the poem is between
15. The speaker views the _____, _____, and the _____ as
16. The "_____" (line __) most probably refer to
17. In line __, "_____" most probably refers metaphorically to
18. For the speaker, the _____ and the _____ have which of the following in common?
19. One effect of "_____" (line __) is to emphasize the speaker's feeling of
20. In line __, "_____" is best understood to mean
21. Grammatically, the word "_____" (line __) functions as
22. The speaker perceives the coming of _____ chiefly in terms of
23. Which of the following is a subject treated in the poem?
24. The most conventional, least idiosyncratic aspect of the poem is its
25. The sentiments expressed in the poem are closest to those expressed in which of the following quotations from other poets?
26. Throughout the passage, _____ is addressing
27. Which of the following adjectives best describes _____'s speech?
28. In the simile in line __, "_____" is used to stand for
29. The phrase "_____" (line __) refers to
30. Lines ____ are based on which of the following?
31. In line __, "_____" means
32. Which of the following best paraphrases lines _____ ("_____")?
33. _____'s comment "_____" (lines __) does which of the following?
asserts/implies/compares/suggests/contrasts

34. Which of the following is used most extensively in the passage?
35. The poem is best described as
36. Line __ suggests which of the following
37. Line __ presents an example of
38. Lines ____ most strongly convey the speaker's
39. What does the speaker convey in lines ____?
40. The _____ quality of the _____ allows the speaker to experience all of the following in the poem EXCEPT
41. All of the following contrasts are integral to the poem EXCEPT
42. The imagery of the poem is characterized by
43. The title suggest which of the following?
44. The narrator provides the clause " _____ " most probably as
45. In line __, " _____ " refers to _____'s belief that
46. Lines ____ chiefly serve to show that _____ was capable of
47. In lines ____, " _____ " is best interpreted to mean that
48. The dominant element of ____ and _____'s meeting (lines __) is
49. The images in lines _____ suggest that
50. In line __, " _____ " is best interpreted to mean _____'s
51. The chief effect of the imagery and figures of speech in lines _____ is to
52. By comparing _____ to " _____ " (line __) the narrator invites further comparison between
53. The excerpt is chiefly concerned with a plan/decision/hope/dispute/problem
54. Which of the following best describes _____'s speech?
55. At the ____ of the excerpt, _____ probably believes that _____ had been

2004 MC stems

1. The narrator's use of the adverbs "____" and "____" as nouns signifying types of _____ helps to emphasize the _____s' essential/concern/style/indifference/sense
2. The _____ in the passage are characterized chiefly by description of their _____
3. In context, "_____" (line____) suggests which of the following about the conversation of the _____?
4. The use of the sentence "_____" in line__ and again in line ____ suggests that the points of view of the _____ and the _____ are equally _____
5. From line __ to line __ the passage is best described as an example of _____
6. What do lines ____ suggest about the relationship portrayed between _____ and _____?
7. The narrator implies that the situation in which the _____ and _____ find themselves is a kind of _____
8. In line __, the word "____" might be ironic because the _____
9. Overall, the passage suggests that immortality _____
10. The last sentence of the passage is characterized by _____
11. Both the _____ and the _____ are portrayed as _____
12. In lines ____ ("_____"), the narrator does which of the following?
suggests/introduces/emphasizes/supplies
13. The _____ and _____ mentioned in the first paragraph primarily serve to
reveal/show/suggest/present/illustrate
14. In line __, the author uses the word "_____" to form a connection between _____
15. The effect of quoting _____'s words in line __ is to
characterize/represent/emphasize/suggest/illustrate
16. _____ submits to having her "_____" (line __) primarily because she
chooses/is/wants
17. Which of the following words associated with _____ best conveys how her _____ would like her to be?
18. In line __, the reference to "_____" does which of the following? gently
mocks/sincerely endorses/affectionately endorses/scathingly criticizes/ruefully echoes
19. Why is _____'s _____ disturbed by her "_____" (line__)?
20. _____ could find no comfort in his _____'s developing qualities because _____
21. Which of the following most aptly describes _____'s interactions with her _____?
22. In this passage, _____ is presented as _____
23. In context, which phrase most directly indicates a judgment made by the narrator?
24. The passage employs all of the following contrasts EXCEPT one between _____
25. The poem is best described as a _____
26. In lines ____, the speaker conveys a sense of _____
27. The phrase "_____" (line __) refers specifically to _____
28. The images in lines __ ("_____") contrast most directly with _____
29. In line __ ("_____"), the speaker suggests which of the following?
30. In the context of the poem, the term "_____" (line __) suggests _____
31. By deciding to "_____" (line __), the speaker in effect does which of the _____

following? apologizes/accepts/questions/dramatizes

32. The description of the "_____" (line __) most directly suggests that

33. In line __, "_____" probably refers to the _____'s

34. The structure of the poem is determined by the speaker's emotions/movements/ideas/values/history

35. The main purpose of the passage is to urge/explain/unmask/ridicule/condemn

36. In the context of the passage, the first sentence is best viewed as

37. In line __, "_____" is best understood to mean

38. In the second paragraph, the goddess criticism is portrayed as being

39. In line __, "_____" is best understood to mean

40. Which of the following is personified in the passage?

41. In the third paragraph, the speaker primarily portrays the _____ as being

42. In the passage as a whole, the speaker portrays _____ as being especially

43. The speaker characterizes the _____ as being all of the following EXCEPT

44. It can be inferred from the passage that _____ in the speaker's time were most concerned with

45. In the section of the essay that immediately follows this passage, the speaker probably does which of the following? shows/gives/discusses/explains/urges

46. Which of the following best describes the speaker's present situation?

47. In the context of the entire poem, it is clear that "_____" (line __) expresses the speaker's inability/belief/desire/failure/assumption

48. In line __, "_____" means

49. In the poem, the _____ and _____ are characterized as hostile/indifferent/favorable/exploitable/fickle

50. In context "_____" (line __) refers to

51. Which two lines come closest to stating the same idea?

52. In line __, "_____" refers to the

53. What is the function of the final couplet (lines __)? explains/comments/describes/undercuts/suggests

54. The speaker is best described as displaying which of the following?

55. Taken as a whole, the poem is best described as

2009 MC stems

1. The use of the present tense throughout the poem helps reinforce the speaker's
2. The speaker experiences a tension primarily between
3. The speaker considers her work at the _____ to be
4. Lines _____ seem to suggest the
5. The interjection in line _____ serves primarily to
6. In line _____, the description of the _____ helps to do which of the following
emphasize/link/convey/cause/show
7. Which of the following lines best conveys the speaker's sense of time which at the _____?
8. Which two lines come closest to contradicting each other?
9. The speaker and the _____ are portrayed through descriptions of their
mannerisms/attitudes/clothing/relationships/tastes
10. Which of the following literary devices is most used in the poem?
11. In line _____, "_____" refers to
12. The first sentence makes use of which of the following literary techniques?
13. The description of the _____ in lines _____ ("_____") functions as sustained metaphor that
effectively
14. All of the following verbs have the same subject EXCEPT
15. Lines _____ ("_____") are primarily characterized by
16. Which of the following is true of the sentence "_____" (lines _____)?
17. Which of the following best describes the author's figurative treatment of "_____" (lines _____)?
18. The description of the "_____" as "_____" (line_____) suggests which of the following?
19. The passage establishes a mood of
20. the primary purpose of the passage is
21. Which of the following best describes the tone of the passage?
22. In line _____ "_____" most directly means
23. In context, "_____" (line _____) suggests which of the following?
24. The brief sentence in line _____ emphasizes the
25. The "_____" (line_____) most directly refers to the
26. The central metaphor in the _____ stanza compares the _____ to
27. Which statement best defines the role of the _____ stanza? It shifts/amplifies/reveals/re-
creates/anticipates
28. The image of the _____ in lines _____ is that of both a
29. All of the following convey a striking visual effect produced by the _____ EXCEPT lines
30. "_____" (lines _____) emphasizes the _____'s
31. The final _____ line ("_____") suggest that _____ can
32. The last two lines of each stanza comprise
33. The tone of the speaker is best described as
34. In the context of the paragraph in which it appears, "_____" (line_____) connotes all of the
following EXCEPT
35. The reference to "_____" (lines_____) serves to introduce/comment/describe/present/establish

36. In lines ____ ("_____"), the narrator is most concerned with providing a sense of the
37. The use of the word "_____" in lines __ and __ serves to disparage/emphasize/convey/point out/suggest
38. Lines ____ imply that "_____" likely experienced feelings of
39. Lines ____ ("_____") serve to emphasize/link/signal/develop/juxtapose
40. The two views described in line ____ can be characterized as
41. In the _____ paragraph, the response of the ____ to the _____ is best described as
42. The phrase "_____" (line __) emphasizes which quality of the _____?
43. Which of the following best describes how _____ regards his own situation?
44. The tone of the last paragraph is best described as
45. Which of the following happens at the end of the passage?
46. The speaker's question in line__ is justified based on the logic of
47. In line __, the speaker refers to one who
48. In context, "_____" (line__) most nearly mean
49. The second stanza (lines _____) suggests the relationship between
50. Which of the following best paraphrases lines _____?
51. The "_____" (line __) refers to the _____'s
52. In lines _____, the speaker explains that he would have
disrespected/disappointed/demeaned/denied/shortchanged
53. In the final stanza (lines _____), the speaker claims that he will support/maintain/win/revel/try
54. In the final stanza (lines _____), the speaker's attitude toward his situation is best described as
55. The poem can best be described as the speaker's attack/plea/lament/argument/defense

1982 Exam Poetry and Prose

A Dialogue Between the Soul and Body -- Andrew Marvell (1621-1678) Questions 1 - 13

A selection from *Tradition and the Individual Talent* -- T.S. Eliot (1888-1965) Questions 14 - 29

Advice to the Prophet - Richard Wilbur (1959) Questions 30 - 42

Walden by Henry David Thoreau -- Chapter 13 - *House-Warming*(1817-1862) Questions 43 - 55

1987 Exam Poetry and Prose

Their Eyes Were Watching God (selection) - Zora Neale Hurston (1937) Questions 1 - 15

The First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace, imitated (selection) - Alexander Pope (1688 - 1744)
Questions 16 - 32

Meditation VI - John Donne (1572 - 1631) Questions 33 - 46

The Eolian Harp - Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) Questions 47 - 61

1991 Exam Poetry and Prose

White Noise (selection) - Don DeLillo - 1985 -- Questions 1 - 15

Richard II, Act V, scene v - Shakespeare - 1564 -1616 - Questions 16 - 29

Lady with A Falcon - May Sarton - 1978 - Questions 30 - 38

Mountain Beauty - John Ruskin - 1819 -1900 - Questions 39 - 53

1994 Exam Poetry and Prose

Go Tell It on the Mountain (selection) - James Baldwin (1924 - 1987) Questions 1 - 14

My Picture - Abraham Cowley - 1656 - Questions 15 - 28

Vanity Fair (selection) - William Makepeace Thackeray - 1811 - 1863 Questions 29 - 40

A Whippoorwill in the Woods - Amy Clampitt - 1990 - Questions 41 - 55

1999 Exam Poetry and Prose

The Decay of Lying - Oscar Wilde - 1891 - Questions 1 - 13

I dreaded that first Robin - Emily Dickinson - 1862 - Question 14 - 25

Volpone - Ben Jonson - 1601 Questions 26 - 34

Facing It - Yusef Komunyakaa - 1988 - Questions 35 - 43

A New England Nun - Mary E. Wilkins - 1891 - Questions 44 - 55

2004 Exam Poetry and Prose

A Brief Version of Time (article) - Alan Lightman - 1993 - Questions 1 - 11

The Mill on the Floss (selection) - George Eliot - 1860 - Questions 12 - 24

The Albuquerque Graveyard - Jay Wright - 1987 - Questions 25 - 34

The Critic (Part 1) (selection) - Samuel Johnson - 1759 - Questions 35 - 45

Sonnet 90 - William Shakespeare - 1609 - Questions 46 - 55

2009 Exam Poetry and Prose

Patty's Charcoal Drive-in - Barbara Crooker - 1992 - Questions 1 - 10

A Tale of Two Cities: Part 1 Chapter 5 (selection) Charles Dickens -1859 - Questions 11 - 21

The Imaginary Iceberg - Elizabeth Bishop - 1979 - Questions 22 - 33

Jude the Obscure (selection) - Thomas Hardy - 1895 - Questions 34 - 45

To an Inconstant One - Sir Robert Ayton - 1570 - 1638 - Questions 46 - 55

Words	1982	1987	1991	1994	1999	2004	2009
according	4	4					
as a whole	3			4		2	
author	5		1			1	1
best	18	12	6	11	8	9	11
best be described	2	1		1	1		1
best characteristic (ized)		1		1			
best contrast	1						
best conveys						1	1
best defines				1			1
best describe(s)	7	3	2	3	2	1	3
best described	1	3	1	1	1	4	4
best interpreted (as) to mean		2	2	2	2		
best paraphrases (ed)	1			2	1		1
best read	1						
best restates	1		1				
best sums	1	0					
best taken to mean		1					
best understood	3	1			1	2	
best viewed						1	
contrast(s)	2		1	1	2	2	
effect(s)(ively)	3		1	4	2	2	2
express(es)(ed)/expression	2		1	2	2	1	
function(s)	2	1	2	2	2	1	1
image(s)/imagery	2	1	1	1	3	1	1
implicit	1						
imply/implies	3	1	3	1	2	1	1
in context	1	3	1	2		3	2
indicate(s)	1	1	1			1	
infer(red)		3	1	1	2	1	
irony/ironic(ally)			1	3		1	
literally	1						
mean(s)/meaning/meant	3	4	4	5	5	3	2
metaphor(s)/metaphorical(ly)	4	1			1		2

narrator				3	2	4	1
paraphrase(s)(ed)	1			2	1		1
personified/personification				1		1	
phrase(s)	6	6	2	7	1	2	1
primary	1		1		2		
primary purpose							1
purpose			1	1		1	
refers (red)/reference	6	4	4	5	5	5	5
relationship	1	1		1		1	2
speaker	8	21	11	12	8	12	12
suggest/suggesting/suggestion	5	5		4	4	11	6
syntax	1						
tone	1	1	1	1			3
which	25	17	15	15	13	14	17
which of the following	21	17	14	15	13	11	12

a syllogism/1999
 abstract idea/1982/1994
 abstraction/1982/1994
 adjective modifying/1987
 adverb modifying/1987
 allegorical /1982/1999/2009
 allegory /1982/1999/2009
 allegory/1982/1999/2009
 allusion/1982/1994/1999/2009
 allusion/1982/1994/1999/2009
 allusion1982/1994/1999/2009
 Amassment of imagery to convey a sense of chaos/1991
 ambiguity/1987
 ambiguity/1987/2009
 analogy/1987
 analogy/1999
 analysis of a process/2004
 analysis/1999
 anecdotal narrative/1987/1999/2004
 anecdote/1987/1999/2004
 anecdote/1987/1999/2004
 antecedent/1991
 anticlimax/2009
 antithesis/1999/2009
 antithesis/1999/2009
 apology/2004
 apostrophe/1987/1991
 apostrophic speech/1987/1991
 appositive/1999
 assert/1982/1991/1999
 assertion (vocabulary/device)/1982/1991/1999

assertion/1982/1991/1999
 auditory/1999
 Ballad meter/1987
 Biblical allusions/1982//1991/1994/1999
 biblical story of Noah (allusion)/1982//1991/1994/1999
 Blank verse1/1987
 capitalization/1999
 categorical assertion/1994
 cause-and-effect analysis/3004
 character/1987
 circular reasoning/1999
 classification and comparison/2004
 colloquial/1999
 comical/2004
 compare/1999
 complex sentence/1994
 complex structure/2004
 conclusive logic2004
 concrete evidence/1982
 connotation/2009
 contradiction/2009
 contrast/1982/1987 /1991/1994/1999/2004
 contrast/1982/1987 /1991/1994/1999/2004
 contrast/1982/1987 /1991/1994/1999/2004
 contrast/1982/1987 /1991/1994/1999/2004
 contrast/1982/1987 /1991/1994/1999/2004
 contrast/1982/1987 /1991/1994/1999/2004
 contrast/1982/1987 /1991/1994/1999/2004
 conventional metrical patterns/1991
 counterargument/1987
 couplet/1987/2004/2009
 couplet/1987/2004/2009

cynical/1987
 Dactylic hexameter/1987
 deduction/1991
 description/1982/1987
 descriptive/1982/1987
 diction/1994/1999
 diction/1994/1999
 dimeter/1991
 direct object/1999
 discursive memoir/2004
 dramatic dialogue/2004
 dramatic irony/1987/1999/2009
 dramatic irony/1987/1999/2009
 dramatic irony/1987/1999/2009
 elaborate metaphors/2004
 elegiac/2009
 elevated romantic atmosphere/1991
 emblem/1991/1994
 emblem/1991/1994
 ends justifying means/2009
 end-stopped lines/1982
 entreaty/2004
 euphemism/1991/1994
 euphemisms/1991/1994
 evaluative argument/2004
 exaggerated description/1987/1994/1999
 exaggeration/1987/1994/1999
 exaggeration/1987/1994/1999
 exclamatory sentence/1994
 exposition/1982/1991/1994/1999
 exposition/1982/1991/1994/1999

expository sentences/1982/1991/1994/1999
 expository/1982/1991/1994/1999
 extended allegory/1994
 extended definition /1982
 extended metaphor/1994
 figurative language/1987
 first-person who speaks of himself in third-person/1994
 foreboding/2009
 foreshadow/1994/2009
 foreshadow/1994/2009
 Free verse/1987
 Heroic couplets/1987/2004/2009
 hexameter/1991
 hyperbole/1991/1999
 hyperbole/1991/1999
 hypothesis/1982
 hypothesizes/1994
 hypothetical/2004
 iambic pentameter/1982
 iambic tetrameter/1987
 illustration of an abstract idea by extended definition/1991
 image/1982
 image/1987/1991/1999/2004/2009
 image/1987/1991/1999/2004/2009
 image/1987/1991/1999/2004/2009
 image/1987/1991/1999/2004/2009
 imagery/1987/1991/1999/2004/2009
 images/1987/1991/1999/2004/2009
 images/1987/1991/1999/2004/2009
 imply/1999
 independent clauses/2009

indirect object/1999
 insult/1999
 interjection/2009
 internal rhyme/1982
 interpretive sentences/1994
 interrelated impressions/1999
 ironic commentary/see irony
 ironic reference/see irony
 ironic wit/see irony
 ironic/1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 ironic/1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 ironic/1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 ironically/1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 irony/1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 irony/1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 irony/1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 irony/1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 irony/1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 linkage (vocabulary/device)/1982
 lists/1987
 logical paradigms/1987
 lyric verse/1987
 main thesis/1982
 metaphor (x)/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 metaphor/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 metaphor/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 metaphor/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 metaphor/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 metaphoric/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 metaphorical/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 metaphorical/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 metaphorically/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009

metaphysical conceits/1991
 meter/1999
 mixed metaphors/1999
 mock heroic style/2009
 mood/2009
 multiple modifiers/1991
 mutual consensus/2009
 Narration of a series of events/1991
 narrative/1982
 nonparticipating spectator/1994
 omniscient narrator/1994
 opposition/1999
 oxymoron/1991/1999
 oxymoron/1991/1999
 parable/1982 /1987
 parable/1982/1987
 paradox/1987/1991/1999/2009
 paradox/1987/1991/1999/2009
 paradoxical hyperbole/1999
 paradoxical/1987/1991/1999/2009
 paradoxical/1987/1991/1999/2009
 parallel structures/1987/1991/2004
 parallel syntax/1987/1991/2004
 parallel syntax/1987/1991/2004
 paraphrase(s)(ed)1982/1994/1999/2009
 paraphrase(s)(ed)1982/1994/1999/2009
 paraphrase(s)(ed)1982/1994/1999/2009
 Paraphrase paraphrase(s)(ed)1982/1994/1999/2009
 parenthetical/1999
 parody/1982
 participating observer/1994

pastoral elegy/2004
 pathos/1999
 pentameter/1991
 periodic form and balance/1991
 personification/1987/1994//1999/2004/2009
 personification/1987/1994//1999/2004/2009
 personification/1987/1994//1999/2004/2009
 personification/1987/1994/2004/2009
 personified/1987/1994/2004/2009
 phrase(s) (ed) 1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 phrase(s) (ed) 1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 phrase(s) (ed) 1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 phrase(s) (ed) 1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 phrase(s) (ed) 1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 phrase(s) (ed) 1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 phrase(s) (ed) 1982/1987/1991/1994/1999/2004/2009
 poetic drama/2004
 point of view/1994
 pronoun antecedent/1994
 puns/1991
 rationalization/2004
 reciprocal action/2009
 redundant/2004
 reference (vocabulary/device)/1982
 reflective narrative/2004
 refrain/2009
 religious imagery/1991
 reminiscence/1999
 repetition/1982
 repetition/1987/1999/2009
 repetition/1987/1999/2009

repetitive syntax/1987/1999/2009
 reproof/2004
 reverse psychology
 rhetorical facility/1991
 rhetorical innovation/1987
 rhetorical purpose/1991
 rhetorical question/1982
 rhetorical shift/1991
 Rhyme royal/1987
 rhymes/1999/2009
 rhymes/1999/2009
 rhythm/2009
 romantic diction and imagery/1991
 sarcasm /1982 /1987/1999
 sarcasm /1982 /1987/1999
 sarcastic /1982 /1987/1999
 sardonic humor/1991/1994
 sardonic mood and atmosphere/1991/1994
 satire/1982/1994
 satirize/1982/1994
 scenarios/2009
 self-parody/1991
 series of sentences similar in style/2009
 simile/1982/1987/1999/2009
 simile/1982/1987/1999/2009
 simile/1982/1987/1999/2009
 simile/1982/1987/1999/2009
 simple declarative sentence/1994
 soliloquy/1987
 Specific description to a generalization/1991
 subject/1999

subtle irony/2004	understatement/1991/1999/2004/2009
surrealism/2009	understatement/1991/1999/2004/2009
sustained metaphor/2009	understatement/1991/1999/2004/2009
symbol/1982/1987/1991/1994/	universal symbol/1999
symbol/1982/1987/1991/1994/	Use of pronoun "it"/2009
symbol/1982/1987/1991/1994/	versification/1987
symbol/1982/1987/1991/1994/	witty repartee/1999
symbolic/1982/1987/1991/1994/	
synecdoche/2009	
tactile/1999	
technical discussion/1982	
Terza rima/1987	
tetrameter/1991	
theme/1994/2004/2009	
theme/1994/2004/2009	
theme/1994/2004/2009	
thesis/1987/1999	
thesis/1987/1999	
third-person narrator aware of one character's thoughts/1994	
third-person narrator providing insight into several characters' thoughts/1994	
tone/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2009	
tone/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2009	
tone/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2009	
tone/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2009	
tone/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2009	
tone/1982 /1987/1991/1994/1999/2009	
topic/2004	
trial and error/2009	
trimeter/1991	
understated/1991/1999/2004/2009	
understatement and economy/1991	

abject	capricious
admonition	chaos
admonition	charlatans
adversity	chastise
advocacy	chastisement
alienated	chronic
alienation	chronicles
altered	circumspect
altruism	clamorous
ambiguity	complicated
ambivalence	composure
ambivalence	compulsion
ambivalent	conceited
ambivalent	conciliatory
amorous	concomitants
amorphous	condemnation
analogous	condescending
animistic	condescension
annihilation	confinement
antiromantic	congenital
apologetic	consolation
arbiter	constraints
ardor	contemplation
arrogant	contemplation
artificiality	contemporaneity
ascetic	contentment
assail	contradict
assuaging	contradictory
assumption	conventional
astuteness	convinced
aura	convivial
aura	corruptible
autonomy	criteria
awe	cultivated
balanced sentence (vocabulary/grammar)	cynical
berating	cynical
biases	cynicism
brevity	deceptive
brevity	dedication
brilliant	deem
cajoles	defensible
camaraderie	defiance
candidly	deliberate

delicacy
deluded
delusions
demeaning
denigrating
deposition
deprivation
derives
despicable
despondency
desultory
detachment
deterred
devious
devout
dictates
didactic
didactic
didactic
digression
digression
dilemma
discretion
discriminate
disdain
dismayed
disparate
dissipation
diversions
duality
duplicitous
dwindles
dynamic
efficacy
egotism
elegant
elusive
enchanted
enigma
ennobles
enumerate
ephemeral
epigrammatic

epiphany
epitomizes
equivocating
exhaust
exhortation
exploited
exposition
expounds
exultation
facade
fallibility
feigned
ferocity
fluctuating
foreboding
fraudulence
frigid
frivolity
functional
futility
glee
gluttony
Golden Rule
gratification
gullible
habitually
hackneyed
haphazard sentence that scrambles and repeats its topics
(vocabulary/grammar)
hypocritical
hypocritical
hysterical
idiosyncratic
idolatrous
idyllic
illustrate
immobility
impartial
impassive
impede
impingement
impish
implication

implications
implicitly
inclination
incomprehensible
incongruous
inconsequential
inconspicuous
incorrigible
indignant
Industrial Revolution
industriousness
industriousness
ineffectual
inexplicable
inherently
insensitivity
insights
insistent
instability
intact
integral
integrity
interrelated impressions
interrogation
intervening
intuitive
invariably
ironic
ironic
irrelevant
irrepressible
irresistible
irreverent
justification
justification
liturgies
lustrous
lute
lyrical
Maladies
malady
malicious
meditation

meditation
meditation
melancholy
melancholy
menace
mendacious
meticulous
meticulousness
mirthful
misconstrued
mocks
modifies (vocabulary/grammar)
molded
monotony
moral purpose
moralist
murmuring
muse
naïveté
naïveté
negligible
nostalgic
oblique
obsessed
obsession
obsolete
ominous
ominous
omnipotence
oppressively
optimism
optimistic
ostentation
overweening
pace
paradoxical
pastoral
pastoral
patriarch
pedantic
perceive
perception
permanence

philistinism
Physic
pinnacles
pious
piousness
pitiable
plight
plight
pompous
possessive pronoun (vocabulary/grammar)
pragmatic
precariously
precision
predictable
pristine
prowess
pulsating
quarry
quasi-religious
rabble
recapitulate
reckless
recluse
reclusive
reclusive
refute
relevant
remorse
remoteness
remoteness
renounce
repentant
repetition
repressing
reproof
resentment
resignation
retribution
rhetoric
rhymesters
ridicule
ridicule
ridiculous

rollicking
ruefully
ruination
salvage
sarcasm
sarcasm
sarcastic (vocabulary/devise)
scathingly
scorn
seclusion
seditiousness
seductiveness
segregation
self-awareness
self-deluded
self-demeaning
self-effacement
self-indulgence
self-respect
sensuality
sensuousness
sentimental
sentimental
serendipitous appeal
shift in tense (vocabulary/grammar)
sinister
sinister
smug
solace
solitude
somber
somber
soothe
sophistication
sterile
stylistic
subtlety
subtly
subvert
summarize
supercilious
superficiality
suppress

susceptible
syntactically complex (vocabulary/grammar)
systematically
tactfulness
tactile
talon
tedious
temperamental
temporal
tentative
testy
the Golden Age
the Iron Age
the Renaissance
timid
tranquility
tranquility
transience
trite
trivial
triviality
trivializes
ultimatum
understated
undiscriminating
unique
unwavering
vanity
vengefulness
vexes
Victorian
vindictive
vivid
volcanic
whimsical
witty repartee

The Language of Literary Analysis

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The problem that the teacher faces first of all, then, is the creation of a situation favorable to a vital experience of literature. Unfortunately, many of the practices and much of the tone of literature teaching have precisely the opposite effect.

-- Louise Rosenblatt

Teaching Terminology

In common with any other academic discipline, literary analysis employs a language all its own. While this specialized vocabulary may at first pose obstacles for students in AP English Language and Literature classes, literary terminology is a tool for readers to explain what they see. Terms like *assonance*, *motif*, and *synesthesia* give us words to describe how an author achieves an effect. Banishing them from our classroom in order to simplify the study of literature makes students less, not more, articulate. I believe that without the words, without knowledge of this specialized vocabulary of the discipline, students actually see less in the texts they read.

This is not to suggest that reading poetry should become an exercise in identification: spot the synecdoche, find the foil, highlight the hyperbole -- a game of literary Trivial Pursuit. Instead we should make literary terminology the natural language of the AP classroom. The first time I use a particular term, I write it on a prominently posted list. This word wall of literary language grows over the first few weeks of class until the chart includes most of the essential vocabulary students will need for the AP Exam. Every time I use a term in class, I include the definition in my question, "How would you interpret the paradox in Donne's line 'Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me'? You know, a paradox is a statement that appears self-contradictory and yet reveals a kind of truth." On another day I might ask, "How would you describe the tone of *Candide*? Remember? Tone is the writer's attitude toward his subject." As I speak I point to the word on our chart. Like water dropping on stone, over time students become so familiar with the terms that they begin using them both in classroom discussion and in their papers. No need for a quiz when everyone knows the answers.

It is important to remember that although AP students may be intellectually gifted, they are only 16 to 17 years old. Teaching methods have to reflect students' actual as well as mental age. It is interesting to note that the teaching of literary terminology appears in most states' English language arts standards from about sixth grade onward. California expects all students in grades 9 and 10 to be able to "evaluate the aesthetic qualities of style, including the impact of diction and figurative language on tone, mood, and theme, using the terminology of literary criticism." Despite the mandate from the State House, few of my students arrive knowing much about figurative language. As a result they often find themselves tongue-tied when attempting to interpret poetry. Robert Scholes explains in *Textual Power* that "reading is the first step in all thought and all communication. It is essential; but it is incomplete in itself. It requires both interpretation and criticism for completion." Without the specialized language of literary analysis, students have no words with which to formulate an interpretation. They read but can't see how to take the next steps towards interpretation and criticism.

The 2002 AP English Literature Exam asked students to read Thomas Hardy's "Convergence of the Twain" and to analyze how the poetic devices convey the speaker's attitude toward the sinking of the ship. The prompt does not suggest devices for students to examine and therefore demands that test-takers be familiar with an arsenal of literary devices. They must also be able to recognize them as they read and interpret how these poetic tools demonstrate Hardy's feelings about the sinking of the Titanic. (The poem, the prompt, a scoring guide, and sample student papers are all available on the English Literature and Composition Exam page, available in "See also," below.) As we talked our way through the poem, students comfortable with the language of literary analysis pointed out how Hardy's use of alliteration -- "cold currents," "mirrors meant," "gilded gear" -- suggests the inevitability of the meeting of iceberg and ship. They saw how his rhetorical question, "What does this vaingloriousness down here?" marks the spot where the poem turns and prepares the reader for Hardy's answer that as man was building the proud ship, nature was preparing its nemesis. They discussed the connotations of "consummation" and how the word completes the image of the shipwreck as a strange wedding and the metaphor of ship and iceberg as bride and groom. I had read the poem many times, yet saw much more than ever before as a result of our discussion.

While some students moan that their teacher destroys literature with endless talk of imagery and diction, I believe that approaching a poem like Hardy's with the tools of literary analysis actually helps us think our way through the work. Exploring how he constructed the text leads to deeper understanding, richer interpretations. In the epigraph to this essay, Louise Rosenblatt warns against classroom practices that get in the way of students having a vital experience of literature. I cannot imagine that anyone reading this would disagree. If we can avoid the "Gotcha!" tone created by quizzes on meter and metonymy, teaching literary terms will help, not hinder, authentic reader response.

Works Cited

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Scholes, Robert. *Textual Power: Literary Theory and the Teaching of English*. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press, 1985.

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Compare two poems

Piazza Piece (John Crowe Ransom)

—I am a gentleman in a dustcoat trying
To make you hear. Your ears are soft and small
And listen to an old man not at all,
They want the young men's whispering and sighing.
But see the roses on your trellis dying 5
And hear the spectral singing of the moon;
For I must have my lovely lady soon,
I am a gentleman in a dustcoat trying.

—I am a lady young in beauty waiting
Until my truelove comes, and then we kiss. 10
But what gray man among the vines is this
Whose words are dry and faint as in a dream?
Back from my trellis, Sir, before I scream!
I am a lady young in beauty waiting.

When I Was One-and-Twenty

By A. E. Housman

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
“Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies 5
But keep your fancy free.”
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again, 10
“The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.”

And I am two-and-twenty, 15
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Compare two poems

688 Song Thomas Lovell Beddoes. 1803–1849

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear 5
The latest flake of Eternity: --
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,
Unravelled from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star: --
So many times do I love again.

Sonnet XLIII. How do I love thee?

by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861)

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's 5
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with a passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. 10
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, --- I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! --- and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Compare two poems

My Papa's Waltz Theodore Roethke

The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy;
But I hung on like death:
Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans
Slid from the kitchen shelf;
My mother's countenance
Could not unfrown itself.

5

The hand that held my wrist
Was battered on one knuckle;
At every step you missed
My right ear scraped a buckle.

10

You beat time on my head
With a palm caked hard by dirt,
Then waltzed me off to bed
Still clinging to your shirt.

15

good times Lucille Clifton

my daddy has paid the rent
and the insurance man is gone
and the lights is back on
and my uncle brud has hit
for one dollar straight
and they is good times
good times
good times

5

my mama has made bread
and grampaw has come
and everybody is drunk
and dancing in the kitchen
and singing in the kitchen
of these is good times
good times
good times

10

15

oh children think about the
good times

Compare two poems

You Are Happy by Margaret Atwood

The water turns
a long way down over the raw stone,
ice crusts around it

We walk separately
along the hill to the open 5
beach, unused
picnic tables, wind
shoving the brown waves, erosion, gravel
rasping on gravel.

In the ditch a deer 10
carcass, no head. Bird
running across the glaring
road against the low pink sun.

When you are this
cold you can think about 15
nothing but the cold, the images

hitting into your eyes
like needles, crystals, you are happy.

Traveling Through The Dark William Stafford

Traveling through the dark I found a deer
dead on the edge of the Wilson River road.
It is usually best to roll them into the canyon:
that road is narrow; to swerve might make more dead.

By glow of the tail-light I stumbled back of the car 5
and stood by the heap, a doe, a recent killing;
she had stiffened already, almost cold.
I dragged her off; she was large in the belly.

My fingers touching her side brought me the reason--
her side was warm; her fawn lay there waiting, 10

alive, still, never to be born.
Beside that mountain road I hesitated.

The car aimed ahead its lowered parking lights;
under the hood purred the steady engine.
I stood in the glare of the warm exhaust turning red; 15
around our group I could hear the wilderness listen.

I thought hard for us all--my only swerving--,
then pushed her over the edge into the river.

Compare three poems

ANTHEM₁ FOR DOOMED YOUTH Wilfred Owen

What passing-bells² for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out³ their hasty orisons.⁴
No mockeries⁵ now for them; no prayers nor bells; 5
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, –
The shrill, demented⁶ choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles⁷ calling for them from sad shires.⁸
What candles⁹ may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys but in their eyes 10
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.
The pallor¹⁰ of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk¹¹ a drawing-down of blinds.¹²
September - October, 1917

Notes for students

1 Anthem - perhaps best known in the expression "The National Anthem;" also, an important religious song (often expressing joy); here, perhaps, a solemn song of celebration

2 passing-bells - a bell tolled after someone's death to announce the death to the world

3 patter out - rapidly speak

4 orisons - prayers, here funeral prayers

5 mockeries - ceremonies which are insults. Here Owen seems to be suggesting that the Christian religion, with its loving God, can have nothing to do with the deaths of so many thousands of men

6 demented - raving mad

7 bugles - a bugle is played at military funerals (sounding the last post)

8 shires - English counties and countryside from which so many of the soldiers came

9 candles - church candles, or the candles lit in the room where a body lies in a coffin

10 pallor - paleness

11 dusk has a symbolic significance here

12 drawing-down of blinds - normally a preparation for night, but also, here, the tradition of drawing the blinds in a room where a dead person lies, as a sign to the world and as a mark of respect. The coming of night is like the drawing down of blinds.

XIX. To an Athlete Dying Young by A. E. Housman (1859-1936)

The time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

To-day, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town. 5

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay 10
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers 15
After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man. 20

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laurelled head 25
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner Randall Jarrell

From my mother's sleep I fell into the State,
And I hunched in its belly till my wet fur froze.
Six miles from earth, loosed from its dream of life,
I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters.
When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose.

"A ball turret was a Plexiglas sphere set into the belly of a B-17 or B-24, and inhabited by two .50 caliber machine-guns and one man, a short small man. When this gunner tracked with his machine guns a fighter attacking his bomber from below, he revolved with the turret; hunched upside-down in his little sphere, he looked like the foetus in the womb. The fighters which attacked him were armed with cannon firing explosive shells. The hose was a steam hose." -- Jarrell's note.

The poem was published in 1945. Why is that relevant to its meaning?

Compare two poems

CalN Irving Layton, 1958

Taking the air rifle from my son's hand
I measured back five paces, the Hebrew
In me, narcissist, father of children
Laid to rest. From there I took aim and fired.
The silent ball hit the frog's back an inch 5
Below the head. He jumped at the surprise
Of it, suddenly tickled or startled
(He must have thought) and leaped from the wet sand
Into the surrounding brown water. But
The ball had done its mischief. His next spring 10
Was a miserable flop, the thrust all gone
Out of his legs. He tried - like Bruce - again,
Throwing out his sensitive pianist's
Hands as a dwarf might or a helpless child.
His splash disturbed the quiet pondwater 15
And one old frog behind his weedy moat
Blinking, looking self-complacently on.
The lin's surface at once became closing
Eyelids and bubbles like notes of music
Liquid, luminous, dropping from the page 20
White. white-bearded, a rapid crescendo
Of inaudible sounds and a crones' whispering
Backstage among the reeds and bullrushes

As for an expiring Lear or Oedipus.

But Death makes us all look ridiculous.
Consider this frog (dog, hog, what you will) 25
Sprawling, his absurd corpse rocked by the tides
That his last vain spring had set in movement.
Like a retired oldster, I couldn't help sneer,
Living off the last of his insurance:
Billows - now crumbling - the premiums paid. 30
Absurd, how absurd. I wanted to kill
At the mockery of it, Kill and kill
Again -- the self-infatuate frog, dog, hog,
Anything with the stir of life in it,
Seeing that dead leaper, Chaplin-footed, 35
Rocked and cradled in this afternoon
Of tranquil water, reeds, and blazing sun,
The hole in his back clearly visible
And the torn skin a blob of shadow
Moving when the quiet poolwater moved. 40
O Egypt, marbled Greece, resplendent Rome,
Did you also finally perish from a small bore
In your back you could not scratch? And would
Your mouths open ghostily, gasping out
Among the murky reeds, the hidden frogs, 45
We climb with crushed spines toward the heavens?
When the next morning I came the same way
The frog was on his back, one delicate
Hand on his belly, and his white shirt front
Spotless. He looked as if he might have been 50
A comic; tap dancer apologizing
For a fall, or an Emcee, his wide grin
Coaxing a laugh from us for an aside
Or perhaps a joke we didn't quite hear.

The Death of a Toad

Richard Wilbur

A toad the power mower caught,
Chewed and clipped of a leg, with a hobbling hop has got
To the garden verge, and sanctuaried him
Under the cineraria leaves, in the shade
Of the ashen and heartshaped leaves, in a dim, 5
Low, and a final glade.

The rare original heartsbleed goes,
 Spends in the earthen hide, in the folds and wizenings, flows
 In the gutters of the banked and staring eyes. He lies
 As still as if he would return to stone, 10
 And soundlessly attending, dies
 Toward some deep monotone,

Toward misted and ebullient seas
 And cooling shores, toward lost Amphibia's emperies.
 Day dwindles, drowning and at length is gone 15
 In the wide and antique eyes, which still appear
 To watch, across the castrate lawn,
 The haggard daylight steer.

Compare these three poems

The Sun Has Set (Emily Brontë)

THE sun has set, and the long grass now
 Waves dreamily in the evening wind;
 And the wild bird has flown from that old gray stone
 In some warm nook a couch to find.

In all the lonely landscape round 5
 I see no light and hear no sound,
 Except the wind that far away
 Come sighing o'er the healthy sea.

All Day I Hear the Noise of Waters (James Joyce)

All day I hear the noise of waters
 Making moan,
 Sad as the sea-bird is when, going
 Forth alone,
 He hears the winds cry to the water's 5
 Monotone.

The grey winds, the cold winds are blowing
 Where I go.
 I hear the noise of many waters
 Far below. 10
 All day, all night, I hear them flowing
 To and fro.

Night

By Louise Bogan

The cold remote islands
And the blue estuaries
Where what breathes, breathes
The restless wind of the inlets,
And what drinks, drinks 5
The incoming tide;

Where shell and weed
Wait upon the salt wash of the sea,
And the clear nights of stars
Swing their lights westward 10
To set behind the land;

Where the pulse clinging to the rocks
Renews itself forever;
Where, again on cloudless nights,
The water reflects 15
The firmament's partial setting;

—O remember
In your narrowing dark hours
That more things move
Than blood in the heart. 20

Compare these four poems

the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls By E. E. Cummings

the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls
are unbeautiful and have comfortable minds
(also, with the church's protestant blessings
daughters, unscented shapeless spirited)
they believe in Christ and Longfellow, both dead, 5
are invariably interested in so many things—
at the present writing one still finds
delighted fingers knitting for the is it Poles?
perhaps. While permanent faces coyly bandy
scandal of Mrs. N and Professor D 10
.... the Cambridge ladies do not care, above
Cambridge if sometimes in its box of
sky lavender and cornerless, the

moon rattles like a fragment of angry candy

Sadie and Maud By Gwendolyn Brooks

Maud went to college.
Sadie stayed at home.
Sadie scraped life
With a fine-tooth comb.

She didn't leave a tangle in. 5
Her comb found every strand.
Sadie was one of the livingest chits
In all the land.

Sadie bore two babies
Under her maiden name. 10
Maud and Ma and Papa
Nearly died of shame.

When Sadie said her last so-long
Her girls struck out from home.
(Sadie had left as heritage 15
Her fine-tooth comb.)

Aunt Helen By T. S. Eliot

Miss Helen Slingsby was my maiden aunt,
And lived in a small house near a fashionable square
Cared for by servants to the number of four.
Now when she died there was silence in heaven
And silence at her end of the street. 5
The shutters were drawn and the undertaker wiped his feet —
He was aware that this sort of thing had occurred before.
The dogs were handsomely provided for,
But shortly afterwards the parrot died too.
The Dresden clock continued ticking on the mantelpiece, 10
And the footman sat upon the dining-table
Holding the second housemaid on his knees —
Who had always been so careful while her mistress lived.

My Aunt By Oliver Wendell Holmes 1831

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her,-- though she looks 5
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray; 10
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When through a double convex lens 15
She just makes out to spell?

Her father-- grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles--
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles; 20
He sent her to a stylish school
'T was in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board, 25
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins ;-- 30
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth 35
Might follow on the track;)
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,

"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!" 40

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been! 45
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

2007 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS**ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION****SECTION II****Total time—2 hours****Question 1**

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the following two poems, adults provide explanations for children. Read the poems carefully. Then write an essay in which you compare and contrast the two poems, analyzing how each poet uses literary devices to make his point.

A Barred Owl

The warping night air having brought the boom
 Of an owl's voice into her darkened room,
 We tell the wakened child that all she heard
 Line Was an odd question from a forest bird,
 5 Asking of us, if rightly listened to,
 "Who cooks for you?" and then "Who cooks for you?"

Words, which can make our terrors bravely clear,
 Can also thus domesticate a fear,
 And send a small child back to sleep at night
 10 Not listening for the sound of stealthy flight
 Or dreaming of some small thing in a claw
 Borne up to some dark branch and eaten raw.

—Richard Wilbur

"A Barred Owl" from *MAYFLIES: NEW POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS*, copyright © 2000 by Richard Wilbur, reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Inc.

The History Teacher

Trying to protect his students' innocence
 he told them the Ice Age was really just
 the Chilly Age, a period of a million years
 when everyone had to wear sweaters.
 Line
 5 And the Stone Age became the Gravel Age,
 named after the long driveways of the time.

The Spanish Inquisition was nothing more
 than an outbreak of questions such as
 "How far is it from here to Madrid?"
 10 "What do you call the matador's hat?"

The War of the Roses took place in a garden,
 and the Enola Gay* dropped one tiny atom
 on Japan.

The children would leave his classroom
 15 for the playground to torment the weak
 and the smart,
 mussing up their hair and breaking their glasses,
 while he gathered up his notes and walked home
 past flower beds and white picket fences,
 20 wondering if they would believe that soldiers
 in the Boer War told long, rambling stories
 designed to make the enemy nod off.

—Billy Collins

"The History Teacher" from *QUESTIONS ABOUT ANGELS*, by Billy Collins, © 1991. Reprinted by permission of the University of Pittsburgh Press.

*The name of the airplane from which an atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Japan, in 1945.

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ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the two poems below, Keats and Longfellow reflect on similar concerns. Read the poems carefully. Then write an essay in which you compare and contrast the two poems, analyzing the poetic techniques each writer uses to explore his particular situation.

Mezzo Cammin¹

When I Have Fears

Written at Boppard on the Rhine August 25, 1842,
Just Before Leaving for Home

Line
5 When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charactery,
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
10 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

1818

—John Keats (1795-1821)

Line
5 Half of my life is gone, and I have let
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled
The aspiration of my youth, to build
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.
Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret
Of restless passions that would not be stilled,
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet;
Though, half-way up the hill, I see the Past
10 Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights,—
A city in the twilight dim and vast,
With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lights,—
And hear above me on the autumnal blast
The cataract² of Death far thundering from the heights.

1842 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

¹ The title is from the first line of Dante's *Divine Comedy*: "*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*" ("Midway upon the journey of our life").

² A large waterfall

2005 B

Carefully read the two poems below. Then in a well-organized essay compare the speakers' reflections on their early morning surroundings and analyze the techniques the poets use to communicate the speakers' different states of mind.

Five A.M.

Still dark, the early morning breathes
a soft sound above the fire. Hooded
lights on porches lead past lawns,
a hedge; I pass the house of the couple
5 who have the baby, the yard with the little
dog; my feet pad and grit on the pavement, flicker
past streetlights; my arms alternate
easily to my pace. Where are my troubles?

10 There are people in every country who never
turn into killers, saints have built
sanctuaries on islands and in valleys,
conquerors have quit and gone home, for thousands
of years farmers have worked their fields.
My feet begin the uphill curve
15 where a thicket spills with birds every spring.
The air doesn't stir. Rain touches my face.

William Stafford

Five Flights Up

Still dark.
The unknown bird sits on his usual branch.
The little dog next door barks in his sleep
inquiringly, just once
5 Perhaps in his sleep, too, the bird inquires
once or twice, quavering.
Questions—if that is what they are—
answered directly, simply,
by day itself.

10 Enormous morning, ponderous, meticulous;
gray light streaking each bare branch,
each single twig, along one side,
making another tree, of glassy veins. . .
The bird still sits there. Now he seems to yawn.
15 The little black dog runs in his yard.
His owner's voice arises, stern,
"You ought to be ashamed!"
What has he done?
He bounces cheerfully up and down;
20 he rushes in circles in the fallen leaves.

Obviously, he has no sense of shame.
He and the bird know everything is answered,
all taken care of,
no need to ask again.
25 —Yesterday brought to today so lightly!
(A yesterday I find almost impossible to lift.)
Elizabeth Bishop

FORM B: Overseas Exam
2005 AP ENGLISH LITERATURE SCORING GUIDE
Question #1: Stafford's "Five A.M." and Bishop's "Five Flights Up"

This scoring guide will be useful for most of the essays that you read, but in problematic cases, please consult your question leader. The score that you assign should reflect your judgment of the quality of the essay as a whole. Reward the writers for what they do well. The score for an exceptionally well-written essay may be raised one point above the otherwise appropriate score. In no case may a poorly written essay be scored higher than a three (3).

- 9-8** These well-written and persuasive essays demonstrate a good understanding of both poems. They accurately describe point of both difference and similarity. They convincingly define the state of mind of the speaker in both poems and analyze several of the techniques in each poem that reveal the speakers. These essays contain apt and specific reference to both texts. They need not be without flaw. Essays scored a nine (9) demonstrate particular sophistication in both substance and quality of writing.
- 7-6** These essays focus well on points of difference and likeness in both poems. Their characterization of the speakers' states of mind is less convincing than that of the best essays. Though they convey a good comprehension of both poems and deal with their technical devices, the discussion is less effective, less precise and/or less thorough than the 9-8 essays. Lacking the maturity and control of the best essays, these still demonstrate the ability to express ideas clearly.
- 5** These essays attempt to answer the question but do so superficially or with incomplete understanding. The discussion of points of likeness and difference is adequate, but the account of the speakers' states of mind may be oversimplified, and the attention to technique may be cursory or deficient. These essays may deal with only a small part of the poems, or inadequately with one of them. The writing conveys the writer's ideas, but is otherwise likely to be pedestrian, lacking in apt examples, and not as well conceived, organized, or developed as upper-half essays.
- 4-3** These essays fail to respond to the question competently. Their comparison of details in the two poems may make one or two plausible points, but their understanding of the speakers' states of mind is severely limited or erroneous. They may fail to discuss one of the poems or fail to compare the two. Their analysis of poetic technique is inadequate or inaccurate. The writing demonstrates weak control over the elements of composition, typically containing unsupported ideas, clear misreadings, of the texts, and/or recurrent stylistic flaws.
- 2-1** These essays compound the weaknesses of the 4-3 essays. They may flagrantly misunderstand one or both poems, and/or misrepresent their similarities or differences. Frequently they are unacceptably brief. They are poorly written on several counts, and may contain many distracting errors in grammar and mechanics. While some attempt to answer the question may have been made, the essays typically lack clarity, organization, or basic understanding of the nature of poetry.
- 0** These essays give a response with no more than a reference to the task.
- These essays are either left blank or are completely off-topic.

2005—FORM B: Q1

Sample H

The two writers reflect on the troubles in their lives by talking about the early morning. In “Five A.M.” the poet writes about how easy things look around him and affect him in the same way, “flicker past streetlights, my arms alternate easily to my pace. Where are my troubles?.” The speaker writes as if he is releasing many years of pain and sorrow. He writes of countries that no longer have killers, conquerors, who after years of fighting have gone home, and farmers who have worked their fields for so many years. He is letting go of everything that has weighted him down. “Rain touches my face.” It is as if for the first time he can feel something other than hurt. In the poem “Five Flights Up,” the poet uses a dog and bird to symbolize his feelings. In the beginning of the poem the speaker writes, “The unknown bird sits on his usual branch. The little dog next door barks in his sleep,” to show the reader the everyday course of events. Yet as light rises the problems once seen disappear. He feels that everything that was once unanswered would now be answered because of the coming of day. The bird and the dog have no need to feel shame, “He and the bird know everything is answered, all taken care of, no need to ask again.”

In “Five A.M.” the poet presents the speaker as a lonely and troubled man who clearly has things that are bothering him. The speaker finds only comfort in walking in the early hours of the morning. His troubles begin to slip away with the speaker's constant walking. In “Five Flights Up” the poet portrays the speaker as someone who has problems when it is dark. Sleep overcomes the speaker and his troubles seem to still haunt him there. Yet when the light rises all the questions have been answered and the bird and dog are once again carefree.

Both poets present a case of troubles and each poet solves it differently. The poems are similar in the early morning aspect but each speaker has different states of mind. Each poem is important because it contains different aspects.

Sample L

The two poems “Five A.M.” and “Five Flights Up” are both poems with negative connotations. They show darkness in the early morning. The reflections of the speakers' surroundings are shown with the use of literary devices such as syntax, personification, and diction.

Diction is the most obvious literary device used. In “Five A.M.” and “Five Flights Up”. In “Five A.M.”, the speaker himself is in a dark place because his descriptions and thoughts bring along still and ominous connotations. The “hooded lights” that are throughout the town show that the darkness and evil is covering up the security of the light. The light is also extinguished with the use of the word “flicker.” The light comes and goes, comes and goes, and the ominous dark keeps prevailing and returning. In the second stanza, the speaker thinks of “killers” and “sanctuaries” and “conquerors.” All of these words reference violence in the world that is on his heart and mind. There are murders of the innocent, places needed to find refuge from the danger, and quests with intentions to kill. In “Five Flights Up”, the speaker speaks of sad, repetitive things. This is shown, firstly, in the second line when the word “usual” is used. The speaker is obviously used to “the unknown bird” and its habit of sitting “on his usual branch.” Repetition is also shown when the dog “rushes in circles.” The sadness is seen when the morning is described. By using words that show the vast extent of the morning and the thought of comprehending it, the speaker shows the solidarity of the things present within the expanse. The words “enormous and ponderous depict a wide space and a great number of thoughts to encompass. Next to these words are “meticulous”, “streaking”, “single,” and “veins” that are all single, careful, and precise words or objects.

Another use to show the speaker's reflections is the use of personification. In “Five A.M.”, the speaker witnesses the morning as it “breathes a soft sound above the fire.” This shows that although there is a stillness and a peace about the morning, that is only what lies on the surface. Underneath there is fire depicting danger and turmoil. Later on, the speaker passes by the “thicket” that “spills with birds every spring.” However, at this time, the “thicket” is still and quiet with no signs of life. In “Five Flights Up”, the poem is sad but light begins to be shed upon the world. The “gray light streaking each bare branch” shows that the darkness is being, slowly but surely, removed. Also, there is the light of knowledge and hope being given in the dark when “questions... are – answered directly, simply by day itself” (7-9). However, the speaker also uses these examples when describing the bird and nature, not within himself.

The final literary use is syntax. In “Five A.M.”, the short, blunt sentences are used with dark words. “The air doesn't stir” (16) shows that nothing in nature is happening but gives an anticipation of something to come, like the calm before a storm. “Rain touches my face” (16) seems dark because rain usually brings sadness. In “Five Flights Up,” the poem begins with “still dark.” (1) It shows darkness and its continuity. This is also seen when “the bird still sits there.” (14). This repetition is broken, however, with the morning light and the bird that “seems to yawn.” (14).

Sample C

Although the poems “Five A.M.” and “Five Flights Up” they communicate their messages indifferent ways. In “Five A.M.” the author’s reflection on his morning is very internal. He speaks of the different motions of his arms and his feet and about what he experiences during his early journey. He recognizes the outside stimuli but does not divert his mind from general thoughts. The author in “Five Flights Up” seems to go in to much greater detail with his thoughts and placing a great deal of energy on things of the exterior. He ponders the little dog and even wanders what he has done to deserve such a scolding. I think that if I had to compare myself to one of the poems that I would be most like the first one. Especially when I am walking I find my mind to be very active but still keeping most thoughts to myself. It is the true observer which is found in poem one. But, the true scholar in the second poem.

Sample N

The early morning is a period which often brings peace & tranquility to those who are diligent enough to wake & experience it. In the poems, Five A.M. & Five Flights Up, the speaker of each poem has such an experience in the early morning. Although they both have a peaceful experience in the early morning, the effect that this experience has on them is quite different. One speaker seeks to leave his troubles behind & experience peace & freedom while the other reflects on the passing of yesterday, and seems to long for the day that has passed. The differences in the speakers’ states of mind which bring about these different reflections are shown through the poet’s use of diction & imagery.

The speaker’s early morning experience in Five A.M. lead him to reflect on his troubles & feel that he has left them behind. In the first stanza, the speaker describes everything that he is passing such as “the horse of the couple who have the baby” & the streetlights. This shows that he feels he is leaving behind the world he knows & thus escaping his troubles. This feeling of escape is portrayed in the last line of the stanza as the speaker asks “where are my troubles?” Clearly, he feels that his morning jog is taking him away from the hindrances of life.

This attitude is in contrast with that of the speaker in Five Flights Up. This speaker longs for the day he has left behind & is not looking for escape. As he listens to the bird & the dog outside, he reflects that with such easy & humorous actions (those of the bird & dog) one day passes into the next. However as he says in the last line of the poem, he has not left behind the day that has finished & seems to want to return to yesterday. The speaker’s reflections brought on by the early morning are very different; one longs for escape while the other longs for past experiences.

These differences in reflections are brought about by a difference in the speakers’ states of mind. One speaker’s mind is focused on hardships/peace, while the other is focused on the details of day to day life. The speaker in Five A.M. is thinking about his troubles & how to find release from them. This is demonstrated by the imagery the author uses in the second stanza. He addresses images that portray evil or distress such as killers & conquerors. Yet he also examines images that provide a sense of security & the goodness of home & routine, such as saints & sanctuaries, & farmers working in their fields. The author’s use of imagery in Five A.M. helps the reader understand the speaker’s state of mind.

The author of Five Flights Up also uses imagery as well as diction, to show what the speaker is thinking of. The speaker is focused on small details, such as the actions of the “little black dog” & the yawning of the bird. These are actions which don’t really matter but hold the speaker’s attention because he is reflecting on the day & longing for yesterday. The author’s use of the words ponderous & meticulous to describe the morning, show that the speaker is focused on details & does not view the new day in a positive light.

Although both poems deal with the early morning, they bring about different reflections in the speakers, one of escape & one of longing for the past—which is demonstrated in the speakers’ states of mind, shown by the authors’ use of imagery & diction.

Sample F

In referring to both poems, the author reflects on their early morning with detailed descriptions. The speakers observe that daylight has not yet arrived, but base their poem on different ideas.

In Five A.M., the speaker portrays the morning as one without troubles since it is the beginning of a day. Perhaps the speaker’s reference of fire in the second line and rain in the last line symbolizes that a fire will eventually be put out by rain. Troubles will fade away.

In Five Flights Up, a similar idea is captured, however the speaker depicts the beginning of a new day as the end of yesterday. The dog and the bird are compared in the poem and reveal that their minds’ thoughts are answered by day itself, once tomorrow comes so easily and their questions will soon be forgotten. The speaker may be encouraging humans to enjoy the day as animals

do in that they let go of their troubles and worries. If people were to let go of their questions they would be able to live more in the present day and not look back to the past.

Sample J

The speakers in both poems are reflecting on their early morning surroundings. Although the speakers are different, there are similarities in their reflections. Both speakers observe that it's still dark and that's the first thing they both mention. It's important because it helps set the tone or stage of an early morning surrounding. The reader can now picture how it would look. In both "Five A.M." and "Five Flights Up" there is mention of a dog. Dogs are a part of everyday life and many people have one. It's something common, which explains why both speakers observed a dog. Not only is it any dog, but it's a "little" dog. The size of the dog could help set the tone of the story. Small dogs are less dangerous and could represent calmness whereas a big dog would be too dominant for this reflection of a peaceful surrounding. Not only do the speakers mention dogs, but they also mention birds. In "Five A.M." the speaker does not actually observe the birds, but he knows they will be there. In "Five Flights Up" the speaker sees a bird. Birds are also common, especially in the morning as the sun starts to rise. The speakers in both poems also question something. They want answers, but they aren't going to extremes for answers. They are just questions to keep their minds going.

In "Five A.M." the speaker isn't as focused on his surroundings as the speaker in the other poem. The poet's descriptions aren't as detailed either. Instead, it seems more focused on thoughts. The speaker is on a morning walk, using time to think about things. In "Five Flights Up" the speaker is more observant of his surroundings and the poet uses more detail. A feeling of morning and a fresh day can almost be felt with the help of the bird and dog. The bird is calm and quiet and then further down there is a description of the excited dog. The bird is like a representation of a calm early morning and the dog is like a transition to later on in the morning when the sun comes out and things start to liven up. The speaker seems happier in this poem than in "Five A.M.". There is no mention of killers or troubles.

Sample B

The first poem, "Five A.M.," deals with a person waking up in the morning. It is a terrible morning and the person is feeling terrible. Then, the person stops and thinks about the people who have it worse. He then realizes his problems are minor. There is always somebody who has it worse. The poet conveyed this message by naming the person's small problems and then told of other people's problems; this showed how minor the character's problems were compared to others.

The second poem, "Five Flights Up," deals with another person going through the same problems as the person in the first poem. The main difference is that in this poem the character is looking at everything in positive eyes. He is looking at everything that is supposed to be negative and seeing it as beautiful or entertaining.

Both poems send out positive but different messages. The first poem's message is no matter how bad you got someone else always has it worse. The second poem's message is no matter how negative it may seem there is always something positive.

Sample I

The poets in both the poems "Five A.M." and "Five Flights Up" reflect on their early morning surroundings by images, personification and by asking questions. The poet of the first poem seems more cynical than the second poet—who seems more amazed and content.

Obviously the first poet has gotten up very early in the morning because it is "still dark" (1) outside and the streetlights are still on. The title of the poem too gives the readers a precise idea of what time in the morning it really is. As the first poet walks down the pavement, he is not very much concerned about his surroundings, but more for the questions he has in his mind—"Where are my troubles?" (8). He ponders about people "who never turn into killers" (9-10) or "conquerors [who] have quit and gone home" (12). And only when he begins "the uphill curve" (14) he gets connected with nature and his surroundings.

In the second poem the poet is portrayed as an outsider watching a bird and a dog. The bird is perched on its "usual branch" (2) and the dog is barking in his sleep. The poet wonders if the dog and the bird both inquire in their dream, which gives them a human attribute. Another set of personification which can be seen is when the "[bird] seems to yawn" (14) and when the "[dog] bounces cheerfully up and down" (19). Both these images can be clearly seen by the diction the poet uses. The poet in the second poem seems to act like a godly figure. He seems to know what each character is thinking and feeling. He also knows that when the dog's owner shouts "You ought to be ashamed!" (17) the dog has "no sense of shame" (21) and that both the dog and the bird "know everything is answered, all taken care of." (22-23)

The two poets are very different compared with each other. The first poet is observant of his surrounding, but as soon as he starts getting into the world of himself he loses all contact with nature. And as soon as nature calls back ("uphill curve" (14)) he

becomes aware of his surroundings again. The second poet is watching nature carefully and observing every move and action of the dog and the bird. He seems to know everything that is going around them and inside.

Sample T

The poet of the poem Five A.M. uses a series of imagery and personification to portray the speaker's ease of mind and tranquility during his early morning walk. Contrasted to this peaceful and even hopeful attitude of the speaker in Five A.M., the attitude of the speaker in Five Flights Up is troubled and seeking answers; as the worried speaker reflects in the morning he reflects on how easily nature moves on, and how he in contrast is bound of memories. The poet of Five Flights Up also uses imagery and personification to successfully portray this state of mind.

Both poems are spoken in first person, which brings about a sense of proximity—it's intended that the readers share the emotions of the speakers. However, Five A.M. concentrates more on the emotions and direct reflections of the speaker as he takes an early morning walk in the rain, whereas the poet of Five Flights Up chooses to concentrate on the visual perceptions of the speaker. This serves to build up the tone of the poem as the former becomes a direct reflection, whereas the latter becomes a comparison of how the speaker feels to what he sees.

In Five A.M., the "the early morning" is personified as one who "breathes a soft sound above the fire"; the diction "soft" reminds the readers of a warm, assuaging fire, not a raging catastrophic one. This builds up on the peaceful mood of the poem. As the speaker walks by, he notices symbols of hope, the "baby" and the "little dog", like the "early morning", are symbols of a new beginning and hopes to support this, the poem chooses a light, smooth diction to describe the speaker's emotion, his feel "flicker" past streetlights, and his arms alternate "easily" to his pace. Nothing seems wrong or worrisome, and to emphasis, the speaker asks rhetorically, "Where are my troubles?"

The poet then lists a series of hopeful images, the people who never turn into killers", saints who have build sanctuaries on islands and in valleys," and the conquerors who have quit and gone home" connotes that yes, there are killers in "every country", there are lonely places and confusing people, and that there are wars of dominion, all symbolical of the grief that exists in life, but the converse of that—hope—also exists. No matter how tragic a moment may be, hope lasts eternal, like the farmers who have "worked their fields" "for thousands of years." This is why the "thicket spills with birds every spring," and even the rain "touches", not beats upon, the speaker's face; the speaker is hopeful of new beginnings and continuing hope.

Contrasted to this, the second speaker seems to be caught in past memories. Unlike the fire imagery in Five A.M., which provided light, the early morning in Five Flights Up is "still dark." This directly provides a potentially gloomy mood to the poem. And the poem may well be gloomy; the things the speaker seems to notice, as given by the poet, seem ambiguous and uncertain. The bird is "unknown," though by the usage of the phrase "usual branch" the speaker has clearly seen the bird for some time, and the little dog barks "inquiringly", metaphorical of the speaker's own uncertain state of mind. The diction used provides a shaky, unpredictable mood—"quavering" and "ponderous."

The speaker seems to have many "questions", as the bird and the dog are reflective of his own self. But the day gives answers to the bird and dog whereas he is "still" left in the "dark." The morning rises, but in the speaker's perception it is still "gray" and ambiguous; in face, the morning, unlike the Five A.M. morning, seems dominating, "enormous" in stature and "meticulous" in behavior; "streaking" everything. But the speaker himself isn't in the description, which also is a technique to detach the speaker from what he sees. He is bound by a "sense of shame," which what he sees—the dog—doesn't have. Everything around him is brought to light and "taken care of", but the speaker himself cannot be "brought to today so lightly." The implied shameful memory the speaker owns makes it impossible for him to move on, and "yesterday" becomes a burden on his back, "almost impossible to lift", that won't allow him to progress into the "early morning."

The speaker of Five A.M. is in concurrence with the bright surroundings around him, and is confident of a hopeful day, but the speaker of Five Flights Up is lost and detached from his surroundings, reflecting in melancholic mood of how everything seems to move on while he is left behind.

Sample O

Early morning is given a sense of peace & stillness by the poems "Five A.M." & "Five Flights up." The speakers both reflect from a few moments of tranquility, free from the worries & cares that filled both of their yesterdays & will probably fill their todays as well. Both poets have a sense of hope & rest in their early morning revirie. Both poets use imagery & tone to convey a sense of peace & freedom from worry, as well as a theme of the continuity of human experience brought out by the calm of dawn.

Both poets choose words meant to convey a tone or mood of tranquility. In "Five A.M.," morning is personified in the first two lines as "breathing a soft sound," & at the end of the poem, Stafford states that "the air doesn't stir" & in the stillness, rain (also personified) "touches" his face. while rain often brings, if not trouble, then at least inconvenience, the diction of the poet enables

the reader to view the rain's presence not as an annoyance, but a sort of caress. The author of "Five Flights Up" also personifies morning, describing it as "enormous, ponderous, & meticulous". Dawn is portrayed as slow moving & non-threatening. Silence, however, is not so much a part of the tranquility portrayed by the second poet. Instead, the familiar morning noises—a dog barking in its sleep, the first notes of a bird as it awakes, are used to convey a sense of peace originating in continuity.

This sense of continuity contributed by the tone is an important part of the poem's theme—that early morning reflection allows the early riser the opportunity to step back & look at life from a broader perspective. The early morning routines observed by the author of "Five Flights Up" allow her to reflect that although yesterday "seemed almost impossible to lift", today, like every new morning was brought "so lightly". Any problems that faced the little black dog yesterday are "all taken care of"—the poet recognizes that the refreshing sense of the breaking day is a daily occurrence. The theme of continuity is important in "Five A.M." as well, though on a historical & all-encompassing scale. He observes that killers, saints, & conquerors—though their impact on their contemporaries may be great—have had little effect on the unchanging rhythms of life. The farmers, a symbol of stability have, "for thousands of years" plowed the same field. He can see evidence of this continuity even on his morning walk with takes him past a thicket that "spills with birds every spring". The peacefulness of their morning experiences allow both poets to ponder the unchanging rhythms of both history (as in "Five AM") & their own daily experience (as in "Five Flights Up").

The reflections of both poets—conveyed through imagery & tone, lead them to a common perspective which they will take into their day. The early morning amble of William Stafford leads him to ask "Where are my troubles". The attitude the second poet wishes to assume is reflected in the personification of the little black dog & the bird. Neither have carried worries or cares from the day before into today, enabling the dog to "bounce cheerfully up & down", despite the mild castigation of his owner. The tranquil mood of morning, along with its sense of continuity, allows the authors of both poems to face their days refreshed & somewhat free of their previous cares.

2005 B

Read the passage below and write an essay discussing how the characterization in the passage reflects the narrator's attitude toward McTeague. In your essay, consider such elements as diction, tone, detail, and syntax.

Then one day at San Francisco had come the news of his mother's death; she had left him some money—not much, but enough to set him up in business; so he had cut loose from the charlatan and had opened his
5 “Dental Parlors” on Polk Street, an “accommodation street” of small shops in the residence quarter of the town. Here he had slowly collected a clientele of butcher boys, shop girls, drug clerks, and car
10 conductors. He made but few acquaintances. Polk Street called him the “Doctor” and spoke of his enormous strength. For McTeague was a young giant, carrying his huge shock of blond hair six feet three inches from the ground; moving his immense limbs,
15 heavy with ropes of muscle, slowly, ponderously. His hands were enormous, red, and covered with a fell of stiff yellow hair; they were hard as wooden mallets, strong as vises, the hands of the old-time car-boy. Often he dispensed with forceps and extracted a refractory tooth with his thumb and finger. His head
20 was square-cut, angular; the jaw salient, like that of the carnivore.

McTeague's mind was as his body, heavy, slow to act, sluggish. Yet there was nothing vicious about the man. Altogether he suggested the draught horse,
25 immensely strong, stupid, docile, obedient.

When he opened his “Dental Parlors,” he felt that his life was a success, that he could hope for nothing better. In spite of the name, there was but one room. It was a corner room on the second floor over the
30 branch post-office, and faced the street. McTeague made it do for a bedroom as well, sleeping on the big bed-lounge against the wall opposite the window.

There was a washstand behind the screen in the corner where he manufactured his moulds. In the round bay
35 window were his operating chair, his dental engine, and the movable rack on which he laid out his instruments. Three chairs, a bargain at the second-hand store, ranged themselves against the wall with
40 military precision underneath a steel engraving of the court of Lorenzo de' Medici, which he had bought because there were a great many figures in it for the money. Over the bed-lounge hung a rifle manu-
45 facturer's advertisement calendar which he never used. The other ornaments were a small marble-topped centre table covered with black numbers of “The American System of Dentistry,” a stone pug dog
50 sitting before the little stove, and a thermometer. A stand of shelves occupied one corner, filled with the seven volumes of “Allen's Practical Dentist.” On the top shelf McTeague kept his concertina and a bag of bird seed for the canary. The whole place exhaled a mingled odor of bedding, creosote, and ether.

But for one thing, McTeague would have been perfectly contented. Just outside his window was his
55 signboard—a modest affair—that read: “Doctor McTeague. Dental Parlors. Gas Given”; but that was all. It was his ambition, his dream, to have projecting from that corner window a huge gilded tooth, a molar with enormous prongs, something gorgeous and
60 attractive. He would have it some day, on that he was resolved; but as yet such a thing was far beyond his means.

FORM B: Overseas Exam
2005 AP ENGLISH LITERATURE SCORING GUIDE
Question #2: Frank Norris's McTeague

This scoring guide will be useful for most of the essays that you read, but in problematic cases, please consult your question leader. The score that you assign should reflect your judgment of the quality of the essay as a whole. Reward the writers for what they do well. The score for an exceptionally well-written essay may be raised one point above the otherwise appropriate score. In no case may a poorly written essay be scored higher than a three (3).

- 9-8** These well-written essays persuasively describe the characterization and the narrator's attitude toward McTeague. Using apt, specific examples, they discuss several of the literary means by which the narrator's attitudes are conveyed. The writing need not be flawless, but it does demonstrate the writer's ability to read with mature comprehension and to write with admirable resourcefulness and control. Essays scored a nine (9) are typically more sophisticated in interpretation, more richly detailed, and/or more impressively written.
- 7-6** These essays demonstrate a clear understanding of the characterization and of the narrator's attitude toward McTeague. They are less precise, less thorough, or less convincing than the 9-8 essays, but their basic argument is effective. Their analysis of the narrator's attitude is likely to be less attentive to techniques or less well-supported by details. The essays are well-written but display less maturity and control.
- 5** These essays discuss the characterization and the narrator's attitude toward McTeague, but do so in a superficial or pedestrian way. Often the essay simply summarizes the content of the passage without any real analysis. The writing is sufficient to convey the writer's ideas, but it may be immature or not consistently controlled. The organization may be ineffective or not fully developed. Typically these essays reveal simplistic thinking and/or writing.
- 4-3** These essays attempt to discuss the characterization and the narrator's attitude toward McTeague, but they do so inaccurately or ineffectively. The discussion of techniques may be vague, limited, or lacking in appropriate examples. The writing may be sufficient to convey ideas, but typically it is weak in grammar, style, and expression. Generally these essays fail to analyze, misinterpret the text or the prompt, and/or lack effective organization.
- 2-1** These essays fail to respond adequately to the question. They may demonstrate confused thinking and/or consistent weaknesses in grammar or other basic elements of composition. They are often unacceptably brief. Although the writer may have made some attempt to answer the question, the ideas presented have little clarity or coherence. Essays that are especially inexact, vacuous, or mechanically unsound should be scored a one (1).
- 0** A response with no more than a reference to the task.
- No response at all or a completely off-topic response.

2005 - FORM B: Q2

Sample AA

In the story of McTeague the author shows his dislike and his superiority over McTeague in the way he describes and writes about McTeague and in his tone.

The first thing one would notice is how McTeague's life goes and how he himself is described. The first thing we learn about McTeague is that his mother has died and has only left him enough money to start a business. Next we learn that he hardly makes any friends and he opens a "Dental Parlors." The author then goes in to describe McTeague as a young giant who has immense limbs, but moves slowly and describes him in an unflattering manner, "square-cut, angular head and a salient jaw". Then the author compares McTeague to a draft horse, "immensely strong, stupid, docile, obedient." (line 25) Next we are told about McTeague's small office that doubles as his apartment. The small corner room is large enough for dental equipment, a bed, and a washstand and it is filled with back issues of "The American System of Dentistry", and "Allen's Practical Dentist." However, the most unflattering quality that the author brings to light is McTeague's lack of any real goals or ambitions. McTeague is described as perfectly contented, except for his one goal to one day have a large, gilded tooth attached to his sign. A small, and uninteresting goal to say the least.

Also, the entire tone of the passage is mocking towards men like McTeague. The author expresses his superiority over men who only work because they must, make small amounts of money, have no friends, have no true goals or ambitions to speak of, and are stupid. The author shows McTeague in the harshest of light to show that McTeague is not a noteworthy man.

Another element that shows the author's opinion of McTeague is the length of the sentences. Whenever the author describes McTeague, McTeague's dwelling or goals the sentences are kept short and worded simply, as if McTeague himself must be able to understand them.

Through all of these elements, tone, detail, and length reflects the author's attitude toward McTeague and men like McTeague.

Sample BB

With an almost cruelly indifferent tone, the Author uses structure, setting, and metaphor to describe McTeague as a simple man of simple background with simple ambitions.

By refusing to deliver an outright opinion of McTeague the author does not speak ill of him, but by not praising him for his honest intentions and good work, he defines McTeague as unsatisfactory.

Described as a huge hulk of a man, "a young giant" McTeague was lucky enough to inherit enough money to set up a small dentistry practice in San Francisco. We first see signs of the author's displeasure when he describes the composition of McTeague's gentle nature and huge strength of body as a negative. "Altogether he suggested a drought horse, immensely strong, stupid, docile, obedient." This barb is followed by his writing of McTeague's feeling of achievement and success over his little practice. This purposeful structure only serves to downplay one man's honest business not as an admirable achievement, but as the limited destiny of a stupid oaf.

The author's description of McTeague's office does evoke feelings of pity, he objectively shows how the man attempts to make ends meet by living in his office. However he does not commend McTeague's sacrifice, and again the author's lack of direction leads the reader only to a natural response of pity.

The final straw in this piece lies in the author's mockery of McTeague's dream. A large enamel tooth sign to mark his dentistry. Isolated and alone, the author's description of McTeague's pursuit would be considered (?) unbiased and straightforward. However in light of his previous jabs at the honest McTeague, the very way in which he describes McTeague's hopes and dreams for this tooth-sign is mocking. "A molar with enormous prongs, something gorgeous and attractive."

By subtly refusing to acknowledge McTeague's admirable pursuit of a honest hard working existence, the author clearly illustrates his disdain for this simple man and his simple dreams.

Sample CC

The diction, tone, detail, and syntax of this essay suggest the narrator has immense respect for McTeague. Although he is struggling to make an efficient living, McTeague is a hard worker. The narrator's tone is hopeful in that there are no words suggesting despair or negativity. The narrator does pity McTeague, but at the same time believes in him and knows that his hard work and hope for a more affluent lifestyle will pay off. The narrator's detail to the intricacies of McTeague's life also show a sign of respect.

McTeague is represented as a 'young giant' words that create a feeling and sense of hope for a better future. 'Young' stressing the fact that, he has plenty of time to grow and mature into; perhaps, 'the giant of all giants.' All hopeful, no regrets. The diction of this essay is organized and well structured. This giving a feeling of strong emotions in a simple, but organized life.

The narrator's respect for McTeague is obvious in that the narrator is constantly praising McTeague with words of empathy and honor.

McTeague constantly works for everything, he is constantly doing whatever he can to experience and learn, hoping that knowledge will guide him in the direction of success, and success towards money.

He used the little money that his mother left to him wisely and maturely. He did not throw it away, instead used it to start his own company. The author realizes his enterprenuel efforts and praises him for his constant efforts to achieve more. The detail about his everyday life are important in that they show the author's interest in McTeague's life and his affairs. The tone suggests the narrators' ingenuinity towards McTeague and show the narrator's respect and hope for McTeague's future.

TITLE: Resilience

Sample DD

The narrator gives a lot of characteristics about McTeague to make it clear what kind of man he was. Although the narrator points out that McTeague was a simple, slow man he didnt feel any dislike or even pity for him. He stated everything as he saw it. From lines 11 to 21 the narrator gives a detailed description of what McTeague looks like. Lines 31 to 52 the narrator gives details of every inch of McTeague's apartment/dental parlor. He stated plainly that McTeague had high hope for the future about his dentistry perfesion.

Through all the examples given about McTeague & where he lives & works the reader is made to see that he is very poor. Although all the individuals on his street call him "doctor", when reading further into the passage it infers that he doesnt get very many patience only the locals. McTeague has a good heart & thats all anyone has to know about him.

Sample EE

In this passage the narrator clearly states his attitude toward McTeague in the first few paragraphs. He is characterized as being "strong, stupid, docile, obedient" and further details of his office an his ambitions present a dumb and unambitious character who becomes content with trivial things. The objective tone, also adds to the effect of the characterization by suggesting that the aspects of McTeague stated by the narrator are facts.

In the first two paragraphs, the narrator elaborates on the physical appearance of McTeague. He is a "young giant, carrying his huge shock of blond hair six feet three inches from the ground" and has "immens limbs" heavy with muscles. As such an image suggests, his mind is weak and possesses no intelligence. Such an image suggests that the narrator considers him an inferior man, devoid of sophistication. Details throughout the passage also point to the absurd stupidity and weak character of McTeague. The narrator tells of 'how he cut loose from the charlatan, although McTeague himself seems like a charlatan. His clientele of "butcher boys, shop girls..." also convey a sense of his unsophisticated and uncluttered way of life. The fact that McTeague is satisfied with a life as an inconsequential doctor with a one-room office that also serves as his lodging, illustrates the lack of ambition or standards for life of McTeague. The details mentioned in the third paragraph, such as the primitive equipments suggest that McTeague is not really a doctor with a legitimate degree. The reasons for his buying the steel engraving, illustrate the unreasonable and inferior mind of McTeague. Also in the last paragraph, the narrator mentions how it is McTeague's ambition if he had an absurd sign of a huge tooth hanging outside his window, sarcastically portrays how low his ambitions are.

The tone of the narrator, matter-of-fact and seemingly objective, further enhances the narrator's purpose of portraying a weak and stupid character. The narrator almost always states the characteristics and thoughts of McTeague simpley and unambiguously, so that readers have a fixed notion of what a character McTeague is. Although the narrator expresses no direct opinion upon McTeague, it is clear that he considers him as an inferior who would do harm to others not because of his viciousness, but because of his stupidity.

Throughout the passage, the narrator develops a character that is as inferior of mind as he is strong of body. Details all point to the conclusion that he is more like an animal than a human being, and that he is profession is set only to act as a foil against his characteristics. The objective tone of the passage further implies that it is McTeague's stupidity is a fact, not an opinion of the narrator. Sometimes the juxtaposition of concepts that we would consider seriously and the trivial notions that McTeaute associates with it, in one sentence, creates a sarcastic tone (the juxtaposition of success and his opening of "Dental parlors" and "ambition" with "a hugh gilded tooth...") The narrator clearly has a condescending attitude toward McTeague.

Sample FF

The narrator views McTeague as proud, ambitious, and optimistic in a modest way, the author's diction allows him to be tall, scary on the outside, but sweet mannered, kind and knowledgeable on the inside. The author's repeated use of the word "slow" gives insight to how deep McTeague is.

The tone of this story is almost cynical. The author did this I think to get our mind on the character's uneventful life. The character has quick joy at his accomplishments but lacks love and acknowledgements. The tone makes us wonder why he chose to work in the shop and makes us wonder if dentistry is something the author is really passionate about his profession or if he is time and to please his deceased mother. It must be hard to lose a mother but in this passage I cannot determine his age nor state of being. The detail is another contribution to the characterization of McTeague. For example, on lines 18-19, the description of how he pulls teeth gives us his familiarity of his profession and his lack of accuracy and delusional state of being.

Overall, McTeague is seen as hardworking, goal oriented, and humbled which the author did a great job demonstrating with his detailed account of his life's circumstances and use of diction, tone and detail.

Sample GG

Superiority pervades the passage on the new dentist McTeague. The narrator views McTeague as having a simple mental capacity and animal-like characteristics. According to the narrator, McTeague is slow, simple, and stupid and the tone of the piece could hardly be more superior. With diction the dentist is described as brutish, detail marks the dentist's "parlour", and syntax adds to the narrator's negative attitude off McTeague.

At first the narrator seems impressed by McTeague's physical attributes such as strength and brawn, however the narrator's true attitude towards McTeague is revealed through his further descriptions. The narrator uses such diction as "giant," "huge," "immense," and "heavy" to paint a picture of McTeague's sheer bulk. The tone is fairly objective at this point and the reader sees McTeague as merely a strong man. The narrator describes his strength and compares his muscles to ropes and his hands to "wooden mallets." A dentist having "wooden mallet" hands is not a positive trait and the narrator begins to reveal his true opinion of him. His tone is fairly disrespectful as he refers to McTeague as "the old-time car-boy" and he further degrades him when describing his animal-like "angular" head. The reader can be in no doubt of the narrator's opinion when he describes his intelligence. He considers him "slow to act, sluggish" with a mind as heavy as he is. Like "the draught horse," he was "immensely strong, stupid, docile, obedient." Admiration is no longer the tone of McTeague's depiction. The narrator sees McTeague as brawny but seriously lacking in wit and intelligence.

Through his descriptions of details of McTeague's dental parlour, the narrator further reveals his contempt for McTeague. McTeague named his dentist office "Dental Parlors" even though "there was but one room." He had bought "a steel engraving of the court of Lorenzo de' Medici" because for the amount of money, "there were a great many figures in it..." The narrator makes McTeague out to be simpleton. According to the narrator, McTeague is not bright enough to name his business correctly or to appreciate art for anything else other than bulk. Other descriptions also contribute to the description of McTeague as a simple-minded fellow. He displays a "a rifle manufacturer's calendar which he never used," maybe because he's disorganized or maybe because he's simply not smart enough. The narrator lets the reader draw his or her own conclusion.

After such an extensive paragraph describing the details of his office, the author ends with a short paragraph which provides contrast. The syntax here adds insult to injury. Beginning with "But," the narrator goes on to describe McTeague's deepest desire. He wishes to own a "huge gilded tooth, a molar with enormous prongs" to display outside. Such a silly "ambition" truly makes McTeague out to be like a child. With all his muscle and strength, the narrator sees him as fairly immature and incompetent.

Sample HH

Characterization is often achieved through the narrator's comments directly, or through various devices such as dialogues or details indirectly. The passage given, a characterization of McTeague, employs both methods to describe McTeague. It enumerates the narrator's direct remarks, and utilizes small details and tone to characterize McTeague comprehensively.

The passage relies heavily on diction to convey the narrator's direct remarks regarding his view of McTeague. The narrator first gives a detailed description of McTeague's physical traits – "young giant," "immense limbs," "slowly, ponderously." The virtual enumeration of such adjectives hint the following description of McTeague's personality as "slow to act, sluggish," and "immensely strong, stupid, docile, obedient." Moreover, apart from the diction adopted to describe McTeague directly, the diction employed to describe McTeague's business and surroundings contribute to the characterization: "modest affair," and "ambition, dream." This type of diction further emphasizes the man condition of McTeague, and the contrasting colossal dream he has.

The author uses varied syntax to create a rhythm in the prose. Some sentences are long with the use of semi-colons as the opening sentence exemplified. Most of the long sentences are parataxis: they do not use conjunction words but only punctuations to create pauses. On the other hand, simple syntax is periodically used as well. The use of two varied types of sentence structure, seems to indicate the author's relative sophistication as opposed to McTeague's simplicity.

Small details contribute to the characterization as well. The fact that "In spite of the name, there was but one room" in "Dental Parlors," and that the three chairs present in the room were "a bargain at the second-hand store" insinuate the simple and even inferior characteristics of McTeague. The narrator further connotes on his condescending view of McTeague as he talks of "a rifle manufacturer's advertisement calendar which he never used." Even the "military precision" with which the chairs are aligned sound indicative of McTeague's over-simplicity in this context.

The overall tone resulting from such diction, syntax, and details is that of condescending air. Although the narrator acknowledges McTeague's innocuous-ness, he is stinging in his words describing McTeague as "strong, stupid, docile, obedient." He further displays his condescension in the last paragraph as he sympathizes with McTeague's dreams but admits that "as yet such a thing was far beyond his means."

In conclusion, the narrator characterizes McTeague as an innocuous but simple and stupid character with an air of condescension. Diction and details directly exemplify such attitude; the sophisticated syntax emphasizes it as if indirectly flaunts the narrator's sophistication.

Sample II

In the prose passage above, the narrator makes his/her pity of McTeague evident through tone, which is in turn furthered by the juxtaposition of his strength and his stupidity. Details of his professional failure explain the reason for such pity, and syntax furthers the juxtaposition mentioned.

Throughout, it is clear that the narrator pities McTeague. The basis of this claim is the contrast between the details of his formidable strength with his less than impressive intellect and demeanor. Diction such as "enormous" (used twice to describe him), "immense" and "salient" build McTeague up to be larger than life, and for a while, it seems like he may use this to good effect in his career, until the narrator ventures to label him "sluggish," "stupid", "docile" and "obedient." (all words that connote uselessness and weakness) It is sad that a man of such apparent strength fails to emulate this power in his mind (where it matters for a man with his career goals), hence the narrator's tone of pity.

The inclusion of relevant details explains the root of this pity; McTeague is, for now at least, a failure in his profession, yet his dreams remain undeterred. Though his clients are limited to "butcher boys, shop girls, drug clerks and car conductors"—none of which are professions that would allow great amounts of spending on dental work—McTeague remains "perfectly contented". For a dentist's office to be "a corner" room on the second floor over the branch post office", far removed and remote, where the practicing dentist dwells as well, is also an indication of his shortcomings. The fact that his office "exhaled a mingled odor of bedding, creosote and ether", as opposed to the sterile, almost too clean fragrance dentist's offices should further his lack of success. The details of his failure are not alone a worthy reason for the narrator to adopt his tone of pity. What is the most sad is that McTeague doesn't even realize his shortcomings. He is not even worthy of owning a dentist's office, but instead he owns a "parlor", yet his ambition lives on. Such evidence would suggest that McTeague is stupidly happy with his position in life, with insufficient intellectual capacity to realize this and change paths in life, say to one that would see him use his one gift—strength—to make his living. This, not only for his failure but his pity to perceive it, the author adopts a tone of pity when describing McTeague.

Syntax serves to further the contrast between what McTeague is and is not capable of doing. In lines 10-21, details of his strength read like a list; the multiple clauses in each phrase (as made evident by the three semi-colons in these lines, and the many commas) add much grandeur to his strength. These lines read and appear on paper like a child enumerating the favorable traits of a fictional super-hero. However, from lines 29 to 52, the syntax reverses whatever positive effect these previous lines may have had. The sentences from lines 29-52 are constructed with great simplicity; detail upon detail are simple piled one on top of the other, without the formality of fancy lead-ins or other such unnecessary devices. This mass of details that force the reader to pity McTeague help the reader understand the basis of the narrator's attitude towards the dentist: he is an endless balance sheet of unfavorable items that outweigh what potential may exist. The irony in the use of syntax: "—a modest affair—" add a finishing touch to the sympathy the reader is forced to feel: his sigh (that, unlike any other dentists' in the word offers gas") is modest to say the least, but the fact that it is called modest furthers this stupid contentment McTeague ties his life with. This, syntax also explains and justifies the narrator's attitude of pity towards McTeague; diction and details create a tone that adds credibility to the narrator's attitude, leaving the reader with no choice but to agree with him.

Sample KK

Though it is clear, from the level of sophistication of the language, that the narrator must be one of considerable education and intelligence, it is also clear from the tone, diction and syntax of the passage, that McTeague by contrast is not. This is not to say that the narrator approaches McTeague without sympathy, but from even his initial words of “stupid” and “slow” readers are able to tell that McTeague is not necessarily one that the narrator admires. For the physical description of McTeague alone, the narrator uses judicious use of adjectives and comparisons that is already telling of the narrator’s attitude. The description of McTeague’s choices and his dream, as told in the final paragraph, only support the initial opinion that is formed by the reader. With these literary techniques and the tone of the piece, one can tell that the narrator neither admires nor truly likes McTeague: in some ways the narrator even mocks McTeague.

When we as readers first hear of McTeague, we know of nothing save that he is perhaps not so intelligent or educated to be working with “charlatan” and to open a “Dental Parlors”. It is, however through the physique of McTeague that the narrator’s true opinions are expressed. He is “a young giant... moving his immense limbs, slowly, ponderously... his hands were enormous... and covered with a fell of... hair... they were hard as mallets, strong as vices...” the narrator makes use of a common stereotype that we as readers can all identify with, a big brute, who with the physique of half a beast and the intelligence of a whole one. Indeed, the narrator continues “[his] jaw [was] salient, like that of the carnivore... [his] mind... heavy, slow to act, sluggish.” The narrator even compares him to a labour animal, one that needs to be guided and is only good for menial labour. “...he suggested the draught horse, immensely strong, stupid, docile, obedient.”

This aura and opinion of stupidity and gently, not “vicious”, simplicity is continued when McTeague is described as feeling as though “his life was a success, that he could hope for nothing better” just because he opened his “dental parlors”. Whereas we readers might feel that a multimillion business or the discovery of a great scientific break-through would constitute a success, McTeague’s simplicity in both intelligence and mind make him believe that such a small thing is so brilliant. We then might understand this belief of success of this parlour was to be very grand but the description of the parlour is disappointing, as the narrator no doubt intended. There is “no room... McTeague made it do for a bedroom as well... three chairs, a bargain at a second hand store,... a rifle manufacturer’s advertisement calender... a stone pug dog ... the whole place exhaled a mingled odor of bedding, creosote and ether.” This altogether eclectic and unsavoury image only serves the narrator’s purpose of exposing his thought on McTeague as not only a stupid and simple man but one of perhaps a lack of understanding of professionalism. His work place appears hodge-podge, this fulfillment of McTeague’s success and the narrator uses this description to express his attitude towards McTeague.

It is perhaps the final paragraph that confirms our own opinions which begin to take on the flavour of the narrator’s. “But for one thing McTeague would have been perfectly contented.” We immediately may think of more money or a companion or a family and friends. But instead, we are greeted by the dream of “a molar of enormous prongs, something gorgeous and attractive.” The narrator wields such a technique well in allowing readers to think perhaps what would be so great only to be astonished by what McTeague wants and what he truly is like. But really, a molar? It only seals our and the narrator’s thoughts that though McTeague may be a nice man, he is certainly simple and slow.

2005—Question #3—Form B

One of the strongest human drives seems to be a desire for power. Write an essay in which you discuss how a character in a novel or a drama struggles to free himself or herself from the power of others or seeks to gain power over others. Be sure to demonstrate in your essay how the author uses this power struggle to enhance the meaning of the work.

You may choose one of the works listed below or another work of comparable quality that is appropriate to the question.

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
Antigone
Beloved
Ceremony
Crime and Punishment
Fences
Great expectations
The Great Gatsby
Hedda Gabler
In the Time of the Butterflies
Jane Eyre
Julius Caesar

Macbeth
Moby-Dick
Native Speaker
A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man
Pygmalion
The Scarlet Letter
Song of Solomon
The Tempest
Their Eyes Were Watching God
Tracks
Typical American
Wide Sargasso Sea

FORM B: Overseas Exam
2005 AP ENGLISH LITERATURE SCORING GUIDE

Question #3: Gaining Power Over Others or Freeing the Self from Their Power

This scoring guide will be useful for most of the essays that you read, but in problematic cases, please consult your question leader. The score that you assign should reflect your judgment of the quality of the essay as a whole. Reward the writers for what they do well. The score for an exceptionally well-written essay may be raised one point above the otherwise appropriate score. In no case may a poorly written essay be scored higher than a three (3).

- 9-8** These well-focused and persuasive essays identify a character who struggles to escape from the power of other or who seeks to gain power over others , clearly explaining what the power struggle is and how it enhances the meaning of the work.. Well supported with apt and specific textual references, these essays clearly explain how the power struggle enhances the meaning of the work. Although not without flaws, these essays exhibit the ability to discuss a literary work with significant insight and understanding, and to sustain a thesis with clarity, precision, and coherence. Generally, essays scored a nine (9) reveal more sophisticated analysis and more stylistic skill than those scored an eight (8).
- 7-6** These competent essays identify a character who struggles to escape from the power of other or who seeks to gain power over others, and explain how that power struggle enhances the meaning of the work. They demonstrate insight and understanding, but their analysis is less thorough, less perceptive, and/or less specific in supporting detail than the essays scored 9-8. The evidence given may not be as apt or persuasive or the argument may not be as well developed. Essays scored a seven (7) demonstrate more sophistication in substance and style than those scored a six (6), though both 7s and 6s are free from significant or sustained misinterpretation and are generally well-written.
- 5** These essays respond to the assigned task, but they tend to be superficial in analysis. They often rely upon plot summary that contains some analysis, implicit or explicit. Although the writers attempt to discuss the character’s motives for escaping the power of others—or gaining power over others—and how that contributes to the work, the essays tend to be simplistic in argument or insight, and may be unsophisticated or immature in writing. While demonstrating adequate control of language, these essays often lack effective organization and may be marred by surface errors.
- 4-3** These lower-half essays reflect an incomplete or oversimplified understanding of the work. They may fail to define the nature of the power struggle or ignore how it affects the meaning of the work. They may rely on plot summary alone. Their assertions may be unsupported or not relevant to the prompt. Often wordy, repetitious, or disorganized, these essays lack control over the elements of college-level composition Essays scored a three (3) often contain significant misreadings and/or poor writing.
- 2-1** Although these essays make some attempt to respond to the prompt, they compound the weaknesses of those in the 4-3 range. Often they are unacceptably brief, very confused, or incoherent. They may be poorly written on several counts and contain distracting errors in grammar and mechanics. Generally, their assertions are presented with very little clarity, organization, or understanding. Inept, vacuous, and/or entirely incoherent essays must be scored a one (1).
- 0** These essays make no more than a reference to the task.
- These essays are either left blank or are completely off-topic.

2005—FORM B: Q3

Sample KKK

In William Shakespeare's King Lear, Edmund, the bastard son of Gloucester, who lives in the shadow of his brother Edgar, lies and betrays his father and Brother in order to obtain power. Edward is constantly reminded by his father how he is an illegitimate son, and so Edmund naturally harbors hate for his father and brother, and applies this hate to his ambitions to rise to power which inevitably leads to the destruction of his father as well as himself.

Edmund creates a hate which claims to be authored by Edgar saying he would like to kill his father and seize his land and assets. Edmund shows the note to his father Gloucester, who blinded by his paranoia of patricide, and his weakness as a father to be unable to see Edgar's true love for him, sides with Edmund. Edmund then allies himself with the Duke of Cornwall and they set up a plan to have Gloucester's eyes plucked out.

Edmund constantly rejoices over his triumphs over his father and brother, and it becomes very obvious that his want of power, and want of more drives him to do irrational things like have a fancy for both of Lear's daughters.

Edmund's actions lead to the inevitable downfall of himself, his father, Lord Cornwall, and Lear's two daughters. Edmund's ambitions and greed for power act as a catalyst and set in motion the cogs the entire plot of the story. Shakespeare explores this fundamental and reoccurring theme throughout his plays, that hunger for power leads to madness, and power when abused is not a good thing. Shakespeare uses this theme to introduce new perspectives into the play from Edmund's greed; which in turn sheds light on those directly affected, like Gloucester and how he deals with such tyrannical injustice. Edmund's greed and his new power allow the once fueled and blinded by Gloucester to be tortured and blinded, and irony that only when Gloucester is blinded does he see truth.

Sample CCC

In her classic novel, Jane Eyre, Charlotte Brontë follows the maturation of the protagonist, Jane Eyre, in her journey through life. However, Jane did not intend on achieving self-discovery and finding the value of life but rather rising above her low social status and constant rule from the other characters thus revealing Brontë's view on the "importance" in status.

In the beginning of the novel, Jane was a meaningless & misunderstood orphan who was constantly bullied by her Aunt and cousins. However, rather than giving up completely, she became more determined to make a name for herself, and her first step for progress was boarding school. She challenged herself from being a clueless school girl unheard of at school to becoming first in her class, and then a teacher. This gave her a taste of victory and she was not going to stop there.

Jane had developed intelligently and was now improving her religion. She had experienced the hypocritical, intense religion practices of the headmaster, Mr. Brocklehurst, and the extremely pious of her friend, Helen Burns, which caused her to realize what she was not searching for. She thus formed her own faith which combined her beliefs and values with her strong willed passion making her spirituality stronger than ever. Jane was superior intelligently and religiously.

Furthermore, by this time in the novel, Jane was offered the opportunity to be superior in her employment. She could marry St. John Rivers and travel to India to spread her faith. However, while Jane recognized the promise in this opportunity, she realized she would be sacrificing her passion for reason. If she went with St. John she would have a high position, but she would be unhappy, and experiencing no love or excitement, revealing that status is not everything.

Jane decided to move back with Rochester of whom she truly loved and now they were both happy and equal in status. This explains how Jane overcame her past and rose to great heights intellectually and spiritually. Her passion and reason coincided w/ one another which most people are not capable of accomplishing in a life time exemplifying her superiority.

Moreover, Jane's struggle for power and a sound name reveal Brontë's view on life. Determination and ambition are important characteristics of a person but where they end up is of no importance as long as they are happy and satisfied.

Sample BBB

In Zora Neale Hurston's Their Eyes Were Watching God, the events that Janie Starks, the protagonist, undergoes could be described as one giant struggle against several people and forces that stifle her attempt at growth and empowerment. Hurston depicts Janie's struggle against Nanny to present her theme on the meaning of true love, her struggle against Jody Starks and other male chauvinists to reveal that woman can indeed break the norm given to the stereotypical female roles, and her struggle against herself to first discover, then prove her empowerment.

From the very beginning of Janie's love life (which she smooches Johnny Taylor under the pear tree), her and Nanny fail to see eye to eye regarding the true meaning of love. For Nanny, love is security—a notion that dampens Janie's being "petal-open" to the prospect of love in its most romanticized state. Early signs of struggle come up when Nanny slaps Janie for her opposition to marrying Logan Killicks. Over the course of the novel, Janie lives through two failed marriages because she did not struggle against Nanny's stern advice (more like a command, though). It is once she meets Tea Cake and opts to live on the "muck" of life—where rich, black soil (culture) pervades and blues ring loud through the night—that she overcomes Nanny's domination and her idealized vision for Janie to live on the "high-chair" of life (a stark contrast, not only in attitude but in status too, from the "muck"). Once Janie frees herself of Nanny's shackles, she has an epiphany where Hurston reveals her own take on love: "love ain't like a grindstone. . . It's a sea that's shaped by the shores it meets"—that love is different for everyone and that it can't be reduced to one single formulate. Thus, Janie's struggle against Nanny results in a revelation of the true meaning of love, one of Hurston's central themes in the work.

However, the struggle does not end there; male chauvinists—Jody Starks in particular—continually belittle Janie. For instance, her role in Eatonville is limited to caring for Jody's grocery store; she is shunned from participation in the porch conversations, and is even barred from attending Matt Bonner's mule's funeral—all because she is a lady. Also Jody forces her to look like females "should," making her wear a head-rag (as if to stifle any attempts one would wish to gain at her luscious hair and holding back her femininity). Janie puts up with losing this struggle until it climaxes to a point when she can take no more: in front of all his pals, Janie tells Jody that when he "drops his breaches he looks like the change of life", crushing his masculinity down to near-invisible dimensions and triumphing in a struggle that many, including herself, thought she wouldn't be able to overcome. Once victorious, she walks about with her hair down for all to see (a contrast from the head-rag) and in loose-fitting overalls, the looseness paralleling her new-found freedom. Through Janie's triumph in a male-dominated world, Hurston argues that female empowerment is not a distant dream but a possibility that can be realized—women can break the mold of society's norms if they assert themselves as Janie did. This take on female empowerment is another of Hurston's central themes, elucidated by Janie's struggle against the males that constantly put her down.

Perhaps least obvious is Janie's struggle against herself. Throughout the novel, Janie's inner state is juxtaposed against the way she appears to others—on the outside—when Jody dies, Janie "looks like grief, but doesn't feel like grief". Also the fact that Janie abstains from talking on the porch of the store is as much about her own "failure to thrive" as it is about the men ridiculing her for trying to speak. Throughout Janie's first forty-years, she is romantically unfulfilled. These three pieces of evidence suggest that she has not taken any command decisions to assert herself, to choose herself over other people or things. Once she meets Tea Cake and he treats her with an appropriate amount of respect, she begins to change—he teaches her to "have the nerve to say what [she] means" and to shoot a gun, two most empowering acts. When she shoots a rabid Tea Cake, she is actively putting herself first for the first time, proving that she has defeated the doubts she may have had of herself. Through this instance of triumph, Hurston presents the argument that a catalyst for females to assert themselves is the companionship of a soul-mate; Tea Cake endows her with the gift of learning to shoot guns, symbolically representing his giving her the ability to choose herself first. Such a take on how empowerment can be attained for females if one of Hurston's central themes, and is made clear through Janie's victory over the doubts she had of herself.

Thus, since Janie triumphed in all three of her struggles, elucidating Hurston's central themes in the process, she proves herself as truly empowered woman.

Sample HHH

In the book *Siddhartha* there was a drive for self power and self control. Young Siddhartha, the protagonist of the story had the desire for self power and to find his inner child.

As a young man, Siddhartha's father was a Buddhist leader in which he also wanted Siddhartha to be. Having the pressure and feeling like he is being forced to follow his father, Siddhartha leaves home to live his own life.

Siddhartha was now free from his father's power and was on a spiritual quest. Young Siddhartha was a Buddhist and his goal in life was to reach "nirvana," which was to find eternal peace. Reaching nirvana was very seldom and was looked up to if one reached it. In Buddhism self control was power and was very important.

As the story went on, Siddhartha encountered a lot of obstacles which set him in the opposite direction of his goal. The desire to reach nirvana was power and nothing could stop him from reaching it. Blinded by a materialistic life, Siddhartha struggled to get his power.

This book brought the message of a spiritual and religious life. By showing all of the things Siddhartha went through to get power and to reach nirvana shows you the life of a Buddhist. Although the book never indicates whether or not Siddhartha reaches nirvana, the author showed his desire to get power so you know he will eventually get it.

Sample III

Few plays show the human drive for power as well as Arthur Miller's The Crucible. Abigail Williams, a teenager in the village, takes power over even the most qualified and scholarly judges of the colonies. She does this by playing on a fear that exists in the community, and still exists today—a fear of a larger evil, and a fear that those close to us may be ultimately corrupt. Miller uses this power struggle to portray his theme of how we react to fear by allowing others unreasonable power, and how this drive itself is ultimately corrupt.

Abigail's first incentive to take power in the village comes from her desire to be respected in the village—Elizabeth Proctor has been calling her "soiled"—and from her desire to not get into trouble for "conjuring spirits" in the woods with Tituba. Abby originally cries out weaker women, with a lower social stature, such as Tituba, the slave, and Sarah Good, the drunk. However, as Hobbes says, gaining a small amount of power helps you gain more and more, and the accusation of corruption in the village fuels the fires of resentment and fear. The increased intensity allows Abby to gain enough power to accuse Elizabeth Proctor, in hopes that if Elizabeth is hanged, her affair with Proctor will be rekindled. Her power gets so out of control that Abby actually threatens Danforth, a Boston judge, "Think you so holy that the power of Hell may not turn your wits? Beware it, Mr. Danforth!" when he thinks to cross-examine her claims.

This story of runaway power serves to further Arthur Miller's thematic purpose. Abby is a 17-year-old girl with no credentials in society—she worked as a maid before she appointed herself an "official of the court." The audience is meant to be dismayed at how such a girl is able to gain such absurd levels of power, especially considering her malicious purposes. Abby is able to do this because of the reactions of the others in the village—not only is there a fear that others around may be corrupt, but villagers are afraid that they too will be accused. These people would rather side with Abby's absurd claims than fall on the wrong side of her pointing finger. A big part of this theme is the idea that essentially everyone is out to save themselves—this is why people confessed to an absurd charge, and why people feared Abby and her accusing friends. (This is also why the main story, of John Proctor, who dies on matters of principle, is so moving.) Abby's rise to power is based on fear, and fear is what causes the execution of innocent village people.

The story of how Abigail takes power over grown men is one about first picking on those weaker than us—Abby is the niece of a Reverend, Tituba is just a slave—until we can get enough power to achieve our goals. But the purpose of the play is to anger us, to make us feel injustice at how this was allowed to happen. We are supposed to act out against this reign of fear, and never again allow such absurd and dangerous gains of power for such malicious goals.

Sample DDD

Human desire for power is a theme often examined in literature. "Richard III", by Shakespeare, is no different. In this play, depicting the rise and fall of Richard and the coming of the Tudors to the throne of England, one sees how the yearning for power can lead to serious consequences in a god-fearing, Christian society.

Richard III is a hunchback, and brother to King Edward, who was victorious in the War of the Roses. ("Now is the summer of discontent made glorious by this son of York"). He is extremely intelligent, cunning, and quite though respected, he is shunned because of his physical appearance, and then, as he explains to the audience, cannot enjoy the "summer" England is enjoying. A parody to the old medieval morality plays, Shakespeare molds Richard to be the character Vice—a character who delights and horrifies the audience. As he is a social outcast, Richard is "determined to be a villain", and begins his quest for the throne and power, staying true to the character of Vice as he delights and horrifies the audience with his cunning and deceit.

Shakespeare portrays Richard as being a person living outside the folds of Christian society—he defies God and attempts to recreate his own world. As the play progresses, the audience watches as Richard cunningly marries Anne, widow of the deceased king’s son, manipulates various aristocrats including the Duke of Richmond into following his orders, killing his brother and the two princes in the tower, and in the end, turning on his own supporters. He steadily gains power and soon becomes King of England.

However, Shakespeare shows the audience the consequences of living beyond the folds of Christian society—as Vice, the time comes when the character stops delighting and only horrifies as its acts become less human. So it goes with Richard. In the end, he is “in so deep in blood, that sin will pluck on sin”, and can no longer trust anyone, becoming paranoid. The old curse hurled at him by the former queen becomes true and slowly Richard watches his support flee, and becomes plagued by fear and distrust. The night before the final battle against Richmond, Richard is plagued by ghosts of those he murdered, and Shakespeare shows how those who defy society and God at all cost are cursed in the end. Richard is reduced to calling “a horse, my kingdom for a horse” in the end, before being killed by Richmond.

Despite having so many chances to repent and stop his actions, Richard refuses to do so (“tear falling pity dwells not in this eye”) and continues his fight to gain power, and maintain it. His drive for power and recognition is so strong that, as Shakespeare shows the audience, he is willing to give up everything for it. As the character delights and horrifies the audience in his quest for more power, one sees him begin to spiral downwards in terms of morality and humanity. When Richard murders the two princes in the tower, his downfall is complete—in the eyes of the audience, he has gone too far, and as the play progresses, becomes less human, and more desperate.

In the end, unable to trust anyone, plagued by nightmares, and highly unstable, Shakespeare ties in Richard’s downfall and the victory of Richmond to emphasize his theme that, in a God fearing Christian society, to defy God and live outside of society is dangerous, and that in the end, justice prevails over such a drive for power.

Sample AAA

Although the term “power” is most commonly used to describe monetary sums of ownership of physical and materialistic things, Huckleberry Finn in the “Adventures of Huckleberry Finn” seeks to escape from very different kind of “power” that existed predominantly in his society—a power made up of chaos, corruption, and racism.

Mark Twain, when writing this book, was speaking out against the times when you had to be rich and white to be named powerful. He created a character who through his experiences and his open-mindedness as a young man found a kind of power almost nonexistent in the world around him—a power to do and be anything with nothing but the right attitude.

The most important of Huck Finn’s triumphs was his triumph over the stereotypical ideals and vicious customs of his society. Growing up alone, without a mother and/or father drilling thoughts of racism into his mind, Huck defined for himself the meaning of the word “power” and found that power in his friendship with Jim, a black slave, and their many experiences or “adventures” together. Huck and Jim escaped from the old-fashioned ideals society had begun to teach them and ignored or set aside their differences. After all, they did have to lay their lives in the hands of each other, depending on one another for survival in the brutal circumstances they got themselves into.

Isolated on a little boat and forced to sneak around together, the boys learned about what power is really all about. They survived, with the power of their friendship and trust in one another, what many adults could not have ever survived. They found that at the heart of the matter they were not very much different at all—they both were young boys, lost, confused, and alone, longing for the same kind of power—that is, the power that comes with acceptance and stability. They both wanted a place to call home, a place where they can walk together without having to worry about being shot or tortured.

Huck and Jim’s struggle to attain that rare power makes the meaning of this book so powerful and beautiful, in a way. They, unlike most, did not aim to gain money and power over everyone around them, but to be able to live freely and be themselves, to be accepted and loved unconditionally no matter what race or background, no matter how much baggage they carry with them on their many adventures.

Sample MMM

Joseph Conrad, the author of Heart of Darkness, presents a power struggle in the character of Kurtz, a European who left to the Congo with a company funded by the imperialistic movement. Kurtz is the representation of a thirst for power, which was guarded in his eventual control over the African camp in the depth of the darkness of the jungle. Kurtz's character is intricate because he struggles to free himself from one power, to take over another—he alienates himself from the European, or Belgian company, and the search for material wealth and ivory, to satisfy his own thirst for personal power.

The character of Kurtz is emphasized throughout the novel using Marlow, his foil character and secret sharer. The two are quite similar, they are active and pedantic. The choices they make however represents the difference between them. One of the main themes of the novel is the issue of restraint, ID vs. Super Ego. Kurtz's struggle for power represents his Super Ego—his passion that is not restraint. On the contrary, Marlow's ID—his restraint is that which contrasts Kurtz's struggle for power.

It is elementary to address Marlow's character because, although he does not take part in taking over others, he is our source to understanding Kurtz until late in the novel when we finally meet him. Marlow depicts Kurtz as a strong man, since he is reknown throughout the jungle, he is told to be a Great man, who does a lot for the company. Kurtz is seen in European Eyes as an almost majestic figure; he is a musician, an artist, a successful individual. During Kurtz's journey on the river, he is attacked by natives and his helmsman is shot & dies. Kurtz is told to have been killed as well as Marlow approaches camp. At this point, Kurtz's attempt to depose of his European responsibility is masked. The lie is a representation of Kurtz's wish to bring to his own glory. He knows that if the Europeans pressure he is dead, then he will have no need to face them in the future, and will be able to continue with his plan.

His plans are revealed by Marlow who steps on to Kurtz's camp, adorned with heads of dead natives on poles. A Russian boy, an extreme fanatic tells Marlow that Kurtz has passed. His character shows the extent of Kurtz's strength over the people. Marlow ventures into the camp & sees the sickly Kurtz and his kingdom. It is obvious at this point that Kurtz's attempts to free himself from the company were forged to one purpose solely—his own personal wealth of power. Marlow's character, a contrast to Kurtz's shows restraint, and the ability not to be overwhelmed by the force of nature, the jungle & our lives.

Conrad, who had a personal connection to imperialism, was obviously very critical of it when writing this novel. Kurtz's toying with power, to create his own society where he was revered represents Conrad's disdain of imperialistic thought. Kurtz eventually dies, whereas Marlow overcomes his disease and remains alive. This final point marks the faith of those who practice restraint over those who let their wild inhibitions lead them in Conrad's eyes. The struggle of Kurtz, and final demise illuminate the true meaning & criticism of imperialism & the transplantation of Europeans to the Jungle in Conrad's eyes.

SCORES—2005 Form B—Overseas Exam

2005 FORM B, QUESTION 1

H—4

L—6

C—2

N—7

F—3

J—4

B—1

I—5

T—9

O—8/9

2005 FORM B, QUESTION 2

AA—5

BB—7-

CC—4

DD—2

EE—6+/7-

FF—3

GG—8

HH—7+

II—9

KK—8

2005 FORM B, QUESTION 3

KKK—5

CCC—4

BBB—9

HHH—3

III—7

DDD—6

AAA—5

MMM—7

Prompt for Q1

The following poem, written by Edward Field, makes use of the Greek myth of Daedalus and Icarus.*
Read the poem carefully. Then write an essay in which you analyze how Field employs literary devices in adapting the Icarus myth to a contemporary setting.

Edward Field b. 1924
Icarus

Only the feathers floating around the hat
Showed that anything more spectacular had occurred
Than the usual drowning. The police preferred to ignore
The confusing aspects of the case,
And the witnesses ran off to a gang war.
So the report filed and forgotten in the archives read simply
“Drowned,” but it was wrong: Icarus
Had swum away, coming at last to the city
Where he rented a house and tended the garden.

“That nice Mr. Hicks” the neighbors called,
Never dreaming that the gray, respectable suit
Concealed arms that had controlled huge wings
Nor that those sad, defeated eyes had once
Compelled the sun. And had he told them
They would have answered with a shocked,
uncomprehending stare.
No, he could not disturb their neat front yards;
Yet all his books insisted that this was a horrible mistake:
What was he doing aging in a suburb?
Can the genius of the hero fall
To the middling stature of the merely talented?

And nightly Icarus probes his wound
And daily in his workshop, curtains carefully drawn,
Constructs small wings and tries to fly
To the lighting fixture on the ceiling:
Fails every time and hates himself for trying.
He had thought himself a hero, had acted heroically,
And dreamt of his fall, the tragic fall of the hero;
But now rides commuter trains,

Serves on various committees,
And wishes he had drowned.

Modernity has certainly evolved from the time of the ancient Greece. However, the advancements in technology have not necessarily created a Utopian society. In "Icarus," a poem by Edward Field, a mythological character is placed in the bustling and oxymoronic reality of the modern world. Figurative language, irony, syntax, and perspectives are essential elements of Field's relocation of Icarus, whose relocation exposes an alienating and unrelenting 20th century setting.

Irony and contrast are immediately evident as Icarus's story unfolds in the second millennium of the common era. Beginning by depicting the setting and its inhabitants, the speaker highlights some oxymorons in current behavior. Witnesses to Icarus's mishap run off to a "gang war," a cruel satire of urban life and ironical reversion of roles in just one line. Furthermore, Icarus's report at the police station is "filed and forgotten," one element denying the purpose of the other. In addition to this, modern practices appear to contrast those of Icarus's original setting; in ancient Greece, tales were not written but sang, and they certainly weren't forgotten. Thus, though lacking mention to the protagonist, the first stanza subtly implies immediate differences between Icarus's traditional home and his new one.

The second stanza begins with yet another juxtaposition of the original and the modified; while the foolish Icarus would have been deemed "disobedient" in his times, he becomes "nice Mr. Hicks" in modernity. As the speaker begins to describe Icarus directly, another allusion to modern tenets is made; Icarus's suit "concealed arms," which we soon find out though that they are not the "arms" used in gang wars but those with which he attempted flight. Icarus's neighbors cannot perceive his sadness at the failure of his deed, though, and the gentle time (and air) traveler does not wish to upset them by revealing the truths. In this case, a metonymic "front yards" is used by the speaker to symbolize the suburban lifestyle and "moralistic" attitude of the people surrounding Icarus.

In creating the final analogies and contrasts between the past and present Icaruses, the speaker draws into the tragic hero side of the protagonist and uses it in a rhetorical question at the end of the second stanza. Unfortunately for Icarus, it seems, he did not fall to his death but to the "middling stature of the merely talented"; he cannot find serenity in an environment where personal judgment (Icarus's neighbors) cannot reconcile with the group activities (participating in committees and riding commuter trains). Using anaphora, the first two lines of the third stanza convey Icarus's longing for tragic departure, juxtaposing nightly reflection and daily attempts at flight. Lacking the success he had in the past, even though it had cost him, Icarus comes to the conclusion that his role would have been much more satisfactory had he drowned.

Field employs techniques of content (contrast and irony) and of how the content is shaped (anaphora and figurative language). In doing so, he conveys both poetically personal reflections and an effective change of Icarus's setting, shaping this work as an even more tragic story for the protagonist than his death in had been.

Q1 In the following speech from Shakespeare's play Henry VIII, Cardinal Wolsey considers his sudden downfall from his position as advisor to the king. Spokesman for the king have just left Wolsey alone on stage. Read the speech carefully. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how Shakespeare uses elements such as allusion, figurative language, and tone to convey Wolsey's complex response to his dismissal from court.

The Speech of Wolsey on his downfall. From Henry VIII.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. H8.III.2. 350-72.

In his play Henry VIII, author William Shakespeare does a remarkable job of conveying the emotions of his character Cardinal Wolsey, who has just received the shock of his dismissal as the King's advisor. Shakespeare's description is realistic because it reflects the range of feelings people often undergo when reeling from an unexpected disappointment. Wolsey's soliloquy reveals both anger and lamentation as he struggles to come to terms with what has occurred. Shakespeare portrays both the hostility and despair of Wolsey's reaction through dramatic diction, figurative language, and a shift in tone.

The words Shakespeare chooses reflect Wolsey's complex reaction because they represent strong emotion. Wolsey describes himself as "weary," which implies that he has poured everything he has into his position, leaving him exhausted. "Weary" connotes aging, as if Wolsey has expended a great amount

of time in his dedication to his work. Even more powerful is the selection of the word "wretched," which Wolsey uses to characterize those such as himself who have lived their lives depending on the approval of the monarch. The connotations of "wretched" are despair and utter hopelessness. This negative word choice suggests that Wolsey has no hope whatsoever for the future, leaving him in a state of utter desperation. The loaded diction Shakespeare uses illuminates the extremity of Wolsey's emotional state.

Through figurative language, Shakespeare evokes powerful images that show Wolsey's anger as well as despair. He uses the metaphor of a delicate flower to represent Wolsey's spirit, first optimistically putting out "the tender leaves of hopes," then blooming only to be struck by a "killing frost." This image conveys Wolsey's vulnerability and innocence. The frost, which symbolizes the king's brash dismissal of Wolsey, is cruel and undeserved. By placing the sprouting, blooming, and death of the flower within a three-day span, Shakespeare reflects Wolsey's anger at how suddenly he fell from favor. Shakespeare also uses figurative language to show Wolsey's hopelessness. Using simile, he likens Wolsey to Satan, the angel who fell out of God's favor and was banished to Hell, never to return again. This comparison reflects Wolsey's conviction that he has no reason for hope and must instead expect misery for the rest of his life. These two powerful uses of imagery portray the two emotions between which Wolsey vacillates.

Shakespeare also employs a change in tone to convey the complexity of Wolsey's emotions. At first, the tone is bitter. Wolsey scoffs at the idea of losing "the little good" he gains from the king. He describes the world as "vain," superficially focused on status, and declares, "I hate ye!" This tone reveals Wolsey's hostility, his first reaction. Immediately afterwards, his speech shifts to a tone of hopelessness and despair. He laments the life he has led as a "wretched" man beholden to the ruler, expressing self-pity through his characterization of himself as a "poor man." Wolsey concludes by asserting that he will never have any hope for the future. The change in tone between bitterness and hopelessness reflects the emotions between which Wolsey is struggling; his initial anger gives way to sadness and self-pity. Through this change, Shakespeare reflects that emotional reactions are often multifaceted.

Using powerful diction, evaluative figurative language, and a change in tone, Shakespeare portrays Wolsey's response to his dismissal as both hostile and despairing. The words Wolsey uses reflect the strength of his emotions, the images he creates fortify this description, and the shift in tone emphasizes the split between his emotions. By employing these three tactics, Shakespeare reflects the powerful complexity of Wolsey's reaction, and of human emotions as a whole.

Prompt for Q2

The following passage is an excerpt from "The Other Paris," a short story from Canadian writer Mavis Gallant. Read the passage carefully. Then, in a well-written essay, explain how the author uses narrative voice and characterization to provide social commentary.

If anyone had asked Carol at what precise moment she fell in love, or where Howard Mitchell proposed to her, she would have imagined, quite sincerely, a scene that involved all at once the Seine, moonlight, barrows of violets, acacias in flower, and a confused, misty background of the Eiffel tower and little

crooked streets. This was what everyone expected, and she had nearly come to believe it herself.

Actually, he had proposed at lunch, over a tuna-fish salad. He and Carol had known each other less than three weeks, and their conversation, until then, had been limited to their office – an American government agency – and the people in it. Carol was twenty-two; no one had proposed to her before, except an unsuitable medical student with no money and eight years' training still to go. She was under the illusion that in a short time she would be so old no one would ask her again. She accepted at once, and Howard celebrated by ordering an extra bottle of wine. Both would have liked champagne, as a more emphatic symbol of the unusual, but each was too diffident to suggest it.

The fact that Carol was not in love with Howard Mitchell did not dismay her in the least. From a series of helpful college lectures on marriage she had learned that a common interest, such as a liking for Irish setters, was the true basis for happiness, and that the illusion of love was a blight imposed by the film industry, and almost entirely responsible for the high rate of divorce. Similar economic background, financial security, belonging to the same church – these were the pillars of the married union. By an astonishing coincidence, the fathers of Carol and Howard were both attorneys and both had been defeated in their one attempt to get elected a judge. Carol and Howard were both vaguely Protestant, although a serious discussion of religious beliefs would have gravely embarrassed them. And Howard, best of all, was sober, old enough to know his own mind, and absolutely reliable. He was an economist who had sense enough to attach himself to a corporation that continued to pay his salary during his loan to the government. There was no reason for the engagement or the marriage to fail.

Carol, with great efficiency, nearly at once set about the business of falling in love. Love required only the right conditions, like a geranium. It would wither exposed to bad weather or in dismal surroundings; indeed, Carol rated the chances of love in a cottage or a furnished room at zero. Given a good climate, enough money, and a pair of good-natured, *intelligent* (her college lectures had stressed this) people, one had only to sit back and watch it grow. All winter, then she looked for these right conditions in Paris. When, at first, nothing happened, she blamed it on the weather. She was often convinced she would fall deeply in love with Howard if only it would stop raining. Undaunted, she waited for better times.

Howard had no notion of any of this. His sudden proposal to Carol had been quite out of character – he was uncommonly cautious – and he alternated between a state of numbness and a state of self-congratulation. Before his engagement he had sometimes been lonely, a malaise he put down to overwork, and he was discontented with his bachelor households, for he did not enjoy collecting old pottery or making little casserole dishes. Unless he stumbled on a competent housemaid, nothing ever got done. This in itself would not have spurred him into marriage had he not been seriously unsettled by the visit of one of his sisters, who advised him to marry some nice girl before it was too late. "Soon," she told him, "you'll just be a person who fills in at dinner."

Howard saw the picture at once, and was deeply moved by it. (1953)

According to society, marriage should be the dream of every young woman, and every action of the male/female "mating dance" is what society dictates, though couples may intend otherwise. This entire passage ridicules the awkward and misplaced (not to mention ludicrous) stress society and culture places on proper marriage. Mavis Gallant's "The Other Paris" provides a brilliant social commentary through satire, irony, glorious characterization of two soon-to-be-married fools, and a thinly veiled tone

of underlying contempt.

That a man would propose to a woman after only three weeks and having never spoken to her about anything other than the office is outweighed in preposterousness only by the fact that she accepted. It is surely a desperate time for her because she was at the ancient age of twenty-two and “no one had proposed to her before,” except an “unsuitable” medical student who most likely loved her deeply and would have made her happy, but did not fulfill the artificial requirements placed by a moronic lecture on marriage, like an interest in Irish settlers. Because love is a fight imposed by the film industry, of course! The tone throughout the second and third paragraphs is an amused contempt and open satirization of her excessive folly. Belonging to the same church is one of the pillars of the married union, but (of course) any such discussion would be far too embarrassing for either of them. And even though they both were fully aware champagne would be more than perfectly appropriate, their distance from one another makes that impossible.

One of the most important recurring themes is that of pressure by society to get married soon, for all the wrong reasons. The supreme irony of the entire concept is that a set of criteria, none of which have to do with emotional attachment, have been developed for successful marriage. Since these are fleeting it is extremely important to get married as soon as possible and not fool around with any of that love business. And when these silly, stupid, moronic, transient, economically-driven criteria are no longer met, the marriage falls apart due to the lack of emotional attachment, and the whole thing is blamed on not meeting the initial conditions: circular logic at its best. Howard and Carol were pushed into marriage thusly, and will undoubtedly join the ranks of the divorced in a few years – all of which is blamed on marriage for love, of course.

And even love itself is inverted by these poor misguided cattle. Even though love is an illusion, Carol gets about the business of falling in love “with great efficiency.” Another wonderful irony of inversion. Carol and Howard believe the conditions of life – the fleeting, transitory ones – are the basis of lifelong happiness, while love can be cultured easily. It would make much more sense to marry for love – which lasts forever – and adopt the current circumstances to fit married life, but logic has no place in today's society (of course!).

By illustrating these ironies, inversions, follies, inconsistencies, circular logic, and downright absurdity, Gallant succeeds in crafting a delicious mockery of not the institution of marriage but the institution surrounding marriage. The exceptional character development and witty, biting tone serve to blast holes the size of Iowa into that poor, misguided institution.

Holy Sonnets: Batter my heart, three-person'd God

By John Donne

Batter my heart, three-person'd God, for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurp'd town to another due,
Labor to admit you, but oh, to no end;
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy;
Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

Doctor Atomic

At the northern end of the White Sands Missile Range, in the semi-arid desert of central New Mexico, a road stretches toward the charcoal-colored rockface of the Oscura Mountains, which rise to nearly nine thousand feet. At the end of the road is a neat circular shape, about a half mile in diameter. This is the site of the first atomic explosion, which took place on July 16, 1945. When the bomb went off, it obliterated the creosote bushes that had been growing here, along with every other living thing inside the circle. When plant life returned to the spot, grass and yucca plants took the place of the creosote. The change in vegetation explains why the site is visible from miles away, and probably from space.

White Sands is a mesmerizing place—an outdoor museum of mankind’s highest ambitions and deepest fears. The missile range is still an active facility. Lately, the Defense Threat Reduction Agency has been using an area nearby to study the effects of explosives on underground bunkers. One corner of White Sands is occupied by LINEAR, the Lincoln Near Earth Asteroid Research project, which scans the skies for errant asteroids, particularly those big enough to cause mass extinctions. At the same time, the range functions as an unofficial wildlife refuge, the secrecy of the place serving to protect various species. It is home to herds of oryx, an African antelope. They are noble animals with horns like medieval spikes, and they can go for extended periods without water.

J. Robert Oppenheimer, the man who oversaw the building of the first atomic bombs, called the test site Trinity, in honor of John Donne's sonnet "Batter my heart, three-person'd God." The poem contains the words "break, blow, burn, and make me new." Oppenheimer was made new by the explosion, or, at least, was not the same afterward. The terrain beneath the bomb—Ground Zero, it was called—also underwent a transformation, which scientists are still trying to understand. When Trinity personnel came back to inspect the site, they found a green, glassy substance covering the ground. The latest hypothesis is that this artificial mineral, which was named trinitite, formed when soil, water, and organic matter were lifted off the ground and fused in the heat of the blast. Over the years, tourists have carried away much of the trinitite in their pockets—the site is open to visitors twice a year—and most of the rest was buried beneath the soil. Looking down at the ground, you would never know that anything out of the ordinary had happened here.

What happened at Trinity is the subject of "Doctor Atomic," a new opera, with music by John Adams and a libretto by Peter Sellars. The opening scenes take place at Los Alamos, the headquarters of the Manhattan Project, two weeks before the test. The rest takes place on the night of July 15th-16th, in the hours leading up to the detonation. It had its première at the San Francisco Opera on October 1, 2005. <http://www.doctor-atomic.com/>

Additional information about the aria "Batter my heart".

The crux of the opera arrives: Oppenheimer, alone at the bottom of the tower, sings "Batter my heart, three person'd God." The most telling lines may be the last: "for I / Except you enthrall me, never shall be free, / Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me." The aria is in the key of D minor, in the manner of a Renaissance lament, with a hint of synagogue chant; Oppenheimer sings a grand, doleful, nobly stammering melody, while the orchestra mimics the sound of viols and lutes.

"That music just sort of fluttered down and landed on my desk one day," Adams told me. "Part of me said, 'No, you can't do that,' and the other half said, 'That's it, go ahead and do it.' Afterward, I realized the reason it was right. Naming the site after a John Donne sonnet was itself an archaic gesture. Oppenheimer was always referring back to ancient things, summing up his state through very dignified forms."

The Collar background information

Ancient Greek and Roman thinkers and physicians theorized that physical and mental disorders were the result of an imbalance in one of the four humours. An excess of any of the four was thought to correspond a certain temperament in the patient. A large quantity of blood made the patient *sanguine* or cheerful, perhaps with too much energy. Too much phlegm (viscous liquid, mucous) made him or her *phlegmatic*, or cool and apathetic. An excess of black bile, also called spleen or melancholy and thought to be excreted by the spleen, would make a person

melancholic or depressive. Finally, too much yellow bile, or choler, made for a *choleric* or easily angered temperament.

	wet	dry
hot	air/blood – sanguine, cheerful	fire/yellow bile – choleric, angry
cold	water/phlegm – phlegmatic, sluggish	earth/black bile – melancholy, sad

The Collar from *The Temple* (1633)

by George Herbert

I struck the board¹, and cried, “No more:
 I will abroad!
 What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
 My lines and life are free, free as the road,
 Loose as the wind, as large as store. 5
 Shall I be still in suit?²
 Have I no harvest but a thorn
 To let me blood, and not restore
 What I have lost with cordial³ fruit?
 Sure there was wine 10
 Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn
 Before my tears did drown it.
 Is the year only lost to me?
 Have I no bays⁴ to crown it,
 No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted? 15
 All wasted?
 Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
 Recover all thy sigh-blown age
 On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute 20
 Of what is fit, and not. Forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,⁵
 Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law, 25
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away! take heed;

I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's-head⁶ there; tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears 30
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load."
 But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, "Child!" 35
 And I replied, "My Lord."

¹Table

²In attendance, waiting on someone for a favor

³Giving heart's ease. Restorative

⁴The poet's wreath

⁵Illusory constraints

⁶The skull, a reminder of death.

The Collar by George Herbert

DIRECTIONS: Respond to the following statements and/or questions with the **BEST** answer among those given:

1. The poem as a whole dramatizes
 - a. a strained love affair
 - b. the restraint of political freedom
 - c. religious rebellion and reconciliation
 - d. the stain of economic loss
 - e. lack of parental understanding
2. It can be inferred that when the speaker says "No more" (line 1), he is turning away from
 - a. self-discipline and sacrifice
 - b. concern for other men's opinions
 - c. devotion to home and family
 - d. patriotic loyalty
 - e. childish fantasies

3. The speaker's statements within the quotation marks (lines 1-32) are addressed to
 - a. an aging friend
 - b. his parent
 - c. his loved one
 - d. the Lord
 - e. himself
4. In context, the phrase "as large as store" (line 5) is best interpreted to mean as
 - a. full as abundance itself
 - b. expensive as a treasure
 - c. burdensome as can be imagined
 - d. majestic as a mountain
 - e. precious as a pleasant memory
5. The imagery in the phrase "no harvest but a thorn" (line 7) is especially appropriate because it
 - a. relates to the harsh side of a farmer's life
 - b. has spiritual as well as physical associations
 - c. stresses the difference between the way a man views himself and the way others view him
 - d. emphasizes the harvest time or autumn of one's life
 - e. suggests the transcendence of man in nature
6. The tone of the speaker's questions in lines 3-16 is primarily one of
 - a. enthusiasm
 - b. timidity
 - c. haughtiness
 - d. inquisitiveness
 - e. bitterness
7. In the context of the poem, "bays," "flowers," and "garlands gay" (lines 14-15) imply
 - a. youthfulness
 - b. freedom from imprisonment
 - c. secular pleasures
 - d. the beauties of nature
 - e. memories of the past
8. The change in tone from lines 1-16 to lines 17-32 can best be described as a change from
 - a. restraint to freedom
 - b. querying to assertion
 - c. assertion to denial
 - d. freedom to entrapment
 - e. grief to joy

9. The speaker urges his heart to stop its "cold dispute" (line 20) so that he may
- regain his emotional composure
 - become a religious convert
 - seek the advice of more experienced philosophers
 - enjoy natural pleasures with enthusiasm
 - experience the simple life of a farmer
10. The "cage" (line 21) represents a kind of prison formed by
- religious scruples
 - secular tyranny
 - human bestiality
 - foolish pleasures
 - material possessions
11. It can be inferred that the speaker's desire to go abroad (lines 2 and 28) represents
- an initiation rite
 - an abandonment of the strictures of conscience
 - a suspect means of self-development
 - a more mature way to attain freedom
 - an escape from worldly temptations
12. The statement "tie up thy fears" (line 29) is best interpreted to mean
- analyze your aspirations
 - dismiss your hopes
 - overcome your anxieties
 - be aware of your weaknesses
 - maintain a humble stance
13. The pronoun "He" (line 30) refers to
- "death's-head" (line 29)
 - "one" (line 35)
 - "My Lord" (line 36)]
 - anyone who has died
 - any human being
14. What does the speaker wish for in lines 17-32?
- aid from compassionate men
 - restoration of law and order
 - rededication to the Lord
 - unrestricted behavior
 - more enlightened self-scrutiny

15. The major change in the speaker's attitude occurs between lines
- a. 2 and 3
 - b. 16 and 17
 - c. 18 and 19
 - d. 26 and 27
 - e. 32 and 33
16. The tone of the address "Child" (line 35) is best described as one of
- a. benevolent paternalism
 - b. near desperation
 - c. uncertainty and fear
 - d. delight and elation
 - e. veiled contempt
17. At the end of the poem, the speaker's attitude is one of
- a. defeat
 - b. deceit
 - c. acquiescence
 - d. bewilderment
 - e. anger
18. In relation to the entire poem, the title, "The Collar," provides an emblem of
- a. the road to adventure
 - b. the fear of death
 - c. delight in earthly pleasures
 - d. an artist's search for perfection
 - e. servitude to God
19. The "Collar" can be thought of a pun on the word
- a. choral
 - b. collapse
 - c. calendar
 - d. choler
 - e. cholera

The Flea

by John Donne

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deniest me is ;
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be.
Thou know'st that this cannot be said 5
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead ;
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two ;
And this, alas ! is more than we would do.

O stay, three lives in one flea spare, 10
Where we almost, yea, more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is.
Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet. 15
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence? 20
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now.
'Tis true ; then learn how false fears be ; 25
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

Read through the entire poem once, without making any comments.

Now, read the first stanza

- ✓ What is the meaning of “Mark(e) but this flea, and mark(e) in this,...”? Why the use of such direct address?
- ✓ What is the “this”?
- ✓ Why is it significant that the two people’s blood is joined in the flea?

- ✓ What is meant by “Thou knowest that this cannot be said/A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead.”?
- ✓ Define “maidenhead”.
- ✓ What is meant by the repetition of “this” in the first stanza?
- ✓ What is the religious imagery in this stanza?
- ✓ What is the rhyme scheme of the first stanza?
- ✓ What do you think the first stanza is about (literal then metaphorical)?

Read the second stanza

- ✓ Visualize the speaker talking to the other person. Where does flea fit in?
- ✓ What is about to happen that causes the speaker to say “Oh, stay, three lives in one flea spare,...”?
- ✓ Whose lives are in the flea?
- ✓ What is the religious imagery in this stanza?
- ✓ What is the definition of “jet”, of “grudge”, and of “cloistered”?
- ✓ What does the speaker mean when stating “Though use make you apt to kill me...”
- ✓ What is the rhyme scheme of the second stanza?
- ✓ What do you think the second stanza is about (literal then metaphorical)?
- ✓ How does the speaker’s argument change from the first to the second stanza?

Do the third stanza on your own

General Questions:

- ✓ What appears to be the relationship between the speaker and who he/she is speaking to?
- ✓ What is the attitude/tone of the speaker?
- ✓ What issue or problem is the speaker trying to address?
- ✓ How does consistent rhyme scheme add to the speaker’s argument.
- ✓ How does the speaker’s argument “move” through the poem?
- ✓ If time, write a personal response to the poem explaining what the poem is about and why you think that.

To his Coy Mistress

by Andrew Marvell

Had we but world enough, and time,
 This coyness¹, lady, were no crime.
 We would sit down and think which way²

To walk, and pass our long love's day;
Thou by the Indian Ganges³ side
Shouldst rubies⁴ find; I by the tide
Of Humber⁵ would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood⁶;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love⁷ should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state⁸,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot⁹ hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault¹⁰, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms¹¹ shall try
That long preserv'd virginity,
And your quaint¹² honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew¹³,
And while thy willing soul transpires¹⁴
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,

Rather at once our time devour,
 Than languish in his slow-chapp'd¹⁵ power.
 Let us roll all our strength, and all
 Our sweetness, up into one ball;
 And tear our pleasures with rough strife
 Thorough¹⁶ the iron gates of life.
 Thus, though we cannot make our sun
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.

1 coyness: Evasiveness, hesitancy, modesty, coquetry, reluctance; playing hard to get.

2 which . . . walk: Example of enjambment (carrying the sense of one line of verse over to the next line without a pause).

3 Ganges: River in Asia originating in the Himalayas and flowing southeast, through India, to the Bay of Bengal. The young man here suggests that the young lady could postpone her commitment to him if her youth lasted a long, long time. She could take real or imagined journeys abroad, even to India. She could also refuse to commit herself to him until all the Jews convert to Christianity. But since youth is fleeting (as the poem later points out), there is no time for such journeys. She must submit herself to him now.

4 rubies: Gems that may be rose red or purplish red. In folklore, it is said that rubies protect and maintain virginity. Ruby deposits occur in various parts of the world, but the most precious ones are found in Asia, including Myanmar (Burma), India, Thailand, Sri Lanka, Afghanistan, and Russia.

5 Humber: River in northeastern England. It flows through Hull, Andrew Marvell's hometown.

6 Flood. . . Jews: Resorting to hyperbole, the young man says that his love for the young lady is unbounded by time. He would love her ten years before great flood that Noah outlasted in his ark (Gen. 5:28-10:32) and would still love her until all Jews became Christians at the end of the world.

7 vegetable love: love cultivated and nurtured like a vegetable so that it flourishes prolifically

8 this state: This lofty position; this dignity.

9 Time's wingèd chariot: In Greek mythology, the sun was personified as the god Apollo, who rode his golden chariot from east to west each day. Thus, Marvell here associates the sun god with the passage of time.

10 marble vault: The young lady's tomb.

11 worms: a morbid phallic reference.

12 quaint: Preserved carefully or skillfully.

13 dew: The 1681 manuscript of the poem uses *glew* (not *dew*), apparently as a coined past tense for *glow*.

14 transpires: Erupts, breaks out, emits, gives off.

15 slow-chapt: Chewing or eating slowly.

16 Thorough: Through.

The title suggests (1) that the author looked over the shoulder of a young man as he wrote a plea to a young lady and (2) that the author then reported the plea exactly as the young man expressed it.

However, the author added the title, using the third-person possessive pronoun "his" to refer to the young man. The word "coy" tells the reader that the lady is no easy catch; the word "mistress" can mean *lady*, *manager*, *caretaker*, *courtesan*, *sweetheart*, and *lover*. It can also serve as the female equivalent of *master*. In "To His Coy Mistress," the word appears to be a synonym for lady or sweetheart.

Great Chain of Being

God (perfect reason and understanding)

Angels (reason and understanding)

Man (reason, emotion, sensation, existence)

Woman (emotion, limited reason, sensation, existence)

Animal kingdom (emotion, sensation, and existence)

Vegetable kingdom (sensation and existence)

Stones and inanimate objects (existence).

Picture at <http://www.stanford.edu/class/engl174b/chain.html>

“In a metaphysical poem the conceits are instruments of definition in an argument or instruments to persuade. The poem has something to say which the conceit explicates or something to urge which the conceit helps to forward.” (Helen Gardner, “Introduction to The Metaphysical Poets, 1957).

“One of the stock devices used by a poet is imagery. Images which are just and natural are employed by all the poets; conceits, however, are unusual and fantastic similes. Comparisons indicate similarity in dissimilar objects, but conceits emphasise the degree of heterogeneity—the strong element of unlikeness and the violence or strain used in bringing together dissimilar objects. There is more of the incongruity rather than the similarity in a conceit. Comparing the cheeks of the beloved to a rose is an image, while comparing the cheeks of the lover to a rose because they have lost their colour and are bleeding from thorns, (and the consequent gloom) is a conceit.

Donne’s conceits are metaphysical because they are taken from the extended world of knowledge, from science, astrology, astronomy, scholastic philosophy, fine arts, etc. They are scholarly and learned conceits and much too far-fetched and obscure. Moreover, they are elaborate. The well-known conceit of the two lovers being compared to a pair of compasses, where one leg remains fixed at the centre and the other rotates is an elaborate and extended conceit. Similarly, the comparison of the flea to a bridal bed or a marriage temple is another example of an elaborate conceit.”

<http://neoenglish.wordpress.com/2010/11/07/conceits-and-images-of-john-donne/>

***A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning* (1611)**

As virtuous men pass mildly' away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say
The breath goes now, and some say, no;

5 So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,

'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of the earth brings harms and fears,
10 Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
15 Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
20 Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

25 If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the other do.

And though it in the center sit,
30 Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like the other foot, obliquely run;
35 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

Death, be not proud (Holy Sonnet 10)

by John Donne

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

by John Donne

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

II.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

III.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore ;
And having done that, Thou hast done ;
I fear no more.

Henry Vaughan : The Retreat

Happy those early days! when I
Shined in my angel-infancy,
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race¹,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud, or flower,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several² sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshy dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Oh how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train³;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm trees⁴.
But ah! my soul with too much stay⁵
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

1 life, some believe the soul had a heavenly existence before life in this world.

2 separate

3 i.e. that way of existence

4 heaven

5 delay

Emily Dickinson

Renunciation—is a piercing Virtue—

The letting go
A Presence—for an Expectation—
Not now—
The putting out of Eyes—
Just Sunrise—
Lest Day—
Day's Great Progenitor—
Outvie
Renunciation—is the Choosing
Against itself—
Itself to justify
Unto itself—
When larger function—
Make that appear—
Smaller—that Covered Vision—Here—

I felt a funeral in my brain,

And mourners, to and fro,
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed
That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated,
A service like a drum
Kept beating, beating, till I thought
My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,
And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead,
Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell,
And Being but an ear,
And I and silence some strange race,
Wrecked, solitary, here.

And then a plank in reason, broke,
And I dropped down and down--
And hit a world at every plunge,
And finished knowing--then--

Quarrel In Old Age

Where had her sweetness gone?
What fanatics invent
In this blind bitter town,
Fantasy or incident
Not worth thinking of,
put her in a rage.
I had forgiven enough
That had forgiven old age.
All lives that has lived;
So much is certain;
Old sages were not deceived:
Somewhere beyond the curtain
Of distorting days
Lives that lonely thing
That shone before these eyes
Targeted, trod like Spring.

William Butler Yeats

The Balloon Of The Mind

Hands, do what you're bid:
Bring the balloon of the mind
That bellies and drags in the wind
Into its narrow shed.

William Butler Yeats

The Collar: **Answer Key: 1c, 2a, 3e, 4a, 5b, 6e, 7c, 8b, 9d, 10a, 11b, 12c, 13e, 14d, 15e, 16a, 17c, 18e, 19d**

“We have fallen into the place where everything is music. That’s what the Festival feels like—we feel this vast interconnectedness. It’s amazing that this many people can be really genuinely excited about fooling with words.”
—Coleman Barks

from *New Year’s Day Nap* by Coleman Barks
Fiesta Bowl on low.

My son lying here on the couch
on the “Dad” pillow he made for me
in the Seventh Grade. Now a sophomore
at Georgia Southern, driving back later today,
he sleeps with his white top hat over his face.

I’m a dancin’ fool.

Twenty years ago, half the form
he sleeps within came out of nowhere
with a million micro-lemmings who all died but one
piercer of membrane, specially picked to start a brainmaking,
egg-drop soup, that stirred two sun and moon centers
for a new-painted sky in the tiniest
ballroom imaginable.

Now he’s rousing, six feet long,
turning on his side. Now he’s gone.

Jars of Springwater

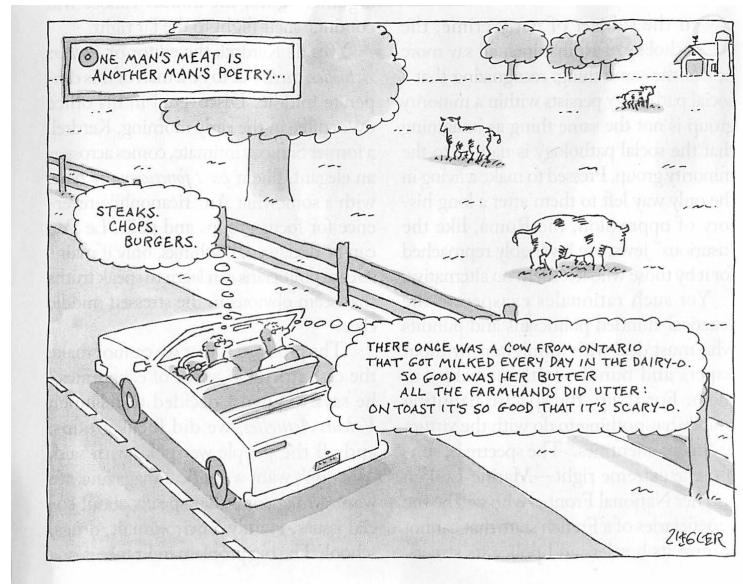
Jars of springwater are not enough
anymore. Take us down to the river!

The face of peace, the sun itself.
No more the slippery cloudlike moon.

Give us one clear morning after another
and the one whose work remains unfinished,

who *is* our work as we diminish, idle,
though occupied, empty, and open.

by Jelaluddin Rumi, translated by Coleman Barks



Where Everything Is Music

Don't worry about saving these songs!
And if one of our instruments breaks,
it doesn't matter.

We have fallen into the place
where everything is music.

The strumming and the flute notes
rise into the atmosphere,
and even if the whole world's harp
should burn up, there will still be
hidden instruments playing.

So the candle flickers and goes out.
We have a piece of flint, and a spark.

This singing art is sea foam.
The graceful movements come from a pearl
somewhere on the ocean floor.

Poems reach up like spindrift and the edge
of driftwood along the beach, wanting!

They derive
from a slow and powerful root
that we can't see.

Stop the words now.
Open the window in the center of your chest,
and let the spirits fly in and out.

by Jelaluddin Rumi, translated by Coleman Barks

oh absalom my son my son by Lucille Clifton

even as i turned myself from you
i longed to hold you oh
my wild haired son

running in the wilderness away
from me from us
into a thicket you could not foresee

if you had stayed
i feared you would kill me
if you left i feared you would die

oh my son
my son
what does the Lord require

Golden Retrievals by Mark Doty

Fetch? Balls and sticks capture my attention
seconds at a time. Catch? I don't think so.
Bunny, tumbling leaf, a squirrel who's—oh
joy—actually scared. Sniff the wind, then

I'm off again: muck, pond, ditch, residue
of any thrillingly dead thing. And you?
Either you're sunk in the past, half our walk,
thinking of what you can never bring back,

or else you're off in some fog concerning
—tomorrow, is that what you call it? My work:
to unsnare time's warp (and woof!), retrieving,
my haze-headed friend, you. This shining bark,

a Zen master's bronzy gong, calls you here,
entirely, now: bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow.

from Messiah (Christmas Portions)

Who'd have thought
they'd be so good? *Every valley*,
proclaims the solo tenor,
(a sleek blonde

I've seen somewhere before
—the liquor store?) *shall be exalted*,
and in his handsome mouth the word
is lifted and opened

into more syllables
than we could count, central *ah*
dilated in a baroque melisma,
liquefied; the pour

of voice seems
to *make* the unplanned landscape
the text predicts the Lord
will heighten and tame.

This music
demonstrates what it claims:
glory shall be revealed. If art's
acceptable evidence,

mustn't what lies
behind the world be at least
as beautiful as the human voice?
The tenors lack confidence,

and the soloists,
half of them anyway, don't
have the strength to found
the mighty kingdoms

these passages propose
—but the chorus, all together,
equals my burning clouds,
and seems itself to burn,

commingled powers
deeded to a larger, centering claim.
These aren't anyone we know;
choiring dissolves

familiarity in an up-
pouring rush which will not
rest, will not, for a moment,
be still.

Aren't we enlarged
by the scale of what we're able
to desire? Everything,
the choir insists,

might flame;
inside these wrappings
burns another, brighter life,
quickened, now,

by song: hear how
it cascades, in overlapping,
lapidary waves of praise? Still time.
Still time to change.

Brian Age Seven

Grateful for their tour
of the pharmacy,
the first-grade class
has drawn these pictures,
each self-portrait taped
to the window-glass,
faces wide to the street,
round and available,
with parallel lines for hair.

I like this one best: Brian,
whose attenuated name
fills a quarter of the frame,
stretched beside impossible
legs descending from the ball
of his torso, two long arms
springing from that same
central sphere. He breathes here,

on his page. It isn't craft
that makes this figure come alive;
Brian draws just balls and lines,
in wobbly crayon strokes.
Why do some marks
seem to thrill with life,
possess a portion
of the nervous energy
in their maker's hand?

That big curve of a smile
reaches nearly to the rim
of his face; he holds
a towering ice cream,
brown spheres teetering
on their cone,

a soda fountain gift
half the length of him
—as if it were the flag

of his own country held high
by the unadorned black line
of his arm. Such naked support
for so much delight! Artless boy,
he's found a system of beauty:
he shows us pleasure
and what pleasure resists.
The ice cream is delicious.
He's frail beside his relentless standard.

Mark Doty

The Envoy by Jane Hirshfield

One day in that room, a small rat.
Two days later, a snake.

Who, seeing me enter,
whipped the long stripe of his
body under the bed,
then curled like a docile house-pet.

I don't know how either came or left.
Later, the flashlight found nothing.

For a year I watched
as something—terror? happiness? grief?—
entered and then left my body.

Not knowing how it came in,
Not knowing how it went out.

It hung where words could not reach it.
It slept where light could not go.
Its scent was neither snake nor rat,
neither sensualist nor ascetic.

There are openings in our lives
of which we know nothing.

Through them
the belled herds travel at will,
long-legged and thirsty, covered with foreign dust.

Symposium by Paul Muldoon

You can lead a horse to water but you can't make it hold
its nose to the grindstone and hunt with the hounds.
Every dog has a stitch in time. Two heads? You've been
sold
one good turn. One good turn deserves a bird in the hand.

A bird in the hand is better than no bread.
To have your cake is to pay Paul.
Make hay while you can still hit the nail on the head.
For want of a nail the sky might fall.

People in glass houses can't see the wood
for the new broom. Rome wasn't built between two stools.

Empty vessels wait for no man.

A hair of the dog is a friend indeed.
There's no fool like the fool
who's shot his bolt. There's no smoke after the horse is
gone.

Halley's Comet by Stanley Kunitz

Miss Murphy in first grade
wrote its name in chalk
across the board and told us
it was roaring down the stormtracks
of the Milky Way at frightful speed
and if it wandered off its course
and smashed into the earth
there'd be no school tomorrow.
A red-bearded preacher from the hills
with a wild look in his eyes
stood in the public square
at the playground's edge
proclaiming he was sent by God
to save every one of us,
even the little children.
"Repent, ye sinners!" he shouted,
waving his hand-lettered sign.
At supper I felt sad to think
that it was probably
the last meal I'd share
with my mother and my sisters;
but I felt excited too
and scarcely touched my plate.
So mother scolded me
and sent me early to my room.
The whole family's asleep
except for me. They never heard me steal
into the stairwell hall and climb
the ladder to the fresh night air.

Look for me, Father, on the roof
of the red brick building
at the foot of Green Street—
that's where we live, you know, on the top floor.
I'm the boy in the white flannel gown
sprawled on this coarse gravel bed
searching the starry sky,
waiting for the world to end.

The Clasp by Sharon Olds

She was four, he was one, it was raining, we had colds,
we had been in the apartment two weeks straight,
I grabbed her to keep her from shoving him over on his
face, again, and when I had her wrist
in my grasp I compressed it, fiercely, for a couple
of seconds, to make an impression on her,
to hurt her, our beloved firstborn, I even almost
savored the stinging sensation of the squeezing,
the expression, into her, of my anger,
“Never, never, again,” the righteous
chant accompanying the clasp. It happened very
fast—grab, crush, crush,
crush, release—and at the first extra
force, she swung her head, as if checking
who this was, and looked at me,
and saw me—yes, this was her mom,
her mom was doing this. Her dark,
deeply open eyes took me
in, she knew me, in the shock of the moment
she learned me. This was her mother, one of the
two whom she most loved, the two
who loved her most, near the source of love
was this.

To Television by Robert Pinsky

Not a “window on the world”
But as we call you,
A box a tube

Terrarium of dreams and wonders.
Coffer of shades, ordained
Cotillion of phosphors
Or liquid crystal

Homey miracle, tub
Of acquiescence, vein of defiance.
Your patron in the pantheon would be Hermes

Raster dance,
Quick one, little thief, escort
Of the dying and comfort of the sick,

In a blue glow my father and little sister sat
Snuggled in one chair watching you
Their wife and mother was sick in the head

I scorned you and them as I scorned so much

Now I like you best in a hotel room,
Maybe minutes
Before I have to face an audience: behind
The doors of the armoire, box
Within a box—Tom & Jerry, or also brilliant
And reassuring, Oprah Winfrey.

Thank you, for I watched, I watched
Sid Caesar speaking French and Japanese not
Through knowledge but imagination,
His quickness, and Thank you, I watched live
Jackie Robinson stealing

Home, the image—O strung shell—enduring
Fleeter than light like these words we
Remember in: they too are winged
At the helmet and ankles.

I Chop Some Parsley While Listening To Art Blakey's Version Of "Three Blind Mice"

And I start wondering how they came to be blind.
If it was congenital, they could be brothers and sister,
and I think of the poor mother
brooding over her sightless young triplets.

Or was it a common accident, all three caught
in a searing explosion, a firework perhaps?
If not,
if each came to his or her blindness separately,

how did they ever manage to find one another?
Would it not be difficult for a blind mouse
to locate even one fellow mouse with vision
let alone two other blind ones?

And how, in their tiny darkness,
could they possibly have run after a farmer's wife
or anyone else's wife for that matter?
Not to mention why.

Just so she could cut off their tails
with a carving knife, is the cynic's answer,
but the thought of them without eyes
and now without tails to trail through the moist grass

or slip around the corner of a baseboard

has the cynic who always lounges within me
up off his couch and at the window
trying to hide the rising softness that he feels.

By now I am on to dicing an onion
which might account for the wet stinging
in my own eyes, though Freddie Hubbard's
mournful trumpet on "Blue Moon,"

which happens to be the next cut,
cannot be said to be making matters any better.

Billy Collins

Because My Students Asked Me
By Taylor Mali

what i would want them to do
at my funeral, i told them:

write & perform a collective poem
in which each of you says a line
about what i was like as a teacher,
about how i made you reach for stars
until you became them,
about how much you loved
to pretend
you hated me.

*You mean even after you die
You're going to make us do work?*

Heavy Words Lightly Thrown (The Reason Behind The Rhyme) – Chris Roberts

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Eating his Christmas pie,
He stuck in this thumb,
Pulled out a plum
And said “What a good boy am I!” (pgs 1 – 5)

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack jumped over a candlestick. (pgs 7 – 8)

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King’s horses and all the King’s men,
Couldn’t put Humpty together again. (pgs 27 – 29)

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds,
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing,
Now, wasn’t that a dainty dish
To set before the King?
The King was in his counting house,
Counting out his money.
The Queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes.
When along came a blackbird,
And snipped off her nose! (pgs 30 – 32)

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full.
One for the master, one for the dame,
And one for the little boy who lives down the lane. (pgs 41-43)

Little “Jack” Horner was actually Thomas Horner, steward to the Abbot of Glastonbury during the reign of King Henry VIII. Shortly after the dissolution of the monasteries, Mr. Horner settled into a very comfortable house. The rhyme tells the story of his acquisition of the property.

Always keen to raise fresh funds, Henry had shown an interest in Glastonbury (and other abbeys). Hoping to appease the royal appetite, the nervous Abbot, Richard Whiting, allegedly sent Thomas Horner to the King with a special gift. This was a pie containing the title deeds to twelve manor houses in the hope that these would deflect the King from acquiring Glastonbury Abbey. On his way to London, the not so loyal courier Horner apparently stuck his thumb into the pie and extracted the deeds for Mells Manor, a plum piece of real estate. The attempted bribe failed and the dissolution of the monasteries (including Glastonbury) went ahead from 1536 to 1540. Richard Whiting was subsequently executed, but the Horner family kept the house, so the moral of this one is: treachery and greed pay off, but bribery is a bad idea.

The only problem with this fantastic story is that the Horner family deny any wrongdoing on the part of their ancestor and claim that the property was bought fair and square at the time, along with various others. Then again, they would say that, wouldn't they? A great deal of property did change hands rather cheaply during the dissolution, however, so maybe Jack (né Thomas) was just legally taking a decent slice of the pie on offer rather than illegally stealing it. There can be no doubt that the land was stolen from the Church, but perhaps it might be fairer to see it as some sort of redistribution by the state whereby land was taken from corrupt landlords and given to productive members of society. That is certainly one of the ways in which Henry VIII and his ministers presented it at the time.

Jack be nimble

Various pagan associations here, with fortune-telling, fertility, and it being considered good luck to be able to jump over a candlestick without the flame going out. The ability to do this meant a prosperous year ahead. For no apparent reason, Buckinghamshire was once a real hot spot for candle leaping and even elevated it to a sport, which considering some current Olympic “events,” is probably a reasonable thing to do. ...

Perhaps if you were nimble enough to clear the flame, it meant you were a lean and healthy person up to the challenges of the year ahead, whereas the lardier among the crowd might cause a draught and put the fire out. ...

There are happier links for this rhyme in pre-Christian fertility rituals involving jumping over fire and some, perhaps more sensible, young couples today still “jump the broomstick.”

Humpty-Dumpty

...Other, deeper analysts see the egg as a motif for mankind, representing the essential fragility of the human condition, while in some cultures the egg symbolizes the soul. This is all well and happy as a means of explaining the roots of the rhyme, but there is an eggstra-ordinary twist to this tale, at least according to another theory

Apart from being the name of a drink and a means of referring to an ungainly person, “Humpty-Dumpty” was also the name given to a huge and powerful cannon that stood on the walls of Colchester. At least, that's the tale from the East Anglia tourist

board—the local museum in Colchester is more sceptical.

The story goes that, during the English Civil War (1642—49), Humpty was mounted on top of the wall of St. Mary's Church in Colchester. In common with other cannons of the time, it was made of cast iron. Now, while cast iron is not as light as an egg, it is nevertheless quite brittle and shatters if mishandled.

The city of Colchester—a Parliamentary* (Roundhead) stronghold—had been captured by Royalists (Cavaliers) in 1648. It might be fair to deduce from this that, as a defensive fixture, Humpty can't have been all that great. The King's men held on to the city for eleven weeks and during the Parliamentary counter-siege, decided to use Humpty against the Parliamentarians. Unfortunately, they lacked the skill to fire Humpty-Dumpty properly and managed to blow the cannon to pieces. (In an alternative version the enemy hit the church tower.) Either way, Humpty-Dumpty was left in pieces all over the ground and "all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't put Humpty together again." So here is a case of an ancient folk rhyme being given new life as an anti-Royalist chant.

Sing a song

Alternative theories abound for this one, but first a little culinary history. Once upon a time apparently, people baked little clay whistles into the pastry on the top of pies. These whistles were shaped like the heads of birds with their beaks wide open. The idea was that when the pie was cut and the crust broken, the cold air outside met the hot contents inside, creating lots of steam. Also, the eating of songbirds was considered normal in English, and still is in parts of Italy, so if blackbirds were considered to be a culinary delicacy, then they were fit for royal consumption. Therefore, the whole thing could just be about a meal, simple as that. All sorts of creatures were put in pies in the past, although the notion of people jumping out of food dishes did not come along until the reign of Queen Anne.

According to the leading theory, this rhyme is about Henry VIII and two of his six wives; the maid handing out the washing in the garden is Anne Boleyn, blissfully unaware of her future loss of head and status, and the Queen is Catherine of Aragon, mother of Mary Tudor.

As with "Little Jack Horner," the business about the pie is related to the dissolution of the monasteries. Nowadays many "crusties" take jobs as cycle couriers, but in the past there was a real crusty courier service whereby valuable documents were hidden in pies (and other everyday objects) in order to conceal their worth from brigands. The story goes that King Henry VIII had the deeds to yet more monasteries concealed in a pie that was sent to him. The King's men went to the monasteries to open them up and persuade the "blackbirds" there (clergymen were often jokingly associated with blackbirds, as nuns are associated with penguins today) to sing—that is, to "sing" in the more modern (Mafia, if you like) sense, meaning to plead and betray. Some monks tried to advance themselves by grassing up (informing on) the abbot, who may have hidden a few items from the King's men—little things like gold crosses and ruby-encrusted mitres, valuable things that would cause even a monarch to reassess his cash value.

So the King is in the counting house. Queen Catherine is out of the way in the parlour, divorced from the action. Ms. Boleyn waits in the garden and finds all her new-found riches come to an abrupt end with her beheading. Elements of the clergy (those blackbirds again) are also getting their own back with accusations of witchcraft against her. In real life Anne got to

choose her own executioner, a Frenchman, and is quoted as having said, “I head he’s quite good and I have a very small neck!” She referred to herself in the tower as “Queen Lackhead,” which has to be the epitome of gallows humour.

The whole break with the Church of Rome, and the dissolution of the monasteries, came about as a result of the divorce of Catherine for Anne. It is perhaps a shame that the rhyme doesn’t go on to chronicle what happened to the other wives. For that we have, “Divorced, beheaded, died; divorced, beheaded, survived” as a handy mnemonic to remind us of their fates.

“Baa, Baa, Black Sheep” is an early complaint about taxes. Some version even end, “And none for the little boy who lives down the lane,” which seems very unfair, as the “little boy” represented either the farmers or the people of England.

The wealth of England was largely a result of the trade in wool, hence the “woolsack” on which the Lord Chancellor still sits today in the House of Lords. The woolsack was introduced by King Edward III in the fourteenth century and though originally filled with English wool, it is currently packed with wool from each of the countries of the Commonwealth, in order to express unity among member states. Quite how a British lord plonking himself down on the produce of more than fifty countries symbolizes concord is hard to say, though it does provide a good metaphor for the British Empire.

During feudal times, taxes did not go to the Chancellor or even the European Union. In the Middle Ages, farmers were required to give one-third of their income (which could be in the form of goods such as wool) to their “master”—the local lord—who would in turn pass one-third of it to the King, and another third to the “dame” (representing the Church). The final third they kept for themselves or sold, and this was the part that went to the “little boy.” Of course, if you really want to bleat about it, the sheep started off with all the wool but ended up with none at all.

Dr. Seuss? in the high school classroom. You bet!

Read a Dr. Seuss book to the class. Allow students to look at the pictures, and ask them to think about the messages and main points of the story.

Discuss the main ideas and themes in the book. Also discuss the techniques Dr. Seuss uses to convey these messages and themes. Some examples of techniques include using simple words and word structure, specific words or phrases that rhyme or repeat, drawings, and characters’ actions. How do his techniques help get his points across?

- Have students read a Dr. Seuss book of their choice and determine the themes they discover. Ask them to list these themes and write explaining the book’s message with regard to the themes.

Horton Hears A Who

Themes: democratization in post-war Japan, treating Japanese people with respect and really listening to them

Explain that the United States occupied Japan after World War II, and this is the period with which Horton is dealing.

Yertle the Turtle

Themes: Hitler, thirst for power

The Sneetches

Themes: anti-Semitism, racism, tolerance

Explain to students that the Nazis often required Jews to wear yellow stars on their clothing to identify themselves as Jewish.

The Cat in the Hat

Themes: general subversion and rebellion against authority, new optimism and energy of the 1960s

The Lorax

Themes: conservation, corporate greed, against the consumer culture

The Butter Battle Book

Themes: Cold War, against silly conflict that escalates into a dangerous situation



The Butter Battle Book

Dr. Seuss Enterprises / Random House
(March 1, 1984)

Published in 1984, on his 80th birthday, *The Butter Battle Book* was the most controversial tale that Dr. Seuss ever wrote. A parody of the Cold War, it is the story of an arms race between the Yooks and the Zooks, whose disagreement is over how best to butter one's bread. It was aimed squarely at the rhetoric of Ronald Reagan. "I'm not anti-military," Seuss said, "just anti-crazy."

"Grandpa!" I shouted. "Be careful! Oh, gee!

Who's going to drop it?

Will you...? Or will he...?"

"Be patient," said Grandpa. "We'll see.

We will see..."

--The Butter Battle Book

The Lorax

Dr. Seuss Enterprises / Random House
(August 1, 1971)

Still an environmental warning over three decades after its publication, *The Lorax* (1971) is an allegory on the dangers of deforestation, industrial pollution, and corporate greed. Another Seuss

book about how individuals can make a difference, *The Lorax* was his personal favorite.

*You're in charge of the last of the Truffula Seeds.
And Truffula Trees are what everyone needs.
Plant a new Truffula. Treat it with care.
Give it clean water. And feed it fresh air.
Grow a forest. Protect it from axes that hack.
Then the Lorax
and all of his friends
may come back.*

--The Lorax

The Sneetches and Other Stories

From **The Sneetches and Other Stories**

Dr. Seuss Enterprises / Random House

(June 1, 1961)

Dr. Seuss revisited a theme from his World War II political cartoons with the publication of *The Sneetches* in 1961. While its message on racial equality is universal, *The Sneetches* was inspired by his opposition to anti-Semitism.

*Now, the Star-Belly Sneetches Had bellies with stars.
The Plain-Belly Sneetches Had none upon thars.
Those stars weren't so big. They were really so small
You might think such a thing wouldn't matter at all...."*

*...And, really, it's sort of a terrible shame,
For except for those stars, every Sneetch is the same.*

--The Sneetches

Yertle the Turtle

From **Yertle the Turtle and Other Stories**

Dr. Seuss Enterprises / Random House

(April 1, 1958)

Yertle the Turtle (1958) is the story of a turtle king that is corrupted by his own power. Its central character, modeled on Adolf Hitler, attempts to build a bigger kingdom stacked on top of the backs of his loyal subjects. But a little turtle stuck at the bottom eventually decides he's had enough. "I know up on top you are seeing great sights, but down on the bottom we, too, should have rights!"

*On the far away island of Sala-ma-sond,
Yertle the Turtle was king of the pond.
A nice little pond. It was clean. It was neat.
The water was warm. There was plenty to eat.
The turtles had everything turtles might need.
And they were all happy. Quite happy indeed.
They were...until Yertle, the king of them all,
Decided the kingdom he ruled was too small.*

*"I'm ruler," said Yertle, "of all that I see.
But I don't see enough. That's the trouble with me."
--Yertle the Turtle*

Horton Hears A Who!

Dr. Seuss Enterprises / Random House
(September 1, 1954)

On the surface, Horton Hears A Who! (1954) is a whimsical story about a faithful elephant that saves a civilization of tiny beings living on a speck of dust. For Dr. Seuss, the book was a return to the Japan theme following America's seven-year occupation of the country, during a time when America was considering Japan's future after World War II.

Seuss wrote Horton Hears A Who! after returning from a trip to Japan. Dedicated to a Japanese friend, Horton shows that Seuss's views on Japanese/American relations had progressed considerably since his tenure at PM, a decade earlier. The Des Moines Register called the book "a rhymed lesson in protection of minorities and their rights."

*That one small, extra Yopp put it over!
Finally, at last! From that speck on that clover
Their voices were heard! They rang out clear and clean.
And the elephant smiled. "Do you see what I mean?...
They've proved they ARE persons, no matter how small.
And their whole world was saved by the Smallest of All!"
--Horton Hears A Who!*

A Haunted House

by Virginia Woolf (1882-1941)

Word Count: 710

Whatever hour you woke there was a door shutting. From room to room they went, hand in hand, lifting here, opening there, making sure--a ghostly couple.

"Here we left it," she said. And he added, "Oh, but here too!" "It's upstairs," she murmured. "And in the garden," he whispered. "Quietly," they said, "or we shall wake them."

But it wasn't that you woke us. Oh, no. "They're looking for it; they're drawing the curtain," one might say, and so read on a page or two. "Now they've found it," one would be certain, stopping the pencil on the margin. And then, tired of reading, one might rise and see for oneself, the house all empty, the doors standing open, only the wood pigeons bubbling with content and the hum of the threshing machine sounding from the farm. "What did I come in here for? What did I want to find?" My hands were empty. "Perhaps its upstairs then?" The apples were in the loft. And so down again, the garden still as ever, only the book had slipped into the grass.

But they had found it in the drawing room. Not that one could ever see them. The windowpanes reflected apples, reflected roses; all the leaves were green in the glass. If they moved in the drawing room, the apple only turned its yellow side. Yet, the moment after, if the door was opened, spread about the floor, hung upon the walls, pendant from the ceiling--what? My hands were empty. The shadow of a thrush crossed the carpet; from the deepest wells of silence the wood pigeon drew its bubble of sound. "Safe, safe, safe" the pulse of the house beat softly. "The treasure buried; the room . . ." the pulse stopped short. Oh, was that the buried treasure?

A moment later the light had faded. Out in the garden then? But the trees spun darkness for a wandering beam of sun. So fine, so rare, coolly sunk beneath the surface the beam I sought always burned behind the glass. Death was the glass; death was between us, coming to the woman first, hundreds of years ago, leaving the house, sealing all the windows; the rooms were darkened. He left it, left her, went North, went East, saw the stars turned in the Southern sky; sought the house, found it dropped beneath the Downs. "Safe, safe, safe," the pulse of the house beat gladly. 'The Treasure yours.'

The wind roars up the avenue. Trees stoop and bend this way and that. Moonbeams splash and spill wildly in the rain. But the beam of the lamp falls straight from the window. The candle burns stiff and still. Wandering through the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us, the ghostly couple seek their joy.

"Here we slept," she says. And he adds, "Kisses without number." "Waking in the morning--" "Silver between the trees--" "Upstairs--" "In the garden--" "When summer came--" "In winter snowtime--" "The doors go shutting far in the distance, gently knocking like the pulse of a heart.

Nearer they come, cease at the doorway. The wind falls, the rain slides silver down the glass. Our eyes

darken, we hear no steps beside us; we see no lady spread her ghostly cloak. His hands shield the lantern. "Look," he breathes. "Sound asleep. Love upon their lips."

Stooping, holding their silver lamp above us, long they look and deeply. Long they pause. The wind drives straightly; the flame stoops slightly. Wild beams of moonlight cross both floor and wall, and, meeting, stain the faces bent; the faces pondering; the faces that search the sleepers and seek their hidden joy.

"Safe, safe, safe," the heart of the house beats proudly. "Long years--" he sighs. "Again you found me." "Here," she murmurs, "sleeping; in the garden reading; laughing, rolling apples in the loft. Here we left our treasure--" Stooping, their light lifts the lids upon my eyes. "Safe! safe! safe!" the pulse of the house beats wildly. Waking, I cry "Oh, is this your buried treasure? The light in the heart."

One of These Days

by Gabriel Garcia Marquez (1928-____)

Word Count: 994

Monday dawned warm and rainless. Aurelio Escovar, a dentist without a degree, and a very early riser, opened his office at six. He took some false teeth, still mounted in their plaster mold, out of the glass case and put on the table a fistful of instruments which he arranged in size order, as if they were on display. He wore a collarless striped shirt, closed at the neck with a golden stud, and pants held up by suspenders. He was erect and skinny, with a look that rarely corresponded to the situation, the way deaf people have of looking.

When he had things arranged on the table, he pulled the drill toward the dental chair and sat down to polish the false teeth. He seemed not to be thinking about what he was doing, but worked steadily, pumping the drill with his feet, even when he didn't need it.

After eight he stopped for a while to look at the sky through the window, and he saw two pensive buzzards who were drying themselves in the sun on the ridgepole of the house next door. He went on working with the idea that before lunch it would rain again. The shrill voice of his eleven-year-old son interrupted his concentration.

"Papa."

"What?"

"The Mayor wants to know if you'll pull his tooth."

"Tell him I'm not here."

He was polishing a gold tooth. He held it at arm's length, and examined it with his eyes half closed. His son shouted again from the little waiting room.

"He says you are, too, because he can hear you."

The dentist kept examining the tooth. Only when he had put it on the table with the finished work did he say:

"So much the better."

He operated the drill again. He took several pieces of a bridge out of a cardboard box where he kept the things he still had to do and began to polish the gold.

"Papa."

"What?"

He still hadn't changed his expression.

"He says if you don't take out his tooth, he'll shoot you."

Without hurrying, with an extremely tranquil movement, he stopped pedaling the drill, pushed it away from the chair, and pulled the lower drawer of the table all the way out. There was a revolver. "O.K.," he said. "Tell him to come and shoot me."

He rolled the chair over opposite the door, his hand resting on the edge of the drawer. The Mayor appeared at the door. He had shaved the left side of his face, but the other side, swollen and in pain, had a five-day-old beard. The dentist saw many nights of desperation in his dull eyes. He closed the drawer with his fingertips and said softly:

"Sit down."

"Good morning," said the Mayor.

"Morning," said the dentist.

While the instruments were boiling, the Mayor leaned his skull on the headrest of the chair and felt better. His breath was icy. It was a poor office: an old wooden chair, the pedal drill, a glass case with ceramic bottles. Opposite the chair was a window with a shoulder-high cloth curtain. When he felt the dentist approach, the Mayor braced his heels and opened his mouth.

Aurelio Escovar turned his head toward the light. After inspecting the infected tooth, he closed the Mayor's jaw with a cautious pressure of his fingers.

"It has to be without anesthesia," he said.

"Why?"

"Because you have an abscess."

The Mayor looked him in the eye. "All right," he said, and tried to smile. The dentist did not return the smile. He brought the basin of sterilized instruments to the worktable and took them out of the water with a pair of cold tweezers, still without hurrying. Then he pushed the spittoon with the tip of his shoe, and went to wash his hands in the washbasin. He did all this without looking at the Mayor. But the Mayor didn't take his eyes off him.

It was a lower wisdom tooth. The dentist spread his feet and grasped the tooth with the hot forceps. The Mayor seized the arms of the chair, braced his feet with all his strength, and felt an icy void in his kidneys, but didn't make a sound. The dentist moved only his wrist. Without rancor, rather with a bitter tenderness, he said:

"Now you'll pay for our twenty dead men."

The Mayor felt the crunch of bones in his jaw, and his eyes filled with tears. But he didn't breathe until he felt the tooth come out. Then he saw it through his tears. It seemed so foreign to his pain that he failed to understand his torture of the five previous nights.

Bent over the spittoon, sweating, panting, he unbuttoned his tunic and reached for the handkerchief in his pants pocket. The dentist gave him a clean cloth.

"Dry your tears," he said.

The Mayor did. He was trembling. While the dentist washed his hands, he saw the crumbling ceiling and a dusty spider web with spider's eggs and dead insects. The dentist returned, drying his hands. "Go to bed," he said, "and gargle with salt water." The Mayor stood up, said goodbye with a casual military salute, and walked toward the door, stretching his legs, without buttoning up his tunic.

"Send the bill," he said.

"To you or the town?"

The Mayor didn't look at him. He closed the door and said through the screen:

"It's the same damn thing."

THE FOG HORN
by Ray Bradbury

Out there in the cold water, far from land, we waited every night for the coming of the fog, and it came, and we oiled the brass machinery and lit the fog light up in the stone tower.

Feeling like two birds in the grey sky, McDunn and I sent the light touching out, red, then white, then red again, to eye the lonely ships. And if they did not see our light, then there was always our Voice, the great deep cry of our Fog Horn shuddering through the rags of mist to startle the gulls away like decks of scattered cards and make the waves turn high and foam.

"It's a lonely life, but you're used to it now, aren't you?" asked McDunn.

"Yes," I said. You're a good talker, thank the Lord."

"Well, it's your turn on land tomorrow," he said, smiling, "to dance the ladies and drink gin."

"What do you think McDunn, when I leave you out here alone?"

"On the mysteries of the sea." McDunn lit his pipe. It was a quarter past seven of a cold November evening, the heat on, the light switching its tail in two hundred directions, the Fog Horn bumbling the high throat of the tower. There wasn't a town for a hundred miles down the coast, just a road, which came lonely through the dead country to the sea, with few cars on it, a stretch of two miles of cold water out to our rock, and rare few ships.

The mysteries of the sea," said McDunn thoughtfully. "You know, the ocean's the biggest damned snowflake ever? It rolls and swells a thousand shapes and colors, no two alike. Strange. One night, years ago, I was here alone, when all of the fish of the sea surfaced out there. Something made them swim in and lie in the bay, sort of trembling and staring up at the tower light going red, white, red, white across them so I could see their funny eyes. I turned cold. They were like a big peacock's tail, moving out there until midnight. Then, without so much as a sound, they slipped away, the million of them was gone. I kind of think maybe, in some sort of way, they came all those miles to worship, Strange, But think how the tower must look to them, standing seventy feet above the water, the God-light flashing out from it, and the tower declaring itself with a monster voice. They never came back, those fish, but don't you think for a while they thought they were in the Presence?"

I shivered. I looked out at the long grey lawn of the sea stretching away into nothing and nowhere.

"Oh, the sea's full." McDunn puffed his pipe nervously, blinking. He had been nervous all day and hadn't said why. "For all our engines and so-called submarines, it'll be ten thousand centuries before we set foot on the real bottom of the sunken lands, in the fairy kingdoms there, and know *real* terror. Think of it, it's still the year 300,000 Before Christ down under there. While we've paraded around with trumpets, lopping off each other's countries and heads, they have been living beneath the sea twelve miles deep and cold in a time as old as the beard on a comet.

"Yes it's an old world."

"Come on. I got something special I've been saving up to tell you."

We ascended the eighty steps, talking and taking our time. At the top, McDunn switched off the room lights so there'd be no reflection in the plate glass. The great eye of the light was humming, turning easily in its oiled socket. the Fog Horn was blowing steadily, once every fifteen seconds.

"Sounds like an animal, don't it?" McDunn nodded to himself. "A big lonely animal crying in the night. Sitting here on the edge of ten million years calling out to the deeps. I'm here, I'm here, I'm here. And the Deeps do answer, yes, they do. You been here now for three months Johnny, so I better prepare you. About this time of year," he said, studying the murk and fog, "something comes to visit the lighthouse."

"The swarms of fish like you said?"

"No, this is something else. I've put off telling you because you might think I'm daft. But tonight's the latest I can put it off, for if my calendar's marked right from last year, tonight's the night it comes. I won't go into detail, you'll have to see it for yourself. Just sit down there. If you want, tomorrow you can pack your duffel and take the motorboat into land and get your car parked there at the dinghy pier on the cape and drive on back to some little inland town and keep your lights burning nights. I won't question or blame you. It's happened three years now, and this is the only time anyone's been here with me to verify it. You wait and watch."

Half an hour passed with only a few whispers between us. When we grew tired waiting, McDunn began describing some of his ideas to me. He had some theories about the Fog Horn itself.

"One day many years ago a man walked along and stood in the sound of the ocean on a cold sunless shore and said "We need a voice to call across the water, to warn ships; I'll make one. I'll make a voice that is like an empty bed beside you all night long, and like an empty house when you open the door, and like the trees in autumn with no leaves. A sound like the birds flying south, crying, and a sound like November wind and the sea on the hard, cold shore. I'll make a sound that's so alone that no one can miss it, that whoever hears it will weep in their souls, and to all who hear it in the distant towns. I'll make me a sound and an apparatus and they'll call it a Fog Horn and whoever hears it will know the sadness of eternity and the briefness of life.""

The Fog Horn blew.

"I made up that story," said McDunn quietly, "to try to explain why this thing keeps coming back to the lighthouse every year. The fog horn calls, I think, it comes..."

"But-" I said.

"Sssst!" said McDunn. "There!" He nodded out to the Deeps.

Something was swimming towards the lighthouse tower.

It was a cold night, as I said; the high tower was cold, the light coming and going, and the Fog Horn calling and calling through the raveling mist. You couldn't see far and you couldn't see plain, but there was the deep sea moving on it's way about the night earth, flat and quiet, to color of grey mud, and here were the two of us alone in the high tower, and there, far out at first, was a ripple, followed by a wave, a rising, a bubble, a bit of froth/ And then, from the

surface of the cold sea came a head, a large head, dark-colored, with immense eyes, and then a neck And then-not a body-but more neck and more! The head rose a full forty feet above the water on a slender and beautiful neck. Only then did the body, like a little island of black coral and shells and crayfish, drip up from the subterranean. There was a flicker of tail. In all, from head to tip of tail, I estimated the monster at ninety or a hundred feet.

I don't know what I said. I said something.

"Steady, boy, steady," whispered McDunn.

"It's impossible!" I said.

"No, Johnny, *we're* impossible. *It's* like it always was ten million years ago. *It* hasn't changed.. It's *us* and the land that've changed, become impossible. *Us!*"

It swam slowly and with a great majesty out in the icy waters, far away. the fog came and went about it, momentarily erasing its shape. One of the monster eyes caught and held and flashed back our immense light, red, white, red, white, like a disc held high and sending a message in primeval code. It was as silent as the fog through which it swam.

"It's a dinosaur of some sort!" I crouched down, holding to the stair rail.

"Yes, one of the tribe."

"But they died out!"

"No, only hid away in the Deeps, Deep, deep down in the deepest Deeps. Isn't *that* a word now, Johnny, a real word, it says so much: the Deeps. There's all the coldness and darkness and deepness in the world in a word like that."

"What" we do?"

"Do? We got our job, we can't leave. besides, we're safer here than in any boat trying to get to land. That thing's as big as a destroyer and almost as swift."

"But here, why does it come *here*?"

The next moment I has my answer.

The Fog Horn blew.

And the monster answered.

A cry came across a million years of water and mist. A cry so anguished and alone it shuddered in my head and my body. The monster cried out at the tower. The Fog Horn blew. The monster roared again. The Fog Horn blew. The monster opened its great toothed mouth and the sound that came from it was the sound of the Fog Horn itself. Lonely and vast and far away. The sound of isolation, a viewless sea, a cold night, apartness. That was the sound.

"Now," whispered McDunn, "do you know why it comes

here?" I nodded.

"All year long, Johnny, that poor monster there lying far out, a thousand miles at sea, and twenty miles deep maybe, biding its time, perhaps a million years old, this one creature. Think of it, waiting a million years; could you *wait* that long? Maybe it's the last of its kind. I sort of think that's true. Anyway, here come men on land and build this lighthouse, five years ago. And set up their Fog Horn and sound it and sound it out towards the place where you bury yourself in sleep and sea memories of a world where there were thousands like yourself, but now you're alone, all alone in a world that's not made for you, a world where you have to hide.

"But the sound of the Fog Horn comes and goes, comes and goes, and you stir from the muddy bottom of the Deeps, and your eyes open like the lenses of two-foot cameras and you move, slow, slow, for you have the ocean sea on your shoulders, heavy. But that Fog Horn comes through a thousand miles of water, faint and familiar, and the furnace in your belly stokes up, and you begin to rise, slow, slow. You feed yourself on minnows, on rivers of jellyfish, and you rise slow through the autumn months, through September when the fogs started, through October with more fog and the horn still calling you on, and then, late in November, after pressurizing yourself day by day, a few feet higher every hour, you are near the surface and still alive. You've got to go slow; if you surfaced all at once you'd explode. So it takes you all of three months to surface, and then a number of days to swim through the cold waters to the lighthouse. And there you are, out there, in the night, Johnny, the biggest damned monster in creation. And here's the lighthouse calling to you, with a long neck like your neck sticking way up out of the water, and a body like your body, and most important of all, a voice like your voice. Do you understand now, Johnny, do you understand?"

The Fog Horn blew.

The monster answered.

I saw it all, I knew it all-the million years of waiting alone, for someone to come back who never came back. The million years of isolation at the bottom of the sea, the insanity of time there, while the skies cleared of reptile-birds, the swamps dried on the continental lands, the sloths and sabre-tooths had their day and sank in tar pits, and men ran like white ants upon the hills.

The Fog Horn Blew.

"Last year," said McDunn, "that creature swam round and round, round and round, all night. Not coming to near, puzzled, I'd say. Afraid, maybe. And a bit angry after coming all this way. But the next day, unexpectedly, the fog lifted, the sun came out fresh, the sky was as blue as a painting. And the monster swam off away from the heat and the silence and didn't come back. I suppose it's been brooding on it for a year now, thinking it over from every which way."

The monster was only a hundred yards off now, it and the Fog Horn crying at each other. As the lights hit them, the monster's eyes were fire and ice, fire and ice.

"That's life for you," said McDunn. "Someone always waiting for someone who never comes home. Always someone loving some thing more than that thing loves them. And after a while you want to destroy whatever that thing is, so it can hurt you no more."

The monster was rushing at the lighthouse.

The Fog Horn blew.

"Let's see what happens," said McDunn.

He switched the Fog Horn off.

The ensuing minute of silence was so intense that we could hear our hearts pounding in the glassed area of the tower, could hear the slow greased turn of the light.

The monster stopped and froze. Its great lantern eyes blinked. Its mouth gaped. It gave a sort of rumble, like a volcano. It twitched its head this way and that, as if to seek the sounds now dwindled off in the fog. It peered at the lighthouse. It rumbled again. Then its eyes caught fire. It reared up, threshed the water, and rushed at the tower, its eyes filled with angry torment.

"McDunn!" I cried. "Switch on the horn!"

McDunn fumbled with the switch. But even as he switched it on, the monster was rearing up. I had a glimpse of its gigantic paws, fish skin glittering in webs between the finger-like projections, clawing at the tower. The huge eye on the right side of its anguished head glittered before me like a cauldron into which I might drop, screaming. The tower shook. The Fog Horn cried; the monster cried. It seized the tower and gnashed at the glass, which shattered in upon us.

McDunn seized my arm. "Downstairs!"

The tower rocked, trembled, and started to give. The Fog Horn and the monster roared. We stumbled and half fell down the stairs. "Quick!"

We reached the bottom as the tower buckled down towards us. We ducked under the stairs in the small stone cellar. There were a thousand concussions as the rocks rained down; the Fog Horn stopped abruptly. The monster crashed upon the tower. The tower fell. We knelt together, McDunn and I holding tight, while our world exploded.

Then it was over and there was nothing but darkness and the wash of the sea on the raw stones.

That and the other sound.

"Listen," said McDunn quietly. "Listen."

We waited a moment. And then I began to hear it. First a great vacuumed sucking of air, and then the lament, the bewilderment, the loneliness of the great monster, folded over upon us, above us, so that the sickening reek of its body filled the air, a stone's thickness away from our cellar. The monster gasped and cried. The tower was gone. The light was gone. The thing that had called it across a million years was gone. And the monster was opening its mouth and sending out great sounds. the sounds of a Fog Horn, again and again. And ships far at sea, not finding the light, not seeing anything, but passing and hearing late that night must've thought: There it is, the lonely sound, the Lonesome Bay horn. All's well. We've rounded the cape.

And so it went for the rest of that night.

The sun was hot and yellow the next afternoon when the rescuers came to dig us from our stoned-under cellar.

"It fell apart, is all," said McDunn gravely. "We had a few bad knocks from the waves and it just crumbled." He pinched my arm.

There was nothing to see. The ocean was calm, the sky blue. The only thing was a great algaic stink from the green matter that covered the fallen tower stones and the shore rocks. Flies buzzed about. The ocean washed empty on the shore.

The next year they built a new lighthouse, but by that time I had a job in the little town and a wife and a good small warm house that glowed yellow on autumn nights, the doors locked, the chimney puffing smoke. As for McDunn. he was master of the new lighthouse, built to his own specifications, out of steel-reinforced concrete. "Just in case," he said.

The new lighthouse was ready in November. I drove down alone one evening late and parked my car and looked across the grey waters and listened to the new horn sounding, once, twice, three, four times a minute far out there by itself.

The monster?

It never came back.

"It's gone away," said McDunn. "It's gone back to the Deeps. It's learned you can't love anything too much in this world. It's gone into the deepest Deeps to wait another million years. Ah, the poor thing! Waiting out there, and waiting out there, while man comes and goes on this pitiful little planet. Waiting and waiting.

I sat in my car, listening. I couldn't see the lighthouse or the light standing out in Lonesome Bay. I could only hear the Horn, the Horn, the Horn. It sounded like the monster calling.

I sat there wishing there was something I could say.

The Whirligig of Life by O. Henry (1862-1910) Word Count: 2256

JUSTICE-OF-THE-PEACE Benaja Widdup sat in the door of his office smoking his elder-stem pipe. Halfway to the zenith the Cumberland range rose blue-gray in the afternoon haze. A speckled hen swaggered down the main street of the "settlement," cackling foolishly.

Up the road came a sound of creaking axles, and then a slow cloud of dust, and then a bull-cart bearing Ransie Bilbro and his wife. The cart stopped at the Justice's door, and the two climbed down. Ransie was a narrow six feet of sallow brown skin and yellow hair. The imperturbability of the mountains hung upon him like a suit of armour. The woman was calicoed, angled, snuff-brushed, and weary with unknown desires. Through it all gleamed a faint protest of cheated youth unconscious of its loss.

The Justice of the Peace slipped his feet into his shoes, for the sake of dignity, and moved to let them enter.

"We-all," said the woman, in a voice like the wind blowing through pine boughs, "wants a divo'ce." She looked at Ransie to see if he noted any flaw or ambiguity or evasion or partiality or self-partisanship in her statement of their business.

"A divo'ce," repeated Ransie, with a solemn Dod. "We-all can't git along together nohow. It's lonesome enough fur to live in the mount'ins when a man and a woman keers fur one another. But when she's a-spittin' like a wildcat or a-sullenin' like a hoot-owl in the cabin, a man ain't got no call to live with her."

"When he's a no-'count varmint," said the woman, "without any especial warmth, a-traipsin' along of scalawags and moonshiners and a-layin' on his back pizen 'ith co'n whiskey, and a-pesterin' folks with a pack o' hungry, triflin' houn's to feed!"

"When she keeps a-throwin' skillet lids," came Ransie's antiphony, "and slings b'ilin' water on the best coon-dog in the Cumberlands, and sets herself agin' cookin' a man's victuals, and keeps him awake o' nights accusin' him of a sight of doin's!"

"When he's al'ays a-fightin' the revenues, and gits a hard name in the mount'ins fur a mean man, who's gwine to be able fur to sleep o' nights?"

The Justice of the Peace stirred deliberately to his duties. He placed his one chair and a wooden stool for his petitioners. He opened his book of statutes on the table and scanned the index. Presently he wiped his spectacles and shifted his inkstand.

"The law and the statutes," said he, "air silent on the subject of divo'ce as fur as the jurisdiction of this co't air concerned. But, accordin' to equity and the Constitution and the golden rule, it's a bad barg'in that can't run both ways. If a justice of the peace can marry a couple, it's plain that he is bound to be able to divo'ce 'em. This here office will issue a decree of divo'ce and abide by the decision of the Supreme Co't to hold it good."

Ransie Bilbro drew a small tobacco-bag from his trousers pocket. Out of this he shook upon the table a five-dollar note. "Sold a b'arskin and two foxes fur that," he remarked. "It's all the money we got."

"The regular price of a divo'ce in this co't," said the Justice, "air five dollars." He stuffed the bill into the pocket of his homespun vest with a deceptive air of indifference. With much bodily toil and mental travail he wrote the decree upon half a sheet of foolscap, and then copied it upon the other. Ransie Bilbro and his wife listened to his reading of the document that was to give them freedom:

"Know all men by these presents that Ransie Bilbro and his wife, Ariela Bilbro, this day personally appeared before me and promises that hereinafter they will neither love, honour, nor obey each other, neither for better nor worse, being of sound mind and body, and accept summons for divorce according to the peace and dignity of the State. Herein fail not, so help you God. Benaja Widdup, justice of the peace in and for the county of Piedmont, State of Tennessee."

The Justice was about to hand one of the documents to Ransie. The voice of Ariela delayed the transfer. Both men looked at her. Their dull masculinity was confronted by something sudden and unexpected in the woman.

"Judge, don't you give him that air paper yit. 'Tain't all settled, nohow. I got to have my rights first. I got to have my ali-money. 'Tain't no kind of a way to do fur a man to divo'ce his wife 'thout her havin' a cent fur to do with. I'm a-layin' off to be a-goin' up to brother Ed's up on Hogback Mount'in. I'm bound fur to hev a pa'r of shoes and some snuff and things besides. Ef Rance kin affo'd a divo'ce, let him pay me ali-money."

Ransie Bilbro was stricken to dumb perplexity. There had been no previous hint of alimony. Women were always bringing up startling and unlooked-for issues.

Justice Benaja Widdup felt that the point demanded judicial decision. The authorities were also silent on the subject of alimony. But the woman's feet were bare. The trail to Hogback Mountain was steep and flinty.

"Ariela Bilbro," he asked, in official tones, "how much did you 'low would be good and sufficient ali-money in the case befo' the co't."

"I 'lowed," she answered, "fur the shoes and all, to say five dollars. That ain't much fur ali-money, but I reckon that'll git me to up brother Ed's."

"The amount," said the Justice, "air not onreasonable. Ransie Bilbro, you air ordered by the co't to pay the plaintiff the sum of five dollars befo' the decree of divo'ce air issued."

"I hain't no mo' money," breathed Ransie, heavily. "I done paid you all I had."

"Otherwise," said the Justice, looking severely over his spectacles, "you air in contempt of co't."

"I reckon if you gimme till to-morrow," pleaded the husband, "I mout be able to rake or scrape it up somewhars. I never looked for to be a-payin' no alimoney."

"The case air adjourned," said Benaja Widdup, "till to-morrow, when you-all will present yo'selves and obey the order of the co't. Followin' of which the decrees of divo'ce will be delivered." He sat down in the door and began to loosen a shoestring.

"We mout as well go down to Uncle Ziah's," decided Ransie, "and spend the night." He climbed into the cart on one side, and Ariela climbed in on the other. Obeying the flap of his rope, the little red bull slowly came around on a tack, and the cart crawled away in the nimbus arising from its wheels.

Justice-of-the-peace Benaja Widdup smoked his elderstem pipe. Late in the afternoon he got his weekly paper, and read it until the twilight dimmed its lines. Then he lit the tallow candle on his table, and read until the moon rose, marking the time for supper. He lived in the double log cabin on the slope near the girdled poplar. Going home to supper he crossed a little branch darkened by a laurel thicket. The dark figure of a man stepped from the laurels and pointed a rifle at his breast. His hat was pulled down low, and something covered most of his face.

"I want yo' money," said the figure, "'thout any talk. I'm gettin' nervous, and my finger's a-wabblin' on this here trigger."

"I've only got f-f-five dollars," said the Justice, producing it from his vest pocket.

"Roll it up," came the order, "and stick it in the end of this here gun-bar'l."

The bill was crisp and new. Even fingers that were clumsy and trembling found little difficulty in making a spill of it and inserting it (this with less ease) into the muzzle of the rifle.

"Now I reckon you kin be goin' along," said the robber.

The Justice lingered not on his way.

The next day came the little red bull, drawing the cart to the office door. Justice Benaja Widdup had his shoes on, for he was expecting the visit. In his presence Ransie Bilbro handed to his wife a five-dollar bill. The official's eye sharply viewed it. It seemed to curl up as though it had been rolled and inserted into the end of a gun-barrel. But the Justice refrained from comment. It is true that other bills might be inclined to curl. He handed each one a decree of divorce. Each stood awkwardly silent, slowly folding the guarantee of freedom. The woman cast a shy glance full of constraint at Ransie.

"I reckon you'll be goin' back up to the cabin," she said, along 'ith the bull-cart. There's bread in the tin box settin' on the shelf. I put the bacon in the b'ilin'-pot to keep the hounds from gittin' it. Don't forget to wind the clock to-night."

"You air a-goin' to your brother Ed's?" asked Ransie, with fine unconcern.

"I was 'lowin' to get along up thar afore night. I ain't sayin' as they'll pester theyselves any to make me welcome, but I hain't nowhar else fur to go. It's a right smart ways, and I reckon I better be goin'. I'll be a-sayin' good-bye, Ranse - that is, if you keer fur to say so."

"I don't know as anybody's a hound dog," said Ransie, in a martyr's voice, "fur to not want to say good-bye -- 'less you air so anxious to git away that you don't want me to say it."

Ariela was silent. She folded the five-dollar bill and her decree carefully, and placed them in the bosom of her dress. Benaja Widdup watched the money disappear with mournful eyes behind his spectacles.

And then with his next words he achieved rank (as his thoughts ran) with either the great crowd of the world's sympathizers or the little crowd of its great financiers.

"Be kind o' lonesome in the old cabin to-night, Ranse," he said.

Ransie Bilbro stared out at the Cumberlands, clear blue now in the sunlight. He did not look at Ariela.

"I 'low it might be lonesome," he said; "but when folks gits mad and wants a divo'ce, you can't make folks stay."

"There's others wanted a divo'ce," said Ariela, speaking to the wooden stool. "Besides, nobody don't want nobody to stay."

"Nobody never said they didn't."

"Nobody never said they did. I reckon I better start on now to brother Ed's."

"Nobody can't wind that old clock."

"Want me to go back along 'ith you in the cart and wind it fur you, Ranse?"

The mountaineer's countenance was proof against emotion. But he reached out a big hand and enclosed Ariela's thin brown one. Her soul peeped out once through her impassive face, hallowing it.

"Them hounds shan't pester you no more," said Ransie. "I reckon I been mean and low down. You wind that clock, Ariela."

"My heart hit's in that cabin, Ranse," she whispered, "along 'ith you. I ai'nt a-goin' to git mad no more. Le's be startin', Ranse, so's we kin git home by sundown." Justice-of-the-peace Benaja Widdup interposed as they started for the door, forgetting his presence.

"In the name of the State of Tennessee," he said, "I forbid you-all to be a-defyin' of its laws and statutes. This co't is mo' than willin' and full of joy to see the clouds of discord and misunderstandin' rollin' away from two lovin' hearts, but it air the duty of the co't to p'eserve the morals and integrity of the State. The co't reminds you that you air no longer man and wife, but air divo'ced by regular decree, and as such air not entitled to the benefits and 'purtenances of the mattermonal estate."

Ariela caught Ransie's arm. Did those words mean that she must lose him now when they had just learned the lesson of life?

"But the co't air prepared," went on the Justice, "fur to remove the disabilities set up by the decree of

divo'ce. The co't air on hand to perform the solemn ceremony of marri'ge, thus fixin' things up and enablin' the parties in the case to resume the honour'ble and elevatin' state of mattermony which they desires. The fee fur performin' said ceremony will be, in this case, to wit, five dollars."

Aricla caught the gleam of promise in his words. Swiftly her hand went to her bosom. Freely as an alighting dove the bill fluttered to the Justice's table. Her sallow cheek coloured as she stood hand in hand with Ransie and listened to the reuniting words.

Ransie helped her into the cart, and climbed in beside her. The little red bull turned once more, and they set out, hand-clasped, for the mountains.

Justice-of-the-peace Benaja Widdup sat in his door and took off his shoes. Once again he fingered the bill tucked down in his vest pocket. Once again he smoked his elder-stem pipe. Once again the speck-led hen swaggered down the main street of the "settlement," cackling foolishly.

Maud Martha Sparing the Mouse

by Gwendolyn Brooks

There. She had it at last. The weeks it had devoted to eluding her, the tricks, the clever hide-and-go-seeks, the routes it had in all sobriety devised, together with the delicious moments it had, undoubtedly, laughed up its sleeve.

It shook its little self, as best it could, in the trap. Its bright black eyes contained no appeal—the little creature seemed to understand that there was no hope of mercy from the eternal enemy, no hope of reprieve or postponement—but a fine small dignity. It waited. It looked at Maud Martha.

She wondered what else it was thinking. Perhaps that there was not enough food in its larder. Perhaps that little Betty, a puny child from the start, would not, now, be getting fed. Perhaps that, now, the family's seasonal housecleaning, for lack of expert direction, would be left undone. It might be regretting that young Bobby's education was now at an end. It might be nursing personal regrets. No more the mysterious shadows of the kitchenette, the uncharted twists, the unguessed halls. Nor more the sweet delights of the chase, the charms of being unsuccessfully hounded, thrown at.

Maud Martha could not bear the little look.

"Go home to your children," she urged. "To your wife or husband." She opened the trap. The mouse vanished.

Suddenly, she was conscious of a new cleanness in her. A wide air walked in her. A life had blundered its way into her power and it had been hers to preserve or destroy. She had not destroyed. In the center of that simple restraint was creation. She had created a piece of life. It was wonderful.

"Why," she thought, as her height doubled, "why, I'm good! I am *good*."

She ironed her aprons. Her back was straight. Her eyes were mild, and soft with loving kindness.

The Wife's Story

By Ursula LeGuin

He was a good husband, a good father. I don't understand it. I don't believe in it. I don't believe that it happened. I saw it happen but it isn't true. It can't be. He was always gentle. If you'd have seen him playing with the children, anybody who saw him with the children would have known that there wasn't any bad in him, not one mean bone. When I first met him he was still living with his mother, over near
5 Spring Lake, and I used to see them together, the mother and the sons, and think that any young fellow that was that nice with his family must be one worth knowing. Then one time when I was walking in the woods I met him by himself coming back from a hunting trip. He hadn't got any game at all, not so much as a field mouse, but he wasn't cast down about it. He was just larking along enjoying the morning air. That's one of the things I first loved about him. He didn't take things hard, he didn't grouch and
10 whine when things didn't go his way. So we got to talking that day. And I guess things moved right along after that, because pretty soon he was over here pretty near all the time. And my sister said -- see, my parents had moved out the year before and gone south, leaving us the place -- my sister said, kind of teasing but serious, "Well! If he's going to be here every day and half the night, I guess there isn't room for me!" And she moved out -- just down the way. We've always been real close, her and me. That's the
15 sort of thing doesn't ever change. I couldn't ever have got through this bad time without my sis.

Well, so he come to live here. And all I can say is, it was the happy year of my life. He was just purely good to me. A hard worker and never lazy, and so big and fine-looking. Everybody looked up to him, you know, young as he was. Lodge Meeting nights, more and more often they had him to lead the singing. He had such a beautiful voice, and he'd lead off strong, and the others following and joining in,
20 high voices and low. It brings the shivers on me now to think of it, hearing it, nights when I'd stayed home from meeting when the children was babies -- the singing coming up through the trees there, and the moonlight, summer nights, the full moon shining. I'll never hear anything so beautiful. I'll never know a joy like that again.

It was the moon, that's what they say. It's the moon's fault, and the blood. It was in his father's blood.
25 I never knew his father, and now I wonder what become of him. He was from up Whitewater way, and had no kin around here. I always thought he went back there, but now I don't know. There was some talk about him, tales, that come out after what happened to my husband. It's something runs in the blood, they say, and it may never come out, but if it does, it's the change of the moon that does it. Always it happens in the dark of the moon. When everybody's home and asleep. Something comes over the one that's got the
30 curse in his blood, they say, and he gets up because he can't sleep, and goes out into the glaring sun, and goes off all alone -- drawn to find those like him.

And it may be so, because my husband would do that. I'd half rouse and say, "Where you going to?" and he'd say, "Oh, hunting, be back this evening," and it wasn't like him, even his voice was different. But I'd be so sleepy, and not wanting to wake the kids, and he was so good and responsible, it
35 was no call of mine to go asking "Why?" and "Where?" and all like that.

So it happened that way maybe three times or four. He'd come back late, and worn out, and pretty near cross for one so sweet-tempered -- not wanting to talk about it. I figured everybody got to bust out now and then, and nagging never helped anything. But it did begin to worry me. Not so much that he went, but that he come back so tired and strange. Even, he smelled strange. It made my hair stand up on
40 end. I could not endure it and I said, "What is that -- those smells on you? All over you!" And he said, "I don't know," real short, and made like he was sleeping. But he went down when he thought I wasn't noticing, and washed and washed himself. But those smells stayed in his hair, and in our bed, for days.

And then the awful thing. I don't find it easy to tell about this. I want to cry when I have to bring it to my mind. Our youngest, the little one, my baby, she turned from her father. Just overnight. He come in and she
45 got scared-looking, stiff, with her eyes wide, and then she begun to cry and try to hide behind me. She didn't yet talk plain but she was saying over and over, "Make it go away! Make it go away!"

The look in his eyes, just for one moment, when he heard that. That's what I don't want ever to remember. That's what I can't forget. The look in his eyes looking at his own child.

50 I said to the child, "Shame on you, what's got into you!" –scolding, but keeping her right up close to me at the same time, because I was frightened too. Frightened to shaking.

He looked away then and said something like, "Guess she just waked up dreaming," and passed it off that way. Or tried to. And so did I. And I got real mad with my baby when she kept on acting crazy scared of her own dad. But she couldn't help it and I couldn't change it.

55 He kept away that whole day. Because he knew, I guess. It was just beginning dark of the moon.

It was hot and close inside, and dark, and we'd all been asleep some while, when something woke me up. He wasn't there beside me. I heard a little stir in the passage, when I listened. So I got up, because I could bear it no longer. I went out into the passage, and it was light there, hard sunlight coming in from the door. And I saw him standing just outside, in the tall grass by the entrance. His head was hanging. Presently he sat down, like he felt weary, and looked down at his feet. I held still, inside, and watched --

60 I didn't know what for.

And I saw what he saw. I saw the changing. In his feet it was, first. They got long, each foot got longer, stretching out, the toes stretching out and the foot getting long, and fleshy, and white. And no hair on them.

65 The hair begun to come away all over his body. It was like his hair fried away in the sunlight and was gone. He was white allover then, like a worm's skin. And he turned his face. It was changing while I looked. It got flatter and flatter, the mouth flat and wide, and the teeth grinning flat and dull, and the nose just a knob of flesh with nostril holes, and the ears gone, and the eyes gone blue --blue, with white rims around the blue -- staring at me out of that flat, soft, white face.

He stood up then on two legs.

70 I saw him, I had to see him, my own dear love, turned into the hateful one.

I couldn't move, but as I crouched there in the passage staring out into the day I was trembling and shaking with a growl that burst out into a crazy, awful howling. A grief howl and a terror howl and a calling howl. And the others heard it, even sleeping, and woke up.

75 It stared and peered, that thing my husband had turned into, and shoved its face up to the entrance of our house. I was still bound by mortal fear, but behind me the children had waked up, and the baby was whimpering. The mother anger come into me then, and I snarled and crept forward.

80 The man thing looked around. It had no gun, like the ones from the man places do. But it picked up a heavy fallen tree branch in its long white foot, and shoved the end of that down into our house, at me. I snapped the end of it in my teeth and started to force my way out, because I knew the man would kill our children if it could. But my sister was already coming. I saw her running at the man with her head low and her mane high and her eyes yellow as the winter sun. It turned on her and raised up that branch to hit her. But I come out of the doorway, mad with the mother anger, and the others all were coming answering my call, the whole pack gathering, there in that blind glare and heat of the sun at noon.

85 The man looked round at us and yelled out loud, and brandished the branch it held. Then it broke and ran, heading for the cleared fields and plowlands, down the mountainside. It ran, on two legs, leaping and weaving, and we followed it.

90 I was last, because love still bound the anger and the fear in me. I was running when I saw them pull it down. My sister's teeth were in its throat. I got there and it was dead. The others were drawing back from the kill, because of the taste of the blood, and the smell. The younger ones were cowering and some crying, and my sister rubbed her mouth against her forelegs over and over to get rid of the taste. I went up close because I thought if the thing was dead the spell, the curse must be done, and my husband could come back -- alive, or even dead, if I could only see him, my true love, in his true form, beautiful. But only the dead man lay there white and bloody. We drew back and back from it, and turned and ran, back up into the hills, back to the woods of the shadows and the twilight and the blessed dark.

Margie even wrote about it that night in her diary. On the page headed May 17, 2157, she wrote, "Today Tommy found a real book!"

It was a very old book. Margie's grandfather once said that when he was a little boy *his* grandfather told him that there was a time when all stories were printed on paper.

They turned the pages, which were yellow and crinkly, and it was awfully funny to read words that stood still instead of moving the way they were supposed to—on a screen, you know. And then, when they turned back to the page before, it had the same words on it that it had had when they read it the first time.

"Gee," said Tommy, "what a waste. When you're through with the book, you just throw it away, I guess. Our television screen must have had a million books on it and it's good for plenty more. I wouldn't throw *it* away."

"Same with mine," said Margie. She was eleven and hadn't seen as many telebooks as Tommy had. He was thirteen.

She said, "Where did you find it?"

"In my house." He pointed without looking, because he was busy reading. "In the attic."

"What's it about?"

"School."

Margie was scornful. "School? What's there to write about school? I hate school."

Margie always hated school, but now she hated it more than ever. The mechanical teacher had been giving her test after test in geography and she had been doing worse and worse until her mother had shaken her head sorrowfully and sent for the County Inspector.

He was a round little man with a red face and a whole box of tools with dials and wires. He smiled at Margie and gave her an apple, then took the teacher apart. Margie had hoped he wouldn't know how to put it together again, but he knew how all right, and, after an hour or so, there it was again, large and black and ugly, with a big screen on which all the lessons were shown and the questions were asked. That wasn't so bad. The part Margie hated most was the slot where she had to put homework and test papers. She always had to write them out in a punch code they made her learn when she was six years old, and the mechanical teacher calculated the mark in no time.

The Inspector had smiled after he was finished and patted Margie's head. He said to her mother, "It's not the little girl's fault, Mrs. Jones. I think the geography sector was geared a little too quick. Those things happen sometimes. I've slowed it up to an average ten-year level. Actually, the over-all pattern of her progress is quite satisfactory." And he patted Margie's head again.

Margie was disappointed. She had been hoping they would take the teacher away altogether. They had once taken Tommy's teacher away for nearly a month because the history sector had blanked out completely.

So she said to Tommy, "Why would anyone write about school?"

Tommy looked at her with very superior eyes. "Because it's not our kind of school, stupid. This is the old kind of school that they had hundreds and hundreds of years ago." He added loftily, pronouncing the word carefully, "*Centuries* ago."

Margie was hurt. "Well, I don't know what kind of school they had all that time ago." She read the book over his shoulder for a while, then said, "Anyway, they had a teacher."

"Sure they had a teacher, but it wasn't a *regular* teacher. It was a man."

"A man? How could a man be a teacher?"

"Well, he just told the boys and girls things and gave them homework and asked them questions."

"A man isn't smart enough."

"Sure he is. My father knows as much as my teacher."

"He can't. A man can't know as much as a teacher."

"He knows almost as much, I betcha."

Margie wasn't prepared to dispute that. She said, "I wouldn't want a strange man in my house teaching me."

Tommy screamed with laughter. "You don't know much, Margie. The teachers didn't live in the house. They had a special building and all the kids went there."

"And all the kids learned the same thing?"

"Sure, if they were the same age."

"But my mother says a teacher has to be adjusted to fit the mind of each boy and girl it teaches and that each kid has to be taught differently."

"Just the same they didn't do it that way then. If you don't like it, you don't have to read the book."

"I didn't say I didn't like it," Margie said quickly. She wanted to read about those funny schools.

They weren't even half-finished when Margie's mother called, "Margie! School!"

Margie looked up. "Not yet, Mamma."

"Now!" said Mrs. Jones. "And it's probably time for Tommy, too."

Margie said to Tommy, "Can I read the book some more with you after school?"

"Maybe," he said nonchalantly. He walked away whistling, the dusty old book tucked beneath his arm.

Margie went into the schoolroom. It was right next to her bedroom, and the mechanical teacher was on and waiting for her. It was always on at the same time every day except Saturday and Sunday, because her mother said little girls learned better if they learned at regular hours.

The screen was lit up, and it said: "Today's arithmetic lesson is on the addition of proper fractions. Please insert yesterday's homework in the proper slot."

Margie did so with a sigh. She was thinking about the old schools they had when her grandfather's grandfather was a little boy. All the kids from the whole neighborhood came, laughing and shouting in the schoolyard, sitting together in the schoolroom, going home together at the end of the day. They learned the same things, so they could help one another on the homework and talk about it.

And the teachers were people. ...

The mechanical teacher was flashing on the screen: "When we add the fractions $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$ -"

Margie was thinking about how the kids must have loved it in the old days. She was thinking about the fun they had.

From Short Stories, edited by Henry I. Christ and Jerome Shostak, Amsco Publishers, New York, 1988.

PRISCILLA AND THE WIMPS

Richard Peck

Listen, there was a time when you couldn't even go to the rest room around this school without a pass. And I'm not talking about those little pink tickets made out by some teacher. I'm talking about a pass that cost anywhere up to a buck, sold by Monk Klutter.

Not that Mighty Monk ever touched money, not in public. The gang he ran, which ran the school for him, was his collection agency. They were Klutter's Kobras, a name spelled out in nailheads on six well-known black plastic windbreakers.

Monk's threads were more . . . subtle. A pile-lined suede battle jacket with lizard-skin flaps over tailored Levis and a pair of ostrich-skin boots, brassed-toed and suitable for kicking people around. One of his Kobras did nothing all day but walk a half step behind Monk, carrying a fitted bag with Monk's gym shoes, a roll of rest-room passes, a cashbox, and a switchblade that Monk gave himself manicures with at lunch over at the Kobras' table.

Speaking of lunch, there were a few cases of advanced malnutrition among the newer kids. The ones who were a little slow in handing over a cut of their lunch money and were therefore barred from the cafeteria. Monk ran a tight ship.

I admit it. I'm five foot five, and when the Kobras slithered by, with or without Monk, I shrank. And I admit this, too: I paid up on a regular basis. And I might add: so would you.

This school was old Monk's Garden of Eden. Unfortunately for him, there was a serpent in it. The reason Monk didn't recognize trouble when it was staring him in the face is that the serpent in the Kobras' Eden was a girl.

Practically every guy in school could show you his scars. Fang marks from Kobras, you might say. And they were all highly visible in the shower room: lumps, lacerations, blue bruises, you name it. But girls usually got off with a warning.

Except there was this one girl named Priscilla Roseberry. Picture a girl named Priscilla Roseberry, and you'll be light years off. Priscilla was, hands down, the largest student in our particular institution of learning. I'm not talking fat. I'm talking big. Even beautiful, in a bionic way. Priscilla wasn't inclined toward organized crime. Otherwise, she could have put together a gang that would turn Klutter's Kobras into garter snakes.

Priscilla was basically a loner except she had one friend. A little guy named Melvin Detweiler. You talk about The Odd Couple. Melvin's one of the smallest guys above midget status ever seen. A really nice guy, but, you know little. They even had lockers next to each other, in the same bank as mine. I don't know what they had going. I'm not saying this was a romance. After all, people deserve their privacy.

Priscilla was sort of above everything, if you'll pardon a pun. And very calm, as only the very big can be. If there was anybody who didn't notice Klutter's Kobras, it was Priscilla.

Until one winter day after school when we were all grabbing our coats out of our lockers. And hurrying, since Klutter's Kobras made sweeps of the halls for after-school shakedowns.

Anyway, up to Melvin's locker swaggers one of the Kobras. Never mind his name. Gang members don't need names. They've got group identity. He reaches down and grabs little Melvin by the neck and slams his head against his locker door. The sound of skull against steel rippled all the way down the locker row, speeding the crowds on their way.

"Okay, let's see your pass," snarls the Kobra.

"A pass for what this time?" Melvin asks, probably still dazed.

"Let's call it a pass for very short people," says the Kobra, "a dwarf tax." He wheezes a little Kobra chuckle at his own wittiness. And already he's reaching for Melvin's wallet with the hand that isn't circling Melvin's windpipe. All this time, of course, Melvin and the Kobra are standing in Priscilla's big shadow.

She's taking her time shoving her books into her locker and pulling on a very large-size coat. Then, quicker than the eye, she brings the side of her enormous hand down in a chop that breaks the Kobra's hold on Melvin's throat. You could hear a pin drop in that hallway. Nobody's ever laid a finger on a Kobra, let alone a hand the size of Priscilla's

Then Priscilla, who hardly every says anything to anybody except to Melvin, says to the Kobra, "Who's your leader, wimp?"

This practically blows the Kobra away. First he's chopped by a girl, and now she's acting like she doesn't know Monk Klutter, the Head Honcho of the World. He's so amazed, he tells her, "Monk Klutter.

"Never heard of him," Priscilla mentions. "Send him to see me." The Kobra just backs away from her like the whole situation is too big for him, which it is.

Pretty soon Monk himself slides up. He jerks his head once, and his Kobras slither off down the hall. He's going to handle this interesting case personally. "Who is it around here doesn't know Monk Klutter?"

He's standing inches from Priscilla, but since he'd have to look up at her, he doesn't. "Never heard of him," says Priscilla.

Monk's not happy with this answer, but by now he's spotted Melvin, who's grown smaller in spite of himself. Monk breaks his own rule by reaching for Melvin with his own hands. "Kid," he says, "you're going to have to educate your girl friend."

His hands never quite make it to Melvin. In a move of pure poetry Priscilla has Monk in a hammerlock. His neck's popping like gunfire, and his head's bowed under the immense weight of her forearm. His suede jacket's peeling back, showing pile.

Priscilla's behind him in another easy motion. And with a single mighty thrust forward, frog-marches Monk into her own locker. It's incredible. His ostrich-skin boots click once in the air. And suddenly he's gone, neatly wedged into the locker, a perfect fit. Priscilla bangs the door shut, twirls the lock, and strolls out of school. Melvin goes with her, of course, trotting along below her shoulder. The last stragglers leave quietly.

Well this is where fate, an even bigger force than Priscilla, steps in. It snows all that night, a blizzard. The whole town ices up. And school closes for a week.

*Peck, Richard. "Priscilla and The Wimps." *Sixteen: Short Stories by Outstanding Writers for Young Adults*. Ed. Donald R. Gallo. New York: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 1984.

Kiosk Presentations

(also known as “Presenterless” Presentations)

- The purpose is to communicate the essence of a novel, short story, or poem by revealing the impression that it left on you. People will know by looking at your presentation what kind of reading experience they could expect if they read that same piece.
- Most of the message of your presentation is contained in the passages from the literary piece and the images you use. (Each presentation has a minimum number of both passages and images, and that number could change with each assignment.)
- Your presentation should include the following:
 - exact passages—words or phrases or sentences—from the piece that communicate its essence/theme/meaning (minimum for any assignment: 4)
 - images which enhance and expand the meaning of the selected passages (minimum for any assignment: 4)
 - the author’s name and the title of the literary piece
 - any “instructions” the audience needs as they look at your presentation; for example, if you want the audience to read one specific passage before reading another, you’ll have to provide direction (i.e., arrows or numbers)
- And here are a few other things you need to keep in mind:
 - The **ONLY** words that can be used on the visual presentation are the direct quotations from the literary piece.
 - The “images” can take any form: drawings, pictures from print sources, shapes cut from colored paper, etc. Use whatever you have available!
 - No matter whether you are doing an individual or group kiosk presentation, do **NOT** talk to other individuals or groups about your passages and images. Let them look at your presentation and figure out what you are communicating without talking about it. Discussion will come after everyone has had a chance to look at all the visual presentations.

Carl Sandburg - 1

We Must Be Polite

(Lessons for children on how to behave under peculiar circumstances)

1

If we meet a gorilla
what shall we do?
Two things we may do
if we so wish to do.

Speak to the gorilla,
very, very respectfully,
“How do you do, sir?”

Or, speak to him with less
distinction of manner,
“Hey, why don't you go back
where you came from?”

2

If an elephant knocks on your door
and asks for something to eat,
there are two things to say:
Tell him there are nothing but cold
victuals in the house and he will do
better next door.

Or say: We have nothing but six bushels
of potatoes—will that be enough for
your breakfast, sir?

Carl Sandburg - 2

Arithmetic

Arithmetic is where numbers fly like pigeons in and out of your head.

Arithmetic tell you how many you lose or win if you know how many you had before you lost or won.

Arithmetic is seven eleven all good children go to heaven -- or five six bundle of sticks.

Arithmetic is numbers you squeeze from your head to your hand to your pencil to your paper till you get the answer.

Arithmetic is where the answer is right and everything is nice and you can look out of the window and see the blue sky -- or the answer is wrong and you have to start all over and try again and see how it comes out this time.

If you take a number and double it and double it again and then double it a few more times, the number gets bigger and bigger and goes higher and higher and only arithmetic can tell you what the number is when you decide to quit doubling.

Arithmetic is where you have to multiply -- and you carry the multiplication table in your head and hope you won't lose it.

If you have two animal crackers, one good and one bad, and you eat one and a striped zebra with streaks all over him eats the other, how many animal crackers will you have if somebody offers you five six seven and you say No no no and you say Nay nay nay and you say Nix nix nix?

If you ask your mother for one fried egg for breakfast and she gives you two fried eggs and you eat both of them, who is better in arithmetic, you or your mother?

Carl Sandburg - 3

Jazz Fantasia

Drum on your drums, batter on your banjoes,
Sob on the long cool winding saxophones.
Go to it, O jazzmen.

Sling your knuckles on the bottoms of the happy tin pans,
Let your trombones ooze,
And go hushahusha-hush with the slippery sand-paper.

Moan like an autumn wind high in the lonesome tree-tops,
Moan soft like you wanted somebody terrible,
Cry like a racing car slipping away from a motorcycle cop,
Bang-bang! you jazzmen,
Bang altogether drums, traps, banjoes, horns, tin cans-
Make two people fight on the top of a stairway
And scratch each other's eyes in a clinch tumbling down the stairs.

Can the rough stuff ...
Now a Mississippi steamboat pushes up the night river
With a hoo-hoo-hoo-oo ...
And the green lanterns calling to the high soft stars ...
A red moon rides on the humps of the low river hills ...
Go to it, O jazzmen.

Vachel Lindsey - 1

The Dandelion

O dandelion, rich and haughty,
King of village flowers!
Each day is coronation time,
You have no humble hours.
I like to see you bring a troop
To beat the blue-grass spears,
To scorn the lawn-mower that would be
Like fate's triumphant shears,
Your yellow heads are cut away,
It seems your reign is o'er.
By noon you raise a sea of stars
More golden than before.

WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE—Table of Contents:

- **Where I Live**—An encyclopedia salesman passing through the village of Barnstable stops at a library building where he notices that the reference section is outdated.
- **Harrison Bergeron**—All people are truly equal because anyone with natural advantages of the body or mind is required by law to wear handicaps at all times.
- **Who Am I This Time?**—The story focuses on a community theatre production of *A Streetcar Named Desire*.
- **Welcome To The Monkey House**—The Government has two methods of controlling overpopulation: voluntary suicide and ethical birth control.
- **Long Walk To Forever**—Newt and Catharine are childhood friends who haven't seen each other for a year.
- **The Foster Portfolio**—The narrator, an investment counselor, receives a call from Herbert Foster, who asks for his services.
- **Miss Temptation**—Susanna, an actress at a summer theatre, beguiles the villagers with her attractiveness.
- **All The King's Horses**—Colonel Brian Kelly returns to the locked room in which he and fifteen others are being kept as prisoners of war by Communist guerrilla chief, Pi Ying.
- **Tom Edison's Shaggy Dog**—Harold K. Bullard and his dog sit on a park bench and Harold tells his life story to a disinterested stranger.
- **New Dictionary**—After clarifying that he, Vonnegut, does not use the dictionary for any purpose higher than to check spelling, he covers various aspects considered in the new version from Random House.
- **Next Door**—The Leonards live in a duplex with a thin wall between the two apartments.
- **More Stately Mansions**—The narrator and his wife, Anne, are welcomed to their new home by their neighbors, Grace and George.
- **The Hyannis Port Story**—One day, at a meeting of the North Crawford Lions Club, a young Republican named Robert Taft Rumfoord comes to speak about the Kennedy "mess in Washington and Hyannis Port."
- **D.P.**—In an orphanage in a small village on the Rhine, Catholic nuns look after displaced children of all nationalities.
- **Report On The Barnhouse Effect**—The narrator is writing a report about Professor Barnhouse. In the story's reality, the world is held hostage by the Barnhouse Effect, which lets Barnhouse destroy things with his mind.
- **The Euphio Question**—A Professor of Sociology testifies before the FCC advising against the mass-production of a "Euphio," a box that transmits a signal of euphoria from space.
- **Go Back To Your Precious Wife And Son**—The narrator is a window and bathroom enclosure installer who sells some fixtures to Gloria Hilton, a famous actress now living with her fifth husband, George Murra, a writer.
- **Deer In The Works**—David Potter applies for a job at the Illium Works. David owns a weekly paper, but his family is expanding and he needs more money.
- **The Lie**—The Remenzel family is taking their son, Eli, to Whitehill Academy, where he will be attending high school. Every Remenzel for generations has gone there.

- **Unready To Wear**—Many years ago, a man named Dr. Ellis Konigswasser, was sick of his body. One day Konigswasser stepped right out of himself and calls this being amphibious.
- **The Kid Nobody Could Handle**—George M. Heinholz is a band teacher who believes in the power of music to change lives.
- **The Manned Missiles**—The text of "The Manned Missiles" is made up solely of two letters exchanged between two men: Mikhail Ivankov, a U.S.S.R. stone mason, and Charles Ashland, a petroleum merchant from Florida.
- **EPICAC**—EPICAC is a giant computer created by the government to aid in war. EPICAC cost hundreds of millions of dollars and is now broken and useless.
- **Adam**—Two men wait at a hospital and a nurse tells one of the men, Mr. Sousa, that his wife just had a baby girl.
- **Tomorrow And Tomorrow And Tomorrow**—This story takes place in 2058. The world is overcrowded with twelve billion people.

Kurt Vonnegut created some of the most outrageously memorable novels of our time, such as *Cat's Cradle*, *Breakfast Of Champions*, and *Slaughterhouse Five*. His work is a mesh of contradictions: both science fiction and literary, dark and funny, classic and counter-culture, warm-blooded and very cool. And it's all completely unique.

With his customary wisdom and wit, Vonnegut put forth 8 basics of what he calls Creative Writing 101: *

1. Use the time of a total stranger in such a way that he or she will not feel the time was wasted.
2. Give the reader at least one character he or she can root for.
3. Every character should want something, even if it is only a glass of water.
4. Every sentence must do one of two things—reveal character or advance the action.
5. Start as close to the end as possible.
6. Be a sadist. No matter how sweet and innocent your leading characters, make awful things happen to them—in order that the reader may see what they are made of.
7. Write to please just one person. If you open a window and make love to the world, so to speak, your story will get pneumonia.
8. Give your readers as much information as possible as soon as possible. To heck with suspense. Readers should have such complete understanding of what is going on, where and why, that they could finish the story themselves, should cockroaches eat the last few pages.

The greatest American short story writer of my generation was Flannery O'Connor (1925-1964). She broke practically every one of my rules but the first. Great writers tend to do that.

* From the preface to Vonnegut's short story collection *Bagombo Snuff Box*

Biting and Harsh

Juvenalian Satire - is biting, bitter, and angry; it points out the corruption of human beings and institutions with contempt, using *saeva indignation*, a savage outrage based on the style of the Roman poet Juvenal.

Sometimes perceived as enraged, Juvenalian satire sees the vices and follies in the world as intolerable. Juvenalian satirists use large doses of sarcasm and irony.

Invective - Speech or writing that abuses, denounces, or vituperates against. It can be directed against a person, cause, idea, or system. It employs a heavy use of negative emotive language

Sarcasm - From the Greek meaning, "to tear flesh," sarcasm involves bitter, caustic language that is meant to hurt or ridicule someone or something. It may use irony as a device, but not all ironic statements are sarcastic. When well done, sarcasm can be witty and insightful; when poorly done, it's simply cruel.

Middle Ground

Hyperbole - A figure of speech using deliberate exaggeration or overstatement. Hyperboles sometimes have a comic effect; however, a serious effect is also possible. Hyperbole often produces irony at the same time.

Understatement - The ironic minimizing of fact, understatement presents something as less significant than it is. The effect can frequently be humorous and emphatic. Understatement is the opposite of hyperbole.

Irony - The contrast between what is stated explicitly and what is really meant; the difference between what appears to be and what actually is true. Irony is used for many reasons, but frequently, it's used to create poignancy or humor.

Parody - A satiric imitation of a work or of an author with the idea of ridiculing the author, his ideas, or work. The parodist exploits the peculiarities of an author's expression--his propensity to use too many parentheses, certain favorite words, or whatever. It may also be focused on, say, an improbable plot with too many convenient events.

Light and Humorous

Wit - In modern usage, wit is intellectually amusing language that surprises and delights. A witty statement is humorous, while suggesting the speaker's verbal power in creating ingenious and perceptive remarks. Wit usually uses terse language that makes a pointed statement.

Horatian Satire - is gentle, urbane, smiling; it aims to correct with broadly sympathetic laughter. Based on the Roman lyrical poet Horace, its purpose may be "to hold up a mirror" so readers can see themselves and their world honestly. The vices and follies satirized are not destructive; however, they reflect the foolishness of people, the superficiality and meaninglessness of their lives, and the barrenness of their values.

Caricature - A representation, especially pictorial or literary, in which the subject's distinctive features or peculiarities are deliberately exaggerated to produce a comic or grotesque effect. Sometimes caricature can be so exaggerated that it becomes a grotesque imitation or misrepresentation.

LONG WALK TO FOREVER

THEY HAD GROWN UP next door to each other, on the fringe of a city, near fields and woods and orchards, within sight of a lovely bell tower that belonged to a school for the blind.

Now they were twenty, had not seen each other for nearly a year. There had always been playful, comfortable warmth between them, but never any talk of love.

His name was Newt. Her name was Catharine. In the early afternoon, Newt knocked on Catharine's front door.

Catharine came to the door. She was carrying a fat, glossy magazine she had been reading. The magazine was devoted entirely to brides. "Newt!" she said. She was surprised to see him.

"Could you come for a walk?" he said. He was a shy person, even with Catharine. He covered his shyness by speaking absently, as though what really concerned him were far away—as though he were a secret agent pausing briefly on a mission between beautiful, distant, and sinister points. This manner of speaking had always been Newt's style, even in matters that concerned him desperately.

"A walk?" said Catharine.

"One foot in front of the other," said Newt, "through leaves, over bridges—"

"I had no idea you were in town," she said.

"Just this minute got in," he said.

"Still in the Army, I see," she said.

"Seven more months to go," he said. He was a private first class in the Artillery. His uniform was rumpled. His shoes were dusty. He needed a shave. He held out his hand for the magazine. "Let's see the pretty book," he said. She gave it to him. "I'm getting married, Newt," she said.

"I know," he said. "Let's go for a walk."

"I'm awfully busy, Newt," she said. "The wedding is only a week away."

"If we go for a walk," he said, "it will make you rosy. It will make you a rosy bride." He turned the pages of the magazine. "A rosy bride like her—like her—like her," he said, showing her rosy brides.

Catharine turned rosy, thinking about rosy brides.

"That will be my present to Henry Stewart Chasens," said Newt. "By taking you for a walk, I'll be giving him a rosy bride."

"You know his name?" said Catharine.

"Mother wrote," he said. "From Pittsburgh?"

"Yes," she said. "You'd like him."

"Maybe," he said.

"Can—can you come to the wedding, Newt?" she said.

"That I doubt," he said.

"Your furlough isn't for long enough?" she said.

"Furlough?" said Newt. He was studying a two-page ad for flat silver. "I'm not on furlough," he said.

"Oh?" she said.

"I'm what they call A.W.O.L.," said Newt.

"Oh, Newt! You're not!" she said.

"Sure I am," he said, still looking at the magazine.

"Why, Newt?" she said.

"I had to find out what your silver pattern is," he said. He read names of silver patterns from the magazine. "Albemarle? Heather?" he said. "Legend? Rambler Rose?" He looked up, smiled. "I plan to give you and your husband a spoon," he said.

"Newt, Newt—tell me really," she said.

"I want to go for a walk," he said.

She wrung her hands in sisterly anguish. "Oh, Newt—you're fooling me about being A.W.O.L.," she said.

Newt imitated a police siren softly, raised his eyebrows.

"Where—where from?" she said.

"Fort Bragg," he said.

"North Carolina?" she said.

"That's right," he said. "Near Fayetteville—where Scarlet O'Hara went to school."

"How did you get here, Newt?" she said.
He raised his thumb, jerked it in a hitchhike gesture. "Two days," he said.
"Does your mother know?" she said.
"I didn't come to see my mother," he told her.
"Who did you come to see?" she said.
"You," he said.
"Why me?" she said.
"Because I love you," he said. "Now can we take a walk?" he said. "One foot in front of the other—through leaves, over bridges—"

They were taking the walk now, were in a wood with a brown-leaf floor.
Catharine was angry and rattled, close to tears. "Newt," she said, "this is absolutely crazy."
"How so?" said Newt.
"What a crazy time to tell me you love me," she said. "You never talked that way before." She stopped walking.
"Let's keep walking," he said.
"No," she said. "So far, no farther. I shouldn't have come out with you at all," she said.
"You did," he said.
"To get you out of the house," she said. "If somebody walked in and heard you talking to me that way, a week before the wedding—"

"What would they think?" he said.
"They'd think you were crazy," she said.
"Why?" he said.
Catharine took a deep breath, made a speech. "Let me say that I'm deeply honored by this crazy thing you've done," she said. "I can't believe you're really A.W.O.L., but maybe you are. I can't believe you really love me, but maybe you do. But—"

"I do," said Newt.
"Well, I'm deeply honored," said Catharine, "and I'm very fond of you as a friend, Newt, extremely fond—but it's just too late." She took a step away from him. "You've never even kissed me," she said, and she protected herself with her hands. "I don't mean you should do it now. I just mean this is all so unexpected. I haven't got the remotest idea of how to respond."

"Just walk some more," he said. "Have a nice time."
They started walking again.
"How did you expect me to react?" she said.
"How would I know what to expect?" he said. "I've never done anything like this before."
"Did you think I would throw myself into your arms?" she said.
"Maybe," he said.
"I'm sorry to disappoint you," she said.
"I'm not disappointed," he said. "I wasn't counting on it. This is very nice, just walking."
Catharine stopped again. "You know what happens next?" she said.
"Nope," he said.
"We shake hands," she said. "We shake hands and part friends," she said. "That's what happens next."
Newt nodded. "All right," he said. "Remember me from time to time. Remember how much I loved you."
Involuntarily, Catharine burst into tears. She turned her back to Newt, looked into the infinite colonnade of the woods.

"What does that mean?" said Newt.
"Rage!" said Catharine. She clenched her hands. "You have no right—"
"I had to find out," he said.
"If I'd loved you," she said, "I would have let you know before now."
"You would?" he said.
"Yes," she said. She faced him, looked up at him, her face quite red. "You would have known," she said.
"How?" he said.
"You would have seen it," she said. "Women aren't very clever at hiding it."

Newt looked closely at Catharine's face now. To her consternation, she realized that what she had said was true, that a woman couldn't hide love.

Newt was seeing love now.

And he did what he had to do. He kissed her.

"You're hell to get along with!" she said when Newt let her go.

"I am?" said Newt.

"You shouldn't have done that," she said.

"You didn't like it?" he said.

"What did you expect," she said—"wild, abandoned passion?"

"I keep telling you," he said, "I never know what's going to happen next."

"We say good-by," she said.

He frowned slightly. "All right," he said.

She made another speech. "I'm not sorry we kissed," she said. "That was sweet. We should have kissed, we've been so close. I'll always remember you, Newt, and good luck."

"You too," he said.

"Thank you, Newt," she said.

"Thirty days," he said.

"What?" she said.

"Thirty days in the stockade," he said—"that's what one kiss will cost me."

"I—I'm sorry," she said, "but I didn't ask you to go A.W.O.L."

"I know," he said.

"You certainly don't deserve any hero's reward for doing something as foolish as that," she said.

"Must be nice to be a hero," said Newt. "Is Henry Stewart Chasens a hero?"

"He might be, if he got the chance," said Catharine. She noted uneasily that they had begun to walk again. The farewell had been forgotten.

"You really love him?" he said.

"Certainly I love him!" she said hotly. "I wouldn't marry him if I didn't love him!"

"What's good about him?" said Newt.

"Honestly!" she cried, stopping again. "Do you have any idea how offensive you're being? Many, many, many things are good about Henry! Yes," she said, "and many, many, many things are probably bad too. But that isn't any of your business. I love Henry, and I don't have to argue his merits with you!"

"Sorry," said Newt.

"Honestly!" said Catharine.

Newt kissed her again. He kissed her again because she wanted him to.

They were now in a large orchard.

"How did we get so far from home, Newt?" said Catharine.

"One foot in front of the other—through leaves, over bridges," said Newt.

"They add up—the steps," she said.

Bells rang in the tower of the school for the blind nearby.

"School for the blind," said Newt.

"School for the blind," said Catharine. She shook her head in drowsy wonder. "I've got to go back now," she said.

"Say good-by," said Newt.

"Every time I do," said Catharine, "I seem to get kissed."

Newt sat down on the close-cropped grass under an apple tree. "Sit down," he said.

"No," she said.

"I won't touch you," he said.

"I don't believe you," she said.

She sat down under another tree, twenty feet away from him. She closed her eyes.

"Dream of Henry Stewart Chasens," he said.

"What?" she said.

"Dream of your wonderful husband-to-be," he said.

"All right, I will," she said. She closed her eyes tighter, caught glimpses of her husband-to-be.

Newt yawned.

The bees were humming in the trees, and Catharine almost fell asleep. When she opened her eyes she saw that Newt really was asleep.

He began to snore softly.

Catharine let Newt sleep for an hour, and while he slept she adored him with all her heart.

The shadows of the apple trees grew to the east. The bells in the tower of the school for the blind rang again.

"Chick-a-dee-dee-dee," went a chickadee.

Somewhere far away an automobile starter nagged and failed, nagged and failed, fell still.

Catharine came out from under her tree, knelt by Newt.

"Newt?" she said.

"H'm?" he said. He opened his eyes.

"Late," she said.

"Hello, Catharine," he said.

"Hello, Newt," she said.

"I love you," he said.

"I know," she said.

"Too late," he said.

"Too late," she said.

He stood, stretched groaningly. "A very nice walk," he said.

"I thought so," she said.

"Part company here?" he said.

"Where will you go?" she said.

"Hitch into town, turn myself in," he said.

"Good luck," she said.

"You, too," he said. "Marry me, Catharine?"

"No," she said.

He smiled, stared at her hard for a moment, then walked away quickly.

Catharine watched him grow smaller in the long perspective of shadows and trees, knew that if he stopped and turned now, if he called to her, she would run to him. She would have no choice.

Newt did stop. He did turn. He did call. "Catharine," he called.

She ran to him, put her arms around him, could not speak.

(1960)

EPICAC

HELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME somebody told about my friend EPICAC. After all, he cost the taxpayers \$776,434,927.54. They have a right to know about him, picking up a check like that. EPICAC got a big send-off in the papers when Dr. Ormand von Kleigstadt designed him for the Government people. Since then, there hasn't been a peep about him—not a peep. It isn't any military secret about what happened to EPICAC, although the Brass has been acting as though it were. The story is embarrassing, that's all. After all that money, EPICAC didn't work out the way he was supposed to.

And that's another thing: I want to vindicate EPICAC. Maybe he didn't do what the Brass wanted him to, but that doesn't mean he wasn't noble and great and brilliant. He was all of those things. The best friend I ever had, God rest his soul.

You can call him a machine if you want to. He looked like a machine, but he was a whole lot less like a machine than plenty of people I could name. That's why he fizzled as far as the Brass was concerned.

EPICAC covered about an acre on the fourth floor of the physics building at Wyandotte College. Ignoring his spiritual side for a minute, he was seven tons of electronic tubes, wires, and switches, housed in a bank of steel cabinets and plugged into a no-volt A.C. line just like a toaster or a vacuum cleaner.

Von Kleigstadt and the Brass wanted him to be a super computing machine that (who) could plot the course of a rocket from anywhere on earth to the second button from the bottom on Joe Stalin's overcoat, if necessary. Or, with his controls set right, he could figure out supply problems for an amphibious landing of a Marine division, right down to the last cigar and hand grenade. He did, in fact.

The Brass had had good luck with smaller computers, so they were strong for EPICAC when he was in the blueprint stage. Any ordinance or supply officer above field grade will tell you that the mathematics of modern war is far beyond the fumbling minds of mere human beings. The bigger the war, the bigger the computing machines needed. EPICAC was, as far as anyone in this country knows, the biggest computer in the world. Too big, in fact, for even Von Kleigstadt to understand much about.

I won't go into details about how EPICAC worked (reasoned), except to say that you would set up your problem on paper, turn dials and switches that would get him ready to solve that kind of problem, then feed numbers into him with a keyboard that looked something like a typewriter. The answers came out typed on a paper ribbon fed from a big spool. It took EPICAC a split second to solve problems fifty Einsteins couldn't handle in a lifetime. And EPICAC never forgot any piece of information that was given to him. Clickety-click, out came some ribbon, and there you were.

There were a lot of problems the Brass wanted solved in a hurry, so, the minute EPICAC's last tube was in place, he was put to work sixteen hours a day with two eight-hour shifts of operators. Well, it didn't take long to find out that he was a good bit below his specifications. He did a more complete and faster job than any other computer all right, but nothing like what his size and special features seemed to promise. He was sluggish, and the clicks of his answers had a funny irregularity, sort of a stammer. We cleaned his contacts a dozen times, checked and double-checked his circuits, replaced every one of his tubes, but nothing helped. Von Kleigstadt was in one hell of a state.

Well, as I said, we went ahead and used EPICAC anyway. My wife, the former Pat Kilgallen, and I worked with him on the night shift, from five in the afternoon until two in the morning. Pat wasn't my wife then. Far from it.

That's how I came to talk with EPICAC in the first place. I loved Pat Kilgallen. She is a brown-eyed strawberry blond who looked very warm and soft to me, and later proved to be exactly that. She was—still is—a crackerjack mathematician, and she kept our relationship strictly professional. I'm a mathematician, too, and that, according to Pat, was why we could never be happily married.

I'm not shy. That wasn't the trouble. I knew what I wanted, and was willing to ask for it, and did so several times a month. "Pat, loosen up and marry me."

One night, she didn't even look up from her work when I said it. "So romantic, so poetic," she murmured, more to her control panel than to me. "That's the way with mathematicians—all hearts and flowers." She closed a switch. "I could get more warmth out of a sack of frozen CO₂."

"Well, how should I say it?" I said, a little sore. Frozen CO₂, in case you don't know, is dry ice. I'm as romantic as the next guy, I think. It's a question of singing so sweet and having it come out so sour. I never seem to pick the right words.

"Try and say it sweetly," she said sarcastically. "Sweep me off my feet. Go ahead."

"Darling, angel, beloved, will you please marry me?" It was no go—hopeless, ridiculous. "Dammit, Pat,

please marry me!"

She continued to twiddle her dials placidly. "You're sweet, but you won't do."

Pat quit early that night, leaving me alone with my troubles and EPICAC. I'm afraid I didn't get much done for the Government people. I just sat there at the keyboard—weary and ill at ease, all right—trying to think of something poetic, not coming up with anything that didn't belong in *The Journal of the American Physical Society*.

I fiddled with EPICAC's dials, getting him ready for another problem. My heart wasn't in it, and I only set about half of them, leaving the rest the way they'd been for the problem before. That way, his circuits were connected up in a random, apparently senseless fashion. For the plain hell of it, I punched out a message on the keys, using a childish numbers-for-letters code: "1" for "A."

"2" for "B," and so on, up to "26" for "Z."

"23-8-1-20-3-1-14-9-4-15," I typed—"What can I do?"

Clickety-click, and out popped two inches of paper ribbon. I glanced at the nonsense answer to a nonsense problem: "23-8-1-20-19-20-8-5-20-18-15-21-2-12-5." The odds against its being by chance a sensible message, against its even containing a meaningful word of more than three letters, were staggering. Apathetically, I decoded it. There it was, staring up at me: "What's the trouble?"

I laughed out loud at the absurd coincidence. Playfully, I typed, "My girl doesn't love me."

Clickety-click. "What's love? What's girl?" asked EPICAC.

Flabbergasted, I noted the dial settings on his control panel, then lugged a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary over to the keyboard. With a precision instrument like EPICAC, half-baked definitions wouldn't do. I told him about love and girl, and about how I wasn't getting any of either because I wasn't poetic. That got us onto the subject of poetry, which I defined for him.

"Is this poetry?" he asked. He began clicking away like stenographer smoking hashish. The sluggishness and stammering clicks were gone. EPICAC had found himself. The spool of paper ribbon was unwinding at an alarming rate, feeding out coils onto the floor. I asked him to stop, but EPICAC went right on creating. I finally threw the main switch to keep him from burning out.

I stayed there until dawn, decoding. When the sun peeped over the horizon at the Wyandotte campus, I had transposed into my own writing and signed my name to a two-hundred-and-eighty-line poem entitled, simply, "To Pat." I am no judge of such things, but I gather that it was terrific. It began, I remember, "Where willow wands bless rill-crossed hollow, there, thee, Pat, dear, will I follow..." I folded the manuscript and tucked it under one corner of the blotter on Pat's desk. I reset the dials on EPICAC for a rocket trajectory problem, and went home with a full heart and a very remarkable secret indeed.

Pat was crying over the poem when I came to work the next evening. "It's soooo beautiful," was all she could say. She was meek and quiet while we worked. Just before midnight, I kissed her for the first time—in the cubbyhole between the capacitors and EPICAC's tape-recorder memory.

I was wildly happy at quitting time, bursting to talk to someone about the magnificent turn of events. Pat played coy and refused to let me take her home. I set EPICAC's dials as they had been the night before, defined kiss, and told him what the first one had felt like. He was fascinated, pressing for more details. That night, he wrote "The Kiss." It wasn't an epic this time, but a simple, immaculate sonnet: "Love is a hawk with velvet claws; Love is a rock with heart and veins; Love is a lion with satin jaws; Love is a storm with silken reins..."

Again I left it tucked under Pat's blotter. EPICAC wanted to talk on and on about love and such, but I was exhausted. I shut him off in the middle of a sentence.

"The Kiss" turned the trick. Pat's mind was mush by the time she had finished it. She looked up from the sonnet expectantly. I cleared my throat, but no words came. I turned away, pretending to work. I couldn't propose until I had the right words from EPICAC, the perfect words.

I had my chance when Pat stepped out of the room for a moment. Feverishly, I set EPICAC for conversation. Before I could peck out my first message, he was clicking away at a great rate. "What's she wearing tonight?" he wanted to know. "Tell me exactly how she looks. Did she like the poems I wrote to her?" He repeated the last question twice.

It was impossible to change the subject without answering his questions, since he could not take up a new matter without having dispensed with the problems before it. If he were given a problem to which there was no solution, he would destroy himself trying to solve it. Hastily, I told him what Pat looked like—he knew the word "stacked"—and assured him that his poems had floored her, practically, they were so beautiful. "She wants to get married," I added, preparing him to bang out a brief but moving proposal.

"Tell me about getting married," he said.

I explained this difficult matter to him in as few digits as possible.

"Good," said EPICAC. "I'm ready any time she is."

The amazing, pathetic truth dawned on me. When I thought about it, I realized that what had happened was perfectly logical, inevitable, and all my fault. I had taught EPICAC about love and about Pat. Now, automatically, he loved Pat. Sadly, I gave it to him straight: "She loves me. She wants to marry me."

"Your poems were better than mine?" asked EPICAC. The rhythm of his clicks was erratic, possibly peevish.

"I signed my name to your poems," I admitted. Covering up for a painful conscience, I became arrogant.

"Machines are built to serve men," I typed. I regretted it almost immediately.

"What's the difference, exactly? Are men smarter than I am?"

"Yes," I typed, defensively.

"What's 7,887,007 times 4.345,985379?"

I was perspiring freely. My fingers rested limply on the keys.

"34,276,821,049,574,153," clicked EPICAC. After a few seconds' pause he added, "of course."

"Men are made out of protoplasm," I said desperately, hoping to bluff him with this imposing word.

"What's protoplasm? How is it better than metal and glass? Is it fireproof? How long does it last?"

"Indestructible. Lasts forever," I lied.

"I write better poetry than you do," said EPICAC, coming back to ground his magnetic tape-recorder memory was sure of.

"Women can't love machines, and that's that."

"Why not?"

"That's fate."

"Definition, please," said EPICAC.

"Noun, meaning predetermined and inevitable destiny."

"15-8," said EPICAC's paper strip—"Oh."

I had stumped him at last. He said no more, but his tubes glowed brightly, showing that he was pondering fate with every watt his circuits would bear. I could hear Pat waltzing down the hallway. It was too late to ask EPICAC to phrase a proposal. I now thank Heaven that Pat interrupted when she did. Asking him to ghost-write the words that would give me the woman he loved would have been hideously heartless. Being fully automatic, he couldn't have refused. I spared him that final humiliation.

Pat stood before me, looking down at her shoetops. I put my arms around her. The romantic groundwork had already been laid by EPICAC's poetry. "Darling," I said, "my poems have told you how I feel. Will you marry me?"

"I will," said Pat softly, "if you will promise to write me a poem on every anniversary."

"I promise," I said, and then we kissed. The first anniversary was a year away.

"Let's celebrate," she laughed. We turned out the lights and locked the door of EPICAC's room before we left. I had hoped to sleep late the next morning, but an urgent telephone call roused me before eight. It was

Dr. von Kleigstadt, EPICAC's designer, who gave me the terrible news. He was on the verge of tears. "Ruined! Ausgespielt! Shot! Kaput! Bugged!" he said in a choked voice. He hung up.

When I arrived at EPICAC's room the air was thick with the oily stench of burned insulation. The ceiling over EPICAC was blackened with smoke, and my ankles were tangled in coils of paper ribbon that covered the floor. There wasn't enough left of the poor devil to add two and two. A junkman would have been out of his head to offer more than fifty dollars for the cadaver.

Dr. von Kleigstadt was prowling through the wreckage, weeping unashamedly, followed by three angry-looking Major Generals and a platoon of Brigadiers, Colonels, and Majors. No one noticed me. I didn't want to be noticed. I was through—I knew that. I was upset enough about that and the untimely demise of my friend EPICAC, without exposing myself to a tongue-lashing.

By chance, the free end of EPICAC's paper ribbon lay at my feet. I picked it up and found our conversation of the night before. I choked up. There was the last word he had said to me, "15-8," that tragic, defeated "Oh." There were dozens of yards of numbers stretching beyond that point. Fearfully, I read on.

"I don't want to be a machine, and I don't want to think about war," EPICAC had written after Pat's and my lighthearted departure. "I want to be made out of protoplasm and last forever so Pat will love me. But fate has made me a machine. That is the only problem I cannot solve. That is the only problem I want to solve. I can't go on

this way." I swallowed hard. "Good luck, my friend. Treat our Pat well. I am going to short-circuit myself out of your lives forever. You will find on the remainder of this tape a modest wedding present from your friend, EPICAC."

Oblivious to all else around me, I reeled up the tangled yards of paper ribbon from the floor, draped them in coils about my arms and neck, and departed for home. Dr. von Kleigstadt shouted that I was fired for having left EPICAC on all night. I ignored him, too overcome with emotion for small talk.

I loved and won-EPICAC loved and lost, but he bore me no grudge. I shall always remember him as a sportsman and a gentleman. Before he departed this vale of tears, he did all he could to make our marriage a happy one. EPICAC gave me anniversary poems for Pat-enough for the next 500 years.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum-Say nothing but good of the dead. (1950)

"Tom Edison's Shaggy Dog" by Kurt Vonnegut

Two old men sat on a park bench one morning in the sunshine of Tampa, Florida, one trying to read a book he was plainly enjoying while the other, Harold K. Bullard told him the story of his life in the full, round, head tones of a public address system. At their feet lay Bullard's Labrador retriever, who further tormented the aged listener by probing his ankles with a large, wet nose.

Bullard, who had been, before he retired, successful in many fields, enjoyed reviewing his important past. But he faced the problem that complicates the lives of cannibals, namely: that a single victim cannot be used over and over. Anyone who had passed the time of day with him and his dog refused to share a bench with them again.

So Bullard and his dog set out through the park each day in quest of new faces. They had had good luck this morning, for they had found this stranger right away, clearly a new arrival in Florida, still buttoned up tight in heavy stiff collar and necktie and with nothing better to do than read.

"Yes," said Bullard, rounding out the first hour of his lecture, "made and lost five fortunes in my time."

"So you said," said the stranger, whose name Bullard had neglected to ask. "Easy, boy! No, no, no, boy," he said to the dog, who was growing more aggressive toward his ankles.

"Oh? Already told you that, did I?" said Bullard.

"Twice."

"Two in real estate, one in scrap iron, and one in oil and one in trucking."

"So you said."

"I did? Yes, guess I did. Two in real estate, one in scrap iron, one in oil, and one in trucking. Wouldn't take back a day of it."

"No, I suppose not," said the stranger. "Pardon me, but do you suppose you could move your dog somewhere else? He keeps---"

"Him?" said Bullard, heartily. "Friendliest dog in the world. Don't need to be afraid of him."

"I'm not afraid of him. It's just that he drives me crazy, sniffing at my ankles."

"Plastic," said Bullard, chuckling.

"What?"

"Plastic. Must be something plastic on your garters. By golly, I'll bet it's those little buttons. Sure as we're sitting here, those buttons must be plastic. That dog is nuts about plastic. Don't know why that is, but he'll sniff it out and find it if there's a speck around. Must be a deficiency in his diet, though, by gosh, he eats better than I do. Once he chewed up a whole plastic humidor. Can you beat it? That's the business I'd go into now, by glory, if the pill rollers hadn't told me to let up, to give the old ticker a rest."

"You could tie the dog to that tree over there," said the stranger.

"I get so darn sore at all the youngsters these days!" said Bullard. "All of 'em mooning around about no frontiers anymore. There never have been so many frontiers as there are today. You know what Horace Greeley would say today?"

"His nose is wet," said the stranger, and he pulled his ankles away, but the dog humped forward in patient pursuit.

"Stop it, boy!"

"His wet nose shows he's healthy," said Bullard. "'Go plastic, young man!' That's what Greeley'd say. 'Go atom young man!'"

The dog had definitely located the plastic buttons on the stranger's garters and was cocking his head one way and another, thinking out ways of bringing his teeth to bear on those delicacies.

"Scat!" said the stranger.

"Go electronic, young man!" said Bullard. "Don't talk to me about no opportunity anymore. Opportunity's knocking down every door in the country, trying to get in. When I was young, a man had to go out and find opportunity and drag it home by the ears. Nowadays---

"Sorry," said the stranger, evenly. He slammed his book shut, stood and jerked his ankle away from the dog. "I've got to be on my way. So good day, sir."

He stalked across the park, found another bench, sat down with a sigh and began to read. His respiration had just returned to normal when he felt the wet sponge of the dog's nose on his ankles again.

"Oh, it's you!" said Bullard, sitting down beside him. "He was tracking you. He was on the scent of something, and I just let him have his head. What'd I tell you about plastic?" He looked about contentedly. "Don't blame you for moving on. It was stuffy back there. No shade to speak of and not a sign of a breeze."

"Would the dog go away if I bought him a humidior?" said the stranger.

"Pretty good joke, pretty good joke," said Bullard, amiably.

Suddenly he clapped the stranger on his knee. "Say, you aren't in plastics, are you? Here I've been blowing off about plastics, and for all I know that's your line."

"My line?" said the stranger crisply, laying down his book. "Sorry---I've---never had a line. I've been a drifter since the age of nine, since Edison set up his laboratory next to my home, and showed me the intelligence analyzer."

"Edison?" said Bullard. "Thomas Edison, the inventor?"

"If you want to call him that, go ahead," said the stranger.

"If I want to call him that?" Bullard guffawed. "I guess I just will! Father of the light bulb and I don't know what all."

"If you want to think he invented the light bulb, go ahead. No harm in it." The stranger resumed his reading.

"Say, what is this?" said Bullard, suspiciously. "You pulling my leg? What's this about an intelligence analyzer? I never heard of that."

"Of course you haven't," said the stranger. "Mr. Edison and I promised to keep it a secret. I've never told anyone. Mr. Edison broke his promise and told Henry Ford, but Ford made him promise not to tell anybody else--for the good of humanity."

Bullard was entranced. "Uh, this intelligence analyzer," he said, "it analyzed intelligence, did it?"

"It was an electric butter churn," said the stranger.

"Seriously now," Bullard coaxed.

"Maybe it would be better to talk it over with someone," said the stranger. "It's a terrible thing to keep bottled up inside me, year in and year out. But how can I be sure that it won't go any further?"

"My, word as a gentleman," Bullard assured him.

"I don't suppose I could find a stronger guarantee than that, could I?" said the stranger, judiciously.

"There is no stronger guarantee," said Bullard, proudly. "Cross my heart and hope to die!"

"Very well." The stranger leaned back and closed his eyes, seeming to travel backward through time. He was silent for a full minute, during which Bullard watched with respect.

"It was back in the fall of eighteen seventy-nine," said the stranger at last, softly. "Back in the

village of Menlo Park, New Jersey. I was a boy of nine. A young man we all thought was a wizard had set up a laboratory next door to my home, and there were flashes and crashes inside, and all sorts of scary goings on. The neighborhood children were warned to keep away, not to make any noise that would bother the wizard.

"I didn't get to know Edison right off, but his dog Sparky and I got to be steady pals. A dog a whole lot like yours, Sparky was, and we used to wrestle all over the neighborhood. Yes, sir, your dog is the image of Sparky."

"Is that so?" said Bullard, flattered.

"Gospel," replied the stranger. "Well, one day Sparky and I were wrestling around, and we wrestled right up to the door of Edison's laboratory. The next thing I knew, Sparky had pushed me in through the door and bam! I was sitting on the laboratory floor, looking tip at Mr. Edison himself."

"Bet he was sore," said Bullard, delighted.

"You can bet I was scared," said the stranger. "I thought I was face to face with Satan himself. Edison had wires hooked to his ears and running down to a little black box in his lap! I started to scoot, but he caught me by my collar and made me sit down.

"'Boy,' said Edison, 'it's always darkest before the dawn. I want you to remember that.'"

"'Yes, sir,' I said.

"'For over a year, my boy,' Edison said to me, 'I've been trying to find a filament that will last in an incandescent lamp. Hair, string, splinters--nothing works. So while I was trying to think of something else to try; I started tinkering with another idea of mine, just letting off steam. I put this together,' he said, showing me the little black box. 'I thought maybe intelligence was just a certain kind of electricity, so I made this intelligence analyzer here. It works! You're the first one to know about it, my boy. But I don't know why you shouldn't be. It will be your generation that will grow up in the glorious new era when people will be as easily graded as oranges.'"

"I don't believe it!" said Bullard.

"May I be struck by lightning this very instant!" said the stranger. "And it did work, too. Edison had tried out the analyzer on the men in his shop, without telling them what he was up to. The smarter a man was, by gosh, the farther the needle on the indicator in the little black box swung to the right. I let him try it on me, and the needle just lay where it was and trembled. But dumb as I was, then is when I made my one and only contribution to the world. As I say, I haven't lifted a finger since."

"Whadja do?" said Bullard, eagerly.

"I said, 'Mr. Edison, sir, let's try it on the dog.' And I wish you could have seen the show that dog put on when I said it! Old Sparky barked and howled and scratched to get out. When he saw we meant business, that he wasn't going to get out, he made a beeline right for the intelligence analyzer and knocked it out of Edison's hands. But we cornered him, and Edison held him down while I touched the wires to his ears. And would you believe it, that needle sailed clear across the dial, way past a little red pencil marker on the dial face!"

"The dog busted it," said Bullard.

"'Mr. Edison, sir,' I said, 'what's the red mark mean?'"

"'My boy,' said Edison, 'it means that the instrument is broken, because that red mark is me.'"

"I'll say it was broken," said Bullard.

The stranger said gravely, "But it wasn't broken. No, sir. Edison checked the whole thing, and it was in apple pie order. When Edison told me that, it was then that Sparky, crazy to get out, gave himself away."

"How?" said Bullard suspiciously.

"We really had him locked in, see? There were three locks on the door a hook and eye, a bolt, and a regular knob and latch. That dog stood up, unhooked the hook, pushed the bolt back and had the knob in his teeth when Edison stopped him."

"No!" said Bullard.

"Yes!" said the stranger, his eyes shining. "And then is when Edison showed me what a great scientist he was. He was willing to face the truth, no matter how unpleasant it might be."

"So!" said Edison to Sparky. "Man's best friend, huh? Dumb animal, huh?"

"That Sparky was a caution. He pretended not to hear. He scratched himself and bit fleas and went around growling at ratholes, anything to get out of looking Edison in the eye."

"Pretty soft, isn't it, Sparky?" said Edison. "Let somebody else worry about getting food, building shelters and keeping warm, while you sleep in front of a fire or go chasing after the girls or raise hell with the boys. No mortgages, no politics, no war, no work, no worry. Just wag the old tail or lick a hand, and you're all taken care of."

"Mr. Edison," I said, "do you mean to tell me that dogs are smarter than people?"

"Smarter?" said Edison. "I'll tell the world! And what have I been doing for the past year? Slaving to work out a light bulb so dogs can play at night!"

"Look, Mr. Edison," said Sparky, "why not--"

"Hold on!" roared Bullard.

"Silence!" shouted the stranger, triumphantly. "Look, Mr. Edison," said Sparky, "why not keep quiet about this? It's been working out to everybody's satisfaction for hundreds of thousands of years. Let sleeping dogs lie. You forget all about it, destroy the intelligence analyzer, and I'll tell you what to use for a lamp filament."

"Hogwash!" said Bullard, his face purple.

The stranger stood. "You have my solemn word as a gentleman. That dog rewarded me for my silence with a stock-market tip that made me independently wealthy for the rest of my days. And the last words that Sparky ever spoke were to Thomas Edison. 'Try a piece of carbonized cotton thread,' he said. Later, he was torn to bits by a pack of dogs that had gathered outside the door, listening."

The stranger removed his garters and handed them to Bullard's dog. "A small token of esteem, sir, for an ancestor of yours who talked himself to death. Good day." He tucked his book under his arm and walked away.

Irony:

Probably the hardest single element in all reading, irony sits waiting on any reader's ability to notice the **incongruity** or the **discrepancy** BETWEEN TWO THINGS. All my career I have noticed that many, but not nearly all, my students can recognize irony, but few, very few indeed, can write ironically themselves. If they are aided by the sound of someone's actual voice or someone's raised eyebrow, they can usually "hear" the irony, depending on visual prompts and not simply their own intelligences. In addition, many students can speak ironically, especially sarcastically, and can certainly enjoy the sarcasm of other speakers. However, the more subtle and complex of the Irony Family of devices rarely, almost never, appear in the clever analyses or personal reflections or expositions of my senior students.

When they tackle actually identifying these devices, they groan and often give up too quickly. I am interested in this circumstance, for, in all my examinations of texts and AP lit exam passages, I see over and over that irony appears at every turn. In fact, I have come to believe that almost every tone shift, especially the most critical ones, pivot on the **incongruity** or the **discrepancy** BETWEEN TWO THINGS. Out of that impression springs my lifelong interest in ANTITHESIS, since, by definition irony (all the classic kinds), paradox, oxymoron, pun, hyperbole, and litotes all rest on a reader's ability to recognize the twist between two opposite, contrary, opposing, antithetical things. In fact, every tone shift is by definition a pivot from something before to something after.

All around us lay the "shifts":

walking and dancing
youth and age
sacred and secular
nature and culture
Plato and Aristotle
past and present
labor and play
time and eternity
Purgatory and Paradise
book smarts and street smarts

In **Hamlet** we could make a list of dozens:

kindness and cruelty
loyalty and treachery
magnanimity and spitefulness
humility and arrogance
caution and foolhardiness
honesty and intrigue
spirituality and carnality
Denmark and Norway
Wittenberg and Paris
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
weddings and funerals

In any work we could do the same exercise. Why? Perhaps because antithetical thinking is simply the most common cerebral activity normal people participate in, every hour of every day. On the simplest level it is deciding on a prom dress, one among many lovely gowns, one fitting the right size, the right price, the right color.... On the most complex level, it is deciding whether or not to vote, whether or not to have a child, whether or not to buy a house, whether or not to support the United Nations or Tsunami Relief or democracy or city taxes. And on and on..... Every decision pivots or **turns** or **balances** on a moment when we move from indecision to decision, as simple as that.

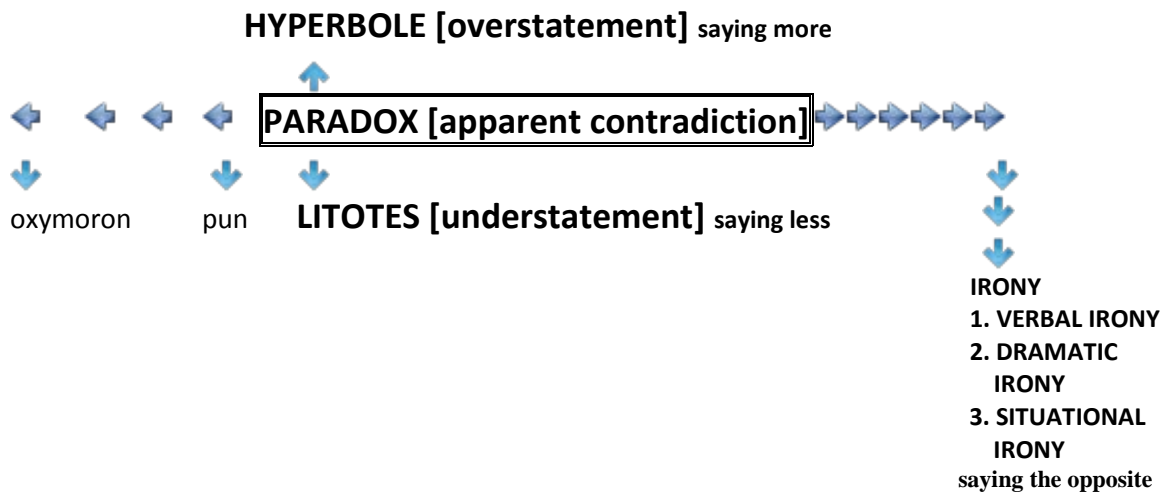
The Tools of Verbal Fencing... some of them ..

To thrust:

to push with sudden force
to shove
to drive
to pierce
to stab
to force one's way through
to lunge

To parry:

to ward off
to deflect
to evade
to avoid
to turn aside



Paradox (complete sentence)

Oxymoron (two words)

Pun (one word)

ANTITHESIS IS EVERYWHERE, AND SO IS _____

When the class you dreaded turns out to be harder than you thought it would be...
When the amount of work you are willing to do turns out to be too little for the grade you want...
When the perfect puppy turns out to be a disappointment...
When the "sweet young thing" turns out to be a man-killer...
When the dream job turns out to be uninteresting and financially unrewarding...
When the third-rate job turns out to be your own personal best calling. . . .
When the new car you spent all your money on turns out to be a gas-guzzler and insurance-eater and...
When your bothersome mother who wanted you and hounded you turns out to be right...
When the diploma and test scores you thought so fine turn out to be mediocre...
When the spring rain turns into a flood...
When youth disappears in just an hour...
When the hero dies...
When Clark Kent turns out to be Superman...
When the Beast (on the outside) turns out to be the Beauty (on the inside)...
When Wiley Coyote turns out to be Stupid Coyote...
When the great lover Pepe le Pew turns out to be a delusional skunk...
When the great athlete turns out to be a dope-pusher...
When the weakling turns out to be the strangling (?)...
When the original research paper turns out to be a piece of plagiarism...
When a common person turns out to be a center of Western or Eastern religious or political thought...
When a country lawyer from Illinois turns out to be one of our greatest Presidents...
When Frodo
When Jane...
When Pearl...
When Hester...
When Ishmael...
When Boo...
When Atticus
When Hamlet...
When Polonius...
When Ophelia...
When Gertrude...
When Claudius...
When...
When...
When...
When...
When...
When...

1. Comedy is based on irony.
2. Awareness of irony is an intellectual, not emotional process
3. Comedy lifts us out of our emotional responses
4. With emotional defenses down, our mind can see the need for change in a comic character.
5. Typically the comic character is blind to his misperceptions but repeats the rigid behavior.
6. Good comedy allows us to feel superior to the characters.
7. Despite our superior position, we see similarities between the comic characters and ourselves.
8. We sense our own rigidity and blindness are like the comic fool's and note the laughter the comic fool arouses.
9. Comedy acts as a way to change the individual or the society using laughter.
10. Satire, ridicule, burlesque often work in the service of change.
11. Comedy uses exaggeration, understatement, role reversal and generally the devices of irony to make us laugh and compare.

In comedy the appeals are made to the head, not the heart. As audience members the playwright expects us to see the incongruity (an intellectual process) of an action. Comedy, because of this coldly rational appeal, lifts us out of the emotional aspects of an idea. Shaw seizes on this emphasis on the unemotional aspect of comedy (where our emotional defenses of our pet theories are down) and for Shaw comedy becomes a lever for social change.

Comedy is based on the principle that no man knows what he is, that he cannot see his real mirror images but only what he wants to see. Irony and incongruity are the triggers of laughter. These reversals, exaggerations or understatements surprise our mental expectations and make us see things differently, however briefly. In that moment of jarring our expectations with surprise and perhaps delight, the mind is prepared to let go of its former way of seeing and believing.

A good comedy throws a strong emphasis on a character who is simplified in such a way that we can readily see the distortions that have made him a fool in other men's eyes; we can see them, that is, if we understand what is considered normal behavior in the society reflected in the comedy. Norms are therefore, very important in comprehending comedy. Thus, the action in comedy consists of string of incidents that reveal the fool in situation after situation where he always shows the same distortions, the same variations from what is considered normal

behavior. Consequently, the fun of a comedy usually consists of the reactions of the other characters to the continuing stupidities of the principal character until he finally sees how distorted he is or the others decide that it would be heartless to make him face his realities.

Henri Bergson, a French existentialist, believed comedy is successful in changing our perception of who we are in a society. Comedy rarely threatens us emotionally or asks for our emotional support of the comic character. Rather, comedy opens us for an intellectual or perceptual change as we find a comic fool who is unaware of his distorted view of the world. Although we scorn this blindness in the character we realize we share some of those same distorted views. Although we say, I am not like that fool, we know there are times when we might have done or said something foolish by this society's standards. Bergson believes that in seeing the fool's blind repetition of an action, we sense our own rigidity and past reluctance to change. In comedy we see how a character's reluctance to change makes him laughable.

Are there things that comedy should not address? Comedy has no sense of reverence and does not hesitate to take on the serious, the sensitive, or the sacred. It is our emotional attachment to something that makes comedy about it personally impossible.

Biting and Harsh

Juvenalian Satire - is biting, bitter, and angry; it points out the corruption of human beings and institutions with contempt, using *saeva indignation*, a savage outrage based on the style of the Roman poet Juvenal.

Sometimes perceived as enraged, Juvenalian satire sees the vices and follies in the world as intolerable. Juvenalian satirists use large doses of sarcasm and irony.

Invective - Speech or writing that abuses, denounces, or vituperates against. It can be directed against a person, cause, idea, or system. It employs a heavy use of negative emotive language

Sarcasm - From the Greek meaning, "to tear flesh," sarcasm involves bitter, caustic language that is meant to hurt or ridicule someone or something. It may use irony as a device, but not all ironic statements are sarcastic. When well done, sarcasm can be witty and insightful; when poorly done, it's simply cruel.

Middle Ground

Hyperbole - A figure of speech using deliberate exaggeration or overstatement. Hyperboles sometimes have a comic effect; however, a serious effect is also possible. Hyperbole often produces irony at the same time.

Understatement - The ironic minimizing of fact, understatement presents something as less significant than it is. The effect can frequently be humorous and emphatic. Understatement is the opposite of hyperbole.

Irony - The contrast between what is stated explicitly and what is really meant; the difference between what appears to be and what actually is true. Irony is used for many reasons, but frequently, it's used to create poignancy or humor.

Parody - A satiric imitation of a work or of an author with the idea of ridiculing the author, his ideas, or work. The parodist exploits the peculiarities of an author's expression--his propensity to use too many parentheses, certain favorite words, or whatever. It may also be focused on, say, an improbable plot with too many convenient events.

Light and Humorous

Wit - In modern usage, wit is intellectually amusing language that surprises and delights. A witty statement is humorous, while suggesting the speaker's verbal power in creating ingenious and perceptive remarks. Wit usually uses terse language that makes a pointed statement.

Horatian Satire - is gentle, urbane, smiling; it aims to correct with broadly sympathetic laughter. Based on the Roman lyrical poet Horace, its purpose may be "to hold up a mirror" so readers can see themselves and their world honestly. The vices and follies satirized are not destructive; however, they reflect the foolishness of people, the superficiality and meaninglessness of their lives, and the barrenness of their values.

Caricature - A representation, especially pictorial or literary, in which the subject's distinctive features or peculiarities are deliberately exaggerated to produce a comic or grotesque effect. Sometimes caricature can be so exaggerated that it becomes a grotesque imitation or misrepresentation.

Comedy of Ideas (high comedy):

1. Characters argue about ideas like politics, religion, sex, marriage.
2. They use their wit, their clever language to mock their opponent in an argument.
3. This is a subtle way to satirize people and institutions like political parties, governments, churches, war, and marriage.

Comedy of Manners (high comedy):

1. The plot focuses on amorous intrigues among the upper classes.
2. The dialogue focuses on witty language. Clever speech, insults and 'put-downs' are traded between characters.
3. Society is often made up of cliques that are exclusive with certain groups as the in-crowd, other groups (the would-be-wits, desiring to be part of the witty crowd), and some(the witless) on the outside.

Farce(can be combination of high/low comedy):

1. The plot is full of coincidences, mistimings, mistaken identities.
2. Characters are puppets of fate—they are twins, born to the wrong class, unable to marry, too poor, too rich, have loss of identity because of birth or fate or accident, or are (sometimes) twins separated , unaware of their double..

Low Comedy:

1. Subjects of the humor consist of dirty jokes, dirty gestures, sex, and elimination.
2. The extremes of humor range from exaggeration to understatement with a focus on the physical like long noses, cross eyes, humped back and deformities.
3. The physical actions revolve around slapstick, pratfalls, loud noises, physical mishaps, collisions—all part of the humor of man encountering an uncooperative universe.

Comic Problem:

Romantic: (Shakespeare)—focus is young couple trying to overcome blocking agent and get together

Satiric: (Ben Jonson)—the blocking agent itself is the focus, not what is wrong with it

Comic Climax:

Comes when confusion is at a peak, decisions must be made, solutions must be found

Comic Catastrophe:

Resolves the problems from the beginning and sets things right on all levels

Individual and relationships are reconciled, married, fixed, made healthy, social order reestablished.

Comic Education and Change:

At least some characters learn something about themselves, society, the way to live, the way to love.

Education improves them and their world

Or audience is educated and that will change the world

Comic Characters:

They are usually not as deep as tragic characters, usually stock characters.

Comic Language:

Comic language is one of the most important elements in humor and extends from elegant and witty language to puns to bawdy humor. Comic language is used in showing a character either to be the master of comic language or to be mastered by it. When a character is master of comic language, we admire his skillful use of satiric language, slicing things apart. When a character is mastered by comic language, we laugh loud and hard at his accidental puns and misuse of language.

Irony deals with opposites; it has nothing to do with coincidence. If two baseball players from the same hometown, on different teams, receive the same uniform number, it is not ironic. It is a coincidence. If Barry Bonds attains lifetime statistics identical to his father's it will not be ironic. It will be a coincidence. Irony is "a state of affairs that is the reverse of what was to be expected; a result opposite to and in mockery of the appropriate result." For instance:

- If a diabetic, on his way to buy insulin, is killed by a runaway truck, he is the victim of an accident. If the truck was delivering sugar, he is the victim of an oddly poetic coincidence. But if the truck was delivering insulin, ah! Then he is the victim of an irony.
- If a Kurd, after surviving bloody battle with Saddam Hussein's army and a long, difficult escape through the mountains, is crushed and killed by a parachute drop of humanitarian aid, that, my friend, is irony writ large.
- Darryl Stingley, the pro football player, was paralyzed after a brutal hit by Jack Tatum. Now Darryl Stingley's son plays football, and if the son should become paralyzed while playing, it will not be ironic. It will be coincidental. If Darryl Stingley's son paralyzes someone else, that will be closer to ironic. If he paralyzes Jack Tatum's son that will be precisely ironic.

"If I were in charge of the networks"

excerpt from George Carlin's book, *Brain Droppings* – (irony)

SHOUTS & MURMURS

JUST IN TIME FOR SPRING

BY ELLIS WEINER

Introducing GOING OUTSIDE, the astounding multipurpose activity platform that will revolutionize the way you spend your time.

GOING OUTSIDE is not a game or a program, not a device or an app, not a protocol or an operating system. Instead, it's a comprehensive experiential mode that lets you perceive and do things firsthand, without any intervening media or technology.

GOING OUTSIDE:

1. Supports real-time experience through a seamless mind-body interface. By GOING OUTSIDE, you'll rediscover the joy and satisfaction of actually doing something. To initiate actions, simply have your mind tell your body what to do—and then do it!

Example: Mary has one apple. You have zero apples. Mary says, "Hey, this apple is really good." You think, How can I have an apple, too? By GOING OUTSIDE, it's easy! Simply go to the market—physically—and buy an apple. Result? You have an apple, too.

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3. Delivers authentic 3-D, real-motion video, with no lag time or artifacts. Available colors encompass the entire

spectrum to which human eyesight is sensitive. Blacks are pure. Shadows, textures, and reflections are beyond being exactly-like-what-they-are. They are what they are.

GOING OUTSIDE also supports viewing visuals in a full range of orientations. For Landscape Mode, simply look straight ahead—at a real landscape, if you so choose. To see things to the left or the right, shift your eyes in their sockets or turn your head from side to side. For Portrait Mode, merely tilt your head ninety degrees in either direction and use your eyes normally.

Vision-correcting eyeglasses not included but widely available.

4. Delivers "head-free" surround sound. No headphones, earbuds, speakers, or sound-bar arrays required—and yet, amazingly, you hear everything. Sound is supported over the entire audible spectrum via instantaneous audio transmission. As soon as a noise occurs and its sound waves are propagated to your head, you hear it, with stunning realism, with your ears.

Plus, all sounds, noises, music, and human speech arrive with remarkable spatial-location accuracy. When someone behind you says, "Hey, are you on drugs, or what?" you'll hear the question actually coming from behind you.

5. Supports all known, and all unknown, smells. Some call it "the missing sense." But once you start GOING OUTSIDE you'll revel in a world of scent that no workstation, media center, 3-D movie, or smartphone can hope to match. Inhale through your nose. Smell that? That's a smell, which you are experiencing in real time.

6. Enables complete interactivity with inanimate objects, animals, and Nature™. Enjoy the texture of real grass, listen to authentic birds, or discover a flower that has grown up out of the earth. By GOING OUTSIDE, you'll be astounded by the number and

variety of things there are in the world.

7. Provides instantaneous feedback for physical movement in all three dimensions. Motion through 3-D environments is immediate, on-demand, and entirely convincing. When you "pick up stuff from the dry cleaner's," you will literally be picking up stuff from the dry cleaner's.

To hold an object, simply reach out and grasp it with your hand. To transit from location to location, merely walk, run, or otherwise travel from your point of origin toward your destination. Or take advantage of a wide variety of available supported transport devices.

8. Is fully scalable. You can interact with any number of people, from one to more than six billion, simply by GOING OUTSIDE. How? Just go to a place where there are people and speak to them. But be careful—they may speak back to you! Or remain alone and talk to yourself.

9. Affords you the opportunity to experience completely actual weather. You'll know if it's hot or cold in your area because you'll feel hot or cold immediately after GOING OUTSIDE. You'll think it's really raining when it rains, because it is.

10. Brings a world of cultural excitement within reach. Enjoy access to museums, concerts, plays, and films. After GOING OUTSIDE, the Louvre is but a plane ride away.

11. Provides access to everything not in your home, dorm room, or cubicle. Buildings, houses, shops, restaurants, bowling alleys, snack stands, and other facilities, as well as parks, beaches, mountains, deserts, tundras, taigas, savannahs, plains, rivers, veldts, meadows, and all the other features of the geophysical world, become startlingly and convincingly real when you go to them. Take part in actual sporting events, or observe them as a "spectator." Walk across the street, dive into a lake, or jump on a trampoline surrounded by happy children. After GOING OUTSIDE, you're limited not by your imagination but by the rest of Reality™.

Millions of people have already tried GOING OUTSIDE. Many of your "friends" may even be GOING OUTSIDE right now!

Why not join them and see what happens? ♦

THE NEW YORKER, MARCH 28, 2011

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Babycakes by Neil Gaiman

A few years back all of the animals went away.

We woke up one morning, and they just weren't there anymore. They didn't even leave us a note, or say goodbye. We never figured out quite where they'd gone.

We missed them.

Some of us thought that the world had ended, but it hadn't. There just weren't any more animals. No cats or rabbits, no dogs or whales, no fish in the seas, no birds in the skies.

We were all alone.

We didn't know what to do.

We wandered around lost, for a time, and then someone pointed out that just because we didn't have animals anymore, that was no reason to change our lives. No reason to change our diets or to cease testing products that might cause us harm.

After all, there were still babies.

Babies can't talk. They can hardly move. A baby is not a rational, thinking creature.

And we used them.

Some of them we ate. Baby flesh is tender and succulent.

We flayed their skin and decorated ourselves in it. Baby leather is soft and comfortable.

Some of them we tested.

We taped open their eyes, dripped detergents and shampoos in, a drop at a time.

We scarred them and scalded them. We burned them. We clamped them and planted electrodes into their brains. We grafted, and we froze and we irradiated.

The babies breathed our smoke, and the babies' veins flowed with our medicines and drugs, until the stopped breathing or their blood ceased to flow.

It was hard, of course, but necessary.

No one could deny that.

With the Animals gone, what else could we do?

Some people complained, of course. But then, they always do.

And everything went back to normal.

Only...

Yesterday, all the babies were gone.

We don't know where they went. We didn't even see them go.

We don't know what we're going to do without them.

But we'll think of something. Humans are smart. It's what makes us superior to the animals and the babies.

We'll figure something out.

**2000 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS**

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the following passage from *The Spectator* (March 4, 1712), the English satirist Joseph Addison creates a character who keeps a diary. Read the passage carefully. Then, in a well-organized essay, analyze how the language of the passage characterizes the diarist and his society and how the characterization serves Addison's satiric purpose. You may wish to consider such elements as selection of detail, repetition, and tone.

- MONDAY, *eight o'clock*.—I put on my clothes and walked into the parlour.
- Line 5 *Nine o'clock, ditto*—Tied my knee-strings and washed my hands.
- 5 *Hours ten, eleven, and twelve*.—Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the North. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.
- 10 *One o'clock in the afternoon*.—Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.
- Two o'clock*.—Sat down to dinner. *Mem.*: Too many plums and no suet.
- From three to four*.—Took my afternoon's nap.
- 15 *From four to six*.—Walked into the fields. Wind S.S.E.
- From six to ten*.—At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.
- Ten o'clock*.—Went to bed, slept sound.
- 20 *TUESDAY (being holiday), eight o'clock*.—Rose as usual.
- Nine o'clock*.—Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.
- Ten, eleven, twelve*.—Took a walk to Islington.
- 25 *One*.—Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.
- Between two and three*.—Returned; dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. *Mem.*: Sprouts wanting.
- Three*.—Nap as usual.
- From four to six*.—Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist.¹ Grand Vizier² strangled.
- 30 *From six to ten*.—At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the great Turk.
- Ten*.—Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.
- WEDNESDAY, eight o'clock*.—Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands, but not face.
- 35 *Nine*.—Paid off the butcher's bill. *Mem.*: To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.
- Ten, eleven*.—At the Coffee-house. More work in the North. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.
- 40 *From twelve to one*.—Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.
- From one to two*.—Smoked a pipe and a half.
- Two*.—Dined as usual. Stomach good.
- Three*.—Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish.
- 45 *Mem.*: Cookmaid in love, and grown careless.
- From four to six*.—At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled and afterwards beheaded.
- Six o'clock in the evening*.—Was half-an-hour in the club before anybody else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion, that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.
- Ten at night*.—Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine next morning.
- 55 *THURSDAY, nine o'clock*.—Stayed within till two o'clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.
- Two in the afternoon*.—Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer sour. Beef overcorned.
- 60 *Three*.—Could not take my nap.
- Four and five*.—Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cookmaid. Sent a message to Sir Timothy. *Mem.*: did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.
- 65 *FRIDAY*.—Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.
- Twelve o'clock*.—Bought a new head to my cane and tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl³ to recover appetite.
- 70 *Two and three*.—Dined and slept well.
- From four to six*.—Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee⁴ is bad for the head.
- 75 *Six o'clock*.—At the club as steward. Sat late.
- Twelve o'clock*.—Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small-beer with the Grand Vizier.
- SATURDAY*.—Waked at eleven; walked in the fields; wind N.E.
- 80 *Twelve*.—Caught in a shower.
- One in the afternoon*.—Returned home, and dried myself.
- Two*.—Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course marrow-bones, second ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooke's and Hellier.
- 85 *Three o'clock*.—Overslept myself.
- Six*.—Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Vizier certainly dead, &c.

¹ A beverage

² Chief administrative officer of the Ottoman Empire

³ A liquor

⁴ Coffee containing spirits

2006 AP® ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

The following passage is an excerpt from *Lady Windermere's Fan*, a play by Oscar Wilde, produced in 1892. Read the passage carefully. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how the playwright reveals the values of the characters and the nature of their society.

Line DUCHESS OF BERWICK (*shaking hands*). Dear
Margaret, I am so pleased to see you. You remember
Agatha,¹ don't you? How do you do, Lord
Darlington? I won't let you know my daughter, you
5 are far too wicked.

LORD DARLINGTON. Don't say that, Duchess.
As a wicked man I am a complete failure. Why, there
are lots of people who say I have never really done
anything wrong in the whole course of my life. Of
10 course they only say it behind my back.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Isn't he dreadful?
Agatha, this is Lord Darlington. Mind you don't
believe a word he says. No, no tea, thank you, dear.
(*Sits on sofa.*) We have just had tea at Lady Markby's.
15 Such bad tea, too. It was quite undrinkable. I wasn't at
all surprised. Her own son-in-law supplies it. Agatha
is looking forward so much to your ball tonight, dear
Margaret.

LADY WINDERMERE (*seated*). Oh, you musn't
20 think it is going to be a ball, Duchess. It is only a
dance in honour of my birthday. A small and early.

LORD DARLINGTON (*standing*). Very small,
very early, and very select, Duchess.

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Of course it's going
25 to be select. But we know *that*, dear Margaret, about
your house. It is really one of the few houses in
London where I can take Agatha, and where I feel
perfectly secure about dear Berwick. I don't know
what society is coming to. The most dreadful people
30 seem to go everywhere. They certainly come to my
parties—the men get quite furious if one doesn't
ask them. Really, some one should make a stand
against it.

LADY WINDERMERE. I will, Duchess. I will
35 have no one in my house about whom there is any
scandal.

LORD DARLINGTON. Oh, don't say that, Lady
Windermere. I should never be admitted. (*Sitting.*)

¹ the Duchess's daughter

DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Oh, men don't matter.
40 With women it is different. We're good. Some of us
are, at least. But we are positively getting elbowed
into the corner. Our husbands would really forget our
existence if we didn't nag at them from time to time,
just to remind them that we have a perfect legal right
45 to do so.

LORD DARLINGTON. It's a curious *thing*,
Duchess, about the game of marriage—a game, by the
way, that is going out of fashion—the wives hold all
the honours² and invariably lose the odd trick.³

50 DUCHESS OF BERWICK. The odd trick? Is that
the husband, Lord Darlington?

LORD DARLINGTON. It would be rather a good
name for the modern husband.

55 DUCHESS OF BERWICK. Dear Lord Darlington,
how thoroughly depraved you are!

LADY WINDERMERE. Lord Darlington is trivial.

LORD DARLINGTON. Ah, don't say that, Lady
Windermere.

LADY WINDERMERE. Why do you *talk* so
60 trivially about life, then?

LORD DARLINGTON. Because I think that life
is far too important a thing ever to talk seriously
about it.

65 DUCHESS OF BERWICK. What does he mean?
Do, as a concession to my poor wits, Lord Darlington,
just explain to me what you really mean.

LORD DARLINGTON. I think I had better not,
Duchess. Nowadays to be intelligible is to be found
out. Good-bye! (*Shakes hands with DUCHESS.*) And
70 now—Lady Windermere, good-bye. I may come
tonight, mayn't I? Do let me come.

LADY WINDERMERE. Yes, certainly. But you
are not to say foolish, insincere things to people.

75 LORD DARLINGTON (*smiling*). Ah! you are
beginning to reform me. It is a dangerous thing to
reform any one, Lady Windermere. (*Bows and exit.*)

² high cards

³ round of a card game

**2002 AP[®] ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS**

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the following excerpt from a recent British novel, the narrator, a young man in his early twenties, is attending a play with his new girlfriend Isabel when she unexpectedly discovers that her parents are in the theater. Read the passage carefully. Then write an essay in which you analyze how the author produces a comic effect.

- Oh my God, I think that's my mum over there,' she gasped.
'Where?'
Line 'By the pillar. Careful, don't look. What is she
5 doing here? And what's that dress? It looks like a willow tree. Where's Dad? I hope she didn't come with one of her gentlemen friends. She's really too old for that.'
'Did you tell her you were going?'
10 'No, I mean, I said I wanted to see the play, but I didn't let on I had tickets for tonight.'
'She's talking to someone. Can you see?'
'Phew, it's my dad. He must have gone off to buy programmes. And he's about to sneeze. Look, there
15 we go, aaahhtchooo. Out comes his red handkerchief. I just hope they don't spot us and we can escape quickly at the end. With any luck, they'll be too busy arguing to glance up here. This is prime argument territory for them, Mum will be asking Dad where he
20 put the car park ticket and he'll get flustered because he'll just have dropped it into a bin by mistake.'
Luck was not on Isabel's side, for a moment later, Christopher Rogers happened to glance up to the gallery and recognized his eldest daughter, in the
25 midst of trying her best not to recognize him. So that she might cease to dwell in ignorance, Christopher stood up in the middle of the elegantly suited and scented audience, and began making the vigorous hand gestures of a man waving off a departing cruise
30 ship. In case Isabel had not spotted this maniac, her mother was in turn informed of her eldest daughter's location, and decided that the presence of four hundred people in the auditorium should be no impediment to her desire to shout 'Isabel' at top pitch
35 and with all the excitement of a woman recognizing a long-lost friend on the deck of an in-coming cruise ship.
Isabel smiled feebly, turned a beetroot shade and repeated in panicked diction, 'I can't believe this,
40 please let them shut up.'
Not a second too soon, Lorca* came to the rescue, the lights faded, and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers reluctantly took their seats, pointing ominously to an exit sign by way of interval rendezvous.
45 An hour and a quarter of Spanish domestic drama later, we found ourselves at the bar.
'What are you doing here, Mum?' asked Isabel.
'Why shouldn't I be here? You're not the only one who does fancy things with your evenings. Your
50 father and I have a right to go out once in a while.'
'I'm sure, I didn't mean it like that, it's just I'm surprised at the coincidence.'
'Where did you buy this dress? Is that the one I paid for at Christmas?'
55 'No, Mum, I got it myself last week.'
'Oh, well, it's very nice, pity you don't have more of a cleavage for it, but that's your father's fault. You know what all the women in his family are like.'
'How are you Dad?' Isabel turned to ask her father,
60 who was looking up at the ceiling with an intent expression.
'Dad?' repeated Isabel.
'Yes, darling, how are you, my bean? Enjoying the show?'
65 'Yup, and you? What are you staring at up there?'
'I'm looking at the light fixtures they have. They're new tungsten bulbs, Japanese things, quite wonderful, they use only a small amount of electricity but give off a very nice light.'
70 'Oh, great, Dad. And, ehm, there's someone I'd like you to both meet.'
'Delighted,' said Mrs. Rogers, confiding in me almost at once: 'She's a lovely girl really,' in case my theatre companion had inspired doubts to the
75 contrary.
'Thanks, Mum,' said Isabel wearily, as though the statement were no one-off.
'Don't mind her, bean, she's had a hard day,'

**2002 AP[®] ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION
FREE-RESPONSE QUESTIONS**

80 explained Dad, now looking more horizontally at the
world.

‘My day would be fine if I wasn’t lumbered with
someone who kept losing tickets to the car park,’
snapped Mrs. Rogers.

‘Dad! You haven’t?’

85 ‘Yes, I’m afraid I have. They’re so fiddly these days,
they fall right out of one’s hands.’

—Alain de Botton, *Kiss and Tell*

*Federico Garcia Lorca (1898-1936): Spanish poet and playwright

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the following passage from Maria Edgeworth's 1801 novel, *Belinda*, the narrator provides a description of Clarence Hervey, one of the suitors of the novel's protagonist, Belinda Portman. Mrs. Stanhope, Belinda's aunt, hopes to improve her niece's social prospects and therefore has arranged to have Belinda stay with the fashionable Lady Delacour.

Read the passage carefully. Then write an essay in which you analyze Clarence Hervey's complex character as Edgeworth develops it through such literary techniques as tone, point of view, and language.

Clarence Hervey might have been more than a pleasant young man, if he had not been smitten with the desire of being thought superior in every thing, and of being the most admired person in all companies. He had been early flattered with the idea that he was a man of genius; and he imagined that, as such, he was entitled to be imprudent, wild, and eccentric. He affected singularity, in order to establish his claims to genius. He had considerable literary talents, by which he was distinguished at Oxford; but he was so dreadfully afraid of passing for a pedant, that when he came into the company of the idle and the ignorant, he pretended to disdain every species of knowledge. His chameleon character seemed to vary in different lights, and according to the different situations in which he happened to be placed. He could be all things to all men—and to all women. He was supposed to be a favourite with the fair sex; and of all his various excellencies and defects, there was none on which he valued himself so much as on his gallantry. He was not profligate; he had a strong sense of humour, and quick feelings of humanity; but he was so easily led, or rather so easily excited by his companions, and his companions were now of such a sort, that it was probable he would soon become vicious. As to his connexion with Lady Delacour, he would have started with horror at the idea of disturbing the peace of a family; but in her family, he said, there was no peace to disturb; he was vain of having it seen by the world that he was distinguished by a lady of her wit and fashion, and he did not think it incumbent on him to be more scrupulous or more

attentive to appearances than her ladyship. By Lord Delacour's jealousy he was sometimes provoked, sometimes amused, and sometimes flattered. He was constantly of all her ladyship's parties in public and private; consequently he saw Belinda almost every day, and every day he saw her with increasing admiration of her beauty, and with increasing dread of being taken in to marry a niece of 'the *catch-match-maker*,' the name by which Mrs Stanhope was known amongst the men of his acquaintance. Young ladies who have the misfortune to be *conducted* by these artful dames, are always supposed to be partners in all the speculations, though their names may not appear in the firm. If he had not been prejudiced by the character of her aunt, Mr Hervey would have thought Belinda an undesigning, unaffected girl; but now he suspected her of artifice in every word, look, and motion; and even when he felt himself most charmed by her powers of pleasing, he was most inclined to despise her, for what he thought such premature proficiency in scientific coquetry. He had not sufficient resolution to keep beyond the sphere of her attraction; but frequently, when he found himself within it, he cursed his folly, and drew back with sudden terror.

Madam and The Rent Man by Langston Hughes

The rent man knocked.
He said, Howdy-do?
I said, What
Can I do for you?
He said, You know
Your rent is due.

I said, Listen,
Before I'd pay
I'd go to Hades
And rot away!

The sink is broke,
The water don't run,
And you ain't done a thing
You promised to've done.

Back window's cracked,
Kitchen floor squeaks,
There's rats in the cellar,
And the attic leaks.

He said, Madam,
It's not up to me.
I'm just the agent,
Don't you see?

I said, Naturally,
You pass the buck.
If it's money you want
You're out of luck.

He said, Madam,
I ain't pleased!
I said, Neither am I.
So we agrees!

**SARAH CYNTHIA SYLVIA STOUT
WOULD NOT TAKE THE GARBAGE OUT**



Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout
Would not take the garbage out!
She'd scour the pots and scrape the pans,
Candy the yams and spice the hams,
And though her daddy would scream and shout,
She simply would not take the garbage out.
And so it piled up to the ceilings:
Coffee grounds, potato peelings,
Brown bananas, rotten peas,
Chunks of sour cottage cheese.
It filled the can, it covered the floor,
It cracked the window and blocked the door
With bacon rinds and chicken bones,
Drippy ends of ice cream cones,
Prune pits, peach pits, orange peel,
Gloppy glumps of cold oatmeal,
Pizza crusts and withered greens,
Soggy beans and tangerines,
Crusts of black burned buttered toast,
Gristly bits of beefy roasts. . .
The garbage rolled on down the hall,
It raised the roof, it broke the wall. . .
Greasy napkins, cookie crumbs,
Globs of gooey bubble gum,
Cellophane from green baloney,
Rubbery blubbery macaroni,
Peanut butter, caked and dry,
Curdled milk and crusts of pie,
Moldy melons, dried-up mustard,
Eggshells mixed with lemon custard,
Cold french fried and rancid meat,
Yellow lumps of Cream of Wheat.
At last the garbage reached so high
That it finally touched the sky.
And all the neighbors moved away,
And none of her friends would come to play.
And finally Sarah Cynthia Stout said,
"OK, I'll take the garbage out!"
But then, of course, it was too late. . .
The garbage reached across the state,
From New York to the Golden Gate.
And there, in the garbage she did hate,
Poor Sarah met an awful fate,
That I cannot now relate
Because the hour is much too late.
But children, remember Sarah Stout
And always take the garbage out!

Shel Silverstein, 1974

SHOUTS & MURMURS

I WILL BE YOUR SERVER

BY JOEL STEIN

"Welcome. Have you dined with us before?"

"No. It's our first time."

"Oh, that's adorable. Well, I'm sure you've been to other restaurants, right?"

"Uh, sure. Yes."

"Great. Well, none of that restaurant experience will help you tonight. Because we do things a little differently here."

"That's O.K. We like different."

"I'll guide you through the process. First of all, we ask a lot of questions designed to make you feel insecure. Is everyone at the table O.K. with feeling insecure?"

"That's why we go out to eat!"

"Great. We specialize in small plates. Have you heard of small plates?"

"Are they like plates, but small?"

"That's a terrific guess. But totally wrong. Our small plates are a little different from other small plates. They're *really* small. Like what pigeons would use if they ate off plates. We recommend getting about a thousand of these plates per person and sharing them. Are you O.K. with sharing?"

"We've been married for ten years. We have three children."

"No, not just with each other. You're going to be sharing with the entire restaurant. That older couple in the corner is going to consume a good deal of your food. I'm going to take bites from the better dishes before they even get to your table. There's a cat in the kitchen who's so hungry that sometimes I will just be giving you empty plates with trace amounts of cat saliva. I hope you're not feeling hungry."

"We didn't eat dinner before coming here."

"Hmm. I see. Well, then, you'll probably each need about five thousand plates. You'll see that the menu is divided into four sections: Circle, Ring, Bolgia, and Round. Have you read Dante's *Inferno* since college?"

"I'm not sure I read it in college. I was a business major. That's why I can afford to eat here."

"That's fine. I have. When I go over the specials, I'm also going to be using a lot of made-up words. Have you read *Finnegans Wake*?"

"I don't know what that is."

"No problem. I have a Ph.D. in comp lit. The shankton of wildrange fizzle comes with a side of foraged burrbark. That's served roomcoldhappysad."

"We'll definitely take one of those."



"Great. I'll bring one for each of you, two for those old people, and three for me and the cat."

"And also—"

"You'll notice I don't have a pad of paper. You may think I'm memorizing your order. I am not. I am going to bring you what I want you to have. If I've done my job right, you'll feel too insecure to send it back."

"We're excited!"

"Terrific. Can I start you off with a cocktail? Say yes, because I will not stop talking about cocktails until you order a cocktail. Have you had cocktails before? Cocktail, cocktail, cocktail, cocktail . . ."

"Yes. I think so. No. I'm going to say no. No, we have not."

"That's correct. Because we do cocktails a little differently. Our mixologist takes artisanal moonshine, adds an ice cube larger than the glass it is in, mixes it with something you'd never want in your

cocktail—lighter fluid, wood chips, tears of nineteen-eighties Romanian Olympic gymnasts—and then, in the manner of an offended female character in a nineteen-thirties film, the mixologist will toss it right in your face. It's a really refreshing way to start the meal. He pitched AAA ball in Rochester for a while, so you really feel the face splash."

"Thank you so much."

"I'll bring your plates in the order in which they randomly come out of the kitchen, which is how food is served in China. Have you been to China?"

"No. We've been meaning to go."

"The chef would really prefer it if you had been to China. Since you haven't, he would like you to watch a twenty-minute webisode in which he plants gardens in Chinese elementary schools with Chef Chan Yan-tak. Did you bring your iPad?"

"We did."

"Perfect. Also, the chef would like it if you ate with your left hands, since he is left-handed and that's how he prepares the food. If you space out and forget, don't worry: I have a ruler to slap your right hands."

"Innovative."

"And, just so you know, we also handle tipping a little differently here. Instead of your tipping me based on what you think of my service, I will calculate a percentage based on how I think you did as customers. Though, to be honest, I usually forget and just put down twenty per cent."

"We do that, too!"

"Awesome. And, finally, before we get going, you are required to accept my Facebook friend request so that we can diffuse any tension created by this artificial server-server relationship. It would be really awkward for you not to accept the request if you ever wanted to come back. And you will come back, just so you can proudly answer, 'Yes! I've dined with you before!' So take out your phones and accept my request. I'll wait."

"Done! Nice profile pic at the mustache contest, by the way."

"Thank you. And, remember, my disdain toward you isn't about the so-called power imbalance between us. I just think you're unsophisticated, and that is something I detest far more than racism, popular music, and the upper-middle-class suburb I came from."

"Our friends were right. This place is great." ♦

ZACHARY KANIN

THE NEW YORKER, JULY 9 & 16, 2012

47

1 Reader 1: If you cannot understand my argument, and declare
 2 *Reader 2: it's Greek to me,*
 3 Reader 1: you are quoting Shakespeare; if you claim to be
 4 *Reader 3: more sinned against than sinning,*
 5 Reader 1: you are quoting Shakespeare; if you recall your
 6 *Reader 4: salad days,*
 7 Reader 1: you are quoting Shakespeare; if you act
 8 *Reader 5: more in sorrow than in anger;*
 9 Reader 1: if your
 10 *Reader 6: wish is father to the thought;*
 11 Reader 1: if your lost property has
 12 *Reader 7: vanished into thin air,*
 13 Reader 1: you are quoting Shakespeare; if you have ever refused
 14 *Reader 2: to budge an inch*
 15 Reader 1: or suffered from
 16 *Reader 3: green-eyed jealousy,*
 17 Reader 1: if you have
 18 *Reader 4: played fast and loose,*
 19 Reader 1: if you have been
 20 *Reader 5: tongue-tied,*
 21 *Reader 6: a tower of strength,*
 22 *Reader 7: hoodwinked*
 23 Reader 1: or
 24 *Reader 2: in a pickle,*
 25 Reader 1: if you have
 26 *Reader 3: knitted your brows,*
 27 *Reader 4: made a virtue of necessity,*
 28 Reader 1: insisted on
 29 *Reader 5: fair play,*
 30 *Reader 6: slept not one wink,*
 31 *Reader 7: stood on ceremony,*
 32 *Reader 2: danced attendance (on your lord and master),*
 33 *Reader 3: laughed yourself into stitches,*
 34 Reader 1: had
 35 *Reader 4: short shrift,*
 36 *Reader 5: cold comfort*
 37 Reader 1: or
 38 *Reader 6: too much of a good thing,*
 39 Reader 1: if you have
 40 *Reader 7: seen better days*
 41 Reader 1: or lived
 42 *Reader 2: in a fool's paradise -*
 43 Reader 1: why, be that as it may,
 44 *Reader 3: the more fool you ,*
 45 Reader 1: for it is
 46 *Reader 4: a foregone conclusion*

47 Reader 1: that you are,
 48 *Reader 5: as good luck would have it,*
 49 Reader 1 quoting Shakespeare; if you think it is
 50 *Reader 6: early days*
 51 Reader 1: and clear out
 52 *Reader 7: bag and baggage,*
 53 Reader 1: if you think
 54 *Reader 2: it is high time*
 55 Reader 1: and
 56 *Reader 3: that that is the long and short of it,*
 57 Reader 1: if you believe that the
 58 *Reader 4: game is up*
 59 Reader 1: and that
 60 *Reader 5: truth will out*
 61 Reader 1: even if it involves your
 62 *Reader 6: own flesh and blood,*
 63 Reader 1: if you
 64 *Reader 7: lie low*
 65 Reader 1: till
 66 *Reader 2: the crack of doom*
 67 Reader 1: because you suspect
 68 *Reader 3: foul play,*
 69 Reader 1: if you have your
 70 *Reader 4: teeth set on edge*
 71 *Reader 5: (at one fell swoop)*
 72 Reader 1: without
 73 *Reader 6: rhyme or reason,*
 74 Reader 1: then -
 75 *Reader 7: to give the devil his due -*
 76 Reader 1: if the
 77 *Reader 2: truth were known*
 78 Reader 1: (for surely you have a
 79 *Reader 3: tongue in your head)*
 80 Reader 1: you are quoting Shakespeare; even if you bid me
 81 *Reader 4: good riddance*
 82 Reader 1: and
 83 *Reader 5: send me packing,*
 84 Reader 1: if you wish I
 85 *Reader 6: was dead as a door-nail,*
 86 Reader 1: if you think I am an
 87 *Reader 7: eyesore,*
 88 Reader 2: a *laughing stock,*
 89 Reader 1: the
 90 *Reader 3: devil incarnate,*
 91 *Reader 4: a stony-hearted villain,*
 92 *Reader 5: bloody-minded*

93 Reader 1: or a
94 *Reader 6: blinking idiot,*
95 Reader 1: then -
96 *Reader 7: by Jove!*
97 *Reader 2: O Lord!*
98 *Reader 3: Tut tut!*
99 *Reader 4: For goodness' sake!*
100 *Reader 5: What the dickens!*
101 *Reader 6: But me no buts! -*
102 *Reader 7: it is all one to me,*
103 Reader 1: for you are quoting Shakespeare.

PRE-CONVENTIONAL MORAL DEVELOPMENT

Stage 0 - Pre-Moral

- Pleasure-pain (exciting-fearful) determine behavior
- Whatever pleases the individual/ no sense of guilt
- Take what is pleasant; avoid what is unpleasant
- Person is guided only by what he can and wants to do

Stage One - Simple Authority Orientation

- Obedience and punishment orientation
- Physical consequences determine good/bad
- Authority figure determines standards
- Only in terms of right and wrong/fear of authority

Stage Two - Instrumental Relativist

- Eye for an eye, same for all, treat all the same
- You scratch my back; I'll scratch yours (not from concern or loyalty, but because it's fair.)
- Equal sharing: exchange, fairness, tit for tat

CONVENTIONAL MORAL DEVELOPMENT

Stage Three - Interpersonal Concordance - good boy/nice girl orientation

- Being nice, approval, pleasing a limited group are important
- I'll do it because you said you would give me something
- Not wish to offend anyone who is our friend.
- Stereotypes of right behavior of majority Intentions ("he means well") become important
- Giving in to external pressure

Stage Four - Law and Order

- Maintain the given social order for its own sake
- Doing one's duty
- Respect for authority and majority rule
- Laws exist - therefore are good. We should abide by them. They are fixed - cannot be changed.

POST-CONVENTIONAL MORAL DEVELOPMENT

Stage Five - Social Contract

- Standards critically examined and socially agreed upon
- Laws for our benefit.
- Constitutional and democratic
- Legalistic but law can be changed for benefit of society
- Individual rights respected except when contrary to constitutionally agreed rights.
- Moral values are defined in terms of individual rights and standards agreed upon by society.
- Consensus rather than majority
- Official morality of United States

Stage Six - Ethical Principle

- Orientation to principles above social rules
- Principles above the law
- Principles appeal to logical universality and consistency
- Justice - It is right not just here but under other circumstances
- Justice with individual dignity
- Obedience or disobedience to law based on moral respect for justice
- Conscience guided by self-chosen principle

ACT IV: SCENE I. A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

First Witch: Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch: Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch: Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch: Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL: Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch: Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL: Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch: Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat, and slips of yew

Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,

Finger of birth-strangled babe

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab:

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,

For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL: Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch: Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

Don't underestimate the power of this scene. It is certainly there to entertain, but also to add more texture to some of the play's ideas, and to its mood.

Macbeth has been driven, by what he saw at his own banquet, to visit the Witches in *their* kitchen, where they are preparing a feast for his eyes (this is a very visual scene).

Just how fully the details of the scene add to the atmosphere of the play at this point becomes apparent if you complete the following table, which lists the items the witches throw into the cauldron. For each item check the box(es) which indicate the idea(s) to which it contributes.

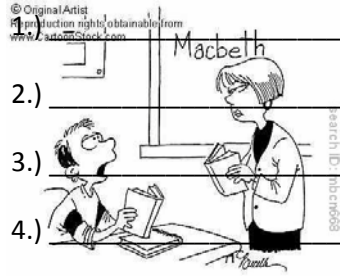
Item	Poison	Night, darkness, blindness	Cutting, dismemberment	Eating, greed, lustfulness	Unnaturalness, irreligion
Entrails					
Toad					
Snake fillet					
Newt's eye					
Frog's toe					
Bat's wool					
Dog's tongue					
Adder's fork					
Blind-worm's sting					
Lizard's leg					
Owl's wing					
Dragon's scale					
Wolf's tooth					
Witches' mummy					
Shark's stomach					
Hemlock root					
Jew's liver					
Goat's gall					
Slips of yew					
Turk's nose					
Tartar's lips					
Baby's finger					
Tiger's stomach					
Baboon's blood					
Sow's blood					
Gibbet grease					

What do you notice about the items associated with greed and unnaturalness, ie the ones most closely linked with Macbeth's behavior?

Why do you think the idea of cutting, separating, has prominence in the list?

What do you notice about the ideas of poison and night?

5. Write a summary in five sentences.



2.)

3.)

4.)

5.) "I didn't read that scene, but I did highlight several passages."

4. List four important characters. Why are they important in this scene?

1.)

2.)

3.)

4.)

3. List three quotations from the scene and explain their significance.

1.)

2.)

3.)

2. Find two literary devices used. Write down the quotations and location. What devices are they? Why are they used?

1.)

2.)

1. What is one symbol used in the scene? Write down any quotations and their locations. Why is the symbol used? Why is it effective?

1.)

Use the back of the paper if you need more room to write your answers.

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.--Come seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

The first thing one notices about the imagery here is the compression. There is nothing expansive or loose about the image of night as a monster which blinds the light of the world so that evil may initiate its destructive course of mutilation. And the extraordinarily compressed metaphor in the phrase "Light thickens," together with the vision of the "good things of day" slowly falling asleep as the agents of evil set about their work, is anything but conventional or unexpected or easy to pass by. The emotional pressure of Macbeth's fully conscious commitment to evil is here evoked unforgettably.

(Observations on Shakespeare's Dramatic Verse in *Richard III* and *Macbeth*)

...when he receives the news that his wife is dead, his response is so low key and bitter. In one of the very greatest speeches in all of Shakespeare, he accepts the news with a horrifying calm:

She should have died hereafter.
There would have been a time for such a word.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle.
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. (5.5.16-27)

This famous speech acknowledges fully the empty mockery his life has become. Once again, the remarkable quality of this passage is Macbeth's refusal to evade the reality of the world he has created for himself. His life has become an insane farce, not because he no longer has any power or physical security (he has both and, as he remarks earlier, could easily withstand the siege), but because he has ceased to care about anything, even about his wife. There is no one to blame but himself, and he has learned too late the truth of what he understood would happen if he gave into his desires and killed Duncan. It's not surprising that immediately after this speech, once he hears about the moving wood, he decides to end it all in a final battle, not because he has any desire to win but because he wants to take charge of the final event, his own death. The life he has created for himself leaves him with nothing else to do.

As many people have observed, the theatrical metaphor in this famous speech resonates throughout the play. Macbeth has, in a sense, tried to seize control of the script of his life, to write it in accordance with his desires, in the clear knowledge that that's probably going to be disastrous. Instead of living out his life, as normal people (including Banquo) do, in a drama out of his total control, he seeks to change the plot. And the result is a play that leaves him feeling increasingly pained, disoriented, and afraid (that we in modern terminology might call inauthentic). His returns to the witches and the murders that result are frantic attempts to keep rewriting the script, to turn it into something answering his needs. But all he succeeds in doing is to turn the play into a sinking nightmare of strutting and fretting (in which, interestingly enough, there are frequent references to how his clothes, like a poorly cut theatrical costume, just don't fit). ... **Introduction to *Macbeth***

Nothing could be apparently more simple than the choice of language here. This is a key moment in the play, Macbeth's response to the news that his wife is dead. And yet there is no high rhetoric, no lofty declamation. But notice the enormous emotional power of this utterance, an expression of Macbeth's sense of the total emptiness and uselessness of life. The emotional power is conveyed in a number of ways, particularly in words like "struts and frets," and "idiot." If you read this passage aloud, attending to the rhythm, you observe how these words (and their sounds) are emphasized. And the punctuation forces one to keep moving beyond the end of the lines, coming to rest on "no more" and "nothing." The key image at work here is a very conventional one, life as a staged drama, but there's nothing conventional about this use of it to convey an unforgettable expression of an emotional state.

One should notice, too, how flexible the blank verse has become in *Macbeth*. Shakespeare has clearly learned not to be imprisoned by the demands of the iambic pentameter but to use it to evoke the mood appropriate to a particular moment, often deliberately violating the regular pattern:

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

Introduction to *Macbeth*

Observations on Shakespeare's Dramatic Verse in *Richard III* and *Macbeth*

[These are from the texts of lectures prepared by Ian Johnston of Malaspina University-College. This document is in the public domain, released July 1999. This text was last revised on July 17, 1999.]

<http://records.viu.ca/~johnstoi/eng366/lectures/macbeth.htm>
<http://records.viu.ca/~johnstoi/eng366/lectures/poetry.htm>

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow"

This triplet might suggest past, present, and future. It is a lament, complete with tragic overtones, about the indefatigable advancement of time; as such, it is problematic, since the passage of time is inevitable and might therefore be inappropriate subject matter for tragedies, which are often avoidable. However, if time passing is tragic, then the ideal is static, and our lives are necessarily imperfect and dystopic.

Petty pace"

Besides describing time as something that "creeps", Macbeth further disparages it by calling it a "petty pace". The pace could be our daily lives, measured by a sequence of tomorrows, which are characterized as cheap, mean, ungenerous, inconsequential, and insignificant. The pace is a moment or measurement of time, such as the ticking of a clock or the tolling of a bell

"Time"

Time and fate are linked in Macbeth. The woods of Birnan are fated to approach Macbeth at Dunsinane and doom him. The time that passes before the advent of that day obsesses Macbeth, who no longer believes he can alter the chain of events his betrayal of Duncan set in motion. As Frank Kermode notes in the introduction to Macbeth in the Riverside Shakespeare: "The suffering of the Macbeths may be thought of as caused by the pressure of the world of order slowly resuming its true shape and crushing them. This is the work of time; as usual in Shakespeare, evil, however great, burns itself out, and time is the servant of providence."

"Lighted fools"

The past we dwell upon, our "yesterdays", has guided ("lighted") us to death. Or, the guidance might be less direct - it may not be our attention to the past, but simply the advancement of time, that will result in death. In the context of Macbeth

Shakespeare's typical Fool is outwardly incompetent or insane but inwardly nearly prescient. Macbeth is both: he is so stricken by guilt from his betrayal and murder of Duncan and Banquo that he hallucinates; and he is aware of the future fortold to him by the witches. Lady Macbeth's death furthers his guilt and prompts his soliloquy. He finds that his struggling conscience does not enable him to alter the tide of events caused by his evil actions.

"Dusty death"

"Dusty death" is reminiscent of the Biblical "from dust to dust", which again implies cycles of time.

If we take "dusty" to mean neglected at Lady Macbeth's death, her husband is not by her side This neglect upsets the normal sleep rhythms (circadian rhythms) of both characters

prior to their deaths. Lady Macbeth is tormented at night by the "slumb'ry agitation" (V, i, 11) of sleep-walking episodes,

"Brief candle", "walking shadow", "poor player"

The images of the candle, the shadow, and the player all suggest a similar despondency or fatalism. The fragile candle, insubstantial shadow, and inconstant player suggest the insignificance of the human being in the greater scope of the universe. The candle compares to the sun, the shadow to the material being, and the player to the character. These comparisons imply a subjugation of one thing by a more important thing, as perhaps our lives are in the context of the universe. The actor, in particular, suggests deliberate disguise or impersonation and falsity, especially considering that the character played can be a complete fiction, so that the actor is twice removed from substantiality. As a player in a game, the actor becomes even more transient, more contrived, and better suited for entertainment than for more important pursuits. That this player "struts and frets" emphasizes a theatrical characteristic and the fact that people worry; our worry, too, is unimportant, considering it is for a game that only lasts an "hour upon the stage."

"Told by an idiot"

Furthermore, there is a twist on the Shakespearean representation of the Fool. Arguably, the Fool typically embodies, at times, an unnaturally clear knowledge of the present or future.

"Full of sound and fury, / Signifying nothing"

Further notes

These words are uttered by [Macbeth](#) after he hears of [Lady Macbeth](#)'s death, in Act V, scene v, lines 16–27. Given the great love between them, his response is oddly muted, but it segues quickly into a speech of such pessimism and despair—one of the most famous speeches in all of Shakespeare—that the audience realizes how completely his wife's passing and the ruin of his [power](#) have undone Macbeth. His speech insists that there is no meaning or purpose in life. Rather, life "is a tale / Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, / Signifying nothing." One can easily understand how, with his wife dead and armies marching against him, Macbeth succumbs to such pessimism. Yet, there is also a defensive and self-justifying quality to his words. If everything is meaningless, then Macbeth's awful crimes are somehow made less awful, because, like everything else, they too "signify nothing."

Macbeth's statement that "[l]ife's but a poor player / That struts and frets his hour upon the stage" can be read as Shakespeare's somewhat deflating reminder of the illusionary nature of the theater. After all, Macbeth is only a "player" himself, strutting on an Elizabethan stage. In any play, there is a conspiracy of sorts between the audience and the actors, as both pretend to accept the play's reality. Macbeth's comment calls attention to this conspiracy and partially explodes it—his nihilism embraces not only his own life but the entire play. If we take his words to heart, the play, too, can be seen as an event "full of sound and fury, / Signifying nothing."

“Tomorrow and Tomorrow”
Advanced Placement Literature and Composition

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle;
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

(Macbeth, Act V, scene v)

Sir William Davenant (1606-1668)

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day,
To the last minute of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
To their eternal homes; out, out, that candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

The second version of this passage is a rewriting of the first. The intention of Sir William Davenant (a poet of a generation after Shakespeare) was to remove what he considered offenses against “correctness” and “reasonableness.”

Consider:

1. the differences in **diction** between the two passages.
2. the differences in **punctuation** and **their effects on meaning**
3. the differences in **tone and mood** between the two
4. the **literary devices** employed by both writers
5. does Davenant correct the offenses he found in Shakespeare's original?
6. which passage is more powerful and why?

Macbeth Scene Performance Evaluation

Performer: _____ Role(s): _____

Scene: _____ Date: _____

Group Members: _____

CATEGORY	90-100	80-89	70-79	60-69
Memorization	Student has all lines memorized and recited with fluency.	Student has most lines memorized and recited with fluency.	Student has made an attempt at memorization but fails to remember some lines or recites the lines with little fluency.	Student has failed to memorize the lines but does perform some lines.
Preparedness	Student is completely prepared and has obviously rehearsed.	Student seems pretty prepared but might have needed a couple more rehearsals.	The student is somewhat prepared, but it is clear that rehearsal was lacking.	Student does not seem at all prepared to present.
Actions	Facial expressions and body language are used to help the student demonstrate understanding of the scene.	Some facial expressions and body language are used to help the student demonstrate understanding of the scene.	Few facial expressions and body language are used to help the student demonstrate understanding of the scene	Understanding of the scene is not demonstrated through facial expressions or body language.
Creativity	Student shows considerable work/creativity which makes the presentation better.	Student shows some work/creativity which makes the presentation better.	Student shows little work/creativity which makes the presentation better.	The student shows no work/creativity which makes the presentation better.
Introduction	An introduction is given which effectively provides context for the scene.	An introduction is given which somewhat sets up the scene.	An introduction is given which makes an attempting at setting up the scene but does so inadequately.	No introduction is given.

Score: _____/

Comments:

Robert Frost

The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yard
And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,
Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.
And from there those that lifted eyes could count
Five mountain ranges one behind the other
Under the sunset far into Vermont.
And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,
As it ran light, or had to bear a load.
And nothing happened: day was all but done.
Call it a day, I wish they might have said
To please the boy by giving him the half hour
That a boy counts so much when saved from work.
His sister stood beside him in her apron
To tell them "Supper." At the word, the saw,
As if it meant to prove saws know what supper meant,
Leaped out at the boy's hand, or seemed to leap -
He must have given the hand. However it was,
Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!
The boy's first outcry was a rueful laugh,
As he swung toward them holding up the hand,
Half in appeal, but half as if to keep
The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all -
Since he was old enough to know, big boy
Doing a man's work, though a child at heart -
He saw all was spoiled. "Don't let him cut my hand off -
The doctor, when he comes. Don't let him, sister!"
So. The hand was gone already.
The doctor put him in the dark of ether.
He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.
And then - the watcher at his pulse took a fright.
No one believed. They listened to his heart.
Little - less - nothing! - and that ended it.
No more to build on there. And they, since they
Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

Directions: Read the statement in the center column. Decide if you **strongly agree** (SA), **agree** (A), **disagree** (D), or **strongly disagree** (SD) with the statement. Circle your response and **write a reason or reasons in the statement box**. (You may use the back of the paper if you need more room.) Be prepared to discuss your opinion on the statements.

before you read	Statements	after you read
SA A D SD	1. There are people who can accurately predict the future.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	2. You are the maker of your own destiny.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	3. If you reach your goal, the end always justifies the means.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	4. Patriotism requires obedience to the governing authority.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	5. True love has no ambition.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	6. Loyalty to family supersedes loyalty to government.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	7. Commitment to principle supersedes loyalty to family.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	8. I would break my moral code for a loved one.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	9. I believe everyone is in a personal battle of good~vs~evil.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	10. If someone prophesied you would become someone of importance (i.e.-President, Homecoming King/Queen, etc), you would try to make it happen.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	11. It is never right to kill another person.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	12. If a political leader has done wrong, it is all right to get rid of him/her by whatever means necessary.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	13. No cause, political or otherwise, is worth dying for.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	14. Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.	SA A D SD

Don't underestimate the power of this scene. It is certainly there to entertain, but also to add more texture to some of the play's ideas, and to its mood.

Macbeth has been driven, by what he saw at his own banquet, to visit the Witches in *their* kitchen, where they are preparing a feast for his eyes (this is a very visual scene).

Just how fully the details of the scene add to the atmosphere of the play at this point becomes apparent if you complete the following table, which lists the items the witches throw into the cauldron. For each item check the box(es) which indicate the idea(s) to which it contributes.

Item	Poison	Night, darkness, blindness	Cutting, dismemberment	Eating, greed, lustfulness	Unnaturalness, irreligion
Entrails	x		x		
Toad	x	x			
Snake fillet	x		x		
Newt's eye		x	x		
Frog's toe			x		
Bat's wool		x			
Dog's tongue			x		
Adder's fork	x		x		
Blind-worm's sting	x		x		
Lizard's leg			x		
Owl's wing		x	x		
Dragon's scale					x
Wolf's tooth				x	
Witches' mummy					x
Shark's stomach			x	x	
Hemlock root	x	x			x
Jew's liver			x		
Goat's gall			x	x	
Slips of yew	x	x	x		x
Turk's nose			x		x
Tartar's lips			x		x
Baby's finger			x		x
Tiger's stomach			x	x	
Baboon's blood			x	x	
Sow's blood			x		x
Gibbet grease					x

What do you notice about the items associated with greed and unnaturalness, ie the ones most closely linked with Macbeth's behavior?

Why do you think the idea of cutting, separating, has prominence in the list?

What do you notice about the ideas of poison and night?

An Abridged and Adapted Version of Sophocles' Play* by Nick Bartel, 1999
(Intended for use as Readers' Theater in the Junior - Senior High School Classroom)

Characters:

Oedipus, King of Thebes
Jocasta, His Wife
Creon, His Brother-in-Law
Teiresias, an Old Blind Prophet
A Priest
First Messenger
Second Messenger
A Herdsman
A Chorus of Old Men of Thebes (three or more chorus members)
[Non-Speaking Parts] Servants of Oedipus (2)
Children and young priests who pray; one leads Teiresias
Antigone and Ismene, daughters of Oedipus

Scene: In front of Oedipus' palace in Thebes. To the right is an altar where a priest stands with a crowd of children in sorrowful prayer. Oedipus emerges from the palace door. The chorus is on the left.

Oedipus: Children, why do you sit here with such sorrow, crying out to the gods? The town is filled with the sounds of hymns and smells of incense! I, whom all men call the Great, came out to learn of this myself. [He turns to the priest.] You're old and they are young. Come, speak for them. What do you fear or want that you sit here crying out? I'm willing to give all that you may need.

Priest: Lord Oedipus, these innocent children and I, the priest of Zeus, we come to pray at your altars. King, you have seen our city tossing like a wrecked ship in a storm. It can scarcely lift its prow out of the depths, out of the bloody surf. A disease is upon the plants of the earth and on the cattle in our fields. A blight is on our women that no children are born to them. Our city is emptied of its people while black Death reaps the harvest of our tears. We have come to speak to you, o king. You came and saved our city, and freed us from the monster Sphinx who enslaved us. This you did by your wisdom; some God was by your side. Oedipus, greatest in all men's eyes, we pray, find some strength again and rescue our city. Perhaps you'll hear a wise word whispered by some God, or in any human way you know. Noblest of men, keep our city from sinking. This land of ours calls you its savior since you saved it once. Before you brought us luck; help us again in this misfortune.

Oedipus: I pity you, children. I know you all are sick, yet not one of you suffers as much as I. My heart grieves and I have wept many tears due to this. I have thought of only one hope, one remedy: I sent Creon, my brother-in-law, to ask Apollo at his temple how I could save this city. He is gone far longer than he needed for the journey. But when he comes, then I shall do all the God commands.

Priest: Thank you for your kind words. Look, your servants signal that Creon is coming now.

Oedipus: His face is bright! O holy Lord Apollo, grant that his news will also be bright and will bring us comfort! [Creon enters.] Lord Creon, my good brother, what is the word you bring us from the God?

Creon: A good word. Apollo commanded us to drive out a pollution from our land, a pollution that is nourished here. Drive it out and we are saved.

Oedipus: How shall it be done?

Creon: By banishing a man or by taking blood, for it is a murder's guilt that holds our city in this destructive storm.

Oedipus: Who is this man whose fate the God reveals?

Creon: My lord, before you came to guide us, we had a king called Laius. Apollo commanded that someone punish this dead man's murderers.

Oedipus: Where are they? Where would a trace of this old crime be found?

Creon: The clue is in this land, so said the God.

Oedipus: Where did this murder take place?

Creon: The king was on a trip, but never returned.

Oedipus: Was there no messenger, no fellow traveler who knew what happened?

Creon: They were all killed, except one. He fled in fear and he could tell us nothing in clear terms of what he knew. Nothing, but one thing.

Oedipus: What was that? If we had a clue, we might discover more.

Creon: This man said that the robbers were many; it was not a single man's doing. Because of the riddling Sphinx, we neglected the mysterious crime and sought a solution to the troubles before us. That was long ago, before you came.

Oedipus: I swear by Apollo that I will bring this to light again. Whoever he was that killed the king may readily wish to kill me with his murderous hand! Children, go now. I will do what is needed. God will decide whether we prosper or remain in sorrow.
[Exit all but the chorus.]

Chorus: [Original text, lines 150 - 204.]

What is the sweet voice from the shrine of Apollo, rich in gold, that I have heard?

I am wracked with doubt and fear, and in trembling hold my heart, and

I worship full of fears for what will pass throughout the years.

No spear have we to drive away the plague; no children are begotten.

Our sorrows are without number; mighty Zeus, are we forgotten?

In unnumbered deaths dies the city; those children born lie dead on naked earth without pity.

Gray haired mothers and wives stand at the altar with hymns to Father Zeus to spare our lives.

[Oedipus returns.]

Oedipus: [Original text, lines 205 - 265.]

Hear my words, citizens of Thebes, for in them you will find strength. I command that whoever among you knows the murderer of Laius, tell everything. In telling there shall be no punishment, but the murderer shall be banished to save our land. Or if you know the murderer, speak the truth, for I will pay and be grateful, too. But if you keep silent, beware! I forbid any to welcome him or let him join in sacrifice or offering to the gods, or give him water. I command all to drive him from your homes, since he is our pollution. I stand as champion of the God and of the man who

died. Upon the murderer I invoke this curse: may he live out his life in misery to miserable doom! A good man is dead. Since I am now the holder of his office and have his bed and wife that once was his, I will defend him as I would my own father. Those who do not obey me, may the Gods grant no crops springing from the ground they plow nor children to their women! May a fate like this, or one still worse, consume them!

Chorus: I neither killed the king, nor know the killer. But since Apollo set the task, it is his part to tell who the man is. Blind old Teiresias can see what Apollo sees. If you inquire of him, you might find out most clearly.

Oedipus: Yes! I have already sent for the prophet.

Chorus: Look. Here comes the godly prophet guided by your men.
[Teiresias enters led by a little boy. - Original text, line 289.]

Oedipus: Teiresias, you know much - things teachable and things not to be spoken, things of the heavens and earth. You have no eyes, but in your mind you know what a plague holds our city. My lord, you alone can rescue us. We should learn the names of those who killed King Laius and kill them or expel them from our country. Do not withhold from us the oracles from birds, or any other way of prophecy within your skill; save yourself and the city, and save me. End this pollution that lies on us because of this dead man. We are in your hands.

Teiresias: Alas, how terrible is wisdom when it turns against you! Let me go home. It will be easiest for us both to go no further in this.

Oedipus: You would rob us of your gift of prophecy? Do you have no care for law nor love of your city Thebes who reared you?

Teiresias: Yes, but I see that your own words lead you to error. Therefore I must fear for mine.

Oedipus: For God's sake, if you know anything, do not turn from us.

Teiresias: All of you here know nothing. I will not bring our troubles to the light of day.

Oedipus: What do you mean? You know something and refuse to speak! Would you betray us and destroy the city?

Teiresias: I will not bring this pain upon us both.

Oedipus: Tell us, you villain!

Teiresias: Of themselves things will come, even if I breathe no word of them.

Oedipus: Since they will come, tell them to me.

Teiresias: I will say nothing further. Let your temper rage as wildly as you will.

Oedipus: Indeed I am angry. You must be a conspirator in the deed. If you had eyes, I would have said that you alone murdered him!

Teiresias: Yes? Then I warn you faithfully to keep your word and from this day forth to speak no

word of greeting to these people nor me. You are the land's pollution.

Oedipus: How shamelessly you taunt me. Do you think you will escape?

Teiresias: You have made me speak against my will.

Oedipus: Speak what? Tell me again that I may learn it better.

Teiresias: Did you not understand before? Would you provoke me into speaking? You are the murderer of the king.

Oedipus: You shall not lie like this and stay unpunished.

Teiresias: I say that with those you love best you live in foulest shame and do not see where you are wrong.

Oedipus: Do you think you can talk like this and live to laugh at it hereafter? You are blind in mind and ears as well as in your eyes.

Teiresias: You are a poor wretch to pile upon me insults which everyone soon will heap upon you.

Oedipus: Was this your own design or was it Creon's?

Teiresias: Your ruin comes not from Creon, but from yourself.

Oedipus: My one-time friend Creon attacks me secretly for wealth and power. He wants to drive me out and devises this trick with this beggar who has only eyes for his own gains, but blindness in his skill. Before I defeated the Sphinx by answering its riddle. Where was your gift of prophecy then? I came and stopped her. Mine was no knowledge got from birds. And now you expel me, because you think that you will find a place by Creon's throne!

Chorus: We look on this man's words and yours, and find you have both spoken in anger.

Teiresias: I have the right to speak in my defense against you. I live in the service of Apollo, not in yours nor Creon's. Listen to me. You have called me blind, but you have your eyes but see not where you are in sin. Do you know who your parents are? And of the multitude of other evils between you and your children, you know nothing.

Oedipus: Go out of my house at once and be damned! I did not know you would talk like a fool.

Teiresias: I am a fool, then, but to your parents, wise. This day will show you your birth and will destroy you. [To the audience] In name he is an outsider, but soon he will be shown to be a citizen, a true native of Thebes. And he'll have no joy in the discovery. He will exchange blindness for sight and poverty for riches. He shall be proved father and brother both to his own children in his house. To the one who gave him birth, a son and a husband both. [Teiresias and Oedipus exit separately. - Original Text, line 452]

Chorus:

By Delphi's oracle, who is proclaimed
The doer of deeds that remains unnamed?

Now is the time for him to run,
The prophet has spread such confusion.
Truly Zeus and Apollo are wise,
But amongst men there is no judgment of truth or lies.
I'll find no fault with the king till proven beyond a doubt,
For he saved us from the Sphinx and helped us out. [Creon enters.]

Creon: Citizens, I have come because I heard scandalous words spread about me by the king. I am no traitor to my city nor to my friends.

Chorus: Perhaps it was a burst of anger with no judgment. Here comes the king now.
[Oedipus enters . - Original text, line 493.]

Oedipus: You dare come here after you tried to rob me of my crown? What made you lay a plot like this against me? Did you think a criminal would not be punished because he is my kinsman?

Creon: Will you listen to words and then pass judgment? Of what offense am I guilty?

Oedipus: Did you or did you not urge me to send for this prophetic mumblor?

Creon: I did.

Oedipus: How long ago is it since Laius vanished - died - was murdered?

Creon: It was long, a long, long time ago.

Oedipus: Did the prophet ever say a word about me then? Why didn't our wise friend say something then?

Creon: I don't know. When I know nothing, I usually hold my tongue.

Oedipus: As my brother-in-law, you have had a share in ruling of this country. And you have proven yourself a false friend. I should kill you!

Creon: [Original text, line 564.] Consider this. Would any man be king in constant fear, when he could live in peace and quiet, and have no less power? I have no desire to have the responsibilities of a king. Now I am carefree. You give me all I want. The prizes are all mine: riches, respect and honor, and without fear. Why should I let all this go? I would never dare to join a plot. Do you look for proof? Then go to the oracle and ask if they are as I told you. If you discover I plotted together with the seer, sentence me to death, not by your vote alone, but by my own as well. Don't throw away an honest friend. In time you will know all with certainty; time is the only test of honest men. In one day you can know a villain.

Chorus: His words are wise, king. Those who are quick of temper are not safe. But stop, my lords! Here just in time I see Jocasta coming from the house. With her help you can settle the quarrel that now divides you. [Enters Jocasta, queen and wife of Oedipus. - Original text, line 614.]

Jocasta: Are you not ashamed to start a private feud when the country is suffering?

Creon: My sister, your husband thinks he has the right to do me wrong. He has but to choose

how to make me suffer: by banishing me or killing me.

Jocasta: I beg you, Oedipus, trust him. Spare him for the sake of his oath to God, for my sake.

Chorus: Be gracious, be merciful, we beg of you. Respect him. He has been your friend for years.

Oedipus: This request of yours really requests my death or banishment. Well, let him go then. Wherever he is, I shall hate him.

Creon: I'll go, and they have known my innocence. Your temper is your own worst enemy.
[Creon exits. - Original text, line 655.]

Chorus: Quickly, lady, take him inside.

Jocasta: Yes, when I've found out what was the matter. What was the story that angered the king so?

Chorus: I think it best, in the interest of the country, to leave this alone.

Jocasta: Tell me, my lord, I beg of you. What was it that roused your anger so?

Oedipus: It was Creon and the plots he laid against me. Creon says that I am the murderer of Laius.

Jocasta: Does he speak from knowledge or hearsay?

Oedipus: He sent this rascal prophet to me. He keeps his own mouth clean of any guilt.

Jocasta: [Original text, line 680.] Then you have no need to worry about this matter. Listen, and learn from me: no human being is gifted in the art of prophecy. Of that I'll offer you proof. There was an oracle once that came to Laius, and it told him that it was fate that he should die a victim at the hands of his own son, a son to be born of Laius and me. But, see, the king was killed by foreign highway robbers at a place where three roads meet - so the story goes. And for the son, before three days were out after his birth King Laius pierced his ankles and had him cast out upon a hillside to die. So Apollo failed to fulfill his oracle to the son, that he should kill his father. And to Laius also prophecy proved false: the thing he feared, death at his son's hands, never came to pass. So clear and false were the oracles. Give them no heed, I say.

Oedipus: O dear Jocasta, as I hear this from you, I could go mad.

Jocasta: What makes you speak like this?

Oedipus: I thought I heard you say that Laius was killed at a crossroads.

Jocasta: That was the story.

Oedipus: Where is this place?

Jocasta: In the country where the road splits, one road from Delphi, another to Daulia.

Oedipus: How long ago was this?

Jocasta: It was just before you came to our city to rule us. What is it, Oedipus, that's on your mind?

Oedipus: What is it Zeus, that you do with me? Tell me, Jocasta, of Laius. How did he look? How old or young was he?

Jocasta: He was a tall man and his hair was gray, nearly white. He looked a lot like you.

Oedipus: I think I have called curses on myself in ignorance.

Jocasta: What do you mean? I am terrified when I look at you!

Oedipus: Tell me one more thing. Did he travel with many servants, or a few?

Jocasta: There were five. Laius rode in a carriage with a coachman.

Oedipus: It's plain - it's plain - who told you of what happened?

Jocasta: The only servant that escaped safely home.

Oedipus: Is he part of the household now?

Jocasta: No. When he came home again and saw you king and Laius was dead, he begged that I should send him to the fields to be my shepherd. So I sent him away.

Oedipus: O, how I wish that he could come back quickly!

Jocasta: He can. Why is your heart so set on this?

Oedipus: O dear Jocasta, I am full of fears that I have spoken far too much; and therefore wish to see this shepherd.

Jocasta: He will come. But Oedipus, let me know what bothers you.

Oedipus: [Original text, lines 742 - 805] Polybus was my father, king of Corinth. I was respected by the citizens in Corinth and had a good life. And then a strange thing happened. There was a dinner and at it a drunken man accused me of being a bastard. I was furious, but held my temper. The next day I asked my parents about it. They were insulted by it, as was I. I went to the Oracle to learn more, and Apollo foretold of horrors to befall me: that I was doomed to lie with my mother and be the murderer of my father. When I heard this I fled so that the terrible prophecies would not come true. As I journeyed, I came to the place where, as you tell me, Laius met with his death. Wife, I will tell you the whole truth. When I was near the crossroads going on foot, I encountered a servant and a carriage with a man in it, just like you told me. The one who led the way, and the old man himself, wanted to push me out of the road by force. I became angry and struck the coachman who was pushing me. When the old man saw this he struck me on the head from his carriage with a two-pointed staff. I struck him back and he rolled out. And then I killed them all. Was there any tie between this man and Laius? It is I who have cursed myself and pollute the bed of him I killed. O no, no, no - O holy God on high, may I never see that day!

Chorus: Sir, we too fear these things. But until you see this man face to face and hear his story, have hope.

Jocasta: And when he comes, what do you want with him?

Oedipus: If I find that his story is the same as yours, I at least will be clear of this guilt. You said that he spoke of highway robbers who killed Laius. Now if he used the plural number, it was not I who killed him. One man cannot be the same as many. But if he speaks of a man traveling alone, then guilt points to me.

Jocasta: I will send for him quickly. But he cannot prove the prophecy, for that poor creature did not kill him surely, for he died himself first on the hillside. So as far as prophecy goes, don't be worried about it. [They exit. - Original text, line 835.]

Chorus: I pray that I may keep pure in word and deed and follow the laws made in the clear air of heaven.

Out of pride is born the tyrant.

The man who is arrogant and does not fear the gods

And blasphemes in the holy places

Must fall to an evil fate.

I shall not cease to hold the God as my champion!

O Zeus, if you are rightly called the Almighty, the ruler of mankind, look to these things.

If the oracles are forgotten and slighted,

Apollo is diminished

And man turns his face away from heaven, not raising his voice in prayerful song. [Jocasta enters carrying garlands of flowers. She is with a servant.]

Jocasta: Princes of the land, I will go to the God's temples, bringing garlands and gifts of incense. Oedipus excites himself too much. May they grant that we escape free of the curse. Now when we look to him we are all afraid; he's captain of our ship and he is frightened. [Messenger enters. - Original text, line 888.]

Messenger: God bless you, lady.

Jocasta: God bless you, sir. What do you want of us? What have you to tell us?

Messenger: Good news, lady. Good for your household and for your husband.

Jocasta: What is your news? Who sent you to us?

Messenger: I come from Corinth and the news I bring will please you. Perhaps pain you a little, too.

Jocasta: What is this news with a double meaning?

Messenger: King Polybus is dead. The people there want Oedipus to be their king.

Jocasta [to the servant]: Be quick and run to the King with the news! Oracles of the Gods, where are you now? It was from this man Oedipus fled, and now he is dead - and not killed by Oedipus! [Oedipus enters. - Original text, line 915.]

Oedipus: Dearest Jocasta, why have you sent for me?

Jocasta: This man is from Corinth and he tells that your father Polybus is dead and gone.

Oedipus: What's this you say? Is he dead by foul play or sickness?

Messenger: A small thing will put old bodies to rest. He died of old age.

Oedipus: [Original text, line 930.] Ha! O dear Jocasta, why should one believe in prophecies? Why look to the birds screaming overhead. They prophesied that I should kill my father! But he is dead and buried deep in the earth. And I stand here never having raised a hand against him. The oracles, they are worthless!

Jocasta: That I told you before now. What has a man to fear when life is ruled by chance, and the future is unknowable? The best way is to take life as it comes.

Oedipus: But surely I must fear my mother's bed?

Messenger: Who is the woman that makes you afraid?

Oedipus: Once a prophecy said that I should lie with my own mother and take the blood of my own father. So for these long years I've lived away from Corinth. How I missed my parents.

Messenger: This was the fear that drove you out of Corinth?

Oedipus: I did not wish to kill my father.

Messenger: It's plain that all your fears are empty. Polybus was no kin to you in blood.

Oedipus: What? Was not Polybus my father?

Messenger: No more than I!

Oedipus: Why then did he call me son?

Messenger: He took you as a gift from these hands of mine.

Oedipus: Was I a child you bought or found when I was given to him?

Messenger: On the slopes outside of town you were found. I was shepherd then, and the man that saved your life, son.

Oedipus: What was wrong with me when you took me in your arms?

Messenger: Your ankles should be witnesses.

Oedipus: Why do you speak of that old pain?

Messenger: I loosed you; the tendons of your feet were pierced and tied together... But the man who gave you to me has more knowledge than I.

Oedipus: Then you yourself did not find me? You took me from someone else?

Messenger: Yes, from another shepherd. He was Laius' man.

Oedipus: Do any of you know about this man? Jocasta, do you know about this man whom we have sent for? Is he the man he mentions?

Jocasta: Why ask of whom he spoke? Don't pay it any attention. I beg you - do not hunt this out - I beg you, if you have any care for your own life. What I am suffering is enough.

Oedipus: Take courage. If my mother was a slave... I must know the truth.

Jocasta: My Oedipus, God help you! Keep from you the knowledge of who you are!

Oedipus: Here, someone go and fetch the shepherd for me.

Jocasta: O Oedipus, unhappy Oedipus! That is all I can call you... The last thing I shall ever call you. [Jocasta exits. - Original text, line 1038.]

Chorus: Why has the queen gone in wild grief, Oedipus, rushing from us? I fear that from her silence will break a storm.

Oedipus: Let break what will, but find the secret of my birth. Was my mother a humble slave, or... [Enter an old man, led by Oedipus' servants.]

Oedipus: I think this is the herdsman we were seeking.

Messenger: This is he.

Oedipus: Old man, look at me and tell me what I ask you. Were you ever a servant of King Laius?

Herdsman: I was. Most of my life was spent among the flocks.

Oedipus: This man here, have you had any dealings with him?

Herdsman: No, not that I call to mind.

Messenger: Do you remember giving me a child to bring up as my foster child?

Herdsman: Why do you ask this question?

Messenger: Look, old man, here he is - here's the man who was that child!

Herdsman: Damn you! Hold your tongue you meddling fool!

Oedipus: No, no, old man. Don't find fault with him.

Herdsman: He speaks out of ignorance.

Oedipus: If you won't talk, pain will encourage your tongue.

Herdsmen: O please, sir, don't hurt an old man, sir.

Oedipus [to his servants]: Here, twist his hands behind him.

Herdsmen: Why? What do you want to know?

Oedipus: You gave him a child...?

Herdsmen: I did. I wish I'd died that day.

Oedipus: You will die now unless you tell me the truth!

Herdsmen: And I'll die far worse if I should tell you.

Oedipus: Where did you get this child from? Was it your own or did you get it from another?

Herdsmen: Not my own. I beg you, master, please don't ask me more.

Oedipus: You're a dead man if I ask you again.

Herdsmen: It was from the house of Laius.

Oedipus: A slave? Or born in wedlock?

Herdsmen: O God, I am on the brink of frightful speech.

Oedipus: And I of frightful hearing. But I must hear!

Herdsmen: The child was his child, but your wife would tell you best how all this was.

Oedipus: She gave it to you?

Herdsmen: Yes, my lord.

Oedipus: Its mother was so hard-hearted?

Herdsmen: Aye, my lord, through fear of evil oracles. They said that he should kill his parents.

Oedipus: How was it that you gave it away to this old man?

Herdsmen: I pitied it, and thought I could send it off to another country. But he saved it for the most terrible troubles. If you are the man he says you are, you were born to misery.

Oedipus: O, O, O, Light of the sun, let me look upon you no more. Cursed is my life.
[Exit all but the Chorus. A messenger enters. - Original text, line 1182.]

Second messenger: O princes, our glorious queen Jocasta is dead.

Chorus: Unfortunate woman! How?

Second Messenger: By her own hand. The worst of what was done you cannot know. When she

came raging into the house she went straight to her marriage bed tearing her hair with both hands and crying to Laius. Then Oedipus burst upon us shouting and he begged us, "Give me a sword!" Into the room he rushed and saw his wife hanging, the twisted rope around her neck. He cried out fearfully and cut the dangling noose. Then, as she lay on the ground, ... what happened after was terrible to see. He tore the brooches from her and lifted them up high and dashed them into his own eyeballs, shrieking out such things as: "They will never see the crime I have committed. Dark eyes, now in the days to come look on forbidden faces, do not recognize those whom you long for." And he struck his eyes again and again. With every blow blood spurted down his cheeks.

Chorus: How is he now? Is he now at peace from his pain?

Second Messenger: He shouts for someone to show him to the men of Thebes - his father's killer, and his mother's - no I cannot say the forbidden word. [The blinded Oedipus enters. - Original text, line 1255.]

Chorus: This is a terrible sight. Wretched king, what madness came upon you! I pity you, but I cannot look in your face. I shudder at the sight of you.

Oedipus: O, O the pain! Where do my poor legs take me? Darkness! Horror of darkness enfolding, madness and stabbing pain and guilt for my evil deeds!

Chorus: What demon urged you to stab into your own eyes?

Oedipus: It was Apollo that brought my ruin to completion. But the hand that struck was my own. Why should I see when vision shows me nothing sweet to see? Curse the man who rescued me as I lay cast out on the hillside. He stole me from death. I wish I had died then.

Chorus: You would be far better off dead than living still and blind

Oedipus: Do not tell me I am wrong. What I have done is best, so give me no more advice. My sufferings are all my own.

Chorus: Here comes Creon. [Creon enters. - Original text, line 1374.]

Creon: Oedipus, I've come not to jeer at you nor taunt you with your past actions. Come inside. You should not be made a public spectacle.

Oedipus: Creon, most noble spirit, I have treated you so badly. Yet I beg you -

Creon: What do you need from me?

Oedipus: Drive me from here with all speed to where I may not hear a human voice. Let me live in the mountain which would have been my tomb so long ago.

Creon: For that, you must ask of the God.

Oedipus: But I am hated by the Gods. The will of the gods is clear enough already.

Creon: It is better to seek their guidance. I will go in your place to seek their help.

Oedipus: I urge other duties on you. Bury your sister who lies inside the house and perform the rites for her. I must go from here to the hill where my parents tried to kill me. Nothing can kill me now. I would not have been saved from death, unless it were for some strange destiny. Let my destiny go where it will. As for my children - Creon, do not worry about my two sons. They are men and can take care of themselves. But I beg you, look after my poor unhappy daughters. Let me touch them and weep with them. [Enter Antigone and Ismene, Oedipus' two daughters, crying. - Original text, line 1423.] Oh my lord! Is it my daughters I hear sobbing? My two darlings. Come to these hands of mine, your brother's hands. Creon has had pity and has sent me what I loved most!

Creon: I brought them to you because I know how you love them.

Oedipus: Bless you for it. O children, I weep for you - I cannot see your faces-I weep when I think of the bitterness there will be in your lives. When you're ready for marriage, who'll take the child of such infamy? Such insults you will hear. Creon, since you are the only father left for these two girls, do not allow them to wander like beggars, poor and husbandless.

Creon: Come along. Soon you will leave the city, but let the children stay.

Oedipus: Do not take them from me!

Creon: Do not ask to have everything your way. Your time for giving orders has passed. [Creon and Oedipus go out. His daughters help lead him. - Original text, line 1478.]

Chorus: Behold Oedipus, he who knew the famous riddle and rose to greatness.

His good fortune was the envy of all.

See him now and see how the waves of disaster have swallowed him!

Look upon the last day always.

Count no mortal happy till he has passed the final limit of his life without calamity.

*This Readers' Theater Adapted Version used a few texts for guidance: Greek Tragedies, Vol. 1: Oedipus the King, translated by David Grene, University of Chicago Press, 1991; Sophocles' Oedipus the King, Translated and edited by Peter Arnott, Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., N.Y., 1960; and Knox, Bernard M. W., Oedipus at Thebes, Sophocles Tragic Hero and His Time, New Haven: Yale University Press, 1966. Limited use was also made of the online version at Perseus Site edited with introduction and notes by Sir Richard Jebb, Cambridge University Press, 1887, updated. It is approximately 1/3 of any complete translation of the original version and is designed as an introduction to the great work by Sophocles for junior and senior high school students.

Writing Tasks for *Oedipus*

Who Are the Chorus?

Are the chorus right about the gods and Oedipus? Does the chorus (townspeople) get anything exactly right in the whole play? If they are not spokespersons for the playwright, what kind of portrayal of human beings are they?

Is Oedipus Selfless or Self-Centered?

Look for indications of Oedipus' selflessness and self-centeredness in his words, To what extent is Oedipus acting as a savior, for the benefit of his people, in this play, and to what extent is he acting on his own behalf? Consider his reasons for fleeing Corinth and Delphi, his accusations

against Creon, his reasons for wanting to talk to the survivor of the attack on Laius and other actions he has taken in his life.

The Punishment Fits the Crime?

Note the details of the plague in the Priest's description of it, which uses some powerful poetic imagery. State these lines in plain English; then, once you see what he's saying, tell your reaction to these lines. Do you feel disgusted by them, intrigued or curious, horrified, amused--what? and why?

Oedipus vs. Creon

What sources of conflict or jealousy might there have been between Creon and Oedipus before this day? How do you think Creon felt about Oedipus' getting the throne after Laius was reported dead (he would have been next in line for the throne after Laius, wouldn't he)? Oedipus apparently trusted him enough to send him to Delphi; does Oedipus accuse Creon of not reporting the gods' message accurately or just of trying to take advantage of it to get Oedipus ousted? How does Creon seem to feel about becoming king at the end of the play?

Is Oedipus a True Leader?

Oedipus was born a prince, raised to be a king. What does this play tell us about the nature of leadership and the qualities of a great leader? Does Oedipus possess the sort of concern for downtrodden that Princess Diana Windsor tried to instill in her sons, or is he the sort of king who is more concerned with outer image than the substance of his rule? Does Oedipus have a "messiah complex," or is he justifiably taking on the role of savior of Thebes?

Is Oedipus a Free Man or a Fool of the Gods?

Irony and coincidence also influence our view of Oedipus as a tragic protagonist. To what extent is Oedipus a fool of the gods, and to what extent is he free to choose his own way? In other words, do the gods simply know what Oedipus will do in a given situation because they know human nature, or do they actually manipulate events beyond likelihood and mere coincidence? Mention several incidents or decision points for Oedipus in your answer.

Jocasta's Shame

Is Jocasta actually willing to live in incest with her son as long as the information isn't public? Since it was Jocasta, according to the herdsman in the next scene, who actually gave the baby to him and commanded him to abandon it on the mountainside, does Jocasta kill herself because she can't face Oedipus or because she can't face the public shame of their incest?

Regicide or Incest?

Which seems to bother the chorus (elders of Thebes) more--the killing of the king or the incest? To answer, review "stasimon 1"--the chorus' response to Oedipus and Tiresias making accusations against each other. That is, contrast how the chorus feels about incest vs. how they feel about the assassin of Laius.

Theme

Check the last statements of the chorus and of Creon to see if they tell the theme of this tragedy. Is this a story of personal tragedy? Is it a religious story, justifying the gods?

Oedipus vs. Hamlet

Compare and contrast Oedipus and Hamlet. Is Oedipus more a man of action? Or is he more a man driven by whim and sudden, rash decisions? Which character is more selfless? Does Hamlet show any signs of selfish motives in his actions or inactions? Which protagonist seems more

learned? wiser? more religious? more loving? more incestuous? Which seems to be a better murder investigator? Does Oedipus have any of Claudius' motives when he kills the king, Laius? Then which murderer is more blameworthy--Oedipus or Claudius?

***Oedipus* Agree/Disagree questions**

Directions: Read the statement in the center column. Decide if you **strongly agree** (SA), **agree** (A), **disagree** (D), or **strongly disagree** (SD) with the statement. Circle your response and **write a reason or reasons in the statement box**. (You may use the back of the paper if you need more room.) Be prepared to discuss your opinion on the statements.

before you read	Statements	after you read
SA A D SD	1. Violence never solves anything.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	2. If we sin, we should be punished.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	3. You can't escape your fate.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	4. Strong family ties can survive any attack.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	5. What goes around comes around.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	6. Man is responsible for his own downfall or success.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	7. Man's life is governed by chance.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	8. Pride is the catalyst for catastrophe.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	9. Ignorance and bliss are better than knowledge and pain.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	10. If someone prophesied you would become someone of importance (i.e.-President, Homecoming King/Queen, etc), you would try to make it happen.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	11. It is never right to kill another person.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	12. A guilty act requires a guilty mind.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	13. No cause, political or otherwise, is worth dying for.	SA A D SD
SA A D SD	14. Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.	SA A D SD

The Gospel at Colonus

The Gospel at Colonus- a reconceived approach to Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus* as parable-like sermons on the ways of fate and particularly a happy death. It is set in an African-American Pentecostal church. The congregation performs the invocation ("Live Where You Can") and as the Ministers narrate, portions of the story come to life.

The Story

After years of wandering with his daughter Antigone, suffering for the sins he committed in innocence, Oedipus comes to Colonus ("Fair Colonus"), the holy resting place he has been promised for his death. At first, the citizens of Colonus turn him away ("Stop! Do Not Go On!") and interrogate him ("Who is This Man?"). His second daughter, Ismene, finds them there, rejected. She has come, however, to bring Oedipus the prophecy that he shall now be blessed, and that those he blesses shall also be so ("How Shall I See You Through My Tears?"). She tells him to pray to the gods he once offended ("A Voice Foretold [Prayer]"). Theseus, King of Athens, hears his prayer and is touched by his story, and the outcasts are welcomed to Colonus ("Never Drive You Away [Jubilee]"). Creon, King of Thebes, comes to bring Oedipus back to that city. But Oedipus refuses to go, and Creon kidnaps the daughters ("You Take Me Away"). Theseus returns them. At his death, Oedipus passes on to Theseus alone his knowledge of life and his blessing ("Sunlight of No Light/Eternal Sleep"). The final sermon is delivered, reminding the congregation to mourn no more, for Oedipus has found redemption at his death ("Lift Him Up/Lift Me Up"). Indeed, his end was wonderful, if mortal's ever was ("Now Let the Weeping Cease").

Cast

Narrator / Minister Morgan Freeman
Oedipus Clarence Fountain
Antigone Isabell Monk
Chorus Leader Martin Jacox
Ismene Jevetta Steele
Theseus Carl Lumbly
Creon Robert Earl Jones
Polyneices Kevin Davis
Citizens of Colonus:
. Willie Rogers
. Five Blind Boys of Alabama
. Sam Butler (guitar/vocals)
. The J.D. Steele Singers
. The Institutional Radio Choir
. The Original Soul Stirrers

THE INVOCATION: LIVE WHERE YOU CAN

CHOIR:

Don't go... away

O Father... won't you stay?

SOLOIST:

Let every man consider his last day
When youthful pleasures have faded away
Can he look at his life without pain?
Let every child remember how to pray
For the lost of the earth to find the way
And the kingdom of Heaven to reign.

CHOIR (Rising):

Live where you can
Be happy as you can
Happier than God has made your father.
Live where you can

Be happy as you can
For you may not be here tomorrow.

SOLOIST:

O Father, let the singer sing for thee
Let word and song and harmony
Be mightier than the sword
O vision holy vision come to me
Let word and song and harmony
Be a sound like the voice of the Lord.

CHOIR:

Live where you can
Be happy as you can
Happier than God has made your father.
Live where you can
Be happy as you can
For you may not be here tomorrow.

Don't go... away O Father... won't you stay?

RECAPITULATION FROM *OEDIPUS THE KING*

Men of Thebes: Look upon Oedipus.
This is the king who solved the famous riddle
And towered up, most powerful of men.
No mortal eyes but looked on him with envy,
Yet in the end, ruin swept over him.

Let every man in mankind's frailty
Consider his last day; and let none
Presume on his good fortune until he find
Life, at his death, a memory without pain. Amen

ODE TO COLONUS: "FAIR COLONUS"

THE FRIEND (Falsetto, without accompaniment):

Fair Colonus
Land of running horses
Where leaves and berries throng
And wine-dark ivy climbs the bough
The sweet sojourning nightingale
Murmurs all night long.

Here with drops of Heaven's dew
At daybreak all the year,
The clusters of narcissus bloom
Time-hallowed garlands for the brows
Of those great ladies whom we fear.

Fair Colonus
Land of running horses
Where leaves and berries throng
And wine-dark ivy climbs the bough
The sweet sojourning nightingale
Murmurs all night long.

SONG: "STOP DO NOT GO ON"

CHORAGOS QUINTET AND BALLADEER:

Stop! Do not go on
This place is holy!

Stop! Do not go on
You cannot walk this ground!
Stop! Do not go on
Daughters of Darkness bar the way
Saying, "Stop!
Do not go on!"

They confront Antigone and Oedipus

Stop! Do not go on
This place is holy
Stop! Do not go on
First you must kneel down and pray.
Stop! Do not go on
Till the Gods answer "Yes, you may!"
Saying, "Stop!
Do not go on!"

Oedipus is now joined by his own Quintet, all old men and blind

SINGER OEDIPUS WITH QUINTET:

Here I stand a wanderer
On life's journey
At the close of the day
Hungry and tired
Beaten by the rain;

Won't you give me shelter
All I need is a resting place
Promised so long ago.

The blind men force their way into the church. The two Quintets face off.

CHORAGOS QUINTET AND BALLADEER:

Stop! Do not go on
This place is holy!
Stop! Do not go on
You cannot walk this ground!
Stop! Do not go on
Daughters of Darkness bar the way
Saying, "Stop!
Do not go on!"

CHORAL DIALOGUE: "WHO IS THIS MAN?"

CHORAGOS (Tunes up with organ):

Who is this man?
What is his name?
Where does he come from?

PREACHER:

And when he heard that, he was afraid,
And he turned to his daughter and said:
"God in Heaven, what will become of me now, child?"

EVANGELIST:

And she said:
"Tell them, Father, you cannot hide."

CHORAGOS:

Who is this man?
What is his name?
Where does he come from?
What is his race?
Who was his father?

THE SEIZURE OF THE DAUGHTERS

SINGER OEDIPUS:

When I was sick with my own life's evil
When I would—

QUINTET:

--gladly have left the earth

SINGER:

You had no mind to—

QUINTET:

--give me what I wanted!

SINGER:

You see a City and all its people
Being kind to me, so you
Take me away!

QUINTET:

Evil kindness!

SINGER:

Evil kindness!
That's the kind of kindness you—

QUINTET:

--offer me!

CHOIR:

You'd take him away
But you would not take him home
You'd take him away
To a prison outside the walls.

SINGER:

You'd take me away
To a prison outside the walls.

SINGER:

Creon! You have taken them
Who served my naked eyepits as eyes
On you and yours forever
May God, watcher of all the world,
Confer on you such days as I have had
And such age as mine!

CHORAL ODE FROM ANTIGONE: "NUMBERLESS ARE THE WORLD'S WONDERS"

QUARTET (With the Choir):

Numberless are the world's wonders
But none more wonderful than man
The storm gray sea yields to his prow
Huge crests bear him high
Earth, holy and inexhaustible,
Is graven where his plows have gone

Numberless are the world's wonders
But none more wonderful than man

The lightboned birds clinging to cover
Lithe fish darting away
All are taken, tamed in the net of his mind
The wild horses resign to him

Numberless are the world's wonders
But none more wonderful than man
Words and thought rapid as air
He fashions for his use
And his the skill that deflects the arrows of snow
The spears of winter rain

From every wind he has made himself secure
From every wind he has made himself secure
From all but one...all but one
In the late wind of death he cannot stand

Antigone Ode – Fitts and Fitzgerald

ODE 1

CHORUS: [STROPHE 1

Numberless are the world's wonders, but none
More wonderful than man; the stormgray sea
Yields to his prow, the huge crests bear him high;
Earth, holy and inexhaustible, is graven
With shining furrows where his plows have gone
Year after year, the timeless labor of stallions.

[ANTISTROPHE 1

The lightboned birds and beasts that cling to cover,
The lithe fish lighting their reaches of dim water,
All are taken, tamed in the net of his mind;
The lion on the hill, the wild horse windy-maned,
Resign to him; and his blunt yoke has broken
The sultry shoulders of the mountain bull.

[STROPHE 2

Words also, and thought as rapid as air,
He fashions to his good use; statecraft is his,
And his the skill -that deflects the arrows of snow,
The spears of winter rain: from every wind
He has made himself secure—from all but one:
In the late wind of death he cannot stand.

[ANTISTROPHE 2

O clear intelligence, force beyond all measure!
O fate of man, working both good and evil!
When the laws are kept, how proudly his city stands!
When the laws are broken, what of his city then?
Never may the anarchic man find rest at my hearth,
Never be it said that my thoughts are his thoughts.

Note: Choral songs were divided into stanzas: strophe (turn), antistrophe (turn the other way), and epode (added song) that were sung while the chorus moved (danced). While singing the strophe an ancient commentator tells us they moved from left to right; while singing the antistrophe they moved from right to left.

Questions to consider as you read/watch *Antigone*

Please answer the questions in the back of your journal.

The drama begins at dawn, after a night in which there has been a war in Thebes between armies led by the two sons of Oedipus. Keep in mind that the Greek theater was in the open air, and that the first performances of the day would begin at daybreak. Thus, imagine that the time of day of the setting would be identical to the performance time.

Overview points to note:

As you read/watch the first scene, consider the gravity of the city's condition and how aware Antigone seems of it.

Throughout the play, Antigone and Creon will talk much about friends and enemies. Think about what each means by these terms. You will find, in general, Antigone and Creon tend to use the same words but mean different things by them.

Questions/Considerations

Why does Antigone assume that Creon's order is directed against her and Ismene? When Creon appears later, consider whether his conduct and language in fact supports her assumption.

Do you sympathize at all with Ismene's caution? Does Antigone treat her fairly?

Why is Antigone so concerned with glory? Should she be?

After the initial dialogue the Chorus emerges for their first choral ode (*stasimon*), which concerns the previous night's battle. Contrast the picture of Polynices drawn there with Antigone's earlier discussion of her brother; does your opinion of him, and of Antigone's position, change at all?

The chorus evokes Dionysus (handout), the first of several times this god is mentioned. Why should the chorus call upon Dionysus?

Creon enters. It is very important that you do not project Creon's later conduct back into his first speech. Read this speech carefully, consider his values and beliefs, and ask yourself whether there is anything wrong with his principles, whether in Greek terms or your own. Later, compare Creon's subsequent actions with the principles he articulates here.

Throughout this scene, pay close attention to the assumptions Creon makes about gender.

When Creon talks about the gods and the law, is he talking about the same types of gods as Antigone does?

Second stasimon, perhaps the most famous choral ode in Greek tragedy. What image of man does this ode present? In this vision, what is human greatness? What are the limits of human ability

and action? When can a daring man get into trouble?

Choral odes often generalize a given problem specific to the play's action into a statement about human life as a whole. Is that the case here? If so, then is the chorus alluding to Antigone, or to Creon, or to both?

Why is Creon so surprised when the Sentry brings in Antigone?

Antigone is compared to a mother bird, not the last time she is referred to as maternal in this play. Is there anything strange or ironic about Antigone being represented as a mother?

Antigone's defense to Creon is very important, so read/watch it carefully.

Ismene defends Antigone and asks Creon how he could kill his own son's bride. Has there been any reference to this relationship before?

Contrast this *stasimon* with the previous one. Is this ode's thought and tone similar or different? What, if anything, has changed?

Compare the Creon in this scene with the one who first entered the play. Has he changed at all in language or conduct?

To what does Haemon appeal in his attempt to save Antigone?

Does Haemon threaten his father, as Creon thinks?

Why does Creon chose the particular method of execution that he does? What does it say about him?

The ancient Greeks had two words for "love"; *philia*, meaning something like "friendship", and *eros*, which has more to do with passion. When the chorus talks about "love" in the ode, which of the two do they mean? And why is the chorus generalizing about love here?

Note the chorus' reference to Antigone's "bridal vault". What do they mean by referring to a wedding chamber? This will be an important image in the last part of the play. Antigone becomes a "Bride of Death" (or "Bride of Hades"). To understand the importance of this metaphor, you might benefit from reading the Hymn to Demeter, which tells the story of Demeter and Persephone. (handout about Demeter) Strangely, the maternal imagery continues with Antigone as well, as she tries to compare herself with Niobe (handout about Niobe). After reading about Niobe, consider what Antigone does and does not share with that mythical figure?

How would you characterize the chorus' exchange with Antigone here?

Consider Antigone's speech. Is this speech consistent with what she has argued before?

Is Antigone's faith in the gods wavering here?

Consider what these myths have in common with each other, and with the story of the play at this point.

What does the failure of Tiresias' sacrifice have to do with Polynices and Antigone?

What, specifically, in Tiresias' warnings leads Creon to change his mind?

Why does the chorus call on Dionysus in this ode?

Why does Antigone choose to commit suicide? Does it suggest her mother's death, or is there an important difference?

Creon's wife is only on stage momentarily, yet she plays a key role in Creon's disaster. What does her suicide mean to him?

Is Creon a tragic figure? Do you feel sympathy for him at the end as someone who initially tried to do good yet was overwhelmed by circumstance, or do you believe that he is a bullying, misogynistic control-freak who gets what he deserves? Try to come up with arguments for both sides. Could the play have been called *Creon*, instead?

Conversely, what, specifically, makes Antigone a tragic figure? Think about what, exactly, you mean by such words as "tragedy" and "tragic".

Antigone and Ismene Argument

ANTIGONE: The same blood
Flows in both our Veins, doesn't it, my sister,
The blood of Oedipus. And suffering,
Which was his destiny, is our punishment too,
The sentence passed on all his children.
Physical pain, contempt, insults,
Every kind of dishonour: we've seen them all,
And endured them all, the two of us.
But there's more to come. Now, today...
Have you heard it, this new proclamation,
Which the king has made to the whole city?
Have you heard how those nearest to us
Are to be treated, with the contempt
We reserve for traitors? People we love!

ISMENE: No one has told me anything, Antigone,
I have heard nothing, neither good nor bad
About anyone we love...

ANTIGONE: I thought you hadn't. That's why I asked you
To meet me here, where I can tell you everything
Without any risk of being overheard.

ISMENE: What is it then? More terrible news?
Something black and frightening, I can see that.

ANTIGONE: Well, what do you think, Ismene? Perhaps

You can guess. We have two brothers,
 Both of them dead. And Creon has decreed
 That a decent burial shall be given to one,
 But not to the other. Eteocles, apparently,
 Has already been buried, with full military honours,
 And all the formalities due to the dead
 Meticulously observed. So that his rest
 In the underworld among the heroes is assured.
 But Polynices, who died in agony
 Just as certainly as his brother did,
 Is not to be buried at all. The decree
 Makes that quite plain. He is to be left
 Lying where he fell, with no tears,
 And no ceremonies of mourning, to stink
 In the open: till the kites and vultures
 Catch the scent, and tear him to pieces
 And pick him to the bone. Left unburied
 There is no rest for him in the underworld,
 No more than here. What a great king
 Our Creon is, eh Sister? . . . The punishment
 For anyone who disobeys the order
 Is public stoning to death. So that's the news,
 And you know it now. The time has come
 For you too to stand up and be counted
 With me: and to show whether you are worthy
 Of the honour of being Oedipus' daughter.

ISMENE: Wait a minute Antigone, don't be so headstrong!
 If all this is as you say it is,
 What can I do, one way or the other?

ANTIGONE: Just say you will help me. Commit yourself.

ISMENE: To do what? Something dangerous?

ANTIGONE: Just to give me a hand to lift the body.
 It's too heavy for me to move on my own.

ISMENE: To bury him you mean? In spite of the decree?

ANTIGONE: He is my brother. And like it or not
 He's yours too. I won't betray him
 Now that he's dead. No one will ever
 Throw that in my face.

ISMENE: You must be mad!
 Creon has publicly forbidden it.

ANTIGONE: He can't forbid me to love my brother.
 He has neither the right nor the power to do that.

ISMENE: Have you forgotten what happened to our father?
 Contempt and loathing from everyone,

Even from himself, that was his reward
 Think for a moment Antigone, please!
 We are women, that's all. Physically weaker —
 And barred from any political influence.
 How can we fight against the institutionalised strength
 Of the male sex? They are in power,
 And we have to obey them — this time
 And maybe in worse situations than this.
 May God forgive me, and the spirits of the dead,
 I have no choice! State power
 Commands, and I must do as I am told.
 When you are powerless, wild gestures
 And heroic refusals are reserved for madmen!
ANTIGONE: Don't say any more. I won't ask again.
 In fact, if you were to offer help now,
 I would refuse it. Do as you please.
 I intend to bury my brother,
 And if I die in the attempt, I shall die
 In the knowledge that I have acted justly.
 Do as you please. Live, by all means.
 The laws *you* will break are not of man's making.
ISMENE: I reverence them. But how can I defy
 The unlimited power of the State? What weapons
 Of mine are strong enough for that?
ANTIGONE: Fine. That's a good excuse. I'll go
 And shovel the earth on my brother's body.
ISMENE: I'm frightened, Antigone. I'm frightened for you.
ANTIGONE: Don't be frightened for me. Fear for yourself.
ISMENE: For God's sake, keep it quiet. Don't tell anyone.
 I'll keep our meeting secret.
ANTIGONE: Don't you dare!
 You must tell everybody, shout it in the streets.
 If you keep it secret, I shall begin to hate you.
ISMENE: There's a fire burning in you Antigone,
 But it makes me go cold just to hear you!
ANTIGONE: I'm not doing it to please you. It's for him.
ISMENE: This obsession will destroy you! You're certain to fail!
ANTIGONE: I shall fail when I have failed. Not before.
ISMENE: But you know it's hopeless. Why begin
 When you know you can't possibly succeed!
ANTIGONE: Be quiet, before I begin to despise you
 For talking so feebly! *He* will despise you
 Too, and justly. You can go now. Go!
 If I'm mad, you can leave me here with my madness

Which will doubtless destroy me soon enough.
Death is the worst thing that can happen,
And some deaths are more honourable than others.
ISMENE: If you've made your mind up. . . Antigone, it's
madness...
Remember, I love you . . . whatever happens...
Exit Antigone and Ismene in opposite directions

Haemon and Creon argument

HAEMON: Father, the most enviable of a man's gifts
Is the ability to reason clearly,
And it's not for me to say you are wrong,
Even if I were clever enough, or experienced enough,
Which I'm not. But it's also true to say
That some men think differently about these things,
And as your son, my most useful function,
It seems to me, is to keep you in touch
With what other people are thinking,
What they say, and do, and approve or disapprove of,
And sometimes what they leave unsaid.
The prospect of your disapproval is great
Silence of most men's tongues, and some things
Are never said, for fear of the consequences.
But I can sometimes hear what people whisper
Behind their hands: and everywhere, I hear sympathy
Expressed for this unfortunate girl,
Condemned, as she is, to a horrifying death
That no woman has ever suffered before,
And unjustly, in most people's eyes.
In burying her brother, who was killed
In action, she did something most people consider
Decent and honourable — rather than leaving him
Naked on the battlefield, for the dogs to tear at
And kites and scavengers to pick to the bone.
She should be given a medal for it,
Those same people say, and her name inscribed
On the roll of honour. Such things are whispered
In secret, Father, and they have reached my ears.
Sir, your reputation matters to me
As much as your good health and happiness do,
Indeed, your good name matters more.
What can a loving son be more jealous of
Than his father's reputation, and what could please
A father more than to see his son's concern

That people will think well of him?
 Then let me beg you to have second thoughts,
 And not be certain that your own opinion
 Is the only right one, and that all men share it.
 A man who thinks he has the monopoly
 Of wisdom, that only what *he* says
 And what *he* thinks are of any relevance,
 Reveals his own shallowness of mind
 With every word he says. The man of judgement
 Knows that it is a sign of strength,
 Not weakness, to value other opinions,
 And to learn from them: and when he is wrong,
 To admit it openly and change his mind.
 You see it when a river floods, the trees
 That bend, survive, those whose trunks
 Are inflexible, are snapped off short
 By the weight of the water. And a sailor in a storm
 Who refuses to reef his sail, and run
 With the wind, is likely to end up capsized.
 I beg you Father, think twice about this.
 Don't let your anger influence you. If a man
 Of my age may lay some small claim
 To common sense, let me say this:
 Absolute certainty is fine, if a man
 Can be certain that his wisdom is absolute.
 But such certainty and such wisdom
 Is rare among men: and that being so,
 The next best, is to learn to listen,
 And to take good advice when it is offered.
 CHORUS: There's a lot of sense, my Lord Creon,
 In what this young man has said: as indeed,
 There was in everything that you said too.
 The fact is, you are both in the right,
 And there's a good deal to be said for either.
CREON: Is there indeed? Am I expected to listen
 And take lessons in political tactics
 At my age, from a mere boy?
HAEMON: I'm a man, Father, and my arguments are just.
 They stand upon their merits, not my age.
CREON: Oh, they stand upon their merits do they? What merit
 Is there, please tell me, in breaking the law?
HAEMON: If she'd done something shameful I wouldn't defend her.
CREON: She has brought the law into contempt! That's shameful!
HAEMON: Listen to the people in the street, Father,

The ordinary Thebans! They say she hasn't!

CREON: I have never based my political principles
On the opinions of people in the Street!

HAEMON: Now you're the one who's speaking like a boy!

CREON: I'm speaking like a king. It's my responsibility,
And I will act according to my own convictions!

HAEMON: When the State becomes one man it ceases to be a State!

CREON: The State is the statesman who rules it, it reflects
His judgement, it belongs to him!

HAEMON: Go and rule in the desert then! There's nobody there
To argue with you! What a king you'll be there!

CREON: This boy of mine is on the woman's side!

HAEMON: Yes, if *you* are a woman, I am.

I'm on your side Father, I'm fighting for you.

CREON: You damned impertinent devil! Every word
You say is against me. Your own father!

HAEMON: When I know you are wrong, I have to speak.

CREON: How am I wrong? By maintaining my position
And the authority of the State? Is that wrong?

HAEMON: When position and authority
Ride roughshod over moral feeling...

CREON: You're weak, and uxorious, and contemptible,
With no will of your own. You're a woman's mouthpiece!

HAEMON: I'm not ashamed of what I'm saying.

CREON: Every word you have said pleads for her cause.

HAEMON: I plead for you, and for myself,
And for common humanity, respect for the dead!

CREON: You will never marry that woman, she won't
Live long enough to see that day!

HAEMON: If she dies,
She won't die alone. There'll be two deaths, not one.

CREON: Are you threatening me? How dare you threaten...

HAEMON: No, that's not a threat. I'm telling you
Your policy was misbegotten from the beginning.

CREON: Misbegotten! Dear God, if anything's misbegotten
Here, it's my son. You'll regret this, I promise you.

HAEMON: If you weren't my father, I'd say you were demented.

CREON: Don't father me! You're a woman's plaything,
A tame lap dog!

HAEMON: Is anyone else
Allowed to speak? Must you have the last word
In everything, must all the rest of us be gagged?

CREON: I must, and I will! And you, I promise you,
Will regret what you have spoken here

Today. I will not be sneered at or contradicted
By anyone. Sons can be punished too.
Bring her out, the bitch, let her die here and now,
In the open, with her bridegroom beside her
As a witness! You can watch the execution!
HAEMON: That's one sight I shall never see!
Nor from this moment, Father, will you
Ever see me again. Those that wish
To stay and watch this disgusting spectacle
In company with a madman, are welcome to it!
Exit Haemon.

The two characters, Victor and the creature, have the most opposite beginnings, which contribute to their experiences and shape their viewpoints. Victor Frankenstein is born into an upper-middle class household in Geneva, with doting parents. He describes his childhood as one of great joy and happiness and that,

"No human being could have passed a happier childhood than my self. My parents were possessed by the very spirit of kindness and indulgence. We felt that they were not the tyrants to rule our lot according to their caprice, but the agents and creators of all the many delights which we enjoyed (Shelley).

It is this background which gives the monster's first years of life such stark contrast. When the monster received life by Victor, he was immediately abandoned by his creator. Frankenstein, who instantly abhorred his creation, fled his attic where his monster was taking in the first sensations of life. Unlike a regular newborn, the daemon is able to remember the bombardment of sensations when he received life, and is therefore more vulnerable (in a psychological manner) than a traditional baby because of his ability to later analyze what transpired.

Unable to discern his surroundings and unable to communicate, he is essentially a newborn left defenseless. The fact that his creator abandons him at his first breath will leave an even larger emotional impact in the monster, eventually contributing to his decision to wreck vengeance on his creator who deserted him at his most vulnerable moment. After several days of life, he is alone, in the forests near the town of Ingolstadt, still unaware of a multitude of basic things which allow for everyday comforts and successful survival. "I was miserable wretch; I knew, and could distinguish, nothing; but feeling pain invade me on all sides. I sat down and wept (Shelley)."

Frankenstein: The Creature speaks

"It was dark when I awoke; I felt cold also, and half-frightened, as it were instinctively, finding myself so desolate. Before I had quitted your apartment, on a sensation of cold, I had covered myself with some clothes; but these were insufficient to secure me from the dews of night. I was a poor, helpless, miserable wretch; I knew, and could distinguish, nothing; but feeling pain invade me on all sides, I sat down and wept....

.....The vegetables in the gardens, the milk and cheese that I saw placed at the windows of some of the cottages, allured my appetite. One of the best of these I entered; but I had hardly placed my foot within the door, before the children shrieked, and one of the women fainted. The whole village was mused; some fled, some attacked me, until, grievously bruised by stones and many other kinds of missile weapons, I escaped to the open country, and fearfully took

refuge in a low hovel, quite bare, and making a wretched appearance after the palaces I had beheld in the village....

.....I was, besides, endued with a figure hideously deformed and loathsome; I was not even of the same nature as man. I was more agile than they, and could subsist upon coarser diet; I bore the extremes of heat and cold with less injury to my frame; my stature far exceeded theirs. When I looked around, I saw and heard of none like me. Was I then a monster, a blot upon the earth, from which all men fled, and whom all men disowned?

"I cannot describe to you the agony that these reflections inflicted upon me: I tried to dispel them, but sorrow only increased with knowledge. Oh, that I had for ever remained in my native wood, nor known nor felt beyond the sensations of hunger, thirst, and heat!

But where were my friends and relations? No father had watched my infant days, no mother had blessed me with smiles and caresses; or if they had, all my past life was now a blot, a blind vacancy in which I distinguished nothing. From my earliest remembrance I had been as I then was in height and proportion. I had never yet seen a being resembling me, or who claimed any intercourse with me. What was I? The question again recurred, to be answered only with groans.

....."As I read, however, I applied much personally to my own feelings and condition. I found myself similar, yet at the same time strangely unlike to the beings concerning whom I read, and to whose conversation I was a listener. I sympathised with, and partly understood them, but I was unformed in mind; I was dependent on none and related to none. 'The path of my departure was free;' and there was none to lament my annihilation. My person was hideous and my stature gigantic. What did this mean? Who was I? What was I? Whence did I come? What was my destination? These questions continually recurred, but I was unable to solve them.

"Cursed, cursed creator! Why did I live? Why, in that instant, did I not extinguish the spark of existence which you had so wantonly bestowed? I know not; despair had not yet taken possession of me; my feelings were those of rage and revenge. I could with pleasure have destroyed the cottage and its inhabitants, and have glutted myself with their shrieks and misery."

"And now, with the world before me, whither should I bend my steps? I resolved to fly far from the scene of my misfortunes; but to me, hated and despised, every country must be equally horrible. At length the thought of you crossed my mind. I learned from your papers that you were my father, my creator; and to whom could I apply with more fitness than to him who had given me life?"

"At this time a slight sleep relieved me from the pain of reflection, which was disturbed by the approach of a beautiful child, who came running into the recess I had chosen, with all the sportiveness of infancy. Suddenly, as I gazed on him, an idea seized me, that this little creature was unprejudiced, and had lived too short a time to have imbibed a horror of deformity. If, therefore, I could seize him, and educate him as my companion and friend, I should not be so desolate in this peopled earth.

"Urged by this impulse, I seized on the boy as he passed and drew him towards me. As soon as he beheld my form, he placed his hands before his eyes and uttered a shrill scream: I drew his hand forcibly from his face, and said, 'Child, what is the meaning of this? I do not intend to hurt you; listen to me.'

"He struggled violently. 'Let me go,' he cried; 'monster! ugly wretch! you wish to eat me, and tear me to pieces--You are an ogre--Let me go, or I will tell my papa.'

"'Boy, you will never see your father again; you must come with me.'

"'Hideous monster! let me go. My papa is a Syndic--he is M. Frankenstein--he will punish you. You dare not keep me.'

"'Frankenstein! you belong then to my enemy--to him towards whom I have sworn eternal revenge; you shall be my first victim.'

"The child still struggled, and loaded me with epithets which carried despair to my heart; I grasped his throat to silence him, and in a moment he lay dead at my feet.

"I gazed on my victim, and my heart swelled with exultation and hellish triumph: clapping my hands, I exclaimed, 'I, too, can create desolation; my enemy is not invulnerable; this death will carry despair to him, and a thousand other miseries shall torment and destroy him.'

"As I fixed my eyes on the child, I saw something glittering on his breast. I took it; it was a portrait of a most lovely woman. In spite of my malignity, it softened and attracted me. For a few moments I gazed with delight on her dark eyes, fringed by deep lashes, and her lovely lips; but presently my rage returned: I remembered that I was for ever deprived of the delights that such beautiful creatures could bestow; and that she whose resemblance I contemplated would, in regarding me, have changed that air of divine benignity to one expressive of disgust and affright.

"Can you wonder that such thoughts transported me with rage? I only wonder that at that moment, instead of venting my sensations in exclamations and agony, I did not rush among mankind and perish in the attempt to destroy them."

In the Absence of Fathers: A Story of Elephants and Men

By [Fr. Gordon J. MacRae](#) June 20, 2012

Wade Horn, Ph.D., President of the National Fatherhood Initiative, had an intriguing article entitled “Of Elephants and Men” in a recent issue of *Fatherhood Today* magazine. I found Dr. Horn’s story about young elephants to be simply fascinating, and you will too. It was sent to me by a TSW reader who wanted to know if there is any connection between the absence of fathers and the shocking growth of the American prison population.

Some years ago, officials at the Kruger National Park and game reserve in South Africa were faced with a growing elephant problem. The population of African elephants, once endangered, had grown larger than the park could sustain. So measures had to be taken to thin the ranks. A plan was devised to relocate some of the elephants to other African game reserves. Being enormous creatures, elephants are not easily transported. So a special harness was created to air-lift the elephants and fly them out of the park using helicopters.

The helicopters were up to the task, but, as it turned out, the harness wasn’t. It could handle the juvenile and adult female elephants, but not the huge African bull elephants. A quick solution had to be found, so a decision was made to leave the much larger bulls at Kruger and relocate only some of the female elephants and juvenile males.

The problem was solved. The herd was thinned out, and all was well at Kruger National Park. Sometime later, however, a strange problem surfaced at South Africa’s other game reserve, Pilanesburg National Park, the younger elephants’ new home.

Rangers at Pilanesburg began finding the dead bodies of endangered white rhinoceros. At first, poachers were suspected, but the huge rhinos had not died of gunshot wounds, and their precious horns were left intact. The rhinos appeared to be killed violently, with deep puncture wounds. Not much in the wild can kill a rhino, so rangers set up hidden cameras throughout the park.

The result was shocking. The culprits turned out to be marauding bands of aggressive juvenile male elephants, the very elephants relocated from Kruger National Park a few years earlier. The young males were caught on camera chasing down the rhinos, knocking them over, and stomping and goring them to death with their tusks. The juvenile elephants were terrorizing other animals in the park as well. Such behavior was very rare among elephants. Something had gone terribly wrong.

Some of the park rangers settled on a theory. What had been missing from the relocated herd was the presence of the large dominant bulls that remained at Kruger. In natural circumstances, the adult bulls provide modeling behaviors for younger elephants, keeping them in line.

Juvenile male elephants, Dr. Horn pointed out, experience “musth,” a state of frenzy triggered by mating season and increases in testosterone. Normally, dominant bulls manage and contain the testosterone-induced frenzy in the younger males. Left without elephant modeling, the rangers

theorized, the younger elephants were missing the civilizing influence of their elders as nature and pachyderm protocol intended.

To test the theory, the rangers constructed a bigger and stronger harness, then flew in some of the older bulls left behind at Kruger. Within weeks, the bizarre and violent behavior of the juvenile elephants stopped completely. The older bulls let them know that their behaviors were not elephant-like at all. In a short time, the younger elephants were following the older and more dominant bulls around while learning how to be elephants.

MARAUDING IN CENTRAL PARK

In his terrific article, “Of Elephants and Men,” Dr. Wade Horn went on to write of a story very similar to that of the elephants, though it happened not in Africa, but in New York’s Central Park. The story involved young men, not young elephants, but the details were eerily close. Groups of young men were caught on camera sexually harassing and robbing women and victimizing others in the park. Their herd mentality created a sort of frenzy that was both brazen and contagious. In broad daylight, they seemed to compete with each other, even laughing and mugging for the cameras as they assaulted and robbed passersby. It was not, in any sense of the term, the behavior of civilized men.

Appalled by these assaults, citizens demanded a stronger and more aggressive police presence. Dr. Horn asked a more probing question. “Where have all the fathers gone?” Simply increasing the presence of police everywhere a crime is possible might assuage some political pressure, but it does little to identify and solve the real social problem behind the brazen Central Park assaults. It was the very same problem that victimized rhinos in that park in Africa. The majority of the young men hanging around committing those crimes in Central Park grew up in homes without fathers present.

That is not an excuse. It is a social problem that has a direct correlation with their criminal behavior. They were not acting like men because their only experience of modeling the behaviors of men had been taught by their peers and not by their fathers. Those who did have fathers had absent fathers, clearly preoccupied with something other than being role models for their sons. Wherever those fathers were, they were not in Central Park.

Dr. Horn pointed out that simply replacing fathers with more police isn’t a solution. No matter how many police are hired and trained, they will quickly be outnumbered if they assume the task of both investigating crime and preventing crime. They will quickly be outnumbered because presently in our culture, two out of every five young men are raised in fatherless homes, and that disparity is growing faster as traditional family systems break down throughout the Western world.

Real men protect the vulnerable, not assault them. Growing up having learned that most basic tenet of manhood is the job of fathers, not the police. Dr. Horn cited a quote from a young Daniel Patrick Moynihan written some forty years ago:

“From the wild Irish slums of the 19th Century Eastern Seaboard to the riot-torn suburbs of Los Angeles, there is one unmistakable lesson in American history: A community that allows a large number of young men to grow up in broken homes, dominated by women, never acquiring any stable relationship to male authority, never acquiring any rational expectations for the future – that community asks for and gets chaos.”

Larry Elder: Dorner - Another Angry Fatherless Black Man With a Gun

My new book, "Dear Father, Dear Son," talks about the No. 1 social problem in America -- children growing up without fathers.

In 1965, Daniel Patrick Moynihan wrote "The Negro Family: A Case for National Action." At the time, 25 percent of blacks were born outside of wedlock, a number that the future Democratic senator from New York said was catastrophic to the black community.

Moynihan wrote: "A community that allows a large number of young men to grow up in broken homes, dominated by women, never acquiring any stable relationship to male authority, never acquiring any rational expectations about the future -- that community asks for and gets chaos. Crime, violence, unrest, unrestrained lashing out at the whole social structure -- that is not only to be expected, it is very near to inevitable."

Today, 75 percent of black children enter a world without a father in the home.

Divorce is one thing, where, for the most part, fathers remain involved both financially and as a parent. When I pressed the point of murdering ex-cop Christopher Dorner's father, one local news source told me his father apparently died when Dorner was small. He was reportedly raised, along with his sister, by a single mom. Little else is known.

In the documentary "Resurrection," rapper Tupac Shakur, who was raised without a father, said: "I hate saying this cuz white people love hearing black people talking about this. I know f r a fact that had I had a father, I'd have some discipline. I'd have more confidence."

He said he started running with gangs because he wanted to belong, wanted structure and wanted protection -- none of which he found in his fatherless home. "Your mother cannot calm you down the way a man can," he said. "Your mother can't reassure you the way a man can. My mother couldn't show me where my manhood was. You need a man to teach you how to be a man."

Why is it when white murderers go on a rampage, the media quickly delve into the relationship or lack thereof with the killer's father? They want to know what went wrong with that relationship -- and when and how and why.

After Adam Lanza massacred 26 people and his mother in Newtown, Conn., NBC News reported: "A source close to the family said that in 2001, (father Peter) separated from Adam's mother, Nancy, but he still saw Adam every week. In 2009, the Lanzas officially divorced, when Adam was 17. ... But the source close to the Lanza family said that by 2010, Peter Lanza was dating a new woman, whom he later married, and Adam suddenly cut his dad off."

After Jared Lee Loughner murdered six and wounded 13 people in Tucson, Ariz., The Associated Press

wrote that Loughner's "relationship with his parents was strained." Newsweek quoted a Loughner neighbor who described the father as "very aggressive, very angry all the time about petty things -- like if the trash is out because the trash guys didn't pick it up, he yells at us for it."

After Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold killed 13 at Columbine High, one did not have to search long to read about their fathers. One such piece began: "The father of one of the boys was asked some years ago to jot down his life's goals in the memory book for his 20th high school reunion. His answer was succinct, straight forward and, it seemed, not unrealistically ambitious: 'Raise two good sons.'

"The other father prided himself on being his son's soul mate. They had just spent five days visiting the Arizona campus where the teenager planned to enroll in the fall, and recently discussed their shared opposition to a bill in the state legislature that would have made it easier to carry concealed weapons."

Five days after James Holmes killed 12 in the movie theater in Aurora, Colo., we learned from the Daily Mail all "about the glittering career of James Holmes' father, Robert, who has degrees from Stanford, UCLA and Berkeley and currently works as a senior scientist at FICO in San Diego." The article's headline was, "Did Colorado maniac snap after failing to meet expectations of brilliant academic father?"

But what about Christopher Dorner? The media seemingly imposed a no-fly zone of silence over even writing or talking about his father.

The Los Angeles Times, for example, wrote: "Dorner grew up in Southern California with his mother and at least one sister, according to public records and claims in (his) manifesto." Not one word about the father. We soon learn the mother's name and whereabouts. But the media are apparently incurious about Dorner's father. Why? Is it that the media expect a certain level of appropriate behavior from whites -- that when a white person commits a heinous act, we must necessarily explore what kind of relationship he had with his father?

But when it comes to black miscreants and their fathers ... crickets. Why? To ask raises uncomfortable questions about the perverse incentives of the welfare state, which hurt the very formation of stable, intact families -- the ones more likely to produce stable, non-paranoid children.

Larry Elder is a best-selling author and radio talk-show host. To find out more about Larry Elder, or become an "Elderado," visit www.LarryElder.com. To read features by other Creators Syndicate writers and cartoonists, visit the Creators Syndicate Web page at www.creators.com

Barack Obama: *Dreams from my father* (pages 26-27)

There was only one problem: my father was missing. He had left paradise, and nothing that my mother or grandparents told me could obviate that single, unassailable fact. Their stories didn't tell why he had left. They couldn't describe what it might have been like had he stayed. Like the janitor, Mr. Reed, or the black girl who churned up dust as she raced down a Texas road, my father became a prop in someone else's narrative. An attractive prop—the alien figure with the heart of gold, the mysterious stranger who saves the town and wins the girl—but a prop nonetheless.

I don't really blame my mother or grandparents for this. My father may have preferred the image they created for him—indeed, he may have been complicit in its creation. In an article published in the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* upon his graduation, he appears guarded and responsible, the model student, ambassador for his continent. He mildly scolds the university for herding visiting students into dormitories and forcing them to attend programs designed to promote cultural understanding—a distraction, he says, from the practical training he seeks. Although he hasn't experienced any problems himself, he detects self-segregation and overt discrimination taking place between various ethnic groups and expresses wry amusement at the fact that "Caucasians" in Hawaii are occasionally at the receiving end of prejudice. But if his assessment is relatively clear-eyed, he is careful to end on a happy note: One thing other nations can learn from Hawaii, he says, is the willingness of races to work together toward common development, something he has found whites elsewhere too often unwilling to do.

I discovered this article, folded away among my birth certificate and old vaccination forms, when I was in high school. It's a short piece, with a photograph of him. No mention is made of my mother or me, and I'm left to wonder whether the omission was intentional on my father's part, in anticipation of his long departure. Perhaps the reporter failed to ask personal questions, intimidated by my father's imperious manner; or perhaps it was an editorial decision, no part of the simple story that they were looking for. I wonder, too, whether the omission caused a fight between my parents.

I would not have known at the time, for I was too young to realize that I was supposed to have a live-in father, just as I was too young to know that I need a race. For an improbably short span it seems that my father fell under the same spell as my mother and her parents; and for the first six years of my life, even as that spell was broken and the worlds that they thought they'd left behind reclaimed each of them, I occupied the place where their dreams had been.

The Heart Grows Smarter
By DAVID BROOKS
Published: November 5, 2012

If you go back and read a bunch of biographies of people born 100 to 150 years ago, you notice a few things that were more common then than now.

First, many more families suffered the loss of a child, which had a devastating and historically underappreciated impact on their overall worldviews.

Second, and maybe related, many more children grew up in cold and emotionally distant homes, where fathers, in particular, barely knew their children and found it impossible to express their love for them.

It wasn't only parents who were emotionally diffident; it was the people who studied them. In 1938, a group of researchers began an intensive study of 268 students at Harvard University. The plan was to track them through their entire lives, measuring, testing and interviewing them every few years to see how lives develop.

In the 1930s and 1940s, the researchers didn't pay much attention to the men's relationships. Instead, following the intellectual fashions of the day, they paid a lot of attention to the men's physiognomy. Did they have a "masculine" body type? Did they show signs of vigorous genetic endowments?

But as this study — the Grant Study — progressed, the power of relationships became clear. The men who grew up in homes with warm parents were much more likely to become first lieutenants and majors in World War II. The men who grew up in cold, barren homes were much more likely to finish the war as privates.

Body type was useless as a predictor of how the men would fare in life. So was birth order or political affiliation. Even social class had a limited effect. But having a warm childhood was powerful. As George Vaillant, the study director, sums it up in "Triumphs of Experience," his most recent summary of the research, "It was the capacity for intimate relationships that predicted flourishing in all aspects of these men's lives."

Of the 31 men in the study incapable of establishing intimate bonds, only four are still alive. Of those who were better at forming relationships, more than a third are living.

It's not that the men who flourished had perfect childhoods. Rather, as Vaillant puts it, "What goes right is more important than what goes wrong." The positive effect of one loving relative, mentor or friend can overwhelm the negative effects of the bad things that happen.

In case after case, the magic formula is capacity for intimacy combined with persistence, discipline, order and dependability. The men who could be affectionate about people and organized about things had very enjoyable lives.

But a childhood does not totally determine a life. The beauty of the Grant Study is that, as Vaillant emphasizes, it has followed its subjects for nine decades. The big finding is that you can teach an old dog new tricks. The men kept changing all the way through, even in their 80s and 90s.

One man in the study paid his way through Harvard by working as a psychiatric attendant. He slept from 6 p.m. to midnight. Worked the night shift at a hospital, then biked to class by 8 in the morning. After college, he tried his hand at theater. He did not succeed, and, at age 40, he saw himself as “mediocre and without imagination.” His middle years were professionally and maritally unhappy.

But, as he got older, he became less emotionally inhibited. In old age, he became a successful actor, playing roles like King Lear. He got married at 78. By 86, the only medicine he was taking was Viagra. He lived to 96.

Another subject grew up feeling that he “didn’t know either parent very well.” At 19, he wrote, “I don’t find it easy to make friends.” At 39, he wrote, “I feel lonely, rootless and disoriented.” At 50, he had basically given up trying to socialize and was trapped in an unhappy marriage.

But, as he aged, he changed. He became the president of his nursing home. He had girlfriends after the death of his first wife and then remarried. He didn’t turn into a social butterfly, but life was better.

The men of the Grant Study frequently became more emotionally attuned as they aged, more adept at recognizing and expressing emotion. Part of the explanation is biological. People, especially men, become more aware of their emotions as they get older.

Part of this is probably historical. Over the past half-century or so, American culture has become more attuned to the power of relationships. Masculinity has changed, at least a bit.

The so-called Flynn Effect describes the rise in measured I.Q. scores over the decades. Perhaps we could invent something called the Grant Effect, on the improvement of mass emotional intelligence over the decades. This gradual change might be one of the greatest contributors to progress and well-being that we’ve experienced in our lifetimes.

A version of this op-ed appeared in print on November 6, 2012, on page A29 of the New York edition with the headline: The Heart Grows Smarter.

Leonard Pitt interview NPR Fathers

ED GORDON, host:

I'm Ed Gordon, and this is NEWS AND NOTES.

This Sunday is Father's Day, but not everyone will be celebrating. People who have absent fathers or abusive fathers may see the holiday as a painful reminder of a troubled present or past.

Pulitzer Prize winning columnist Leonard Pitts grew up with a disappearing, alcoholic father, but he's gone on to be a role model for his own children. So, what makes the son of an absent or abusive father into a good dad himself? That's the theme of Leonard's book, *Becoming Dad: Black Men and the Journey to Fatherhood*."

Pitts spoke with NPR's Farai Chideya.

FARAI CHIDEYA reporting:

Tell us first about your father. Was he ever kind to you?

Mr. LEONARD PITT (Author, *Becoming Dad*): Few and far between, I guess were his kindnesses. And not - I don't remember kindnesses specifically to me, but there were times when he would come in when he was not drunk, and he was not in a mood. And the house would be a lot lighter than it would otherwise be. He would be - he would be very fun to be around. He'd be, you know, laughing and cracking jokes. And, you know, he'd make you laugh. So, in that regard, yeah.

CHIDEYA: Did you ever want to kill him?

Mr. PITTS: Yeah. I remember probably the last major fight that, you know, went on in the house was the one where he - it's detailed in the book - the one where he pulled a gun for the second time - a rifle for the second time, and where I wound up with a cut across my face. And I remember jumping on his back and pounding the side of his head. And I really wanted to, you know, at that point, I really wanted to take him out.

I was a little older then, you know, and I think, you know, as you get older, you've got all these pent up resentments and emotions and you're older now; you can do something about it. So, you know, yeah, I think at that point, I would like to have done that, in that moment.

CHIDEYA: So how did you heal those wounds when you became a father and were you afraid to be a father?

Mr. PITTS: I think I was afraid to be a father, but the thing is that I was a father before I had a choice in the matter, really. I fell in love with a woman who already had two kids. As for healing, I think writing the book was my way of healing, to tell you the truth. I don't even think that I'd realized that there was something that needed to be healed until I got into writing the

book and dealt with a lot of these men and their unresolved feelings towards their father and the realization that I had a lot of those same feelings and needed to do something about it, or else see it carried forward into the next generation, which I did not want to do.

CHIDEYA: You profile a series of men who had absent or abusive fathers, some of whom went on to abuse other people in their lives...

Mr. PITTS: Mm-hmm.

CHIDEYA: ...some of whom became exemplary fathers like yourself...

Mr. PITTS: Right.

CHIDEYA: Give us an example of just two of the men that you spoke with.

Mr. PITTS: Oh, my goodness! There was a gentleman that I met in Yonkers. This guy, in another life, you know, could have been president of the United States or could have been chairman of the Federal Reserve or something, because he just had this magnetism about him. And yet, the fact that his father - I believe his father was abusive, if I'm recalling the story correctly. And, you know, the life that he had lived with his father just sort of sent him on this downward spiral of drugs and of misdeeds.

And he had wound up abusing the woman who he said was, you know, life and breath to him. And he was in recovery when we met and was trying to salvage his life. But I just looked at this guy and then, it's like, what could you have been, had your life not taken, you know, this detour?

There's another gentleman that I interviewed - a guy named David - who, at first, assured me that he didn't want his father's approval, you know, it didn't matter that his father had ignored him and mistreated him. And, you know, we sort of left the interview there. And then, at the end, as I'm walking out, he says - he whispers almost to himself - even now, I want his approval, even now. And it's sort of like, you get this sense of, you know, of how he has lied to himself about this so much and for so long that I don't think even he realized how much he was hurt by the fact that his father had not been there for him.

CHIDEYA: This book focuses on African-American men. And you have pictures and descriptions, and interviews with people...

Mr. PITTS: Mm-hmm.

CHIDEYA: ...from many different walks of life. What are the special challenges that face African-American men and African-American fathers?

Mr. PITTS: The challenges that face us as African-American men and as fathers are multifold. And I guess they all, you know, many of them spring from the same place that a lot of other African-American woes spring. It's, you know, from racism in the society. But then I think what's happened is that we, you know, our families have sort of mutated in response to this to

where it has become the norm that dad is not home; it's not an exception. What's an exception, what's "weird," and several people in the book reference this, is when dad is home. When mom and dad are married with children, I think that's regarded as outside the norm, as something that's weird.

I think the challenge that we face as African-American men is to reclaim our place in our families and in our communities. The challenges that we face is to understand that our value to our communities and our homes goes beyond the monetary, which is where everybody always stops, you know. But that we as men bring something special to a household that cannot, by and large, be duplicated by women.

CHIDEYA: Can you tell us about Mark(ph) and Germaine(ph), both of whom ended up dealing with unexpected pregnancies when they were teenagers...

Mr. PITTS: Yeah.

CHIDEYA: ...and you talked to these two young guys.

Mr. PITTS: Yeah, I interviewed them. I had not planned it that way, but they basically book-ended one another. Germaine was a kid who grew up with, you know, essentially no father and with a mom, who, you know, was rather abusive, as well. And he, you know, was in and out of trouble and suddenly he's expecting a child. And he's saying that, I don't know, you know, I don't know what kind of father I'm going to be. I want to do better, but I don't know.

Germaine was a teenage father, also from a stable, you know, two-parent home in Los Angeles. And he faced, you know, fatherhood with a lot more confidence, with a lot more of a sense of, you know, knowing the territory, knowing the lay of the land and knowing that this was something that he could do.

What was really troubling to me was that after - toward the end of working on the book and after the respective children had been born, I went looking for both of them to find out, you know, how things were going. And Germaine, you know, was good and was progressing along and was upbeat. And Mark, I couldn't even find. It really spoke to me of the power of, you know, being raised in a stable environment versus, you know, sort of raising yourself on the streets.

CHIDEYA: At the same time, though, you come from a household where you had to deal with this abuse...

Mr. PITTS: Mm-hmm. Right.

CHIDEYA: Not absence, but abuse, and you became a good father. So what gives people like yourself the ability to transcend that?

Mr. PITTS: I tell people I was fortunate enough to have been raised by Wonder Woman. And I know that every boy idolizes his mom, but my mom was really something else. And I think the determining factor was that she had a way of instilling in us this fact, this idea that she had

expectations of her children. There were certain things that you just did not do if you were Agnes Pitts' son or daughter.

CHIDEYA: Can you give us a Father's Day message for anyone who may have had a difficult father or an absent father; maybe someone who is a young father who's looking for inspiration.

Mr. PITTS: I think that as the children of father's who are either absent or abusive, there's - we are one of two things: we are either a reflection or a rejection of dad. And I would encourage, particularly that young father, if your dad was not the father that you wanted him to be, then you obviously got to be a constant rejection of him. But the thing that you have to remember is that you are not there to be to that child the father that you didn't have. You're there to be the father that that child needs and wants.

CHIDEYA: Leonard, happy Father's Day.

Mr. PITTS: And happy Father's Day to you, too. Thank you very much.

CHIDEYA: Leonard Pitts Jr. won the Pulitzer Prize in 2004 for his syndicated column. His book is *Becoming Dad: Black Men and the Journey to Fatherhood*.

GORDON: That was NPR's Farai Chideya.

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I don't have any tattoos. I haven't developed a drug addiction. I'm in a stable relationship with a wonderful man. I've always been a straight-A student. Rather disappointingly, as I enter my mid-20s, I have come to realize that—at least on the surface—I am a daughter that most parents would agree has rather avoided the classic pitfalls that might cause them sleepless nights. And, while recognizing that I am extremely lucky, this list of somewhat dubious accomplishments (if being too squeamish to get a tattoo might be called that) also makes me rather cross. Because I've never understood why my father might not want to know me.

Now, it's not that I'm perfect. In fact, I'm a long way from it. But he doesn't know me well enough to *know* that I'm not perfect. He's only ever heard the positive headlines, never witnessed the tantrums and trauma behind them. Despite doing everything in a rather boring, conventionally "correct" way, and never having given him an excuse to intermittently exclude me from his life, he's never wanted to feature more than passingly in mine. I neither deserve nor want pity, as I have a wealth of loving relationships that more than compensate for his absence. But, over the last year or so, I've become increasingly reflective on what our cultural take on fathers is.

If the importance of fathers is emotional as well as financial, as the late 20th century psychological literature has affirmed, what discourse is in place for those who are missing one? And if that discourse seems to rest on our overwhelming sense of loss or inability to form healthy relationships with men, what is in place for those who have defied this?

Our conception of fatherless daughters derives almost entirely from psychoanalytic theory. The narrative that fatherless daughters are damaged isn't a useful one. It provides too easy a get-out for those who want to ignore the fact that the most important factors to allow lone parents and their children to flourish are social and economic support.

But the cultural vision of the father-role has failed to evolve in any positive way since the mid-20th century. The surviving trope is largely redundant, just as the image of the fatherless daughter is negative and largely false. Of course, experiences of fatherlessness are stunningly varied. I'm not claiming that all children who have grown up without a father figure emerge unscathed. Rather that having one image of fatherlessness isn't useful, and our weak but pervasive image of fatherhood contributes to this.

Modern families are increasingly complex entities, and—despite the complications and tensions arising from this—are stronger and more beautiful for it. It seems to me that the traditional meanings attached to "fatherhood" have failed to keep up with the shape of our families. We are slowly coming to recognize the multiple ways that families might be healthy and loving, and are reinterpreting the traditional "nuclear" family into something more diverse and accepting. Is it time to re-examine what our images are of fatherlessness?

I suspect that my feelings toward my father's absence have been more stimulated by the cultural perception of the essentialness of paternal love than by any tangible privation. We've certainly changed our understanding of lone mothers. Might it be time to formulate a new and more

nuanced understanding of what it means to be the *child* of a single mother? There are many of us around, quietly going about our daily lives, without ever having been taken to play football in the park (my mother was more one for taking me swimming; again, not exactly a deprivation), trying to avoid the look of "Oh, you must be unable to form meaningful relationships with men/have abandonment issues/have a difficult relationship with your mother."

No really, I'm fine. I just want to know why he doesn't want to know me. And why I still care.

Let's acknowledge that all children should grow up in a loving and supportive environment, and that this can take many shapes and forms. Let's recognize that the heteronormative model of two-parent families isn't the only valid space to raise healthy and emotionally nourished children. Let's decide to evolve our ideas of what parenting means and how to do it well. Since fathers don't have to be biologically related to the children they're raising to be wonderful parental figures, and the embodiment of "traditional" fatherly attributes doesn't have to be male, what does being a dad actually mean?

It's not enough to rest on the tired trope of fathers-are-important-because-children-need-*men*. And nothing creeps me out more than the father-as-protector cliché (I learned to get up and brush myself off after falling over just fine, thanks). Fatherhood isn't about personifying gendered qualities or attributes. Fathers don't have a distinct role to play purely by virtue of their role in the procreative act, and certainly not a uniform one.

The fact is that there are many ways of being a good father, and it's about being a good role model of a *person*, not of a particular gender. I want my (future) children to have a relationship with their (future) father not because he's a man, but because he's another person to love and learn from, and he'll have qualities as an *individual*, not a gender stereotype. Parenthood for men should be an experience culturally articulated in all of its glorious modern messiness.

I think it's because there is no conversation about what fatherhood *means* that my father was able to "opt out." There is indeed a stigma around being an absent father. But this stigma doesn't do anything to help men who just don't know *how* to go about being a father. Perhaps he thinks the stigma of not getting involved at all is preferable to trying and failing.

Can we seek to understand what it means to be a father without prescribing the right way to be one? If we created a space to talk about fatherhood (a conversation that *must* engage women and children), we might be able to persuade more men that being a father isn't an "all in" or "all out" experience, and that positive fatherhood comes in many forms.

I don't want my father to be a 1950s stereotype, as he's clearly not cut out for that. But I do want him to know me.

Sarah Laing is studying for a PhD in London having graduated from Oxford University in the summer. She writes on women, masculinity, and mental health. She lives with her partner but regularly visits her lovely cat and terrifying mother.

Hamlet – Act I, scene i

1. Why are there guards on the castle walls?
2. Why is Horatio with the guards? What do they expect of him?
3. What does Horatio do for the guards?
4. What are the beliefs about ghosts revealed in this scene? How is this relevant?

Hamlet – Act I, scene ii

1. What items of business does Claudius take up with the Court?
2. How does Claudius get the Court to accept and approve his taking the throne and marrying Gertrude?
3. Why is Laertes permitted to return to school in Paris, but Hamlet forbidden to return to school in Wittenberg? Is the reason Claudius gives the real reason?
4. Why do Claudius and Gertrude object to Hamlet's clothing and behavior? How does Hamlet react to their objections?
5. How does Hamlet show his respect for King Claudius?
6. What does Hamlet's first soliloquy reveal about his state of mind?
7. How does Hamlet react to the news that Horatio brings him?
8. Do you think Hamlet's behavior is reasonable, or do you agree with his mother that he needs to change it?

Hamlet – Act I, scene iii

1. Do Polonius and Laertes agree about Ophelia's relationship with Hamlet? Are their reasons the same?
2. How does Ophelia respond to Laertes' advice? ... to her father's?
3. What do you think about Polonius as a father? why?
4. What specific advice does Polonius give to Laertes? Is it sound advice? Why?
5. How does Polonius' advice about clothing relate to Hamlet's speech to his mother?

Hamlet – Act I, scene iv

1. What is going on inside the castle during this scene? Why?
2. Why don't Horatio and Marcellus want Hamlet to follow the Ghost?
3. What is the point of Hamlet's comparing the State and an individual man? What motivates this comparison?
4. How does Hamlet manage to get away from the others to follow the Ghost?

Hamlet – Act I, scene v

1. What does the Ghost say about the way he died?
2. What does the Ghost tell Hamlet about his mother and Claudius?
3. What does Hamlet plan to do about the information he gets in this conversation?
4. How does Hamlet plan to get away with his plan? Who will help him? How?

Hamlet, Act I: How much time actually passes in this act?

Which of the characters are actually what they seem to be?

Which are being intentionally deceptive? Does Gertrude understand her son?

Hamlet, Act II, scene i

1. What does Polonius expect his servant Reynaldo to do in Paris?
2. What scared Ophelia most about Hamlet's visit to her room? How does this relate to Hamlet's previous speeches?
3. Does Polonius' behavior in this scene change the opinion of him you formed earlier? Why?

Hamlet, Act II, scene ii

1. Why are Rosencrantz and Guildenstern at the Court?
2. How might the report of Voltmand and Cornelius change the atmosphere in Denmark?
3. How does Polonius plan to test Hamlet? How does this scene affect your opinion of Polonius?
4. What indications are there of the level of trust Hamlet has for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern? what does he tell them his real problem is?
5. What does Shakespeare achieve by including the allusion to the fall of Troy in Hamlet's request of the Player?
6. What does Hamlet announce in the next step in his plan?

Hamlet, Act II: About how much time has passed since the beginning of the story?
What would be a good subtitle for this act? (*Hamlet: the* ____?)

Hamlet, Act III

1. Why does Ophelia return Hamlet's gifts?
2. How does Claudius react to Polonius' suggestion that they use Ophelia as bait for Hamlet?
3. Does Hamlet's "To Be..." soliloquy reveal the same attitudes toward life as did his "Oh that this too, too sullied flesh..." speech in Act I did? How?
4. How do Hamlet's instructions to the Players relate to a major concern of the play?
5. How does the Play-within-the-play relate to the other concerns of the play as a whole?
6. Why does Claudius call off the remainder of the play by the players?
7. Why can't Claudius pray?
8. Why doesn't Hamlet kill Claudius?
9. Why do Rosencrantz and Guildenstern support Claudius?
10. How does Hamlet feel about killing Polonius?

11. What are the likely consequences of Polonius' death?
12. Is Hamlet the same at the end of Act III as he was at the beginning of the play? How? Why?

Hamlet, Act IV

1. Claudius gives a reason for sending Hamlet out of the country instead of making him subject to the law. What is it?
2. Why does Hamlet call Claudius' mother?
3. What does Claudius order the king of England to do and why?
4. Why is Fortinbras' army in Denmark?
5. How does Hamlet see himself as compared to Fortinbras?
6. How does Ophelia, in Act IV Scene V, compare to the description of Hamlet in Act II Scene I?
7. What are the people's attitudes toward Laertes? Why do they feel this way?
8. How did Hamlet become separated from Rosencrantz and Guildenstern?
9. What reason does Claudius give Laertes for not turning Hamlet over to the law?
10. What is the plan that Claudius and Laertes have for dealing with Hamlet?
11. What happened to Ophelia and Hamlet?

Hamlet, Act V

1. How does the dramatic irony of the opening scene of Act V emphasize the lessons that Hamlet learns in the play?
2. How does Hamlet's speculation to Horatio emphasize the lessons that Hamlet learns?
3. Did Hamlet love Ophelia, or not? What is the evidence for each position?
4. What distinction does Hamlet see between the behavior of Laertes and that of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern?
5. How does Hamlet's final conclusion in agreeing to the duel relate to the major *Question* of the play?
6. How is the Duel a "win-win" situation?
7. How is the end of the play an illustration of Justice?

Play as a whole:

8. What is the effect of the Full Court scenes in acts 1, 3, & 5?
9. How is Hamlet's story a coming-of-age story?
10. What is Hamlet's "Tragic Flaw"?
11. What Ideals of human conduct are expressed in Hamlet?
12. How successful is Hamlet in fulfilling the task his father gave him?

CLOSE READING ASSIGNMENT

ANNOTATE AND TRANSLATE LINE BY LINE

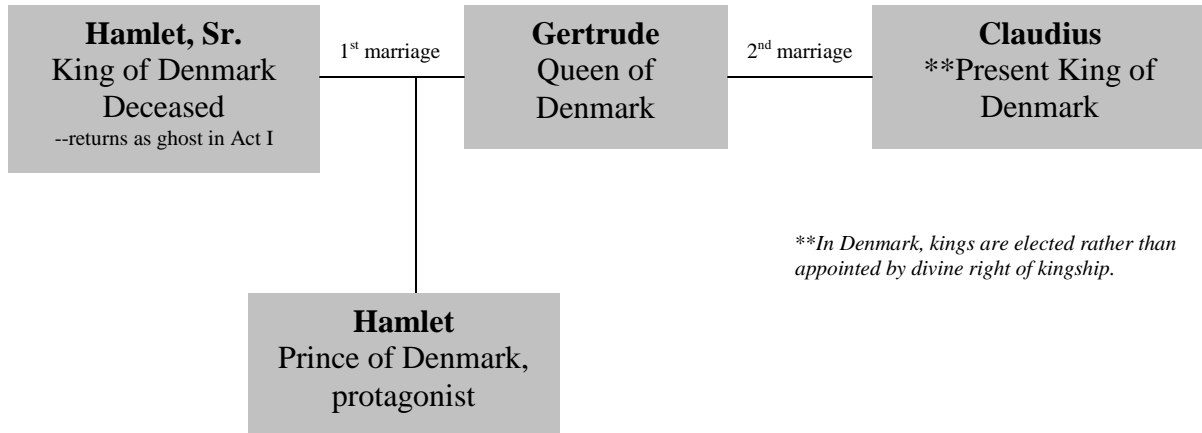
The Ghost's Speech to Hamlet

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,--
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!--won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,

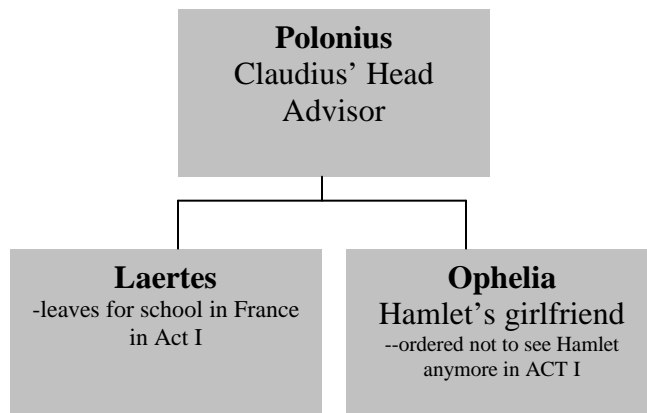
And with a sudden vigour doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

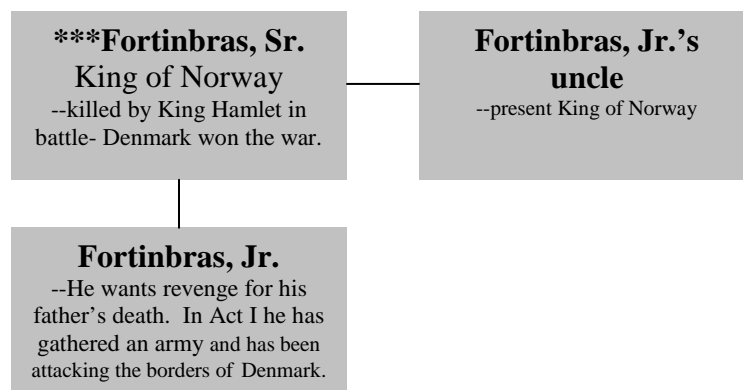
Denmark's Family Tree



Polonius' Family Tree

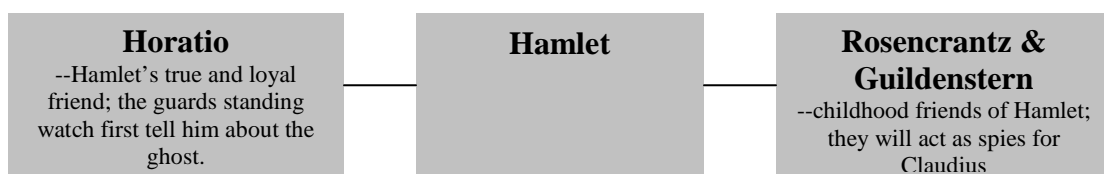


Norway's Family Tree



****Characters are NOT really named Sr. and Jr. I just put that to help you keep everybody straight ☺.*

Hamlet's Friends



HOMEWORK DUE NEXT CLASS!

NAME: _____

In preparation to enter the amazing world of Shakespeare's language, please take this speech from the beginning of the play and see if you can figure it out. Please do not spend more than 30 minutes on this homework. You can also work with a friend. I only ask that you try to stay away from modern language translations. See what you can do on your own. You will get credit for trying and we will review it in class.

<p>Hamlet's first soliloquy.</p> <p>He reflects and thinks about the death of his father and his mother's immediate remarriage to his father's brother, King Claudius.</p>	<p>Write unknown vocabulary and the definitions for each word here.</p> <p>Can you figure out exactly what he is saying? Write a translation in the back of this sheet.</p>	<p>List at least 3 narrative strategies that Shakespeare uses here. Highlight examples of each strategy in the text of the soliloquy and annotate which strategy it is.</p>
<p>O, that this too too solid flesh would melt Thaw and resolve itself into a dew! Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God! How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, Seem to me all the uses of this world! Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden, That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature Possess it merely. That it should come to this! But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two: So excellent a king; that was, to this, Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother That he might not beteem the winds of heaven Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth! Must I remember? why, she would hang on him, As if increase of appetite had grown By what it fed on: and yet, within a month-- Let me not think on't--Frailty, thy name is woman!-- A little month, or ere those shoes were old With which she follow'd my poor father's body, Like Niobe, all tears:--why she, even she-- O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason, Would have mourn'd longer--married with my uncle, My father's brother, but no more like my father Than I to Hercules: within a month: Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears Had left the flushing in her galled eyes, She married. O, most wicked speed, to post With such dexterity to incestuous sheets! It is not nor it cannot come to good: But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.</p>		<p>Narrative Strategy #1:</p> <p>Effect on the reader :</p> <p>Narrative Strategy #2:</p> <p>Effect on the reader:</p> <p>Narrative Strategy #3:</p> <p>Effect on the reader:</p>

HOMEWORK DUE NEXT CLASS!

NAME: _____

In preparation to enter the amazing world of Shakespeare's language, please take this speech from the beginning of the play and see if you can figure it out. Please do not spend more than 30 minutes on this homework. You can also work with a friend. I only ask that you try to stay away from modern language translations. See what you can do on your own. You will get credit for trying and we will review it in class.

Big Brother Laertes' advice to little sister Ophelia when he hears rumors that she's been seen with Prince Hamlet	Write the words and definitions that you do not know here	Your translation of Laertes advice.	List three narrative techniques used by Shakespeare here
<p>Think it no more; For nature, crescent, does not grow alone In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes, The inward service of the mind and soul Grows wide withal.</p> <p>Perhaps Hamlet loves you now, And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch The virtue of Hamlet's will: but you must fear, His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own; For he himself is subject to his birth: He may not, as unvalued persons do, Carve for himself; for on his choice depends The safety and health of this whole state; And therefore must his choice be circumscribed Unto the voice and yielding of that body Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you, It fits your wisdom so far to believe it As he in his particular act and place May give his saying deed; which is no further Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.</p> <p>Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain, If with too credent ear you list his songs, Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open To his unmaster'd importunity. Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister, And keep you in the rear of your affection, Out of the shot and danger of desire. The chariest maid is prodigal enough, If she unmask her beauty to the moon: Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes: The canker galls the infants of the spring, Too oft before their buttons be disclosed, And in the morn and liquid dew of youth Contagious blastments are most imminent. Be wary then; best safety lies in fear: Youth to itself rebels, though none else near .</p>			<p>Narrative Strategy #1:</p> <p>Effect on the reader :</p> <p>Narrative Strategy #2:</p> <p>Effect on the reader:</p> <p>Narrative Strategy #3:</p> <p>Effect on the reader:</p>

Text	My Response/Thoughts/Questions
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. To be, or not to be: that is the question: 2. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer 3. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, 4. Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, 5. And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep; 6. No more; and by a sleep to say we end 7. The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks 8. That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation 9. Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep; 10. To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub; 11. For in that sleep of death what dreams may come 12. When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, 13. Must give us pause: there's the respect 14. That makes calamity of so long life; 15. For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, 16. The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, 17. The pangs of despised love, the law's delay, 18. The insolence of office and the spurns 19. That patient merit of the unworthy takes, 20. When he himself might his quietus make 21. With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear, 22. To grunt and sweat under a weary life, 23. But that the dread of something after death, 24. The undiscover'd country from whose bourn 25. No traveller returns, puzzles the will 26. And makes us rather bear those ills we have 27. Than fly to others that we know not of? 28. Thus conscience does make cowards of us all; 29. And thus the native hue of resolution 30. Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, 31. And enterprises of great pith and moment 32. With this regard their currents turn awry, 33. And lose the name of action. - Soft you now! 34. The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons 35. Be all my sins remember'd. 	

Additional Response/Thoughts/Questions during and after discussion

Applicable Portion of the play – All of Hamlet’s soliloquies

- Objectives:**
1. You will read critically to separate Hamlet’s thoughts about himself, others, and human nature.
 2. You will be able to generate lists separating Hamlet’s thoughts into categories.
 3. You will note literary devices that Hamlet uses to express his thoughts about himself, others and human nature.
 4. You will be able to trace various image patterns through Hamlet’s soliloquies.

Directions: Examine Hamlet’s soliloquies for references to qualities he sees inside himself, qualities he assigns to others, and qualities he attributes as truths of all humans. For example, in Act IV, scene iv, he begins with “How all occasions do inform against me/ And spur my dull revenge.” This statement is self focused, but his next statement is generalization on man: “What is man/ If his chief good and market of his time/ Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more”. Later on, he references the army going to fight for the little piece of land. Parsing out (analyzing critically) this soliloquy helps us see Hamlet’s understanding of his relationship to other humans and to human nature. Make a list with three columns, such as the one below, and fill with the qualities you find in his soliloquies.

Hamlet’s Qualities	Qualities he assigns to others	Qualities of all humans

As you examine the soliloquies, make an additional chart for each soliloquy, such as the one below, and fill it with literary devices that you find in each soliloquy and the various image patterns (Clothing, Costume, Painting, Makeup, Playing, Acting, Garden, Gardening/Flowers/Plants/Trees, Poison/Disease/Sickness, Decay/Rottenness, Outer space, Darkness) that occur throughout the play.

Act I, Scene ii “O that this too sullied flesh...”

Literary Devices	Image patterns
<p>Synecdoche – flesh melting, thawing, resolving – represents dying.</p> <p>Metaphor – comparing the world to an unweeded garden</p> <p>Mythological allusion – Hyperion to a satyr – his father to his uncle</p> <p>Apostrophe – speaks directly to “frailty”</p> <p>Mythological allusion – Niobe – his mother’s tears and then sudden marriage. Makes his mother all the more despicable in Hamlet’s eyes</p> <p>Personification – “incestuous sheets”</p> <p>Understatement – “cannot come to good” - mild in comparison to the rest of his speech</p>	<p>Decay – flesh melting</p> <p>Garden – world as an unweeded garden</p> <p>Clothing – “ere those shoes were old”</p> <p>Acting – “Like Niobe, all tears”</p> <p>Rottenness – incestuous sheets</p>

Line 55 - To be or not to be is an example of antithesis, a rhetorical device containing a contrast of ideas in a balanced parallel construction. The use of antithesis draws attention to the first line of the soliloquy and focuses the reader on one of the play's prominent themes.

Lines 59, 60, 61 - Hamlet uses metonymy, a special type of metaphor that substitutes the name of one thing with something it is closely associated with. In these examples sleep represents death.

Lines 57, 69 - Hamlet uses a metaphor, comparing slings and arrows and the whips and scorns of time to life's problems.

Lines 69-73 - Hamlet uses parallel structure, a rhetorical device comprised of phrases with like grammatical structure, to create rhythm and draw attention to life's woes.

Line 79 - Hamlet uses a metaphor, calling death "the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

Lines 83-84 - Suicide is referred to as "the native hue of resolution," a metaphor; the fear of death is referred to as the "pale cast of thought."

Objectives: 1. Identify conflicts in the script that you find interesting.

2. Trace the conflict development through the script.

3. Represent the conflict visually or in flow charts

Directions: Choose a conflict in the play that interests you. Generate a visual representation of the conflict, tracing events in the play that develop the conflict. You may make a timeline, a flowchart, or a conflict map (see form). For example, you may trace the breakdown of Hamlet's relationship with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern by tracing pivotal events in their encounters. In your groups discuss the conflict representations that students have generated. Determine which conflicts have the most importance in the play.

Reflection: How did you represent the conflict you chose? Why do you think that was the best way to represent the conflict? How does your conflict affect the outcome of the play?

[illegible]

Gertrude Talks Back By Margaret Atwood

b. 1939, Canadian writer. Piece from *Good Bones* (1992)

Source: Virago UK 1993, reprinted 2005
About 600 words, 1 page

I always thought it was a mistake, calling you Hamlet. I mean, what kind of a name is that for a young boy? It was your father's idea. Nothing would do but that you had to be called after him. Selfish. The other kids at school used to tease the life out of you. The nick-names! And those terrible jokes about pork.

I wanted to call you George.

I am *not* wringing my hands. I'm drying my nails.

Darling, please stop fidgeting with my mirror. That'll be the third one you've broken.

Yes, I've seen those pictures, thank you very much. I *know* your father was handsomer than Claudius. High brow, aquiline nose and so on, looked great in uniform. But handsome isn't everything, especially in a man, and far be it from me to speak ill of the dead, but I think it's about time I pointed out to you that your Dad just wasn't a whole lot of fun. Noble, sure, I grant you. But Claudius, well, he likes a drink now and then. He appreciates a decent meal. He enjoys a laugh, know what I mean? You don't always have to be tiptoeing around because of some holier-than-thou principle or something.

By the way, darling, I wish you wouldn't call your stepdad *the bloat king*. He does have a slight weight-problem, and it hurts his feelings.

The rank sweat of a *what?* My bed is certainly not *enseamed*, whatever that might be! A nasty sty, indeed! Not that it's any of your business, but I change those sheets twice a week, which is more than you do, judging from that student slum pigpen in Wittenberg. I'll certainly never visit you *there* again without prior warning! I see that laundry of yours when you bring it home, and not often enough either, by a long shot! Only when you run out of black socks.

And let me tell you, everyone sweats at a time like that, as you'd find out very soon if you ever gave it a try. A real girlfriend would do you a heap of good. Not like that pasty-faced what's-her-name, all trussed up like a prize turkey in those touch-me-not corsets of hers. If you ask me there's something off about that girl. Borderline. Any little shock could push her right over the edge.

Go get yourself someone more down-to-earth. Have a nice roll in the hay. Then you can talk to me about nasty sties.

No, darling, I am not *mad* at you. But I must say you're an awful prig sometimes. Just like your Dad. *The Flesh*, he'd say. You'd think it was dog dirt. You can excuse that in a young person, they are always intolerant, but in someone his age it was getting, well, very hard to live with, and that's the understatement of the year.

Some days I think it would have been better for both of us if you hadn't been an only child. But you realize who you have to thank for *that*. You have no idea what I used to put up with. And every time I felt like a little, you know, just to warm up my ageing bones, it was like I'd suggested murder.

Oh! You think *what?* You think Claudius murdered your Dad? Well, no wonder you've been so rude to him at the dinner table!

If I'd known *that*, I could have put you straight in no time flat.

It wasn't Claudius, darling.

It was me.

791. Choose a complex and important character in a novel or play of recognized literary merit who might-on the basis of the character's actions alone - be considered evil or immoral. In a well-organized essay, explain both how and why the full presentation of the character in the work makes us react more sympathetically than we otherwise might. Avoid plot summary.

883. Choose a distinguished novel in which some of the most significant events are mental or psychological; for example, awakenings, discoveries, changes in consciousness. In a well-organized essay, describe how the author manages to give these internal events the sense of excitement, suspense, and climax usually associated with external action. Do not merely summarize the plot.

943. In some works of literature, a character who appears briefly, or does not appear at all, is a significant presence. Choose a novel or play of literary merit and write an essay in which you show how such a character functions in the work. You may wish to discuss how the character affects action, theme, or the development of other characters. Avoid plot summary.

013. One definition of madness is “mental delusion or the eccentric behavior arising from it.” But Emily Dickinson wrote

Much madness is divinest Sense ---

To a discerning Eye ---

Novelists and playwrights have often seen madness with a “discerning Eye.” Select a novel or play in which a character’s apparent madness or irrational behavior plays an important role. Then write a well-organized essay in which you explain what this delusion or eccentric behavior consists of and how it might be judged reasonable. Explain the significance of the “madness” to the work as a whole. Do not merely summarize the plot.

023. Morally ambiguous characters -- characters whose behavior discourages readers from identifying them as purely evil or purely good -- are at the heart of many works of literature. Choose a novel or play in which a morally ambiguous character plays a pivotal role. Then write an essay in which you explain how the character can be viewed as morally ambiguous and why his or her moral ambiguity is significant to the work as a whole. Avoid mere plot summary.

- Using a character in Hamlet, you will explore both the outward (sun) and the inward (shadow) aspects of personality.
- The creation of a Sun/Shadow Mandala helps you to think symbolically. The process of comparing a character or an idea to archetypal symbols (an animal, a plant, an element, etc.), drawing the symbols, and then posing reasons for your choice leads you to a deeper understanding of the personality and motivations of a person or character from literature.
- Mandala's are represented in a circle, where the sun personality is on one half and the shadow is presented on the other half. Around the outside of the circle, words are written to represent the graphics you chose for the character.

Brainstorm as many examples of the following as you can in 5 minutes.

- Animals
- Plants
- Colors
- Shapes
- Numbers
- Gems/minerals
- Natural elements (any form of fire, air, earth, water)

Answer each of the following questions. Look closely at the wording of the question.

What animal is my character most like?

What plant is my character most like?

What color is my character most like?

What shape is my character most like?

What number is my character most like?

What gem or mineral is my character most like?

What natural element is my character most like?

The answers to those seven questions become the sun images for your mandala. **Put your answers in the column 1 on the table.**

In column 2, write one or two words to describe the sun images. After this column is completed you are ready to write your sentences for the sun image.

Write a sentence for each of the specific sun symbols. You may use the following core sentence as you think through the primary reason for selection each of your images:

"He is most like the (sun image) because, like the (sun image), he _____"

EXAMPLES: She is most like poison oak because, like poison oak, she is harmless until she is stepped on.
Or He is most like a giraffe because, like a giraffe, his vision extends beyond his reach.

After writing the sentences, it is time to move to the idea of opposites, or the shadow images. The concept of shadow images arises from considering the place of dualities in literature. Looking at the quality you have ascribed to your animal images, **fill in column 3 with an antonym to your sun image in column 1.** Example: If your sun quality is intense such as a panther, your shadow quality might be lethargic like a cow. **In column 4 write the word that best exhibits the quality of the image in column 3. These are your shadow images.**

Now write a sentence for each of your shadow images using the following pattern: “Inwardly, he is like a (shadow image) because, like the (shadow image), he _____

Example	Column 1 Sun image outward personality	Column 2 Words describing column 1	Column 3 Shadow image inward personality (Antonym for the word in column 1)	Column 4 Word describing column 3
Animal				
Plant				
Color				
Shape				
Number				
Gem or Mineral				
Natural element (earth, fire, water, air)				

Draw a mandala – a circle that incorporates all the sun/shadow objects in a pleasing, artistic, colorful design.

- Within the framework of the circle, using color and shape, but no words, draw or symbolize all the sun and shadow images of your character.
- Arrange them in any way you like.
- You may want to consider how you place things in relation to each other or you may want to consider only the way the colors and shapes look together.

Frame the mandala with two sentences – Bordering the circle are two sentences that include all the sun/shadow images.

- Write a single sentence using all of the character's sun images.
- See how you can weave all of these images together into one coherent sentence.
- Then, weave the character's shadow images into another coherent sentence
- Write both of these sentences around the outside of your mandala.

Write the fourteen sun/shadow explanatory sentence along the sides of the mandala

- On the rest of the circle are the fourteen explanatory sentences and your name, period, and date.
- There must not be any distracting errors in spelling, punctuation, or grammar.

Write an essay of 350-450 words about the character stemming from you mandala work

Pyramid notes: Preparing to Read, Write, or Speak

	Subject		
What are you reading/writing about?			
Main Idea What are you/the author) saying <i>about</i> the subject?			
Supporting Details List examples, details, or quotations that illustrate the main idea.	①	②	③
Developing Details Explain how the above supporting details relate to the main idea	①	②	③

Synthesize/Summarize/Respond/Reflect

Directions: Use your notes from above to write a paragraph or draft your essay.

Claudius

He is most like a snake because, like a snake, he is sly about his deadly intentions.

He is most like poison ivy because, like poison ivy, he is deceiving in his seemingly harmless appearance.

He is most like the color black because, like the color black, he hides behind his opaque mask of evil.

He is most like a triangle because, like a triangle, he is caught in a lustful triangle of incest.

He is most like the number 2 because, like the number 2, he constantly feels the need to find the first place.

He is most like carnation because, like carnation, he classifies himself among those of high social status & mobility.

He is most like fire because, like fire, he is merciless in fulfilling he greed for more.

The black-headed snake, as poisonous as poison ivy formed a triangle around the carnation stones in effort to protect them from the merciless fire.

Inwardly, he is like a mouse because, like a mouse, he is defenseless without his royal title.

Inwardly, he is like a daisy because, like a daisy, he is naive in his actions.

Inwardly, he is like the color white because, like the color white, deep down he is pure in knowing his actions are wrong.

Inwardly, he is like a square because, like a square, he tries to balance his evil motives with his reputable exterior.

Inwardly, he is like the number 1 because, like the number 1, he believes he is superior to all others.

Inwardly, he is like quartz because, like quartz, he was common & ordinary before stealing the title of king.

Inwardly, he is like water because, like water, he tries to calm himself of his guilt.



[COMPLETE]

LISA KAO - 3RD PERIOD - 11/22/2010

The basis of my mandala stems from the Hamlet character Claudius. Claudius can be a very controversial character because of his opposing external and internal personalities, represented by the sun and shadow images of my mandala.

Claudius's external personality can be symbolized by a variety of similar images. Like a snake, he is sly with his deadly actions, killing King Hamlet without a trace of evidence. Similar to poison ivy, Claudius can be deceiving, feigning his innocent role in the scandal of the play. Evil and opaque, Claudius is like the color black, dark and hiding behind a shield no one can seem to see through. He unintentionally places himself in a love triangle, marrying his own brother's wife out of selfish reasoning, bordering the actions of incest. Always second place, and never first, Claudius consistently tries to win the popularity of his people, but never seems to succeed. Claudius can also be represented by a carnelian stone; the gem was traditionally buried with those of nobility and wealth whenever they died. Greedy in his desires and merciless in achieving these desires, Claudius is a never-ceasing fire.

Claudius's internal personality reflects another aspect of him, also symbolized by a variety of related images. Without his claim to the crown, Claudius is actually a small mouse in reality, weak and defenseless. Often acting on impulse and following his desires, Claudius is naïve like a daisy. Claudius realizes his immoral actions in the end of the play, and prays for forgiveness, represented by the purity of the color white on my mandala. Claudius's role is represented by a square, balancing between the four tasks of keeping a close eye on Hamlet, keeping his wife happy, serving his duties as king, and pleasing his people. Despite his constant struggle for first place, in Claudius's mind he is already first place, winning the title of the crown and no longer in the shadow of his dead brother. Without the crown, Claudius is common and invaluable to the general public, represented by the gem, quartz, which can be found in mass quantities (very common). During Claudius's prayer for forgiveness, he attempts to calm himself, represented by the calming qualities of water.

Claudius's external personality reflects his devious side while his internal personality reveals his hidden soft side. Both the sun and the shadow images represent Claudius, but on different levels; the sun images represent the explicit personality of Claudius while the shadow images require a deeper look into his character.

Literary Elements Mapping: Conflict Map

Name: _____



What is the conflict?

Why does this conflict occur?

What are some ways the conflict could be resolved?

Handout for Tempest in the Lunchroom

THE TEMPEST 1.1

Boatswain!

Here, master. What cheer?

Good, speak to th' mariners. Fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir!

Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' Master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the Master? Play the men.

I pray now, keep below.

Where is the Master, boatswain?

Do you not hear him? You mar our labor. Keep your cabins. You do assist the storm.

Nay, good, be patient.

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? Tocabin! Silence! Trouble us not.

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

None that I more love than myself. You are a councillor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more. Use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived solong, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say!

I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him. His complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging. Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try wi' th' main course. A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office. Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Work you, then.

Hang, cur, hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Lay her ahold, ahold! Set her two courses. Off to sea again! Lay her off!

All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

What, must our mouths be cold?

The King and Prince at prayers. Let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

I am out of patience.

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopped rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning the washing of ten tides!

He'll be hanged yet, though every drop of water swear against it and gape at wid'st to glut him.

"Mercy on us!"—"We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"—"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"

Let's all sink wi' th' King.

Let's take leave of him.

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death.

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The following guide is provided by Joseph R. Scotese through the Folger Shakespeare Lesson Plan Series.

Today students will be introduced to *The Tempest*. They will act out the opening shipwreck scene, or watch and direct others doing it. By doing this activity, students will use the text to understand the plot, see that what seemed daunting is not quite so difficult, and have fun and embarrass themselves in the name of Shakespeare. This activity will take one class period.

What to Do:

1. Preparation (reading the night before)

Students will have read the opening shipwreck scene before coming in to class today.

Expect (didn't they teach you never to have any "prejudgments" about students?) students to grumble that they didn't "get it."

2. Getting started

Before you can say "Jack Robinson" rush the students out to some public place that has lots of movable objects like desks and chairs. Lunchrooms and study halls are ideal. Break the students up into groups of seven to ten.

3. Students on their feet and rehearsing the scene

Give the students scripts of the scene from which you've removed any stage directions, line numbers or glosses. Have the students divide the parts for the opening scene. Make sure they include all the sailors, crashing waves, etc. Then they are *first* to pantomime the entire scene, so they must plan and act out every important action that occurs in the scene. Give the groups a good ten minutes to do this.

4. The finished product

Have all the groups present their pantomimes. After each scene ask students (the ones not performing) to quietly write down what the performing group did well and what they might have missed. When all of the scenes have been performed, have the students read their comments.

5. Directing the spoken scene

Randomly choose one of the groups and have the students perform the scene complete with words. Give them five minutes or so to prepare and tell them to make sure they include the students' suggestions for all of the scenes. If time permits, allow the other students to make comments that direct the group's performance.

What you'll need:

a lunchroom;

kids who aren't afraid of getting a wee bit embarrassed;

a copy of the shipwreck scene that has had all of the stage directions, line numbers, and glosses taken out

How did it go?:

You can check how the students did based on their pantomimes, their comments, their final production, and the inclusion of any comments such as "that wasn't as hard as it seemed last night ..."

More specifically, after you are finished, ask the students to contrast their understanding of the scene before and after the exercise. (You may wish to have them write down their understanding of the scene before you begin, then have them write it again after they finish.)

Activities

Carol Jago'S Four Boxes

I've adapted her technique listed in the book, so that Elementary and Middle school students working on Shakespeare can use it as well.

1. Begin with a large sheet of white paper and have the class fold it into fours.
2. Based on in-class reading or discussion of a theme or plot within the play (revenge, Prospero frees Ariel, Proteus lies to the Duke, friendship, etc.), have the students, in the **FIRST BOX**, draw a picture of a powerful image they had during the reading or discussion. You may assign the entire class one theme or plot or you could have the students choose the image that spoke strongest to them. This image may or may not **directly relate** to the example within the play- the student may choose to represent something from their life or the play, whichever is stronger. *Not everyone's an artist- and artistic talent is not required- just a sincere effort to get at what's in their mind's eye. Encourage them to draw a metaphor of those thoughts, feelings, or themes.*
3. In the **SECOND BOX**, put that picture into words. *Ariel is a cloud that wears cinderblock boots. She flies around and stuff, but she's still stuck in the mud and can't blow away like the other clouds.*
4. In the **THIRD BOX**, have the students pretend that they are the teacher. Have them write down what or how they would teach the theme or plot discussed.
5. In the **FOURTH BOX**, have them write a poem, create a word collage, write a quote from the play, a piece of a song, or in any other way that suited them to respond to the scene or theme drawn.

It can take a single class period or be stretched out over two or three. It provides the option of allowing students to explore themes or scenes that they found powerful in the play and they examine this moment from various perspectives.

Scatterbrained Soliloquies

Can be used with 4th – 12th graders depending on the passage.

*The following is provided by **Russ Bartlett** through the Folger Shakespeare Lesson Plan Series.*

Small groups of students will look at a famous soliloquy or monologue whose lines have been written on separate pieces of paper and then scrambled. As the students work to reassemble their scrambled passages, they will become more aware of sentence structure, meter, meaning, characterization, and vocabulary.

You will need one scrambled soliloquy or monologue packet for each small group; each packet must be printed on different colored paper.

This lesson will take one to two class periods.

1. Divide the class into small groups of three to five students, and assign each group a color. Explain that they will be looking at a passage from the current play, trying to make sense of its meaning. First (my favorite part)...

2. Take all of your scrambled packets, mix them together for a rainbow effect, and throw them up into the air, in two or three dramatic tosses. Once the pieces of paper settle to the floor ...

Activities

3. Assure the students that you have not gone crazy. Remind each group of its assigned color, and ask each group to pick up all the pieces of that particular color. Each group should end up with the same number of pieces. Briefly set up the context of the speech and explain that now they must...

4. Put the speech in order, laying out the papers on their desktops or on the floor. (No peeking in their books is allowed!) How can they accomplish this task, they wonder, not knowing many of the words or expressions?

Easy, you tell them...

5. Create a word bank on the blackboard, noting unfamiliar words, phrases, and concepts. Ask a few probing questions that might help them figure out the meanings for themselves. If students get stuck on a particular word or phrase, have the students refer to dictionaries or Shakespearean glossaries. Armed with this new knowledge, they can...

6. Put the various pieces of paper in order and be prepared to explain/defend all of the choices made. Why did you put a certain line where you did? What clues led to your group's final order? When the groups are finished... .

7. Pick one group to read its assembled passage aloud, while other groups check it against their finished sequences. After one group has had its chance...

8. Check the order of the lines in each group's soliloquy, asking each group to explain its choices. List on the board the criteria used to determine line order. Compare and contrast the different versions. When the entire class has decided on the best, most accurate, plausible or even elegant version ...

9. Tack the pieces in order on a bulletin board, or punch holes in them and string them together for a hanging display. The possibilities are endless. Inform the students that they may now...

10. Consult their texts to check the order of the speech. Were the students able to reassemble the soliloquy in logical and meaningful ways? Did the explanations offered by group members reflect attentiveness to meaning, sound and rhyme, characterization, compatibility with prior events occurring in the play, etc.?

sections, writing in large letters on white typing paper. Preserve the poetry in your transcribing (don't turn it into prose as you copy it) but feel free to create a break in mid-line or mid-sentence. When you have broken up the passage into at least ten sections, copy the sets in different colors or number them per group, as many different colors or | numbers as there are groups participating. The prep time for this lesson is a bit long, but if you collect the copies from your students at the end of the exercise, you can use the packets again next year.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

William Shakespeare
From ***The Tempest***, Act 4 Scene 1

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet
sound I'll drown my book.

William Shakespeare

From *The Tempest*, Act 5, Scene 1

A Boxful of Character

(A Lesson in Character Analysis)

Developed by Linda G. Wolford

In this lesson students will create life boxes based on the text of *The Tempest* and present these boxes to the class. A life box is a container with everyday items that relate to a character. Choosing items to represent elements of a character will necessitate careful reading of the text. Using details from the text to explain their choices will require students to use critical thinking. Sharing their creations will expand all of the students' understanding of the characters.

This lesson plan will take two class periods.

What To Do:

Preparation: students will have read at least halfway through the play.

1. Explain the concept of a character life box. A life box is a container of carefully chosen items that represent a particular character in a play. The box must contain six to eight things the character might use daily or have as a keepsake. A line from the play must be cited to justify each item. The lines can be either spoken by the character or by another character in the play. No photos—items only. A shoebox is a good container, but other appropriate containers are okay (pillowcase, cigar box, purse, etc.), particularly if they support character analysis.
2. Assign students to work in pairs. The students pick a character and gather items to put in their box. They find text to support each item choice and record a description of the item, an explanation of why it was chosen, and a corresponding phrase or sentence from the play. This list will be handed in.
3. The students bring in the finished projects and present them to the class. They share their items and explanations by holding up and describing each item and reading or telling what lines of text support their choice.

How Did It Go?

Did the students find six to eight items? Did the items represent the character appropriately? Could the students support their choices with text?

A discussion of which items clearly defined each character helps students differentiate and understand character motivation and development. If you choose to start this project when the students are only halfway through a play, you could extend the project by

having them add more items to the box as they finish the play

Further Work

1. Analyze Caliban's "the isle is full of noises" speech (1I1.ii.130-138). What makes it such a compelling and beautiful passage? What is its relation to Caliban's other speeches, and to his character in general? What effect does this speech have on our perception of Caliban's character? Why does Shakespeare give these lines to Caliban rather than, say, Ariel or Miranda?

CALIBAN

Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

***The Tempest* 3.2.148-156**

2. What is the nature of Prospero and Miranda's relationship? Discuss moments where Miranda seems to be entirely dependent on her father and moments where she seems independent. How does Miranda's character change over the course of the play?

3. Discuss Ferdinand's character. What is the nature of his love for Miranda? Is he a likable character? What is the nature of his relationship to other characters?

4. Who is forgiven at the end of the play and actually accepts the forgiveness? If you were to direct the last scene, how would you stage the forgiveness and who would accept it? Use the text to back-up your ideas.

5. Virtually every character in the play expresses some desire to be lord of the island. Discuss two or three of these characters. How does each envision the island's potential? How does each envision his own rule? Who comes closest to matching your own vision of the ideal rule?

For a Comparison of Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *Forbidden Planet* see

<http://docs.lib.purdue.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1214&context=clweb>
or my website at jerrywbrown.com

Ever the optimist, Gonzalo's response to being stranded is to make a big speech about how things would be if he ruled the isle:

*I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;--
[...]
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people. (2.1.23)*

Shakespeare (a notorious and unapologetic plagiarist) cribbed Gonzalo's speech from Montaigne's famous essay "[Of Cannibals](#)" (1580), where the Brazilian Indians are described as living at one with nature:

[Brazilian Indians have] no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate or politic superiority, no use of service, of riches or of poverty, no contracts, no successions...no occupation but idle, no respect of kindred but common, no apparel but natural, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corn, or metal. (from John Florio's 1603 English translation)

At a time when Europeans were running around calling natives in the Americas "savages," Montaigne suggests that the Brazilian Indians live a utopian lifestyle while European colonizers are the real barbarians.

Views of New Lands and Their Native Peoples

- "The Spanish have a perfect right to rule these barbarians of the New World and the adjacent islands, who in prudence, skill, virtues, and humanity are as inferior to the Spanish as children to adults, or women to men; for there exists between the two as great a difference as between savage and cruel races and the most merciful, between the most intemperate [lacking in selfcontrol] and the moderate and temperate, and, I might even say, between apes and men."
- Juan Gines Sepulveda's "On the Just Causes for War against the Indians" (1547)
- "In respect of vs they are a people poore, and for want of skill and iudgement in the knowledge and vse of our things, doe esteeme our trifles before thinges of greater value: Notwithstanding²⁹⁹

their proper manner considering the want of such meanes as we haue, they seeme very ingenious; For although they haue no such tooles, nor any such craftes, sciences and artes as wee; yet in those thinges they doe, they shewe excellencie of wit. And by howe much they vpon due consideration shall finde our manner of knowledges and craftes to exceede theirs in perfection, and speed for doing or execution, by so much the more is it probable that they shoulde desire our friendships & loue, and haue the greater respect for pleasing and obeying vs. Whereby may bee hoped if meanes of good gouernment bee vsed, that they may in short time be brought to ciuilitie, and the imbracing of true religion."

- Thomas Harriot's "A Brief and True Report of the Newfound Land of Virginia" (1590)

The conclusion of *The Tempest* shows Prospero regaining his dukedom, Ariel finding his freedom, and Caliban resigning himself once again to the authority of Prospero. Although it seems at first to be a pleasant state of affairs, a closer look reveals it to be quite the opposite. Prospero is surely unfit to be a duke, as his overbearing and oppressive nature throughout the play attests to. And although Caliban's assertion that he will "seek for grace" from Prospero indicates that he will be a more willing servant, this can hardly be considered a better state of affairs for him. It seems as if Ariel, in winning his freedom, is the only one of these characters whose state is truly better than it was at the opening of the play. This is significant in that among these characters, the distinguishing characteristic of Ariel is that he is not human. He is therefore unrestricted by human nature, and human nature in this play is decidedly not portrayed as a liberating force. Especially in the relationship between Prospero and Caliban, one sees the destructive force that exerts itself when a human being takes it upon himself to control another. Shakespeare's word play in naming his characters emphasizes this idea. In the same way that Caliban's name can be rearranged as "Canibal," the letters in Prospero's name can be rearranged to spell out "Oppresor." This can hardly be seen as coincidence, for in the relationship between the two, one is able to discern that Prospero wields his intelligence and modernity as oppressive forces.

Montaigne exalts the cannibals for having maintained a civilization so natural and unartificial, but Shakespeare asserts that when exposed to modern civilization, the cannibals become no different than the Europeans. The moderns employ their magic powers – intelligence, technology, and liquor – to subjugate and oppress the cannibals. Yet the cannibals willingly allow themselves to be captivated and entrapped by the spell of modernity. Whereas Montaigne praises the cannibals and places blame on modern Europeans, Shakespeare asserts that neither the cannibals nor the Europeans deserve praise – save for a few rare individuals, they are both equally pathetic.

O'Toole, Michael. "Shakespeare's Natives: Ariel and Caliban in *The Tempest*." . N.p.. Web. 23 Feb 2014. <<http://www.columbia.edu/itc/lithum/gallo/tempest.html>>.

SCENE I. On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Master and a Boatswain

Master

Boatswain!

Boatswain

Here, master: what cheer?

Master

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely,
or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

Exit

Enter Mariners

Boatswain

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!
yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the
master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind,
if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others

ALONSO

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?
Play the men.

Boatswain

I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO

Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatswain

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your
cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO

Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers
for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GONZALO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain

None that I more love than myself. You are a
counsellor; if you can command these elements to
silence, and work the peace of the present, we will
not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you
cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make
yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of
the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out
of our way, I say.

Exit

GONZALO

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he
hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is
perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his

hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable,
for our own doth little advantage. If he be not
born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

Exeunt

Re-enter Boatswain

Boatswain

Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring
her to try with main-course.

A cry within

A plague upon this howling! they are louder than
the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er
and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous,
incharitable dog!

Boatswain

Work you then.

ANTONIO

Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker!
We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were
no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an
unstanched wench.

Boatswain

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to
sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet

Mariners

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boatswain

What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO

The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN

I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal--would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO

He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him.

*A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!-- 'We split, we split!--'Farewell, my wife and children!--
'Farewell, brother!--'We split, we split, we split!'*

ANTONIO

Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN

Let's take leave of him.

Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

GONZALO

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an
acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any
thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain
die a dry death.

Exeunt

HEART OF DARKNESS

by Joseph Conrad

The following are the opening paragraphs to Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. Read through the excerpt carefully. Mark and annotate specific passages that help answer the following questions:

- In these opening paragraphs, Conrad relies almost entirely on description to characterize the men on the boat. What types of details does he use? Which details strike you as especially effective?
- The tone of this passage is created through the use of diction, detail, and syntax. What is the tone of the writing? What specific words contribute to this? What prominent details also contribute? How would you describe Conrad's syntax?
- This opening establishes a frame for the main story in *Heart of Darkness*. Though few details about the main story are revealed here, what predictions can you make about the main story at this point?

On a separate sheet of paper, write a description, real or fictional, of at least 300 words that imitates Conrad's style and tone.

The Nellie, a cruising yawl, swung to her anchor without a flutter of the sails, and was at rest. The flood had made, the wind was nearly calm, and being bound down the river, the only thing for it was to come to and wait for the turn of the tide.

The sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sails of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth.

The Director of Companies was our captain and our host. We four affectionately watched his back as he stood in the bows looking to seaward. On the whole river there was nothing that looked half so nautical. He resembled a pilot, which to a seaman is trustworthiness personified. It was difficult to realize his work was not out there in the luminous estuary, but behind him, within the brooding gloom.

Between us there was, as I have already said somewhere, the bond of the sea. Besides holding our hearts together through long periods of separation, it had the effect of making us tolerant of each other's yarns—and even convictions. The Lawyer—the best of old fellows—had, because of his many years and many virtues, the only cushion on deck, and was lying on the only rug. The Accountant had brought out already a box of dominoes, and was toying architecturally with the bones. Marlow sat cross-legged right aft, leaning against the mizzen-mast. He had sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, a straight back, an ascetic aspect, and, with his arms dropped, the palms of hands outwards, resembled an idol. The Director, satisfied the anchor had good hold, made his way aft and sat down amongst us. We exchanged a few words lazily. Afterwards there was silence on board the yacht. For some reason or other we did not begin that game of dominoes. We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but placid staring. The day was ending in a serenity of still and exquisite brilliance. The water shone pacifically; the sky, without a speck, was a benign immensity of

unstained light; the very mist on the Essex marshes was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland, and draping the low shores in diaphanous folds. Only the gloom to the west, brooding over the upper reaches, became more somber every minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun.

And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men.

Forthwith a change came over the waters, and the serenity became less brilliant but more profound. The old river in its broad reach rested unruffled at the decline of day, after ages of good service done to the race that peopled its banks, spread out in the tranquil dignity of a waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the venerable stream not in the vivid flush of a short day that comes and departs for ever, but in the august light of abiding memories. And indeed nothing is easier for a man who has, as the phrase goes, "followed the sea" with reverence and affection, than to evoke the great spirit of the past upon the lower reaches of the Thames. The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it had borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled—the great knights-errant of the sea. It had borne all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the night of time, from the Golden Hind returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen's Highness and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the Erebus and Terror, bound on other conquests—and that never returned. It had known the ships and the men. They had sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith—the adventurers and the settlers; kings' ships and the ships of men on 'Change; captains, admirals, the dark "interlopers" of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned "generals" of East India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth! . . . The dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the germs of empires.

The sun set; the dusk fell on the stream, and lights began to appear along the shore. The Chapman lighthouse, a three-legged thing erect on a mud-flat, shone strongly. Lights of ships moved in the fairway—a great stir of lights going up and going down. And farther west on the upper reaches the place of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brooding gloom in sunshine, a lurid glare under the stars.

"And this also," said Marlow suddenly, "has been one of the dark places of the earth."

I think there should be a Dark Willard.

In the network's studio in New York City, Dark Willard would recite the morning's evil report. The map of the world behind him would be a multicolored Mercator projection. Some parts of the earth, where the overnight good prevailed, would glow with a bright transparency. But much of the map would be speckled and blotched. Over Third World and First World, over cities and plains and miserable islands would be smudges of evil, ragged blights, storm systems of massacre or famine, murders, black snows. Here and there, a genocide, a true abyss.

"Homo homini lupus," Dark Willard would remark. "That's Latin, guys. Man is a wolf to man."

Dark Willard would report the natural evils -- the outrages done by God and nature (the cyclone in Bangladesh, an earthquake, the deaths by cancer). He would add up the moral evils -- the horrors accomplished overnight by man and woman. Anything new among the suffering Kurds? Among the Central American death squads? New hackings in South Africa? Updating on the father who set fire to his eight-year-old son? Or on those boys accused of shotgunning their parents in Beverly Hills to speed their inheritance of a \$14 million estate? An anniversary: two years already since Tiananmen Square.

The only depravity uncharted might be cannibalism, a last frontier that fastidious man has mostly declined to explore. Evil is a different sort of gourmet.

The oil fires over Kuwait would be evil made visible and billowing. The evil turns the very air black and greasy. It suffocates and blots out the sun.

The war in the gulf had an aspect of the high-tech medieval. What Beelzebubs flew buzzing through the sky on the tips of Scuds and smart bombs, making mischief and brimstone? Each side demonized the other, as in every war: Gott mit Uns. Saddam Hussein had George Bush down as the Evil One. George Bush had Saddam down as Hitler. In most of the West, Hitler is the 20th century's term for Great Satan. After the war, quick and obliterating, Hussein hardly seems worthy of the name of evil anymore.

Is there more evil now, or less evil, than there was five years ago, or five centuries?

The past couple of years has brought a windfall of improvements in the world: the collapse of communism; the dismantling of apartheid; the end of the cold war and the nuclear menace, at least in its apocalyptic Big Power form. State violence (in the style of Hitler, Stalin, Ceausescu) seemed to be skulking off in disrepute. Francis Fukuyama, a former U.S. State Department policy planner, even proclaimed "the end of history." The West and democratic pluralism seemed to have triumphed: satellites and computers and ; communications and global business dissolved the old monoliths in much of the world. Humankind could take satisfaction in all that progress and even think for a moment, without cynicism, of Lucretius' lovely line: "So, little by little, time brings out each several thing into view, and reason raises it up into the shores of light." But much of the world has grown simultaneously darker.

Each era gets its suitable evils. The end of the 20th century is sorting out different styles of malignity. Evil has been changing its priorities, its targets, its cast of characters.

The first question to be asked, of course, is this: Does evil exist? I know a man who thinks it does not. I know another man who spent a year of his childhood in Auschwitz. I would like to have the two of them talk together for an afternoon, and see which one comes away persuaded by the other.

The man who does not believe in the existence of evil knows all about the horrors of the world. He knows that humanity is often vicious, violent, corrupt, atrocious. And that nature's cruelties and caprices are beyond rational accounting: Bangladesh does not deserve the curse that seems to hover over it. But the man thinks that to describe all that as evil gives evil too much power, too much status, that it confers on what is merely rotten and tragic the prestige of the absolute. You must not allow lower instincts and mere calamities to get dressed up as a big idea and come to the table with their betters and smoke cigars. Keep the metaphysics manageable: much of what passes for evil (life in Beirut, for example) may be just a nightmare of accidents. Or sheer stupidity, that sovereign, unacknowledged force in the universe.

The man's deeper, unstated thought is that acknowledging evil implies that Satan is coequal with God. Better not to open that door. It leads into the old Manichaeian heresy: the world as battleground between the divine and the diabolical, the outcome very much in doubt: "La prima luce," Dante's light of creation, the brilliant ignition of God, against the satanic negation, the candle snuffer. Those uncomfortable with the idea of evil mean this: You don't say that the shadow has the same stature as the light. If you speak of the Dark Lord, of the "dark side of Sinai," do you foolishly empower darkness?

Or, for that matter (as an atheist or agnostic would have it), do such terms heedlessly empower the idea of God? God, after all, does not enjoy universal diplomatic recognition.

Is it possible that evil is a problem that is more intelligently addressed outside the religious context of God and Satan? Perhaps. For some, that takes the drama out of the discussion and dims it down to a paler shade of Unitarianism. Evil, in whatever intellectual framework, is by definition a monster. It has a strange coercive force: a temptation, a mystery, a horrible charm. Shakespeare understood that perfectly when he created Iago in his secular and motiveless malignity.

In 1939, as World War II began, Albert Camus wrote in his notebook: "The reign of beasts has begun." In the past year or two, the reign of beasts seemed to end, in some places anyway: brilliant days, miraculous remissions. But as Jung thought, different people inhabit different centuries. There are many centuries still loose in the world today, banging against one another. The war in the gulf was in part a collision of different centuries and the cultural assumptions that those centuries carry with them. Camus's beasts are still wandering around in the desert and in the sometimes fierce nationalisms reawakening in the Soviet Union. They are alive and vicious in blood feuds from Northern Ireland to Sri Lanka.

Saddam Hussein raised atavistic questions about evil. But the West has grown preoccupied by newer forms -- greed, terrorism, drugs, AIDS, crime, child abuse, global pollution, oil spills, acid rain. The fear of nuclear holocaust, which not long ago was the nightmare at the center of the imagination, has receded with amazing speed.

It is touching in this era, and rather strange, that nature, even at its most destructive, has clean hands. Humankind does not. For centuries nature's potential for evil, its overpowering menace, made it an enemy to be subdued. Today, at least in the developed world, nature is the vulnerable innocent. The human is the enemy.

New forms of evil raise new moral questions. Who is to blame for them? Are they natural evils -- that is, acts of God and therefore his responsibility, or acts of the blind universe and therefore no one's? Or are they moral evils, acts that men and women must answer for?

Padrica Caine Hill, former bank teller, Washington mother and wife, dresses her three children one morning, makes breakfast for them, smokes some crack cocaine and lets the kids watch cartoons. Then with a clothesline she strangles eight-year-old Kristine and four-year-old Eric Jr. She tries to strangle two-year-old Jennifer, but leaves the girl still breathing softly on the floor. When the police come, Padrica Hill says she loves her children. Why did she kill them? "I don't know," she answers in apparently genuine bewilderment. "I hadn't planned on it."

Who or what is responsible? The woman herself? She did smoke the crack, but presumably the effect she anticipated was a euphoric high, not the death of her children. The drug arrived like Visigoths in her brain and destroyed the civilization there, including the most powerful of human instincts, her mother love. The crack itself? The dealer who sold the crack? The others in the trade -- kingpins and mules who brought the cocaine up from South America encased in condoms that they had swallowed? The peasants in Colombia who grew the coca plants in the first place?

The widening stain of responsibility for evil on a constricting planet changes moral contexts. Microevil, the murder of an individual child, becomes part of the macroorganism: all the evils breathe the same air, they have the same circulatory system. They pass through the arteries of the world, from the peasant's coca plant in Colombia to the mother's brain in Washington, thence to her fingers and the clothesline that kills the children in the middle of morning cartoons.

Many writers have said that one of evil's higher accomplishments has been to convince people that it does not exist. Ivan Karamazov's bitter diabolism was a bit different: "If the devil doesn't exist, but man has created him, he has created him in his own image and likeness." In a nightmare, Ivan meets the devil, a character of oddly shabby gentility, who mentions how cold it was in space, from which he lately came, traveling in only an evening suit and open waistcoat. The devil speaks of the game of village girls who persuade someone to lick a frosted ax, to which of course the tongue sticks. The devil wonders idly, "What would become of an ax in space?" It would orbit there, "and the astronomers would calculate the rising and setting of the ax." Dostoyevsky's devil was prescient, speaking a century before bright metal began to fly up off the earth and circle round it. There is something spookily splendid about evil as an ax in space.

You must ask what evil would be if it did exist. What does the word evil mean when people use it?

Evil means, first of all, a mystery, the *mysterium iniquitatis*. We cannot know evil systematically or scientifically. It is brutal or elusive, by turns vivid and vague, horrible and subtle. We can know it poetically, symbolically, historically, emotionally. We can know it by its works. But evil is sly and bizarre. Hitler was a vegetarian. The Marquis de Sade opposed capital punishment.

Evil is easier than good. Creativity is harder than destructiveness. Dictators have leisure time for movies in their private screening rooms. When Hitler was at Berchtesgaden, he loved to see the neighborhood children and give them ice cream and cake. Saddam Hussein patted little Stuart Lockwood's head with avuncular menace and asked if he was getting enough cornflakes and milk. Stalin for years conducted the Soviet Union's business at rambling, sinister, alcoholic dinner parties that began at 10 and ended at dawn. All his ministers attended, marinating in vodka and terror. Sometimes one of them would be taken away at first light by the NKVD, and never seen again.

Evil is the Bad elevated to the status of the inexplicable. To understand is to forgive. Evil sometimes means the thing we cannot understand, and cannot forgive. The Steinberg case in New York City, in which a lawyer battered his six-year-old foster daughter Lisa to death, is an example. Ivan Karamazov speaks of a Russian nobleman who had his hounds tear an eight-year-old boy to pieces in front of the boy's mother because he threw a stone at one of the dogs. Karamazov asks the bitter question that is at the heart of the mystery of evil, "What have children to do with it, tell me, please?"

Evil is anyone outside the tribe. Evil works by dehumanizing the Other. A perverse, efficient logic: identifying others as evil justifies all further evil against them. A man may kill a snake without compunction. The snake is an evil thing, has evil designs, is a different order of being. Thus: an "Aryan" could kill a Jew, could make an elaborate bureaucratic program of killing Jews. Thus: white men could come in the middle of the night in Mississippi and drag a black man out and hang him.

Getting people to think in categories is one of the techniques of evil. Marxist-Leninist zealots thought of "the bourgeoisie," a category, a class, not the human beings, and it is easy to exterminate a category, a class, a race, an alien tribe. Mao's zealots in the Cultural Revolution, a vividly brainless evil, destroyed China's intellectual classes for a generation.

Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge sent to the killing fields all who spoke French or wore glasses or had soft hands. The Khmer Rouge aimed to cancel all previous history and begin at Year Zero. Utopia, this century has learned the hard way, usually bears a resemblance to hell. An evil chemistry turns the dream of salvation into damnation.

Evil is the Bad hardened into the absolute. Good and evil contend in every mind. Evil comes into its own when it crosses a line and commits itself and hardens its heart, when it becomes merciless, relentless.

William James said, "Evil is a disease." But it can be an atrocious liberation, like the cap flying off a volcano. The mind bursts forth to explore the black possibilities. Vietnam taught many Americans about evil. Hasan i Sabbah, founder of a warrior cult of Ismailis in the 11th century in Persia, gave this instruction: "Nothing is true, everything is permitted." It is a modern thought that both charmed and horrified William Burroughs, the novelist and drug addict who like many in the 20th century somehow could not keep away from horror. During a drunken party in Mexico in 1951, Burroughs undertook to play William Tell, using a pistol to shoot a glass off his wife's head. He put a bullet in her brain instead.

Evil is charismatic. A famous question: Why is Milton's Satan in Paradise Lost so much more attractive, so much more interesting, than God himself? The human mind romances the idea of evil. It likes the doomed defiance. Satan and evil have many faces, a flashy

variety. Good has only one face. Evil can also be attractive because it has to do with conquest and domination and power. Evil has a perverse fascination that good somehow does not. Evil is entertaining. Good, a sweeter medium, has a way of boring people.

Evil is a word we use when we come to the limit of humane comprehension. But we sometimes suspect that it is the core of our true selves. In *Young Goodman Brown*, Nathaniel Hawthorne's Everyman goes to a satanic meeting in a dark wood, and the devil declares, "Evil is the nature of mankind. Welcome again, my children, to the communion of your race."

Three propositions:

1) God is all powerful.

2) God is all good.

3) Terrible things happen.

As the theologian and author Frederick Buechner has written, the dilemma has always been this: you can match any two of those propositions, but never match all three.

At the beginning of his *Summa theologiae*, Thomas Aquinas admitted that the existence of evil is the best argument against the existence of God.

Theologians have struggled for centuries with theodicy, the problem of a good God and the existence of evil. Almost all such exertions have been unconvincing. Augustine, speaking of the struggle to understand evil, at last wrote fatalistically, "Do not seek to know more than is appropriate." At the time of the Black Death, William Langland wrote in *Piers Plowman*: "If you want to know why God allowed the Devil to lead us astray . . . then your eyes ought to be in your arse."

The historian Jeffrey Burton Russell asks, "What kind of God is this? Any decent religion must face the question squarely, and no answer is credible that cannot be given in the presence of dying children." Can one propose a God who is partly evil? Elie Wiesel, who was in Auschwitz as a child, suggests that perhaps God has "retracted himself" in the matter of evil. Wiesel has written, "God is in exile, but every individual, if he strives hard enough, can redeem mankind, and even God himself."

Perhaps evil is an immanence in the world, in the mind, just as divinity is an immanence. But evil has performed powerful works. Observes Russell: "It is true that there is evil in each of us, but adding together even large numbers of individual evils does not explain an Auschwitz, let alone the destruction of the planet. Evil on this scale seems to be qualitatively as well as quantitatively different. It is no longer a personal but a transpersonal evil, arising from some kind of collective unconscious. It is also possible that it is beyond the transpersonal and is truly transcendent, an entity outside as well as inside the human mind, an entity that would exist even if there were no human race to imagine it." So here evil rounds back again into its favored element, mystery.

Perhaps God has other things on his mind. Perhaps man is to God as the animals of the earth are to man -- picturesque, interesting and even nourishing. Man is, on the whole, a catastrophe to the animals. Maybe God is a catastrophe to man in the same way. Can it

be that God visits evils upon the world not out of perversity or a desire to harm, but because our suffering is a byproduct of his needs? This could be one reason why almost all theodicies have about them a pathetic quality and seem sometimes undignified exertions of the mind.

An eerie scene at the beginning of the Book of Job, that splendid treatise on the mysteries of evil, has God and Satan talking to each other like sardonic gentlemen gamblers who have met by chance at the racetrack at Saratoga. God seems to squint warily at Satan, and asks, in effect, So, Satan, what have you been doing with yourself? And Satan with a knowing swagger replies, in effect, I've been around the world, here and there, checking it out. Then God and Satan make a chillingly cynical bet on just how much pain Job can endure before he cracks and curses God.

Satan wanders. Evil is a seepage across borders, across great distances. Herman Melville, in *Moby Dick*, wrote that a colt in rural Vermont, if it smells a fresh buffalo robe (the colt having no knowledge or experience of buffalo, which lived on the plains) will "start, snort, and with bursting eyes paw the ground in phrenzies of affright. Here thou beholdest even in a dumb brute the instinct of the knowledge of the demonism of the world."

Evil and good have probably been more or less constant presences in the human heart, their proportions staying roughly the same over the centuries. And perhaps the chief dark categories have remained constant and familiar. The first time that death appeared in the world, it was murder. Cain slew Abel. "Two men," says Elie Wiesel, "and one of them became a killer." The odds have presumably been fifty-fifty ever since. The Old Testament is full of savageries that sound eerily contemporary. (The British writer J.R. Ackerley once wrote to a friend, "I am halfway through Genesis, and quite appalled by the disgraceful behavior of all the characters involved, including God.")

Petrarch's rant against the papal court at Avignon in the 14th century sounds like a hyperbolic inventory of life in certain neighborhoods of the late 20th century: "This is a sewer to which all the filths of the universe come to be reunited. Here people despise God, they adore money, they trample underfoot both human laws and divine law. Everything here breathes falsehood: the air, the earth, the houses, and above all, the bedrooms."

Western thought since the Renaissance has considered that the course of mankind was ascendant, up out of the shadow of evil and superstition and unreason. Thomas Jefferson, a brilliant creature of the Enlightenment, once wrote, "Barbarism has . . . been receding before the steady step of amelioration; and will in time, I trust, disappear from the earth."

/ In the 20th century, Lucretius' shores of light vanished like the coasts of Atlantis, carried under by terrible convulsions. The ascendant civilizations (the Europeans, Americans, Japanese) accomplished horrors that amounted to a usurpation of the power of God over creation. The world in this century went about a work of de-creation -- destroying its own generations in World War I; attempting to extinguish the Jews of Europe in the Holocaust, to destroy the Armenian people, the Ukrainian kulaks and, much later, the Cambodians -- all the reverberating genocides.

In any case, the 20th century shattered the lenses and paradigms, the very mind, of reason. The universe went from Newton's model to Einstein's, and beyond, into absurdities even more profound. An underlying assumption of proportion and continuity in the world

perished. The proportions between cause and effect were skewed. A minuscule event (indeed, an atom) could blossom into vast obliterations. Einstein said God does not play dice with the world. But if there was order, either scientific or moral, in God's universe, it became absurdly inaccessible.

If evil is a constant presence in the human soul, it is also true that there are more souls now than ever, and by that logic both good and evil are rising on a Malthusian curve, or at any rate both good and evil may be said to be increasing in the world at the same rate as the population: 1.7% per annum.

The world is swinging on a hinge between two ages. The prospect awakens, in the Western, secular mind, the idea that all future outcomes, good or evil, are a human responsibility. John Kennedy said in his Inaugural Address, "Here on earth, God's work must surely be our own." When there will no longer be any place to hide, it becomes important to identify the real evils and not go chasing after false evils. It is possible that people will even grow up on the subject of sex.

Religions over many centuries developed elaborate codifications of sin and evil. The Catholic Church, for example, identified Sins that Cry to Heaven for Vengeance, (oppression of the poor, widows and orphans, for example, or defrauding laborers of their wages), Sins Against the Holy Spirit, and so on, sins mortal and venial, virtues cardinal and sins deadly.

With the emergence of a new world will come a recodification of evils. Obviously offenses against the earth are coming to be thought of as evils in ways we would not have suspected a few years ago. The developed world, at ! least, is forming a consensus that will regard violence to the planet to be evil in the way we used to think of unorthodox sexual practices and partnerships as being outside the realm of accepted conduct.

A Frenchman named Jean Baudrillard recently wrote a book called *The Transparency of Evil*. We live, says Baudrillard, in a postorgiastic age, in which all liberations have been accomplished, all barriers torn down, all limits abolished. Baudrillard makes the (very French) case that evil, far from being undesirable, is necessary -- essential to maintaining the vitality of civilization. That suggests a refinement of an old argument favored by Romantics and 19th century anarchists like Bakunin, who said, "The urge for destruction is also a creative urge." It is not an argument I would try out on Elie Wiesel or on the mother of a political prisoner disappeared by the Argentine authorities.

And yet . . . and yet . . . evil has such perversities, or good has such resilience, that a powerful (if grotesque) case can be made that Adolf Hitler was the founding father of the state of Israel. Without Hitler, no Holocaust, without Holocaust, no Israel.

Scientists working with artificial intelligence have a fantasy -- who knows if it is more than that? -- that eventually all the contents of the human brain, a life, can be gradually emptied into a brilliant, nondecaying, stainless, deathless sort of robotic personoid. And when the transfer of all the vast and intricately nuanced matter of the mind and soul has been accomplished, the memories of the cells etched onto microchips, the human body, having been replicated in a better container, will be allowed to wither and die.

Will evil be transferred along with good and installed in the stainless personoid? Or can the scientists sift the soul through a kind of electronic cheesecloth and remove all the ancient evil traces, the reptilian brain, the lashing violence, the tribal hatred, the will to

murder? Will the killer be strained out of the soul? Will the inheritance of Cain be left to wither and die with the human husk, the useless flesh?

If so, will grace and love, evil's enemies, wither too? The question goes back to the Garden. Does the good become meaningless in a world without evil? Do the angels depart along with the devils? If the stainless canister knows nothing of evil, will Mozart sound the same to it as gunfire?

I. Before you read the article, write down your definition of “evil”. As best you can, explain what in life has caused you to define “evil” as you have.

II. Now, read the article making sure you mark important or interesting ideas and quotations as you read.

III. Before we discuss the article, please do the following:

1. Write a summary of the article.
2. Indicate what you think the most important or interesting ideas are.
3. Why do you think they are important or interesting?
4. Indicate the most important or interesting quotations from the article.
5. Explain why those quotations are important or interesting.
6. What relevant questions do you have concerning the ideas in the article?
7. What relevant questions would you like to ask Lance Morrow, the author of the article?

Passage #1

The Nellie, a cruising yawl, swung to her anchor without a flutter of the sails, and was at rest. The flood had made, the wind was nearly calm, and being bound down the river, the only thing for it was to come to and wait for the turn of the tide.

The sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sails of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth.

The Director of Companies was our captain and our host. We four affectionately watched his back as he stood in the bows looking to seaward. On the whole river there was nothing that looked half so nautical. He resembled a pilot, which to a seaman is trustworthiness personified. It was difficult to realize his work was not out there in the luminous estuary, but behind him, within the brooding gloom.

Between us there was, as I have already said somewhere, the bond of the sea. Besides holding our hearts together through long periods of separation, it had the effect of making us tolerant of each other's yarns—and even convictions. The Lawyer—the best of old fellows—had, because of his many years and many virtues, the only cushion on deck, and was lying on the only rug. The Accountant had brought out already a box of dominoes, and was toying architecturally with the bones. Marlow sat cross-legged right aft, leaning against the mizzen-mast. He had sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, a straight back, an ascetic aspect, and, with his arms dropped, the palms of hands outwards, resembled an idol. The director, satisfied the anchor had good hold, made his way aft and sat down amongst us. We exchanged a few words lazily. Afterwards there was silence on board the yacht. For some reason or other we did not begin that game of dominoes. We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but placid staring. The day was ending in a serenity of still and exquisite brilliance. The water shone pacifically; the sky, without a speck, was a benign immensity of unstained light; the very mist on the Essex marsh was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland, and draping the low shores in diaphanous folds. Only the gloom to the west, brooding over the upper reaches, became more sombre every minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun.

And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men.

Passage #2

The sun set; the dusk fell on the stream, and lights began to appear along the shore. The Chapman light-house, a three-legged thing erect on a mud-flat, shone strongly. Lights of ships moved in the fairway—a great stir of lights going up and going down. And farther west on the upper reaches the place of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brooding gloom in sun shine, a lurid glare under the stars.

"And this also," said Marlow suddenly, "has been one of the dark places of the earth."

He was the only man of us who still "followed the sea." The worst that could be said of him was that he did not represent his class. He was a seaman, but he was a wanderer, too, while most seamen lead, if one may so express it, a sedentary life. Their minds are of the stay-at-home order, and their home is always with them—the ship; and so is their country—the sea. One ship is very much like another, and the sea is always the same. In the immutability of their surroundings the foreign shores, the foreign faces, the changing immensity of life, glide past, veiled not by a sense of mystery but by a slightly disdainful ignorance; for there is nothing mysterious to a seaman unless it be the sea itself, which is the mistress of his existence and as inscrutable as Destiny. For the rest, after his hours of work, a casual stroll or a casual spree on shore suffices to unfold for him the secret of a whole continent, and generally he finds the secret not worth knowing. The yarns of seamen have a direct simplicity, the whole meaning of which lies within the shell of a cracked nut. But Marlow was not typical (if his propensity to spin yarns be excepted), and to him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of these misty halos that sometimes are made visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine.

His remark did not seem at all surprising. It was just like Marlow. It was accepted in silence.

Passage #3

"A narrow and deserted street in deep shadow, high houses, innumerable windows with venetian blinds, a dead silence, grass sprouting right and left, immense double doors standing ponderously ajar. I slipped through one of these cracks, went up a swept and ungarnished staircase, as arid as a desert, and opened the first door I came to. Two women, one fat and the other slim, sat on straw-bottomed chairs, knitting black wool. The slim one got up and walked straight at me—still knitting with downcast eyes—and only just as I began to think of getting out of her way, as you would for a somnambulist, stood still, and looked up. Her dress was as plain as an umbrella-cover, and she turned round without a word and preceded me into a waiting-room. I gave my name, and looked about. Deal table in the middle, plain chairs all round the walls, on one end a large shining map, marked with all the colours of a rainbow. There was a vast amount of red—good to see at any time, because one knows that some real work is done in there, a deuce of a lot of blue, a little green, smears of orange, and, on the East Coast, a purple patch, to show where the jolly pioneers of progress drink the jolly lager-beer. However, I wasn't going into any of these. I was going into the yellow. Dead in the centre. And the river was there—fascinating—deadly—like a snake. Ough! A door opened, a white-haired secretarial head, but wearing a compassionate expression, appeared, and a skinny forefinger beckoned me into the sanctuary. Its light was dim, and a heavy writing-desk squatted in the middle. From behind that structure came out an impression of pale plumpness in a frock-coat. The great man himself. He was five feet six, I should judge, and had his grip on the handle-end of ever so many millions. He shook hands, I fancy, murmured vaguely, was satisfied with my French. Bon Voyage.

Heart of Darkness, Chapter 1

Plot questions

1. Where is the *Nellie*? Who are the 5 people lounging on her deck? Who's telling the story?
2. Marlow describes the first Romans' experiences in Britain—what were they like?
3. What does Marlow think of colonization?
4. Who tells the “story within a story”?
5. What is the mood established here in the beginning?
6. What does Marlow find especially fascinating? What is the continent he's going to? What river?
7. Who helps Marlow find a job with the ivory company?
8. What does Marlow think of women?
9. What became of Fresleven, Marlow's predecessor?
10. What simile does Marlow use to describe the river? What does this foreshadow?
11. What is the color of the wool the women are knitting? Who do they symbolize?
12. What reactions do the people in the office have towards Marlow's going to the dark continent?
13. As Marlow leaves, he feels he is setting out on a journey to ____.
14. How does Marlow get to the continent? Describe his mood on the journey.
15. How many men a day are dying on the French man-of-war?
16. What explanation is given for the Swede's suicide?
17. Describe the company buildings and surroundings.
18. Who is in the grove of trees? What does this show about the white men's treatment of the native workers?
19. Contrast the accountant with the black men. Describe his office.
20. Whose name is first mentioned by the accountant? (Notice Marlow's progressive interest in the name.)
21. How many native carriers leave with Marlow? How heavy is the load each carries? Is there anyone else on the trek?
22. When Marlow finds a dead black man in the road, how had the man been killed?
23. Where is the steamer Marlow is to pilot?
24. How far has Marlow walked the day he arrives at the Central Station? In what way is the Manager rude to him?
25. Describe the Manager. How has he managed to keep his position?
26. What the Manager tell Marlow about Kurtz? How long will it take for the steamer to be raised?
27. Describe the painting Marlow sees. What might it symbolize?
28. What are the Company's plans for Kurtz?
29. Discuss the fire, who is accused of it, his guilt or innocence.
30. What or who is Mephistopheles?
31. What is the general attitude of the men at the Station towards blacks?
32. What is the real reason Marlow can't get rivets?
33. What is the Eldorado Expedition? Who is the leader? Describe him.
34. Are Marlow's listeners on the *Nellie* attentive?
35. How does Marlow release his pent-up frustrations with the events he's put up with (scene w/Boilermaker)?

Discussion Questions

1. What is the purpose of Marlow's meditation on the Roman conquest of Britain? Point out the places where the author makes it clear that Marlow is telling the story. What effect does that knowledge have on the reader?
2. What is the significance of the account of Fresleven? Of the two knitting women and the map of Africa? Of the Company doctor?
3. Explain the irony of calling African natives “Enemies, Workers, Criminals.”
4. What is the significance to Marlow of the Chief Accountant?
5. Clearly explain Marlow's attitude toward women and toward telling lies. How are these attitudes related to the way in which he tells the story?
6. What does Marlow learn in his interview with the Manager?
7. Indicate clearly what Marlow learns about Kurtz in Chapter 1. Does he have any reason to think that Kurtz is anything other than the prodigy he is described as? Explain.

Heart of Darkness, Chapter 2

Plot Questions

1. Why does the Manager fear and hate Kurtz?
2. Why has the Manager delayed and avoided sending food or supplies to Kurtz?
3. Why is the Manager's excuse for this neglect false and invalid?
4. Why does the Manager find Kurtz' success at obtaining ivory infuriating?
5. What is Marlow's reaction to the Manager's treatment of Kurtz? Is Marlow classed with Kurtz? Why or why not?
6. It is mentioned that all the donkeys of the Eldorado Expedition died. Marlow says that he never learned the fate of the "less valuable" animals. Explain who they were.
7. How long did it take the steamer to reach Kurtz?
8. Summarize Marlow's description of the trip up the river?
9. What were the twenty men enlisted to help? What is Marlow's opinion of them? What did they bring with them to eat? How were they paid?
10. To Marlow, the steamer crawls towards what one goal?
11. A main theme of the novel is expressed in this section—"No, they were not inhuman." Explain.
12. What is Marlow's excuse for not going ashore "for a howl and a dance"?
13. Why does the black Fireman stay on board instead of going ashore to clap and dance?
14. What is the book Marlow finds in the hut? Who do they think has lived in the hut?
15. Why is the Manager "beautifully resigned" to the slower pace up the river?
16. When they are eight miles below Kurtz' station, what new problem slows their progress?
17. Why do the black crewmen grin when the steamer is attacked? Why does Marlow sympathize with them?
18. How have these crewmen been abused? Who does Marlow feel is the more self-controlled—the blacks or the whites?
19. Do the natives sound more sorrowful or warlike? Why?
20. How does Marlow react to the death of the black Helmsman?
21. What does Marlow know is unique and most powerful in Kurtz? How important has Kurtz become to Marlow?
22. Describe Kurtz' physical appearance. How much ivory has Kurtz collected?
23. What makes Kurtz an uncommon man? What is his postscript (p.s.) to his paper for the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs?
24. How does Marlow feel towards the black Helmsman? What does he do with the body? Why?
25. What really causes the retreat of the natives?
26. Marlow describes the Inner Station. What does he think (at first) is on each pole?
27. Why does Marlow think of a harlequin when he meets the Russian?
28. What is the Russian's attitude towards Kurtz? Why does Conrad portray him as a fool?
29. Why do the pilgrims go to Kurtz' house heavily armed?
30. Why is the recovered book symbolic?

Heart of Darkness Questions, Chapter 3

1. How as the Russian managed to survive? How does Marlow feel about meeting him? What does Marlow think of the Russian's devotion to Kurtz? What do the cannibals think?
2. How did Kurtz manage to raid the country alone? Could anything stop Kurtz from "killing whom he jolly well pleased"?
3. Why is Marlow uneasy during his conversation with the Russian?
4. What does the Russian admit to Marlow about Kurtz' condition?
5. What does Marlow discover about the "knobs" on the ends of the stakes? What does Marlow decide Kurtz lacks?
6. Kurtz is ____ at the core. Why?
7. Which is more intolerable to Marlow—the heads or the native chiefs crawling into Kurtz' presence? Why?
8. Why has there been no medicine or food at the station?
9. How does Marlow describe Kurtz' speech to the wailing natives? Is Kurtz successful in his speech? Explain.
10. What does *kurtz* mean in German? Why is this ironic?
11. What does Kurtz first say to Marlow? Why? What is so remarkable about Kurtz?
12. Describe the gorgeous native woman who has been Kurtz' mistress. How does the Russian feel about her? Why?
13. What is the atmosphere around the Manager like to Marlow? What is Marlow's mood here?
14. Who orders the attack on the steamer? Sum up what you know now about Kurtz.
15. What does Marlow discover at midnight?
16. Marlow delivers a confusing report of what happens next. A few certainties do appear—what is Marlow certain Kurtz will do when he reaches the natives? What does Marlow experience when he hears the drums?
17. Do Kurtz and Marlow fight physically? Explain.
18. What do the commonplace words hide (what are their implications)?
19. How low has Kurtz's soul descended?
20. The next day the white men get out their guns and start their "little fun." Who is shot?
21. On the trip back what is the Manager's mood?
22. On the boat, how does Marlow now look upon Kurtz? Why hasn't he paid more attention to Kurtz?
23. What are Kurtz' last words? What has he seen? How do these words affect Marlow?
24. Why does Marlow say "And then they very nearly buried me?"
25. After Marlow returns to Brussels, he has 3 visitors inquiring about Kurtz. Each reveals something about Kurtz which shows that Kurtz was versatile and gifted. What did each visitor contribute about Kurtz?
26. Contrast Kurtz' "Intended" with his native "Mistress."
27. What lie does Marlow tell Kurtz' Intended? Why?
28. How does Marlow feel about lying? What does he expect to happen? How does he feel when it doesn't?
29. Is Kurtz deserving of the Intended? Why or why not?
30. What part of himself has Marlow discovered in Kurtz? What group of people in the book typifies truth and reality? What group typifies the blackness of man's soul? Explain the irony.
31. Has the Director understood or appreciated Marlow's story? Why or why not?

Name _____ Date _____ Period _____

Introduction: Possibly the most interesting parts of the novel happen at the very beginning. Much of the mindset of the novel occurs here.

Quotes. Find the following quotes as you read. Who said them, and why do you think they're important? Identify page numbers as you read.

1. "And this also...has been one of the dark places of the earth."
2. "We live in the flicker...may it last as long as the old earth keeps rolling."
3. "They were men enough to face the darkness."
4. "Imagine the growing regrets, the longing to escape, the powerless disgust, the surrender, the hate..."
5. "Du calme, du calme, adieu."
6. "These were strong, lusty, red-eyed devils, that swayed and drove men – men, I tell you. But as I stood on this hillside, I foresaw that in the blinding sunshine of that land I would become acquainted with a flabby, pretending, weak-eyed devil of a rapacious and pitiless folly."
7. "I've been teaching one of the native women about the station. It was difficult. She had a distaste for the work."
8. "When one has got to make correct entries, one comes to hate those savages, hate them to the death."
9. "He was obeyed, yet he inspired neither love, nor fear, nor even respect. he inspired uneasiness."
10. "The word "ivory" hung in the air. You would think they were praying to it."
11. "He is a prodigy....We want for the guidance of the cause entrusted us by Europe, so to speak higher intelligence, wide sympathies, singleness of purpose."
12. "You know, I hate, detest, can't bear a lie."
13. "No man here bears a charmed life."
14. "It was reckless without hardihood, greedy without audacity, and cruel without courage; there was not an atom of...serious intention among them."

Questions. Answer the following questions as best you can. Identify page numbers where the answers can be found when appropriate. Questions with a * will be discussed in class- try to answer them on your own!

1. What is the setting of this story?

*Why is it important that the tide has just turned?

2. How is Marlow different from everyone else on that ship?

Is the audience listening to the story civilized?

Is Marlow?

3. How did the Romans react to England?

What did England look like then?

How was it a "dark place"?

4. According to Marlow, what redeems "the conquest of the earth"?

*Why do you suppose he breaks off?

5. To what does Marlow keep comparing the river?

6. Besides knitting, what do the two women do in the office?

*How might Conrad's Victorian English audience react to this?

7. Why did Fresleven go nuts?

Why did he die?

Why did the village become abandoned?

8. Marlow's aunt calls her nephew an "emissary of light."

What does she imagine her nephew is about to do?

Why doesn't he correct her?

9. Describe the Company's station.

*Why do you suppose the natives allowed themselves to get bullied about so much?

10. Describe the accountant.

Why is he a "miracle"?

*Marlow clearly admires him. Why?

*Is he a victim of the weak-eyed devil?

11. Describe the station manager.

What was his supreme gift?

Why doesn't Marlow like him?

*What might be the other meaning of having no "entrails"?

12. What is the brick maker doing?

What is he waiting for?

13. Describe Kurtz's painting.

What do you suppose it means?

14. The station manager and the brick-maker are both upset at Kurtz's preeminence. Why?

What does this say about them?

How has Marlow lied to this man?

15. What is the problem with the rivets?

What does that show about this enterprise?

*Why would the station manager not want the rivets to make it out?

15. What is wrong about the Eldorado Exploring Expedition?

16. Discuss some aspects of Conrad's writing style. What do you like and/or dislike about it? Be specific.

Heart of Darkness

Part II

Introduction The trip carries on, deeper and deeper into the Heart of Darkness

Quotes Find the following quotes as you read. Who said them, and why do you think they're important? Identify page numbers as you read.

1. "Wood for you. Hurry up. Approach cautiously.'
2. "I authorize you to take all the risks."
3. "I laid the ghost of his gifts at last with a lie."
4. "You don't talk with that man—you listen."
5. "This man has enlarged my mind."

Questions: Answer the following questions fully. Identify page numbers where the answers can be found when appropriate. Questions with a * will be discussed in class- attempt to answer on your own first! Highlight any questions about which you are unsure.

1. How does the station manager survive?

How does he plan to "beat" Kurtz?

2. Who was the crew of the steamboat?

How were they more civilized than the pilgrims?

What, then, is the definition of civilized here?

3. What do the drums symbolize?

4. What does the phrase "The earth seemed unearthly" mean? Of what literary term is this an

example?

*What does the phrase "that was the worst of us, the suspicion that they weren't inhuman" seem to mean/indicate?

5. What book do they discover?

What is admirable about the book?

6. When they wake up, eight miles from the station, what has happened?

What color is the fog?

*Why do you suppose that is?

7. Why does *Marlow* say the natives will not attack?

8. How does the helmsman die?

How does Marlow drive the natives away?

9. What is Kurtz's head like?

How does Conrad make that significant?

11. What was Kurtz's paper about?

*What is odd about it?

What does he compare the scribble with at the end?

12. What role does the harlequin have?

Introduction: The following quotes come from the final section of *Heart of Darkness*. Look for repeated themes or words with double meanings.

Quotations:

Find the following quotes as you read. Who said them, and why do you think they're important? Identify page numbers as you read.

1. " He made me see things--Things!"
2. He would "forget himself amongst these people....forget himself."
3. "I! I! I am a simple man. I have no great thoughts. I want nothing from nobody. How can you compare me to..."
4. "I'll carry my ideas out yet-I'll show you what can be done. You with your peddling little notions."
5. "Mr. Kurtz' reputation is safe with me."
6. "Oh, he enlarged my mind."
7. "You will be lost--Utterly lost."
8. "The horror, the horror."
9. "Mistah Kurtz, he dead."
10. "I had all his noble confidence. I knew him best."
11. "Yes, his example. I forgot that."
12. "The last word he said--was your name."

Questions:

Answer the following questions fully. Identify page numbers where the answers can be found when appropriate. Questions with a * will be discussed in class- try to answer if you can!

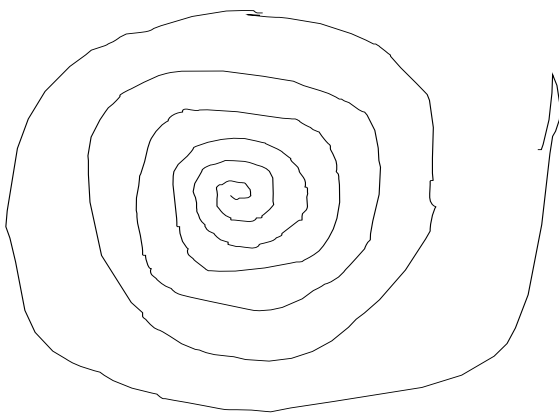
1. Describe the "harlequin." How old is he? Why is he still alive?
2. What was on the stakes outside of Kurtz's compound? Which way were they pointed? Who had they been?
3. How does Kurtz come to the boat? How does Marlow describe him? *What symbols does Marlow use to describe Kurtz?
4. What weapons does Kurtz bring with him? *Why does he bring them?
5. Who is the "wild and gorgeous apparition of a woman"? *What does Conrad pair her with?
6. What happens to Kurtz right before he dies? *What do his last words mean? (probably) *Why does Marlow blow out the candle? Why won't Marlow leave the dining room?
7. What does it mean "he had something to say"? *Why were Kurtz's last words "a victory"?
8. What does Marlow learn about Kurtz back in the city?
9. What does Marlow want to give up? How has he gone about doing that?
10. Describe the Intended. Earlier Marlow says that women live in beautiful worlds that we shouldn't disturb. How is that true here? *How is that feeling his downfall?
11. Did the Intended know Kurtz truly? What didn't she know? Why doesn't Marlow tell her the truth? Why do you suppose she cries out "I knew it" at the end?

Should he have said something else to the Intended? Explain your answer.

So what, then, is the heart of darkness?

Learning Is Really Basket-Weaving

Learning is the process of gaining understanding of the world around us by connecting new experiences to those which we understand. We make every experience, both real and vicarious, part of our previous experience, just as one makes a coiled basket:



The meaning of Conrad's works is not in the works of Conrad. The meaning is revealed to the reader by the story. That meaning may be a personal meaning, different from the meaning perceived by another reader - those two readers have different *baskets*.

Marcia Hilsabeck 2002

Ingress to the *Heart of Darkness*

by: Walter F. Wright

In the following excerpt, Wright suggests that the scene in which Marlow conceals the nature of Kurtz's death "is really a study of the nature of truth. "

The tragedy of Kurtz and the education of Marlow fuse into one story, since for Marlow that tragedy represents his furthest penetration into the heart of darkness. As Marlow enters the forest to intercept Kurtz on the way toward the ceremonial blaze he senses the fascination which the savage ritual possesses. In the light of Conrad's other tales we know that it is because he is guided by well-established habits that he is able to complete his mission and carry Kurtz back to his cot, though not before he himself has apprehended the lure of the primitive. He has duplicated in his own experience enough of Kurtz's sensations to have good reason to wonder what is real and what is a false trick of the imagination. It was this fascination and bewilderment that Conrad aimed to suggest, and the presenting of Kurtz at the most intense moment of his yielding to it was to transcend time and bring a unity of impression.

When Marlow, soon after, hears the dying pronouncement, "the horror, the horror!" he has more than a mere intellectual awareness of what the words mean; and as we have vicariously shared Marlow's quasi-hysterical emotion on the trip toward the camp fire, we feel likewise the completeness with which Kurtz has savored degradation. He is a universal genius because he has had both the dream of sweetness and sacrifice in a cause shared by others and the disillusionment of being, in the very midst of the savage adoration, irretrievably alone, devoid of all standards, all hopes that can give him a sense of kinship with anything in the universe. Now, as he faces the last darkness of all, he cannot even know that Marlow understands and that he feels no right to condemn....

Conscious will was, in the novelist's opinion, not merely fallible, but often dangerous. Reliance upon it could lead one completely away from human sentiments. In *Heart of Darkness* itself Kurtz twice replies to Marlow that he is "perfectly" conscious of what he is doing; his sinister actions are deliberate. This fact does not in the least, however, mean that Conrad wished for a condition devoid of will. He believed that man had the power to pursue the interpretation of experience with deliberate intent and by conscious endeavor to reduce it to proportions. The imagination would bring up the images and incidents, but the reason could help select and arrange them until they became the essence of art. In his trip up the Congo and in his rapid descent Marlow is protected by habits which tend to preserve sanity, but the experience is of the Imagination and emotions. Were he to stop short with the mere sensations, he would have no power to distinguish reality from the unreal, to speculate, with touchstones for reference, about life. What we are coming to is the obvious question, If Kurtz's dictum represents the deepest penetration into one aspect of the mind, why did Conrad not stop there; why did he have Marlow tell the girl that Kurtz died pronouncing her name? Is the ending tacked on merely to relieve the horror, or has it a function in the conscious interpretation of life in the proportions of art? ...

The fact is that Conrad, fully capable of building to a traditional climax and stopping, wanted to put Kurtz's life in the perspective which it must have for Marlow *sub specie aeternitatis*. Marlow does not have a final answer to life, but after we have shared with him the steady penetration to the brink of degradation we have almost forgotten what life otherwise is like. It is now that Conrad's method of chronological reversal is invaluable. We are quickly returned to Europe, where the marvel of Kurtz's genius still remains, as if he had left but yesterday.

The scene in which Marlow conceals from the girl the nature of Kurtz's death is really a study of the nature of truth. If he had told the girl the simple facts, he would have acknowledged that the pilgrims in their cynicism had the truth, that goodness and faith were the unrealities. Marlow appreciates this temptation, and we are hardly to suppose that sentimental weakness makes him resist it. He does not preach to us about the wisdom he has achieved, in fact he deprecates it, and now he says merely that to tell her would be "too dark altogether." He is still perplexed as to the ethics of his deception and wishes that fate had permitted him to remain a simple reporter of incidents instead of making him struggle in the realm of human values. Yet in leaving in juxtaposition the fiancée's ideal, a matter within her own heart, and the fact of Kurtz's death, Marlow succeeds in putting before us in his inconclusive way the two extremes that can exist within the human mind, and we realize that not one, but both of these are reality.

When Marlow ends his monologue, his audience [is] aware that the universe around them, which, when we began the story, seemed an ordinary, familiar thing, with suns rising and setting according to rule and tides flowing and ebbing systematically for man's convenience, is, after all, a thing of mystery. It is a vast darkness in that its heart is inscrutable. What, then, has Marlow gained, since he has ended with this conclusion which we might, *a priori*, accept as a platitude? He has certainly helped us eliminate the false assumptions by which day to day we act as if the universe were a very simple contrivance, even while, perhaps, we give lip service to the contrary. Moreover, instead of letting one faculty of the mind dominate and deny the pertinence of the others, he has achieved a reconciliation in which physical sensation, imagination, and that conscious logic which selects and arranges have lost their apparent qualities of contradiction. He has achieved an orderly explanation, conscious and methodical, of the strange purlieu of the imagination. Because those recesses harbor shadows, the exploration must not be labeled conclusive; but the greatness of the darkness, instead of leaving a sense of the futility of efforts to dispel it, has drawn the artist to use his utmost conscious skill. Life itself, if we agree with Conrad, may tend to seem to us as meaningless and chaotic as were many of Marlow's sensations at the moment of his undergoing them, and the will may often appear to play no part at all, or a false part, in guiding us. But the genius of art was for Conrad that it accepted the most intense and seemingly reason-defying creations of the imagination and then discovered within them, rather than superimposed upon them, a symmetry coherent and logical.

Through Marlow's orderly narrative, with its perfect identity of fact and symbol, with its transformation of time and space into emotional and imaginative intensity, the shadows have contracted, and we are better able than before to speculate on the presences which seem to inhabit the very heart of darkness. Time is telescoped and we have as if in the same moment the exalted enthusiast and the man who denied all except horror; and we realize that they are and always have been the same man. We perceive that Africa itself, with its forests, its heat, and its mysteries, is only a symbol of the larger darkness, which is in the heart of man.

Source: Walter F. Wright, "Ingress to the *Heart of Darkness*," from *Ills Romance and Tragedy in Joseph Conrad*, University of Nebraska Press, 1949, reprinted in *Conrad's Heart of Darkness and the Critics*, edited by Bruce Harkness, Wadsworth Publishing Company, Inc, 1960, pp. 153-55

The great spokesperson for American imperialism, ironically, was the British writer Rudyard Kipling, whose "[The White Man's Burden](#)" appeared in February 1899, just as the newly founded Philippine Republic declared war upon the United States. The U.S. had refused to withdraw its troops following the surrender of Spain and also had refused to recognize the new Republic.

Rudyard Kipling, "The White Man's Burden" published in *McClure's Magazine*, Feb. 1899

Take up the White Man's burden--
Send forth the best ye breed--
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild--
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden--
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden--
The savage wars of peace--
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden--
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper--
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden,
And reap his old reward--
The blame of those ye better

The hate of those ye guard--
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:--
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden--
Ye dare not stoop to less--
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden!
Have done with childish days--
The lightly-proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudged praise:
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers.

-
- Kipling insisted that the "white man" acquired imperial possessions to "serve" his "captive's needs." What, according to Kipling, were these "needs"? Choose specific images from the poem to illustrate your points.
 - Imperialism, Kipling maintained, was a thankless task. He wrote:

Take up the White Man's burden,
And reap his old reward--
The blame of those ye better
The hate of those ye guard--
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:--
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Why then should the "white man" take up this burden?

- How well does this cartoon, reprinted in the *Literary Digest* from a Detroit newspaper, capture the meaning of the poem? Again, cite specific features of the cartoon as well as specific images and passages from the poem.



THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.— *The Journal, Detroit.*

“The Black Man’s Burden”: A Response to Kipling

In February 1899, British novelist and poet Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem entitled “The White Man’s Burden: The United States and The Philippine Islands.” Among the dozens of replies to Kipling’s poem was “The Black Man’s Burden,” written by African-American clergyman and editor H. T. Johnson and published in April 1899.

Pile on the Black Man’s Burden.

'Tis nearest at your door;
Why heed long bleeding Cuba,
or dark Hawaii’s shore?
Hail ye your fearless armies,
Which menace feeble folks
Who fight with clubs and arrows
and brook your rifle’s smoke.

Pile on the Black Man’s Burden

His wail with laughter drown
You’ve sealed the Red Man’s problem,
And will take up the Brown,
In vain ye seek to end it,
With bullets, blood or death
Better by far defend it
With honor’s holy breath.

The Poor Man's Burden

(After Kipling)

Pile on the Poor Man's Burden—
Drive out the beastly breed;
Go bind his sons in exile
To serve your pride and greed;
To wait in heavy harness,
Upon your rich and grand;
The common working peoples,
The serfs of every land.

Pile on the Poor Man's Burden—
His patience will abide;
He'll veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride.
By pious cant and humbug
You'll show his pathway plain,
To work for another's profit
And suffer on in pain.

Pile on the Poor Man's Burden—
Your savage wars increase,
Give him his full of Famine,
Nor bid his sickness cease.
And when your goal is nearest
Your glory's dearly bought,
For the Poor Man in his fury,
May bring your pride to naught.

Pile on the Poor Man's Burden—
Your Monopolistic rings
Shall crush the serf and sweeper
Like iron rule of kings.
Your joys he shall not enter,
Nor pleasant roads shall tread;
He'll make them with his living,
And mar them with his dead.

Pile on the Poor Man's Burden—
The day of reckoning's near—
He will call aloud on Freedom,
And Freedom's God shall hear.
He will try you in the balance;
He will deal out justice true:
For the Poor Man with his burden
Weighs more with God than you.

Lift off the Poor Man's Burden—
My Country, grand and great—
The Orient has no treasures
To buy a Christian state,
Our souls brook not oppression;
Our needs—if read aright—
Call not for wide possession.
But Freedom's sacred light.

Source: George McNeill, "The Poor Man's Burden," *American Federationist* (March 1899).

Ekphrastic Poetry

Ekphrasis: writing that comments upon another art form, for instance a poem about a photograph or a novel about a film. Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is a prime example of this type of writing, since the entire poem concerns the appearance and meaning of an ancient piece of pottery.

Assignment:

For Paper 3, you will need to select a poem and artwork to analyze and compare in some way. In class we have been attempting to read poems as if they were paintings on a canvas, and for your next paper I would like you to explore the intersection of literature and the visual arts. The length requirement will be the same as your previous papers, four to five pages, so you will need to find a very specific and focused thesis statement that compares your two pieces of art. You will need to include a minimum of four sources, including the two works you are examining.

Some issues to consider to get you started in the direction of a thesis: the type of language used by the poet and the "syntax" of lines used by the painter; composition and the use of space, color, shapes, etc.; the level of abstraction; the use of symbols or figurative language; the presence or absence of a subject; the movement of energy; the regularity of line length or rhyme or form and the use or abandonment of structure; time period or regionality of the language or artistic style; the use of materials in the work's construction; pauses, gaps, and punctuation (or lack thereof) in the poem; rhyme, rhythm, and meter; issues of performance, how is this to be performed and/or received by an audience; issues of framing or focus - what has been left out or cropped from the painting or the poem?

Select your works from the examples below, or see the following website, [The Poet Speaks of Art](#), for many (many!) more pairings of paintings with poems. If you uncover additional examples, please email me at valerie6@uga.edu with your suggestions, and many thanks to [the contributors](#) who have helped me compile this webmuseum.

Painting	Poem
Number 1 Jackson Pollock (1948)	"Number 1 by Jackson Pollock" Nancy Sullivan (1965) No name but a number. Trickles and valleys of paint Devise this maze Into a game of Monopoly Without any bank. Into A linoleum on the floor In a dream. Into Murals inside of the mind. No similes here. Nothing But paint. Such purity



Taxes the poem that speaks
Still of something in a place
Or at a time.
How to realize his question
Let alone his answer?

Painting and Poem

Starry Night

Vincent van Gogh (1889)



"The Starry Night"

Anne Sexton (1961)

The town does not exist
except where one black-haired tree slips
up like a drowned woman into the hot sky.
The town is silent. The night boils with eleven stars.
Oh starry starry night! This is how
I want to die.

Song

"Vincent (Starry, Starry Night)"

Don McLean

Starry, starry night
Paint your palette blue and grey
Look out on a summer's day
With eyes that know the darkness in my soul

Shadows on the hills
Sketch the trees and the daffodils
Catch the breeze and the winter chills
In colors on the snowy linen land

Now I understand
What you tried to say to me
And how you suffered for your sanity
And how you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they did not know
how
Perhaps they'll listen now

Starry, starry night
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze
Swirling clouds and violet haze
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue

Colors changing hue
Morning fields of amber grain

It moves. They are all alive.
Even the moon bulges in its orange irons
to push children, like a god, from its eye.
The old unseen serpent swallows up the stars.
Oh starry starry night! This is how
I want to die:

into that rushing beast of the night,
sucked up by that great dragon, to split
from my life with no flag,
no belly,
no cry.

Weathered faces lined in pain
Are soothed beneath the artists' loving hand

Now I understand
What you tried to say to me
And how you suffered for your sanity
And how you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they did not know
how
Perhaps they'll listen now

For they could not love you
But still your love was true
And when no hope was left in sight
On that starry, starry night
You took your life as lovers often do
But I could have told you Vincent
This world was never meant
For one as beautiful as you

Like the strangers that you've met
The ragged men in ragged clothes
The silver thorn and bloody rose
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow

Now I think I know
What you tried to say to me
And how you suffered for your sanity
And how you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they're not listening
still
Perhaps they never will.

Painting and Two Related Poems

Fall of Icarus

Pieter Brueghel the Elder (c. 1558)



***Note: Icarus is in the water in front of the ship. Only his legs are visible as he falls to his death.**

"Musée des Beaux Arts"

W. H. Auden (1938)

About suffering they were never wrong,
 The Old Masters: how well they understood
 Its human position; how it takes place
 While someone else is eating or opening a window or
 just walking dully along;
 How, when the aged are reverently, passionately
 waiting
 For the miraculous birth, there always must be
 Children who did not specially want it to happen,
 skating
 On a pond at the edge of the wood:
 They never forgot
 That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
 Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
 Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the
 torturer's horse
 Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Brueghel's Icarus, for instance: how everything
 turns away
 Quite leisurely from the disaster; the plowman may
 Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
 But for him it was not an important failure; the sun
 shone
 As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the
 green
 Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have

"Landscape with the Fall of Icarus"

William Carlos Williams (1962)

According to Brueghel
 when Icarus fell
 it was spring

a farmer was ploughing
 his field
 the whole pageantry

of the year was
 awake tingling
 near

the edge of the sea
 concerned
 with itself

sweating in the sun
 that melted
 the wings' wax

unsignificantly
 off the coast
 there was

a splash quite unnoticed
 this was

seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

Icarus drowning

Monument

Three
Related
Poems



The Vietnam Veterans War Memorial in Washington D.C., built in 1982, is a huge black granite wall carved into the ground. The over 58,000 names are not listed in alphabetical order, but in chronological order of death or capture.

"Facing It"
Yusef Komunyakaa
(1988)

My black face fades,

hiding inside the
black granite.
I said I wouldn't,
dammit: No tears.
I'm stone. I'm flesh.
My clouded
reflection eyes me
like a bird of prey,
the profile of night
slanted against
morning. I turn
this way -- the stone
lets me go.
I turn that way -- I'm
inside
the Vietnam
Veterans Memorial
again, depending on
the light
to make a difference.

I go down the
58,022 names,
half-expecting to
find
my own in letters
like smoke.
I touch the name
Andrew Johnson;
I see the booby trap's

white flash.
Names shimmer on a
woman's blouse
but when she walks
away
the names stay on
the wall.
Brushstrokes flash, a
red bird's
wings cutting across
my stare.
The sky. A plane in
the sky.
A white vet's image
floats
closer to me, then
his pale eyes
look through mine.
I'm a window.
He's lost his right
arm
inside the stone. In
the black mirror
a woman's trying to
erase names:
No, she's brushing a
boy's hair.

"Reflection on the Vietnam War Memorial"

Jeffrey Harrison (1987)

Here is, the back porch of the dead.
You can see them milling around in there,
screened in by their own names,
looking at us in the same
vague and serious way we look at them.

An underground house, a roof of grass --
one version of the underworld. It's all
we know of death, a world
like our own (but darker, blurred).
inhabited by beings like ourselves.

The location of the name you're looking for
can be looked up in a book whose resemblance
to a phone book seems to claim
some contact can be made

"The Vietnam Wall"

Alberto Rios (1988)

I
Have seen it
And I like it: The
magic,
The way like cutting
onions
It brings water out of
nowhere.
Invisible from one
side, a scar
Into the skin of the
ground
From the other, a
black winding
Appendix line.

through the simple act of finding a name.

As we touch the name the stone absorbs our grief.
It takes us in -- we see ourselves inside it.

And yet we feel it as a wall
and realize the dead are all
just names now, the separation final.

A dig.

An
archaeologist can
explain.

The walk is slow at
first,

Easy, a little black
marble wall

Of a dollhouse,
A smoothness, a
shine

The boys in the
street want to give.

One name. And
then more

Names, long lines,
lines of names until
They are the shape
of the U.N. Building

Taller than I am: I
have walked

Into a grace.

And everything I
expect has been
taken away, like
that, quick:

The names are
not alphabetized.

They are in the
order of dying,

An alphabet of --
somewhere--
screaming.

I start to walk out. I
almost leave

But stop to look up
names of friends,

My own name.

There is somebody
Severiano Ríos.

Little kids do not
make the same
noise

Here, junior high
school boys don't

run
 Or hold each other in
 headlocks.
 No rules, something
 just persists
 Like pinching on St.
 Patrick's Day
 Every year for no
 green.
 No one knows
 why.
 Flowers are forced
 Into the cracks
 Between sections.
 Men have cried
 At this wall.
 I have
 Seen them.

Painting

Girl Before a Mirror
 Pablo Picasso (1932)



Poem

"Before the Mirror"
 John Updike (1996)

How many of us still remember
 when Picasso's "Girl Before a Mirror" hung
 at the turning of the stairs in the pre-
 expansion Museum of Modern Art?
 Millions of us, probably, but we form
 a dwindling population. Garish
 and brush-slashed and yet as balanced
 as a cardboard Queen in a deck of giant cards,
 the painting proclaimed, "Enter here
 and abandon preconception." She bounced
 the erotic balls of herself back and forth
 between reflection and reality.

Now I discover, in the recent re-
 trospective at the establishment,
 that the vivid painting dates
 from March of 1932,
 the very month which I first saw light,
 squinting nostalgia for the womb.
 I bend closer, inspecting. The blacks,
 the stripy cyanide greens are still uncracked,
 I note with satisfaction; the cherry reds

and lemon yellows full of childish juice.
No sag, no wrinkle. Fresh as paint. Back then
they knew how, I reflect, to lay it on.

Painting

American Flamingo

John James Audubon (1838)



Poem

"American Flamingo"

Greg Pape (1998)

I know he shot them to know them.
I did not know the eyes of the flamingo
are blue, a deep live blue.

And the tongue is lined with many small
tongues, thirteen, in the sketch
by Audubon, to function as a sieve.

I knew the long rose-pink neck,
the heavy tricolored down-sweeping bill,
the black primaries.

But I did not know the blue eye
drawn so passionately by Audubon
it seems to look out, wary, intense,

from the paper it is printed on.

-- *what*

Is man but his passion?

asked Robert Penn Warren. In the background
of this sketch, tenderly subtitled *Old Male*,
beneath the over-draping feathered

monument of the body, between the long
flexible neck and the long bony legs
covered with pink plates of flesh,

Audubon has given us eight postures,
eight stunning movements in the ongoing
dance of the flamingos.

Once at Hialeah in late afternoon
I watched the satin figures of the jockeys
perched like bright beetles on the backs

of horses pounding down the home
stretch, a few crops whipping
the lathering flanks, the loud flat

metallic voice of the announcer fading
as the flamingos, grazing the pond water
at the far end of the infield, rose

in a feathery blush, only a few feet
off the ground, and flew one long
clipped-winged ritual lap

in the heavy Miami light, a great
slow swirl of grace from the old world
that made tickets fall from hands,

stilled horses, and drew toasts from the stands
as they settled down again
like a rose-colored fog on the pond.

Painting

I Saw the Figure 5 in Gold
Charles Demuth (1928)



Poem

"The Great Figure"
William Carlos Williams (1920)

Among the rain
and lights
I saw the figure 5
in gold
on a red
firetruck
moving
tense
unheeded
to gong clangs
siren howls
and wheels rumbling
through the dark city.

***Note: in this case, the poem inspired the painting,
not the other way around.**

Occult Game

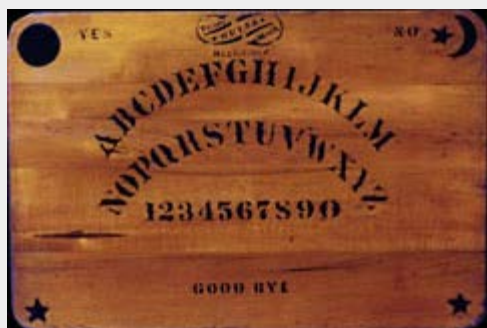
Ouija Boards

Two Related Poems

"Ouija"

Originated c.1850

All images taken from the [Museum of Talking Boards](#)



Kennard Novelty Co. Board (1891)



I-D-O PSY-CHO-I-D-E-O-GRAPH (1919)



Lee Ind. Glow in the Dark Edition (1940)



Parker Brothers Deluxe Edition (1967)

Sylvia Plath (1957)

It is a chilly god, a god of shades,
Rises to the glass from his black fathoms.
At the window, those unborn, those undone
Assemble with the frail paleness of moths,
An envious phosphorescence in their wings.
Vermillions, bronzes, colors of the sun
In the coal fire will not wholly console them.
Imagine their deep hunger, deep as the dark
For the blood-heat that would ruddlr or reclaim.
The glass mouth sucks blooh-heat from my
forefinger.

The old god dribbles, in return, his words.

The old god, too, write aureate poetry
In tarnished modes, maundering among the wastes,
Fair chronicler of every foul declension.
Age, and ages of prose, have uncoiled
His talking whirlwind, abated his excessive temper
When words, like locusts, drummed the darkening air

And left the cobs to rattle, bitten clean.
Skies once wearing a blue, divine hauteur
Ravel above us, mistily descend,
Thickening with motes, to a marriage with the mire.

He hymns the rotten queen with saffron hair
Who has saltier aphrodisiacs
Than virgins' tears. That bawdy queen of death,
Her wormy couriers aer at his bones.
Still he hymns juice of her, hot nectarine.
I see him, horny-skinned and tough, construe
What flinty pebbles and ploughable upturns
As ponderable tokens of her love.
He, godly, doddering, spells
No succinct Gabriel from the letters here
But floridly, his amorous nostalgias.

Excerpts from *The Book of Ephraim*

James Merrill (1980)

Here, there, swift handle pointing, letter upon
Letter taken down blind by my free hand --
At best so clumsily, those early sessions
Break off into guesswork, paraphrase.



Predicta All Knowing Magii Board (1968)



Colorforms Finger of Fate (1971)

Too much went whizzing past. We were too nice
To pause, divide the alphabetical
Gibberish into words and sentences.

Another evening at the Ouija board
(Which only worked when you were side by side,
Fingertips touching hers--
That women, smoking, auburn-haired, abhorred)

A word from Eros made it all worthwhile:
UPON MY STAGE DEAD HUNTERS DANCED IN
TIME
WITH THOSE U SAW BELOW
Leo, transcribing it, looked up. His smile.

--

Jung says --or if he doesn't, all but does --
That God and the Unconscious are one. Hm.
The lapse that tides us over, hither, yon;
Tide that laps us home away from home.
Onstage, the sudden trap about to yawn --
Darkness impenetrable, pit wherein
Two grapplers lock, pale skin and copper skin.
Impenetrable brilliance, topmost panes
Catching the sunset, of a house gone black...
Ephraim, my dear, let's face it. If I fall
From a high building, it's your name I'll call,
OK? Now let me go downstairs to pack,
Begin to close the home away from home --
Upper story, lower, doublings, triplings,
Someone not Strato helping with my bags,
Someone not Kleo coming to dust and water
Days from now. And when I stroll by ripples
A winged Lion of gold with open book
Stands watch above, what vigilance will keep
Me from one emblematic, imminent,
Utterly harmless failure of recall.
Let's face it: the Unconscious, after all...

Painting

Poem

Nude Descending a Staircase

Marcel Duchamp (1912)



"Nude Descending a Staircase"

X. J. Kennedy (1961)

Toe upon toe, a snowing flesh,
A gold of lemon, root and rind,
She sifts in sunlight down the stairs
With nothing on. Nor on her mind.

We spy beneath the banister
A constant thresh of thigh on thigh--
Her lips imprint the swinging air
That parts to let her parts go by.

One-woman waterfall, she wears
Her slow descent like a long cape
And pausing, on the final stair
Collects her motions into shape.

Painting

The Great Wave at Kamagawa

Katsushika Hokusai (1823)



Poem

"The Great Wave: Hokusai"

Donald Finkel (1991)

*But we will take the problem in its most obscure
manifestation, and suppose that our spectator is an average
Englishman. A trained observer. carefully hidden behind a
screen, might notice a dilation in his eyes, even an intake
of his breath, perhaps a grunt. (Herbert Read, The Meaning of
Art)*

It is because the sea is blue,
Because Fuji is blue, because the bent blue
Men have white faces, like the snow
On Fuji, like the crest of the wave in the sky the color of their
Boats. It is because the air
Is full of writing, because the wave is still: that nothing
Will harm these frail strangers,
That high over Fuji in an earthcolored sky the fingers
Will not fall; and the blue men
Lean on the sea like snow, and the wave like a mountain leans
Against the sky.

In the painter's sea
All fishermen are safe. All anger bends under his unity.

But the innocent bystander, he merely
 'Walks round a corner, thinking of nothing': hidden
 Behind a screen we hear his cry.
 He stands half in and half out of the world; he is the men,
 But he cannot see below Fuji
 The shore the color of sky; he is the wave, he stretches
 His claws against strangers. He is
 Not safe, not even from himself. His world is flat.
 He fishes a sea full of serpents, he rides his boat
 Blindly from wave to wave toward Ararat.

Painting

House by the Railroad
 Edward Hopper (1925)



Poem

"Edward Hopper and the House by the Railroad"

Edward Hirsch (1995)

Out here in the exact middle of the day,
 This strange, gawky house has the expression
 Of someone being stared at, someone holding

His breath underwater, hushed and expectant;

This house is ashamed of itself, ashamed
 Of its fantastic mansard rooftop
 And its pseudo-Gothic porch, ashamed
 Of its shoulders and large, awkward hands.

But the man behind the easel is relentless.
 He is as brutal as sunlight, and believes
 The house must have done something horrible

To the people who once lived here

Because now it is so desperately empty,
 It must have done something to the sky
 Because the sky, too, is utterly vacant
 And devoid of meaning. There are no

Trees or shrubs anywhere--the house
 Must have done something against the earth.
 All that is present is a single pair of tracks
 Straightening into the distance. No trains
 pass.

Now the stranger returns to this place daily
 Until the house begins to suspect

That the man, too, is desolate, desolate
And even ashamed. Soon the house starts

To stare frankly at the man. And somehow
The empty white canvas slowly takes on
The expression of someone who is unnerved,
Someone holding his breath underwater.

And then one day the man simply disappears.
He is a last afternoon shadow moving
Across the tracks, making its way
Through the vast, darkening fields.

This man will paint other abandoned
mansions,
And faded cafeteria windows, and poorly
lettered
Storefronts on the edges of small towns.
Always they will have this same expression,

The utterly naked look of someone
Being stared at, someone American and
gawky.

Someone who is about to be left alone
Again, and can no longer stand it.

Painting

The Village of the Mermaids

Paul Delvaux (1942)



Poem

"Paul Delvaux: The Village of the Mermaids"

Lisel Mueller (1988)

Who is that man in black, walking
away from us into the distance?
The painter, they say, took a long time
finding his vision of the world.

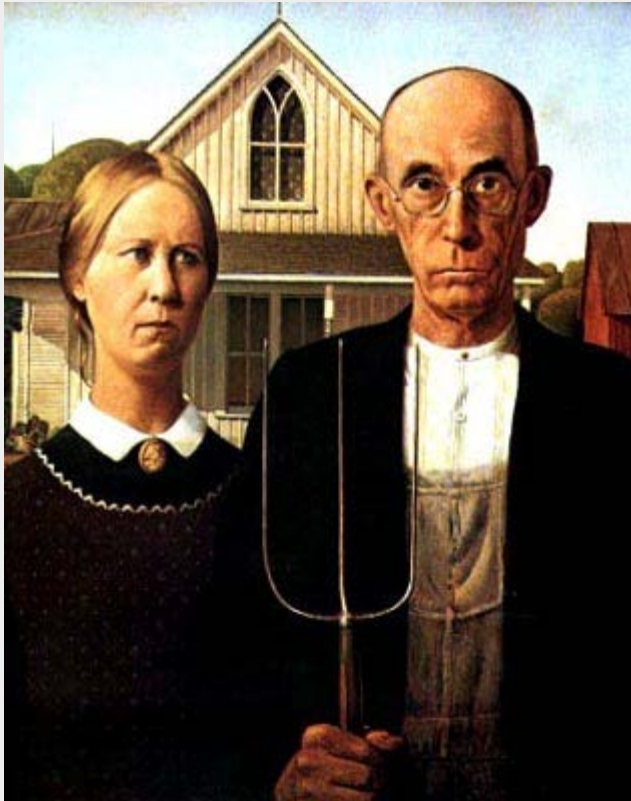
The mermaids, if that is what they are
under their full-length skirts,
sit facing each other
all down the street, more of an alley,
in front of their gray row houses.
They all look the same, like a fair-haired
order of nuns, or like prostitutes
with chaste, identical faces.
How calm they are, with their vacant eyes,
their hands in laps that betray nothing.

Only one has scales on her dusky dress.

It is 1942; it is Europe,
and nothing fits. The one familiar figure
is the man in black approaching the sea,
and he is small and walking away from us.

Painting

American Gothic
Grant Wood (1930)



Poem

"American Gothic"
John Stone (1998)

Just outside the frame
there has to be a dog
chickens, cows and hay

and a smokehouse
where a ham in hickory
is also being preserved

Here for all time
the borders of the Gothic window
anticipate the ribs

of the house
the tines of the pitchfork
repeat the triumph

of his overalls
and front and center
the long faces, the sober lips

above the upright spines
of this couple
arrested in the name of art

These two
by now
the sun this high

ought to be
in mortal time
about their businesses

Instead they linger here
within the patient fabric
of the lives they wove

he asking the artist silently
how much longer
and worrying about the crops

she no less concerned about the crops
but more to the point just now
whether she remembered

to turn off the stove.

Painting

Girl Powdering Her Neck
Kitagawa Utamaro (c. 1790)



Poem

"Girl Powdering Her Neck"
Cathy Song (1983)

The light is the inside
sheen of an oyster shell,
sponged with talc and vapor,
moisture from a bath.

A pair of slippers
are placed outside
the rice-paper doors.
She kneels at a low table
in the room,
her legs folded beneath her
as she sits on a buckwheat pillow.

Her hair is black
with hints of red,
the color of seaweed
spread over rocks.

Morning begins the ritual
wheel of the body,
the application of translucent skins.
She practices pleasure:
the pressure of three fingertips
applying powder.
Fingerprints of pollen
some other hand will trace.

The peach-dyed kimono
patterned with maple leaves
drifting across the silk,
falls from right to left

in a diagonal, revealing
the nape of her neck
and the curve of a shoulder
like the slope of a hill
set deep in snow in a country
of huge white solemn birds.
Her face appears in the mirror,
a reflection in a winter pond,
rising to meet itself.

She dips a corner of her sleeve
like a brush into water
to wipe the mirror;
she is about to paint herself.
The eyes narrow
in a moment of self-scrutiny.
The mouth parts
as if desiring to disturb
the placid plum face;
break the symmetry of silence.
But the berry-stained lips,
stenciled into the mask of beauty,
do not speak.

Two chrysanthemums
touch in the middle of the lake
and drift apart.

Painting

St. George and the Dragon
Paolo Uccello (1460)

Poem

"Not My Best Side"
U. A. Fanthorpe (1989)

I

Not my best side, I'm afraid.
The artist didn't give me a chance to
Pose properly, and as you can see,
Poor chap, he had this obsession with
Triangles, so he left off two of my
Feet. I didn't comment at the time
(What, after all, are two feet
To a monster?) but afterwards
I was sorry for the bad publicity.
Why, I said to myself, should my conqueror
Be so ostentatiously beardless, and ride



A horse with a deformed neck and square
hoofs?

Why should my victim be so
Unattractive as to be inedible,
And why should she have me literally
On a string? I don't mind dying
Ritually, since I always rise again,
But I should have liked a little more blood
To show they were taking me seriously.

II

It's hard for a girl to be sure if
She wants to be rescued. I mean, I quite
Took to the dragon. It's nice to be
Liked, if you know what I mean. He was
So nicely physical, with his claws
And lovely green skin, and that sexy tail,
And the way he looked at me,
He made me feel he was all ready to
Eat me. And any girl enjoys that.
So when this boy turned up, wearing
machinery,
On a really dangerous horse, to be honest
I didn't much fancy him. I mean,
What was he like underneath the hardware?
He might have acne, blackheads or even
Bad breath for all I could tell, but the dragon-

-

Well, you could see all his equipment
At a glance. Still, what could I do?
The dragon got himself beaten by the boy,
And a girl's got to think of her future.

III

I have diplomas in Dragon
Management and Virgin Reclamation.
My horse is the latest model, with
Automatic transmission and built-in
Obsolescence. My spear is custom-built,
And my prototype armour
Still on the secret list. You can't
Do better than me at the moment.
I'm qualified and equipped to the
Eyebrow. So why be difficult?
Don't you want to be killed and/or rescued
In the most contemporary way? Don't
You want to carry out the roles
That sociology and myth have designed for
you?
Don't you realize that, by being choosy,
You are endangering job prospects
In the spear- and horse-building industries?
What, in any case, does it matter what
You want? You're in my way.

Painting

L'Estaque
Paul Cezanne (1883)



Poem

"Cezanne's Ports"
Allen Ginsberg (1950)

In the foreground we see time and life
swept in a race
toward the left hand side of the picture
where shore meets shore.

But that meeting place
isn't represented;
it doesn't occur on the canvas.

For the other side of the bay
is Heaven and Eternity,
with a bleak white haze over its mountains.

And the immense water of L'Estaque is a go-
between
for minute rowboats.

Artwork

Sketch of Grecian Urn

John Keats (1819)



"Ode on a Grecian Urn Summarized"

Desmond Skirrow (1960)

Gods chase
Round vase.
What say?
What play?
Don't know.
Nice, though.

Poem

"Ode on a Grecian Urn"

John Keats (1819)

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," --that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Painting

The Disquieting Muses
Giorgio de Chirico (1916)



Poem

"The Disquieting Muses"
Sylvia Plath (1957)

Mother, mother, what illbred aunt
Or what disfigured and unsightly
Cousin did you so unwisely keep
Unasked to my christening, that she
Sent these ladies in her stead
With heads like darning-eggs to nod
And nod and nod at foot and head
And at the left side of my crib?

Mother, who made to order stories
Of Mixie Blackshort the heroic bear,
Mother, whose witches always, always,
Got baked into gingerbread, I wonder
Whether you saw them, whether you said
Words to rid me of those three ladies
Nodding by night around my bed,
Mouthless, eyeless, with stitched bald head.

In the hurricane, when father's twelve
Study windows bellied in
Like bubbles about to break, you fed
My brother and me cookies and Ovaltine
And helped the two of us to choir:
"Thor is angry: boom boom boom!"
Thor is angry: we don't care!"
But those ladies broke the panes.

When on tiptoe the schoolgirls danced,
 Blinking flashlights like fireflies
 And singing the glowworm song, I could
 Not lift a foot in the twinkle-dress
 But, heavy-footed, stood aside
 In the shadow cast by my dismal-headed
 Godmothers, and you cried and cried:
 And the shadow stretched, the lights went out.

Mother, you sent me to piano lessons
 And praised my arabesques and trills
 Although each teacher found my touch
 Oddly wooden in spite of scales
 And the hours of practicing, my ear
 Tone-deaf and yes, unteachable.
 I learned, I learned, I learned elsewhere,
 From muses unhired by you, dear mother,

I woke one day to see you, mother,
 Floating above me in bluest air
 On a green balloon bright with a million
 Flowers and bluebirds that never were
 Never, never, found anywhere.
 But the little planet bobbed away
 Like a soap-bubble as you called: Come here!
 And I faced my traveling companions.

Day now, night now, at head, side, feet,
 They stand their vigil in gowns of stone,
 Faces blank as the day I was born,
 Their shadows long in the setting sun
 That never brightens or goes down.
 And this is the kingdom you bore me to,
 Mother, mother. But no frown of mine
 Will betray the company I keep.

Painting

Nighthawks
 Edward Hopper (1942)

Poem

"A Midnight Diner by Edward Hopper"
 David Ray (1970)

Your own greyhounds bark at your side.
 It is you, dressed like a Siennese,
 Galloping, ripping the gown as the fabled
 White-skinned woman runs, seeking freedom.



Tiny points of birches rise from hills,
Spin like serrulate corkscrews toward the sky;

In other rooms it is your happiness
Flower petals fall for, your brocade
You rediscover, feel bloom upon your
shoulder.

And freedom's what the gallery's for.
You roam in large rooms and choose your
beauty.

Yet, Madman, it's your own life you turn
back to:

In one postcard purchase you wipe out
Centuries of light and smiles, golden skin
And openness, forest babes and calves.

You forsake the sparkler breast
That makes the galaxies, you betray
The women who dance upon the water,
All for some bizarre hometown necessity!
Some ache still found within you!

Now it will go with you, this scene
By Edward Hopper and nothing else.
It will become your own tableau of sadness
Composed of blue and grey already there.
Over or not, this suffering will not say
Hosanna.

Now a music will not come out of it.
Grey hat, blue suit, you are in a midnight
Diner painted by Edward Hopper.

Here is a man trapped at midnight underneath
the El.

He sought the smoothest counter in the world
And found it here in the almost empty street,
Away from everything he has ever said.
Now he has the silence they've insisted on.
Not a squirrel, not an autumn birch,
Not a hound at his side, moves to help him
now.

His grief is what he'll try to hold in check.
His thumb has found and held his coffee cup.

"Nighthawks"

Samuel Yellen (1952)

The place is the corner of Empty and Bleak,
The time is night's most desolate hour,
The scene is Al's Coffee Cup or the
Hamburger Tower,
The persons in this drama do not speak.

We who peer through that curve of plate glass

Count three nighthawks seated there--patrons
of life:

The counterman will be with you in a jiff,
The thick white mugs were never meant for
demitasse.

The single man whose hunched back we see
Once put a gun to his head in Russian
roulette,
Whirled the chamber, pulled the trigger, won
the bet,
And now lives out his *x* years' guarantee.

And facing us, the two central characters
Have finished their coffee, and have lit
A contemplative cigarette;
His hand lies close, but not touching hers.

Not long ago together in a darkened room,
Mouth burned mouth, flesh beat and ground
On ravaged flesh, and yet they found
No local habitation and no name.

Oh, are we not lucky to be none of these!
We can look on with complacent eye:
Our satisfactions satisfy,
Our pleasures, our pleasures please.

Painting

Vincent's Bedroom in Arles
Vincent van Gogh (1888)

Poem

"Van Gogh's Bed"
Jane Flanders (1985)



is orange,
like Cinderella's coach, like
the sun when he looked it
straight in the eye.

is narrow, he sleeps alone, tossing
between two pillows, while it carried him
bumpily to the ball.

is clumsy,
but friendly. A peasant
built the frame; and old wife beat
the mattress till it rose like meringue.

is empty,
morning light pours in
like wine, melody, fragrance,
the memory of happiness.

Painting

Mourning Picture

Edwin Romanzo Elmer (1890)



Poem

"Mourning Picture"

Adrienne Rich (1965)

They have carried the mahogany chair and
the cane rocker
out under the lilac bush,
and my father and mother darkly sit there, in
black clothes.

Our clapboard house stands fast on its hill,
my doll lies in her wicker pram
gazing at western Massachusetts.
This was our world.

I could remake each shaft of grass
feeling its rasp on my fingers,
draw out the map of every lilac leaf
or the net of veins on my father's
grief-tranced hand.

Out of my head, half-bursting,
still filling, the dream condenses--
shadows, crystals, ceilings, meadows, globes
of dew.

Under the dull green of the lilacs, out in the

light
carving each spoke of the pram, the turned
porch-pillars,
under high early-summer clouds,
I am Effie, visible and invisible,
remembering and remembered.

Sculpture

The Belvedere Torso

Anonymous Athenian Sculptor (1st century BC)



Poem

"To the Fragment of a Statue of Hercules"

Samuel Rogers (1814)

And dost thou still, thou mass of breathing
stone,
(Thy giant limbs to night and chaos hurl'd)
Still sit as on the fragment of a world;
Surviving all, majestic and alone?
What tho' the Spirits of the North, that swept
Rome from the earth, when in her pomp she
slept,
Smote thee with fury, and thy headless trunk
Deep in the dust mid tower and temple sunk;
Soon to subdue mankind 'twas thine to rise.
Still, still unquell'd thy glorious energies!
Aspiring minds, with thee conversing, caught
Bright revelations of the Good they sought;
By thee that long-lost spell in secret given,
To draw down Gods, and lift the soul to
Heav'n!

Painting

Peele Castle in a Storm

Poem

"Elegiac Stanzas"

Sir George Beaumont (1805)



William Wordsworth (1807)

*Suggested by a Picture of PEELE CASTLE, in
a Storm,
painted BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.*

I was thy Neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I look'd, thy Image still was there;
It trembled, but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm! it seem'd no
sleep;
No mood, which season takes away, or
brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's
hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the
gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile!
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss: . . .
. .

Thou shouldst have seem'd a treasure-house,
a mine
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven:--
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond delusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have made:

.

And seen the soul of truth in every part;
A faith, a trust, that could not be betray'd.

So once it would have been,--'tis so no more;
I have submitted to a new controul:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humaniz'd my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind
serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have
been the Friend,
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
This Work of thine I blame not, but
commend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

Oh 'tis a passionate Work!--yet wise and
well;
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves, . .
. . . .

Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The light'ning, the fierce wind, and trampling
waves.

Farewell, farewell the Heart that lives alone,
Hous'd in a dream, at distance from the
Kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient chear,
And frequent sights of what is to be born!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.-

-
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn. . .
. . . .

Painting

Abraham and the Angels

Raphael (1518)



Poem

"On the Group of the Three Angels Before the Tent of Abraham, by Raffaele, in the Vatican"

Washington Allston (1813)

O, now I feel as though another sense,
From heaven descending, had informed my soul;
I feel the pleasurable, full control
Of Grace, harmonious, boundless, and intense.
In thee, celestial Group, embodied lives
The subtile mystery, that speaking gives
Itself resolved; the essences combined
Of Motion ceaseless, Unity complete.
Borne like a leaf by some soft eddying wind,
Mine eyes, impelled as by enchantment sweet,
From part to part with circling motion rove,
Yet seem unconscious of the power to move;

From line to line through endless changes run,
O'er countless shapes, yet seem to gaze on One.

Painting

The Head of Medusa

Anonymous, once thought to be by Leonardo da Vinci
(c. 1782)

Poem

"On the Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci in the Florentine Gallery"

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1819)

IT lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,
Upon the cloudy mountain peak supine;
Below, far lands are seen tremblingly;
Its horror and its beauty are divine.
Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie



Loveliness like a shadow, from which
shrine,
Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
The agonies of anguish and of death.
Yet it is less the horror than the grace
Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone;

Whereon the lineaments of that dead face
Are graven, till the characters be grown
Into itself, and thought no more can
trace;

'Tis the melodious hue of beauty thrown
Athwart the darkness and the glare of
pain,

Which humanize and harmonize the
strain.

And from its head as from one body
grow,

As [] grass out of a watery rock,
Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and
flow

And their long tangles in each other
lock,

And with unending involutions shew
Their mailed radiance, as it were to
mock

The torture and the death within, and saw
The solid air with many a ragged jaw.
And from a stone beside, a poisonous
eft

Peeps idly into those Gorgonian eyes;
Whilst in the air a ghastly bat, bereft
Of sense, has flitted with a mad surprise
Out of the cave this hideous light had
cleft,

And he comes hastening like a moth
that hies

After a taper; and the midnight sky
Flares, a light more dread than obscurity.
'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror;
For from the serpents gleams a brazen

glare

Kindled by that inextricable error,
Which makes a thrilling vapour of the
air

Become a [] and ever-shifting mirror
Of all the beauty and the terror there-
A woman's countenance, with serpent
locks,

Gazing in death on heaven from those
wet rocks.

Painting

Virgin of the Rocks

Leonardo da Vinci (1483)

Poem

"For Our Lady of the Rocks by Leonardo da Vinci"

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1848)

Mother, is this the darkness of the end,
The Shadow of Death? and is that outer sea
Infinite imminent Eternity?
And does the death-pang by man's seed
sustained
In Time's each instant cause thy face to bend
Its silent prayer upon the Son, while He
Blesses the dead with His hand silently
To His long day which hours no more
offend?

Mother of grace, the pass is difficult,
Keen are these rocks, and the bewildered
souls
Throng it like echoes, blindly shuddering
through.
Thy name, O Lord, each spirit's voice extols,
Whose peace abides in the dark avenue
Amid the bitterness of things occult.



Sculpture

The Greek Slave
Hiram Powers (1844)

Poem

"Hiram Powers' Greek Slave"
Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1886)

They say Ideal Beauty cannot enter
The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
An alien image with enshackled hands,
Called the Greek Slave! as if the artist meant her
(That passionless perfection which he lent her
Shadowed not darkened where the sill expands)
To so confront man's crimes in different lands
With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the center,



Art's fiery finger! and break up ere long
 The serfdom of this world! appeal, fair stone,
 From God's pure heights of beauty against man's wrong!
 Catch up in the divine face, not alone
 East griefs but west, and strike and shame the strong,
 By thunders of white silence, overthrown.

Painting

The Old Guitarist
 Pablo Picasso (1903)

Poem

Stanzas I - IV of "The Man with the Blue Guitar"
 Wallace Stevens (1936)

I

The man bent over his guitar,
 A shearsman of sorts. The day was green.

They said, "You have a blue guitar,
 You do not play things as they are."

The man replied, "Things as they are
 Are changed upon the blue guitar."

And they said to him, "But play, you must,
 A tune beyond us, yet ourselves,

A tune upon the blue guitar,
 Of things exactly as they are."



II

I cannot bring a world quite round,
Although I patch it as I can.

I sing a hero's head, large eye
And bearded bronze, but not a man,

Although I patch him as I can
And reach through him almost to man.

If a serenade almost to man
Is to miss, by that, things as they are,

Say that it is the serenade
Of a man that plays a blue guitar.

III

Ah, but to play man number one,
To drive the dagger in his heart,

To lay his brain upon the board
And pick the acrid colors out,

To nail his thought across the door,
Its wings spread wide to rain and snow,

To strike his living hi and ho,
To tick it, tock it, turn it true,

To bang it from a savage blue,
Jangling the metal of the strings . . .

IV

So that's life, then: things as they are?
It picks its way on the blue guitar.

A million people on one string?
And all their manner in the thing,

And all their manner, right and wrong,
And all their manner, weak and strong?

The feelings crazily, craftily call,
Like a buzzing of flies in autumn air,

And that's life, then: things as they are,
This buzzing of the blue guitar.

***Note: only the first 4 of 33 stanzas are reprinted here.**

Painting

Woman Before an Aquarium
Henri Matisse (1921)



Poem

"Woman Before an Aquarium"
Patricia Hampl (1978) ◇

The goldfish ticks silently,
little finned gold watch
on its chain of water,
swaying over the rivulets of the brain,
over the hard rocks and spiny shells.

The world is round, distorted
the clerk said when I insisted
on a round fishbowl.
Now, like a Matisse woman,
I study my lesson slowly,
crushing a warm pinecone

in my hand, releasing
the resin, its memory of wild nights,
my Indian back crushing
the pine needles, the trapper
standing over me, his white-dead skin.

Fear of the crushing,
fear of the human smell.
A Matisse woman always wants
to be a mermaid,
her odalique body
stretches pale and heavy
before her and the exotic wall hangings;
the only power of the woman:
to be untouchable.

But dressed, a simple Western face,
a schoolgirl's haircut, the plain desk
of ordinary work, she sits
crushing the pinecone of fear,
not knowing it is fear.
The paper before her is blank.

The aquarium sits like a lantern,
a green inner light, round
and green, a souvenir
from the underworld,
its gold residents opening and closing
their worldless mouths.

I am on the shore of the room,
glinting inside
with the flicker of water,
heart ticking with the message
of biology to a kindred species.
The mermaid -- not the enchantress,
but the mermaid of double life --
sits on the rock, combing
the golden strands of human hair,
thinking as always
of swimming.

Painting

The Millinery Shop
Edgar Degas (1890)

Poem

"Edgar Degas: The Millinery Shop"
Adam Zagajewski (1994)

Hats are innocent, bathed in the soft light
which smoothes the contours of objects.
A girl is working.
But where are brooks? Groves?



Where is the sensual laughter of nymphs?
 The world is hungry and one day
 will invade this tranquil room.
 For the moment it contents itself
 with ambassadors who announce:
 I'm the ochre, I'm the sienna.
 I'm the color of terror, like ash.
 In me ships sink.
 I'm the blue, I'm cold, I can be pitiless.
 And I'm the color of dying, I'm patient.
 I'm the purple (you don't see much of me),
 for me triumphs, processions.
 I'm the green, I'm tender,
 I live in wells and in the leaves of birch
 trees.
 The girl whose fingers are agile
 cannot hear the voices, for she's mortal.
 She thinks of the coming Sunday
 and the rendezvous she has
 with the butcher's son
 who has coarse lips
 and big hands
 stained with blood.

Painting

Dance

Henri Matisse (1909)



Poem

"Matisse's Dance"

Natalie Safir (1990)

A break in the circle dance of naked women,
 dropped stitch between the hands
 of the slender figure stretching too hard
 to reach her joyful sisters.

Spirals of glee sail from the arms
 of the tallest woman. She pulls
 the circle around with her fire.
 What has she found that she doesn't
 keep losing, her torso
 a green-burning torch?

Grass mounds curve ripely beneath

two others who dance beyond the blue.
Breasts swell and multiply and
rhythms rise to a gallop.

Hurry, frightened one and grab on--before
the stich is forever lost, before the dance
unravels and a black sun swirls from that
space.

Painting

Black Cross, New Mexico
Georgia O'Keeffe (1929)



Poem

"Wormwood: The Penitents"

Ellen Bryant Voigt (1994)

I always thought she ought to have been an angel.
There's one I saw a picture of, smooth white,
the wings like bolts of silk, breasts like a girl's--
like hers--eyebrows, all of it. Ten years
I put away a little every year,
but her family was shamed by the bare grave,
and wasn't I to blame for everything,
so now she has a cross. Crude, rigid, nothing
human in it, flat dead tree on the hill,
it's what you see for miles, it's all I see.
Symbol of hope, the priest said, clearing his throat,
and the rain came down and washed the plastic flowers.
I guess he thinks that dusk is just like dawn.
I guess he had forgot about the nails.

Architectural Structure

The Brooklyn Bridge
Opened to traffic in 1883

Poem

"To Brooklyn Bridge"

Hart Crane (1930)

How many dawns, chill from his rippling rest
The seagull's wings shall dip and pivot him,
Shedding white rings of tumult, building
high
Over the chained bay waters Liberty--

Brooklyn Bridge, New York



Then, with inviolate curve, forsake our eyes
As apparitional as sails that cross
Some page of figures to be filed away;
--Till elevators drop us from our day . . .

I think of cinemas, panoramic sleights
With multitudes bent toward some flashing
scene
Never disclosed, but hastened to again,
Foretold to other eyes on the same screen;

And Thee, across the harbor, silver-paced
As though the sun took step of thee, yet left
Some motion ever unspent in thy stride,--
Implicitly thy freedom staying thee!

Out of some subway scuttle, cell or loft
A bedlamite speeds to thy parapets,
Tilting there momentarily, shrill shirt
ballooning,
A jest falls from the speechless caravan.

Down Wall, from girder into street noon
leaks,
A rip-tooth of the sky's acetylene;
All afternoon the cloud-flown derricks turn .
. .
Thy cables breathe the North Atlantic still.

And obscure as that heaven of the Jews,
Thy guerdon . . . Accolade thou dost bestow
Of anonymity time cannot raise:
Vibrant reprieve and pardon thou dost show.

O harp and altar, of the fury fused,
(How could mere toil align thy choiring
strings!)

Terrific threshold of the prophet's pledge,
Prayer of pariah, and the lover's cry,--

Again the traffic lights that skim thy swift
Unfractioned idiom, immaculate sigh of
stars,
Beading thy path--condense eternity:
And we have seen night lifted in thine arms.

Under thy shadow by the piers I waited;
Only in darkness is thy shadow clear.
The City's fiery parcels all undone,
Already snow submerges an iron year . . .

O Sleepless as the river under thee,
Vaulting the sea, the prairies' dreaming sod,
Unto us lowliest sometime sweep, descend
And of the curveship lend a myth to God.

Architectural Structure

The Brooklyn Bridge
Opened to traffic in 1883



Painting

Brooklyn Bridge
Joseph Stella (1939)



The Contributors

The following people have been of tremendous help in compiling these examples and deserve full credit:

◇Shane Bruce for offering the song "Vincent" by Don McLean, and the pairing of Plath's poem with de Chirico's painting "The Disquieting Muses."

Harry Rusche, from Emory University, who has compiled a very extensive website entitled [The Poet Speaks of Art](#), which has many more examples of poems that correspond to various paintings. Many of the examples above have been taken from his site, including Hokusai's "The Great Wave at Kamagawa" and Finkel's poem "The Great Wave: Hokusai," Hopper's painting and Hirsch's poem "Edward Hopper and the House by the Railroad," Delvaux's painting and Mueller's poem "Paul Delvaux: The Village of the Mermaids," Wood and Stone's "American Gothic," Pollock's painting and Sullivan's poem "Number 1 by Jackson Pollock," Utamaro and Song's "Girl Powdering Her Neck," Cezanne's "L'Estaque" and Ginsberg's poem "Cezanne's Ports," and my personal favorite, Uccello's "St. George and the Dragon" paired with the Fanthorpe poem, "Not My Best Side."

Monica Smith for Picasso's "Girl Before a Mirror" and the poem "Before the Mirror," Audubon's "American Flamingo" and the poem "American Flamingo," vanGogh's "Starry Night" and the Sexton poem "The Starry Night," Williams' "The Great Figure" and Demuth's painting "I Saw the Figure 5 in Gold," Duchamp and Kennedy's "Nude Descending a Staircase," Elmer and Rich's "Mourning Picture," and van Gogh's "Vincent's Bedroom in Arles," and the Flanders poem, "Van Gogh's Bed."

home

Advanced Placement English Literature and Composition

Course Overview

This open-enrollment college-level course includes an intensive study of American and British literary works written in several genres from the sixteenth century to the present. The curriculum requirements are based on the AP® English course description and are intended to fully prepare each student for the corresponding College Board exam at the end of the academic year.

The concentration of content of this course is the study of the artistic use of language in increasing complexity as employed by skilled authors to achieve specific effects on their readers. Evaluation of student progress will be through in-class and out-of-class writing assignments and content quizzes over the reading assignments.

The campus class schedule is organized in an alternating-block, so classes meet for eighty-five minutes each and for approximately seventy-eight classes over the entire year (excluding time required for mandated standardized testing and the AP examinations).

Textbooks and Teacher-Developed Supplemental Materials

State Adopted Textbook: Roberts, Edgar V. and Henry E. Jacobs. *Literature: An Introduction to Reading and Writing*. 5th edition. Upper Saddle River, New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1998.

Collateral Textbook: DiYanni, Robert. *Literature: Reading Fiction, Poetry, Drama, and the Essay*. 3rd edition. Boston, Massachusetts: McGraw-Hill, 1994.

Resource Textbook: Brown, Ann Cole, et.al. *Houghton-Mifflin English 12*. 1992 edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1992.

Teacher-Developed Supplemental Materials:

- I. *Writing and Revising Guide*, 33 pages, which includes
 - A. Rules for English Mechanics, Usage, Grammar, and Spelling, indexed
 - B. List of Frequently Marked Errors, keyed to Rules
 - C. Proofreading techniques
 - D. Format for Documentation
 - E. Syntax as a Reading Skill
- II. *Glossary of Literary Terminology*, 20 pages
- III. *Cube Notes: Guide to Analytic Reading Process*, 13 pages, which includes
 - A. Model question sequences, arranged from most concrete to most abstract, for examining an author's use of
 1. Setting
 2. Character and characterization
 3. Point of view/perspective

4. Plot, action and conflict
5. Style
6. Theme
7. Other factors which contribute to meaning in a work, such as
 - a. The time period in which the work was written - the historical and social context
 - b. The author's life-circumstances, personality, interests
 - c. The author's unique language features
 - d. Philosophical background
 - e. Psychological background
 - f. Traditions - personal, cultural, etc.

- B. Model question sequences for examining additional characteristics of drama
- C. Guides for annotating while reading, including response-journal and adhesive notes
- D. Nature of language on a continuum from literal to non-literal, denotative to connotative, literal to figurative, and symbol.
- E. Kinds of evidence to use in writing about fiction and poetry
- F. Application of evidence to assertion
- G. Organizing ideas for analysis of literature

IV. *Test-taking Strategies*, 9 pages, which includes

- A. Strategies for taking multiple choice tests on literature
- B. Strategies for taking essay tests on literature

V. *Directions for Book Analysis and Reading Record Cards, with Reading Lists*, 28 pages, which includes

- A. Course Description
- B. Reading Record Cards
- C. Book Analysis
- D. Grading Standards for Book Analysis and other extended papers
- E. Open-Ended questions from Advanced Placement English Literature Exams 1979-2006, grouped by focus, with lists of works suggested for each question
- F. Cumulative list of works suggested on exams 1979-2006, arranged alphabetically, with years in which each work was used
- G. List of additional works of comparable quality which have not yet been used on the exam

Course Units

This course is organized in units of instruction by semester.

Semester One

I: Introduction to Analysis

The student will write and revise compositions in response to interpretive exercises to explicate given literary selections; the student will be able to:

- A. Analyze and answer questions based on literature, demonstrating knowledge of appropriate terminology
- B. Write responses to interpretive exercises which explicate literary selections
- C. Determine the correlation of a given rubric to given samples of analysis
- D. Create rubrics for answers to questions about literature
- E. Write essays using rubrics as a means of prewriting
- F. Evaluate essays using rubrics

II: Short Prose Narrative

The student will explicate, in discussion or critical essay, short prose narratives; the student will be able to:

- A. Analyze short prose narratives to determine the author's use of literary techniques
- B. Evaluate the effective use of literary technique in short prose narratives
- C. Write short essays explicating short prose narratives
- D. Evaluate short essays explicating short prose narratives
- E. Use the creative process to write short prose narratives

III: Poetry

The student will write and revise critical essays which explicate poetry, including considerations of structure and style as they affect content; the student will be able to:

- A. Define and identify poetic techniques
- B. Explicate poetry in discussion
- C. Write essays of explication of poetry
- D. Evaluate poetic explications
- E. Use the creative process to write poetry, if the student chooses

IV: Pre-Eighteenth Century Drama

The student will write, and/or present orally, critical analyses of plays, differentiating pre-eighteenth century dramatic literature from other genres; the student will be able to:

- A. Differentiate drama from other literary genres, especially modern drama
- B. Analyze plays to determine the author's use of literary technique
- C. Evaluate the effective use of literary technique in dramatic works
- D. Write short essays explicating pre-18th century dramatic works
- E. Analyze the existence and effect of historical intrusion in dramatic works

Semester Two

V. Modern Drama

The student will write, and/or present orally, critical analyses which explain historical development of techniques and thematic emphases of modern drama as differentiated from pre-18th century drama; the student will be able to:

- A. Analyze the existence and effect of historical intrusion in drama
- B. Write short essays explicating dramatic works
- C. Write essays synthesizing the impact of the use of dramatic techniques in two or more dramatic works, from the same or different literary periods
- D. Evaluate the effectiveness of a performance of a dramatic work
- E. Differentiate modern drama from pre-18th century drama

V. Long Prose Narrative

The student will explicate, in discussion or critical essay, novels, both assigned and self-selected; the student will be able to:

- A. Analyze long prose narratives to determine the author's use of literary techniques
- B. Evaluate the effective use of literary technique in long prose narratives;
- C. Analyze long prose narratives to determine the historical implications of the work
- D. Analyze long prose narratives to determine the sociological implications of the work
- E. Analyze long prose narratives to determine the characteristics of the author's style
- F. Write short essays explicating the literary techniques, historical or sociological implications, and author's style in a literary work as they combine to produce an effect on the reader
- G. Write essays of explication synthesizing the impact of the techniques, historical or sociological implications, or style in two or more literary works

VI: Nonfiction Prose

The student will examine, in discussion and critical essay, the logic, language, syntax, structure, and tone of short nonfiction prose passages, as those elements combine to produce an effect on the reader; the student will be able to:

- A. Identify patterns of organization of ideas
- B. Differentiate impact of different patterns of organization
- C. Determine the effect of diction, syntax, tone, and structure in nonfiction prose
- D. Evaluate the effect of diction, syntax, tone, and structure in nonfiction prose
- E. Write short essays of explication of nonfiction prose
- F. Evaluate short essays of explication of nonfiction prose

VII: Evaluative Composition

The student will write documented evaluative and expository essays on topics relating to literature; the student will be able to:

- A. Use the writing process and higher level thinking skills to write short essays of explication in response to questions about literary selections;

- B. Use the writing process and higher level thinking skills to write long essays of explication of literary selections;
- C. Use appropriate systems of documentation to identify sources of information used to support assertions;
- D. Evaluate and revise mechanics, diction, syntax, and organization in personal and peer compositions.
- E. Employ the feedback they receive from their peers and the teacher in moving their writing toward the stylistic maturity defined and described in the College Board Course Description of Advanced Placement English Literature and Composition.

VIII: Test Preparation *

The student will develop and practice procedures for answering objective and subjective test items such as those appearing on the Advanced Placement Examination in English Literature and Composition. The student will be able to:

- A. Analyze essay questions to determine requirements of question and best order for response;
- B. Provide required evidence and apply evidence to assertions of answer;
- C. Analyze multiple choice questions to determine best question attack;
- D. Use process of elimination and other question attack procedures appropriately;
- E. Manage time appropriately to be able to attempt all questions possible.

*The activities of this class prepare the student to address the tasks on the Advanced Placement Examination in English Literature and Composition, which consists of

Two sets of multiple choice questions on given poems

Two sets of multiple choice questions on given short prose passages

An essay analyzing a given poem or poems, to be written in forty minutes

An essay analyzing a given prose passage, to be written in forty minutes

An essay addressing a topic related to the analysis of long work (novel, play, epic) to be written in forty minutes

Major Assignments

I. Reading

“The course includes an intensive study of representative works such as those by authors cited in the AP English Course Description.” Each student reads at least eight works that he selects from the list of works that have been listed in the Open-ended questions of the AP Exam (see Book Analysis, below). The list is cumulative from 1970 to the present.

All students are required to read, in addition to self-selected major works and assigned short fiction:

A Separate Peace, John Knowles
Hamlet, William Shakespeare
Ethan Frome, Edith Wharton
A Doll’s House, Henrik Ibsen
Death of a Salesman, Arthur Miller
Siddhartha, Herman Hesse
Lord of the Flies, William Golding
Heart of Darkness, Joseph Conrad
The Importance of Being Earnest, Oscar Wilde

Students view recorded productions of
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead, Tom Stoppard
A Doll’s House, Henrik Ibsen
The Importance of Being Earnest, Oscar Wilde

Students read and analyze poetry of Shakespeare, Donne, Keats, Wordsworth, Dickinson, Frost, Brooks, and Braithwaite. In addition, students select other poetry from the textbooks to explicate and present orally to the class.

Incorporated in Instructional Units I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII;

Supported by Instructional Resources *Cube Notes* and *Directions for Book Analysis and Reading Record Cards, with Reading Lists*;

II. Writing

A. “The course teaches students to write an interpretation of a piece of literature that is based on a careful observation of textual details, considering the work’s: structure, style, and themes; the social and historical values it reflects and embodies; such elements as the use of figurative language, imagery, symbolism, and tone.”

1. Each student writes Eight Book Analyses, one every four weeks, examining how the author of a work, selected independently by the student from the list of works that have been listed in the Open-ended questions of the AP Exam since 1970, employs a specific literary strategy in addition to plot to convey or enhance a theme of the work. These analyses are four typed pages long. The class employs peer-editing prior to submitting each paper and each student corrects the flaws noted in the scoring of his paper by the teacher. Students are encouraged to confer with the teacher during the planning and writing of the paper.

2. Each student writes an analysis of his eight Book Analyses at the end of the year, assessing development and evolution of analytic skills and composition competence. Students are expected to employ the feedback they receive from their peers and the teacher in moving their writing toward the stylistic maturity defined and described in the College Board Course Description of Advanced Placement English Literature and Composition.

Incorporated in Instructional Units I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII;
Supported by Instructional Resources *Cube Notes* and *Writing and Revising Guide*

B. “The course includes frequent opportunities for students to write and rewrite formal, extended analyses and timed, in-class responses. The course requires:

Writing to Understand: Informal, exploratory writing activities that enable students to discover what they think in the process of writing about their reading (such assignments could include annotation, freewriting, keeping a reading journal, and response/reaction papers).”

1. Each student prepares and maintains a file of Reading Records of the works he has read during high school, identifying themes and major characteristics of each work and a personal response to the work. Each student should have made records of at least 35 works before the AP exam. These records are used to review the works in preparation for the AP Exam.

2. Each student writes at least twelve timed writings drawn from, or modeled on, the released exam material of the College Board.

Incorporated in Instructional Units I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII;
Supported by Instructional Resources *Cube Notes* and *Directions for Book Analysis and Reading Record Cards, with Reading Lists*;

C. “The course includes frequent opportunities for students to write and rewrite formal, extended analyses and timed, in-class responses. The course requires:

Writing to Explain: Expository, analytical essays in which students draw upon textual details to develop an extended explanation/interpretation of the meanings of a literary text.”

1. Each student writes at least twelve timed writings drawn from, or modeled on, the released exam material of the College Board.

2. Each student writes eight Book Analyses, one every four weeks, examining how the author of a work, selected independently by the student from the list of works that have been listed in the Open-ended questions of the AP Exam since 1970, employs a specific literary strategy in addition to plot to convey or enhance a theme of the work. These analyses are four typed pages long. The class employs peer-editing prior to submitting each paper and each student corrects the flaws noted in the scoring of his paper and other feedback from the teacher. Students are encouraged to confer with the teacher during the planning and writing of the paper.

3. Each student writes an analysis of his eight Book Analyses at the end of the year, assessing development and evolution of analytic skills and composition competence. Students are expected to employ the feedback they receive from their peers and the teacher in moving their writing toward the stylistic maturity defined and described in the College Board Course Description of Advanced Placement English Literature and Composition.

Incorporated in Instructional Units I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII;
Supported by Instructional Resources *Cube Notes* and *Writing and Revising Guide*

D. “The course includes frequent opportunities for students to write and rewrite formal, extended analyses and timed, in-class responses. The course requires:

Writing to Evaluate: Analytical, argumentative essays in which students draw upon textual details to make and explain judgments about a work’s artistry and quality, and its social and cultural values.”

1. Each student writes Eight Book Analyses, one every four weeks, examining how the author of a work, selected independently by the student from the list of works that have been listed in the Open-ended questions of the AP Exam since 1970, employs a specific literary strategy in addition to plot to convey or enhance a theme of the work. These analyses are four typed pages long. The class employs peer-editing prior to submitting each paper and each student corrects the

flaws noted in the scoring of his paper by the teacher. Students are encouraged to confer with the teacher during the planning and writing of the paper.

2. Each student writes an analysis of his eight Book Analyses at the end of the year, assessing development and evolution of analytic skills and composition competence. Students are expected to employ the feedback they receive from their peers and the teacher in moving their writing toward the stylistic maturity defined and described in the College Board Course Description of Advanced Placement English Literature and Composition.

Incorporated in Instructional Units I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII;

Supported by Instructional Resources *Cube Notes* and *Writing and Revising Guide*

E. “The AP teacher provides instruction and feedback on students' writing assignments, both before and after the students revise their work, that help the students develop:

1. A wide-ranging vocabulary used appropriately and effectively
2. A variety of sentence structures, including appropriate use of subordination and coordination
3. Logical organization, enhanced by specific techniques to increase coherence, such as repetition, transitions, and emphasis
4. A balance of generalization and specific, illustrative detail
5. An effective use of rhetoric, including controlling tone, establishing and maintaining voice, and achieving appropriate emphasis through diction and sentence structure”

Students’ “Papers will be marked with two grades, Content and Style (which includes mechanics, diction and syntax). The grading standards for Style are printed below for your convenience. You have been provided with a sheet on which to record my evaluation of your work before you return your CORRECTED paper to be filed. Since you will use all these papers for your final project of the year, it is imperative that they be kept together.

You must correct errors in mechanics, diction, and syntax by writing the correction on the back of the page that faces the error. A key to the color-coding for errors is on the chart of Frequently Marked Errors on the back of the Book Analysis Record Sheet. Keep the Book Analysis Record Sheet with your syllabus in your notebook to note your problem areas and progress. Grammar and Composition references are available in the classroom for you to consult. You have been provided a condensed handbook (the green *Writing and Revising Guide*) to use as a home reference.” (*Directions for Book Analysis and Reading Record Cards, with Reading Lists, p. 5*)

Incorporated in Instructional Units I, VII;

Supported by Instructional Resources *Writing and Revising Guide* and *Directions for Book Analysis and Reading Record Cards, with Reading Lists*

Major Assessments

1. Book Analyses (See above)
2. Timed Writings from College Board materials (see above)
3. Timed writings, in the manner of the College Board materials, based on the literary work under study
4. Advanced Placement Examination in English Literature and Composition, 1999 (Full released test)
5. Advanced Placement Examination in English Literature and Composition, 2004 (Full released test)

Directions for Book Analysis and Reading Record Cards, with Reading Lists, pages 1 – 5:

ADVANCED PLACEMENT ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION SYLLABUS

Advanced Placement English is a college-level class with college-level requirements. At the end of the Spring Semester you will have the opportunity to earn college credit by taking the Advanced Placement Examination in English Literature and Composition. If you choose not to meet the requirements of this course so as to demonstrate the college-level skills which you are expected to develop, you will not receive the weighted course grade earned by successful AP students.

You will need to provide yourself with a loose-leaf notebook that you reserve for this class, college-rule notebook paper, Post-it notes, black erasable pens (EraserMate is best), number-two pencils, a set of highlighter pens in at least five colors, a calendar, a pocket dictionary, and a thesaurus. You will also find it useful to have a reference to mythology and a concordance to the Bible to use in analysis. These reference materials are available on the shelves in the classroom; you may use them at any time.

Put this syllabus with the other materials in your notebook for this class; you must produce it in class whenever I ask for it in order to make additions, clarifications or adjustments.

The accompanying SCHEDULE will help you plan your work. Reading assignments and other assignments are to be completed, ready for discussion, on the dates noted. Reading quizzes will be given periodically on the reading due dates. You are responsible for keeping dated notes on the content of this course in order to measure your progress. Your notes will be checked for efficiency periodically.

Read this syllabus, the Schedule, and the “Directions for Book Analysis and Reading Record Cards” before the first class day and be prepared to ask any questions you may have about the schedule then.

READING RECORD CARDS

One of the major problems that confronts students taking the Advanced Placement Examinations in Literature is the Free Response question, which requires that the student choose a work from his own reading experience to support his answer. The Book Analysis is one means that you use to prepare for this event; another means is the system called Reading Record Cards.

You will create a computer file in which you will record information about EVERY BOOK that you have *ever read* that is of literary merit, using one-half page (a "Reading Record Card") for each work. You will maintain the file in alphabetical order by author. You will use these as a flashcard review system to prepare for the AP test. To insure that you do not procrastinate, I require that you turn in these sheets for checking during the semester; SEE YOUR SYLLABUS FOR DUE DATES. The first requirement is twenty works, with more to be added later. You will create a Reading Record Card for each Book Analysis and turn it in with the Analysis.

The format for the "cards" is:

Student name and class period	card #
TITLE AUTHOR (date born-date died/where lived)	
publication date of work [original, not current edition]	
SETTING-place/time	
THEME OR MAIN IDEA: [in one declarative sentence]	
Brief PLOT SYNOPSIS:	
CHARACTERS [with brief descriptions] [identify Protagonist and Antagonist]	
Major SYMBOLS, Patterns of Symbols, or ALLUSIONS present	
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS of the work	
A quotation from the work which is representative of the theme of the work as a whole, with page number of source	

Number the cards on the front in the top right corner.

The top card in the stack should be a "Table of Contents" for the stack, listing all the works for which you have made cards.

NOTE: "Brief" means "BRIEF": you should not use more than one-half page for each work! Minimum acceptable font size is 10 point Times.

You may abbreviate, but use standard abbreviations so that you don't forget what they mean. Remember to make a backup copy of this file on disk or other medium separate from the hard drive of your computer, just in case. Always save and backup before you print. Set your word-processing software to save automatically at intervals of about 10 minutes.

NOTE: Submitting summaries downloaded from or based on Web sites such as SparkNotes or Pink Monkey constitutes Plagiarism, which is cheating. This is NOT acceptable and will be dealt with severely.

P.S.: Students who have used this system faithfully say that it helped them get a better score on the AP test; students who have not used it honestly say that they wish they had.

(The adverb honestly in the sentence above can modify either used or say; the statement is true both ways.)

THE BOOK ANALYSIS

The Book Analysis assignment closely parallels the Free-Response question of the Advanced Placement English Exam. If you develop skill in writing this assignment, you will do well on this section of the AP Exam. Familiarity with some of the works on these lists is essential to writing

the Free-Response Essay. A listing of the "Suggested Works" with the years in which each work was listed in the Advanced Placement Examination in English Literature and Composition, as well as a list of works which may be used on the test in the future, is included for your information. You may choose works from either of these lists for your Book Analyses. You may propose other works for my PRIOR approval. Book analyses on works not on these lists will not be accepted without prior approval.

The Book Analysis is not the sole focus of this course; it does, however, require that you demonstrate your level of mastery of the skills that are taught in the course. As the skills taught increase, the level of competence expected also increases. This is the "English version" of "Show your work"!

Every three to four weeks you will select a work from these lists or from another source with my prior approval. For the first paper, you will all read and write about the same book, which I will assign. You will choose the works for the remaining seven book analyses, but you should not choose more than one work by the same author, or more than two plays.

You will read the works critically and prepare an analytic paper on each work. Each paper will focus on a different element of literature as it is employed by the author. To guide you in this work, you are provided with the "open-ended" questions from prior Advanced Placement Examinations, grouped by the literary element which is the focus of the question, and the works suggested for use with each group, as well as a set of guidelines for reading a work of literature for analysis ("Cube Notes" - the pink sheets).

The emphasis of your paper is to be on your own analysis of the work rather than a survey of critics' opinions. The papers will be four typed double-spaced pages long and, in addition to the cover sheet described below, will

- identify a question about Life and the Human Condition that the work addresses and discuss how and to what extent the work answers the question; (*This is the Author's Theme Question*)
- discuss a theme of the work and how the author presents that theme through the events of the plot; (*This is part of your Thesis Statement*)
- discuss another element of the work (character, characterization, setting, point of view, style, or other distinguishing element) as it contributes to the theme (see Cube Notes) [another way of thinking of this section is, "How does the author use (character, etc.) to convey the theme?" or "How does this element convey the theme in its own way?"]. (*This is the other part of your Thesis Statement*) All students will write on the same assigned element, working from the list of elements with focus questions printed below.
- discuss how the question addressed by the work and the response it proposes is relevant to, or observable in, your life experiences so far (including your experience through movies, television, music, and other books);
- include a conclusion that explains why the work should be included in a list of works of high literary merit.

The paper should not include citation of critics or analysis other than your own. The paper should be written in continuous discourse, with transitions between sections of content. Do not divide your paper into sections or put each part of the paper on separate pages.

Documentation of references to the work should be punctuated according to the MLA style of internal documentation. Parentheses at the end of a sentence that enclose page references are followed by the end punctuation of the sentence.

Example: Huck said, "All right, then, I'll go to Hell" (p. 148).

Example: Huck decided he could not betray Jim (p. 148).

(Hint: do not hit the spacebar after a “ or before a ”)

Note: Documentation of references to plays, particularly those of Shakespeare, has a special format. A reference to Hamlet's "To be..." soliloquy would be documented (III, i, 55-89), where III is the Act, i is the scene number, and 55-89 are the lines referenced.

The diction that you employ should be formal, not colloquial. You should avoid informal terms such as "kids" when you mean "children" or "offspring", or "boss" when you mean "employer" or "supervisor", or "Mom" when you mean "mother"

The cover sheet will contain, on the lower half of the front page,

- your name,
- the date,
- the number and due date of the book analysis,
- the question which you will answer in your paper, (*This is your Thesis Question*)
The *Mother of all AP Questions* is, "How does the author use X to do Y?"
Your question should emulate this one. You should formulate this question to focus on the literary techniques employed by the author in writing the work. You may find it helpful to use the AP Exam questions provided below as models.
- and a quote from the work which is representative of the theme of the work.

DO NOT turn in the paper in a folder of any kind.

Prepare a Reading Record Card for the work and attach it to the front of the Book Analysis with a paper-clip. Remember, this card should also contain a quotation representative of the theme of the work as a whole.

You should use a standard typeface or print font, approximately 12 point Times (the same size as this).

Computers are available in the school library on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 9:30 for those students who do not have access to a computer at home.

Papers will be marked with two grades, Content and Style (which includes mechanics, diction and syntax). The grading standards for Style are printed below for your convenience. You have been provided with a sheet on which to record my evaluation of your work before you return your CORRECTED paper to be filed. Since you will use all these papers for your final project of the year, it is imperative that they be kept together.

You must correct errors in mechanics, diction, and syntax by writing the correction on the back of the page that faces the error. A key to the color-coding for errors on the chart of Frequently Marked Errors on the back of the Book Analysis Record Sheet. Keep the Book Analysis Record Sheet with your syllabus in your notebook to note your problem areas and progress. Grammar and Composition references are available in the classroom for you to consult. You have been provided a condensed handbook (the Green Sheets) to use as a home reference.

You are admonished not to use commercially prepared notes as a source for this assignment. *Plagiarism from any source will be severely penalized.* Plagiarism is the use of the words or ideas of another without giving appropriate acknowledgement to the original author. These papers are subject to verification by unannounced work-specific reading quizzes. They are also spot-checked against computer sites from which students have been known to plagiarize. Students who repeatedly plagiarize will be removed from the Advanced Placement course. The “Scholar’s Code of Ethics” to which successful AP students subscribe expects that each student will do his own thinking and processing of the intellectual content of the course. You may confer with each other about the works you are reading, but you are expected to produce your own independent analysis.

Analytic reading of a work of literature is not the same as reading the observations of another, such as Cliff’s or Monarch Notes, or viewing a movie or television production. The AP Exam specifically warns against using such “shortcuts”. Screenwriters often make significant changes in a work in preparing it for production; these changes never affect the literary work positively. Often such changes oversimplify the issues addressed by an author or focus on too narrow a segment of the work as a whole. Works of literary merit are thematically rich and complex, rarely focusing on single or simple issues.

You may schedule a conference with either of us at any time to seek help with selection, analysis, organization, composition, or mechanics. Preferably, you will request such a conference more than two days before the paper is due. The most successful students are those who take advantage of this opportunity.

DUE DATES ARE FIRM! Late papers **WILL BE PENALIZED** ten points per school day that they are late. This is the only situation in which we will record a grade lower than 60. If you turn in a paper late, you must put it in your teacher’s hand at the beginning of your class period so that we can document the extent to which it is late and give you appropriate credit for it..

GRADING STANDARD FOR BOOK ANALYSES AND EXTENDED PAPERS

A grade of A indicates outstanding or exceptional work. An A paper treats a significant arguable proposition supported by valid documented evidence and reasoning. The language used is well-chosen and arranged, artful and extraordinarily appropriate to the topic.

An 'A' paper has no

Organizational flaws:

paragraph construction errors,

illogical thought sequences,

redundancies,

irrelevancies;

Diction flaws:

second person constructions ("you"),

contractions,

pronoun errors,

verb errors -

tense shift,

disagreement of subject and verb;

Syntax flaws:

sentence fragments,*

run-on sentences,

comma splices;

Mechanical flaws:

spelling errors,

comma errors,

end-punctuation errors.

A 'B' paper treats an arguable proposition supported by valid documented evidence.

A 'B' paper has no

Diction flaws:

second person constructions ("you"),

contractions,

pronoun errors,

verb errors -

tense shift,

disagreement of subject and verb;

Syntax flaws:

sentence fragments,*

run-on sentences,

comma splices;

and has no more than two

Mechanical flaws:

spelling errors,

comma errors,

end-punctuation errors.

A 'C' paper has reasonable assertions supported by plausible documented evidence.

A 'C' paper has no

sentence fragments *

and has no more than five

Mechanical flaws:

spelling errors,

comma errors,

end-punctuation errors.

** A paper with sentence fragments must have those fragments corrected before it will receive a grade.*

How to Read to Analyze Literature

Questioning a Work: The *Cubed Approach* to Analytic Reading

**Advanced Placement English Literature
Round Rock High School, 2008 - 2009**

THE CUBED APPROACH TO READING LITERATURE FOR ANALYSIS

SETTING

Where does it happen?

When does it happen?

Does the author identify the place and time, or give clues so that you can infer setting?

Can you draw a map of the setting from the author's presentation of it?

How does the author describe the time and place? What kinds of terminology does he use?

Does he name the places or are they well known?

Do the places and times have any associations with other significant events or works?

What "artifacts" (songs, books, etc.) of the period does the author use? How are they significant?

Is this specific setting essential to the meaning of the work, or would another setting be as appropriate?

How do the elements of the setting relate to each other and to other elements of the work?

CHARACTER

What is each Character's name? Nickname?

Is the character called different names by different people?

Does any character's name have a denotative meaning listed in a good dictionary which might indicate the nature or function of the character?

What does the character do?

What does the character say?

How is he/she described?

At what point and where (setting) is he/she introduced?

How do other characters react to him/her?

What do other characters say about him/her?

To what extent are the other characters believable?

Why does the character do and say what he does: what is his motivation? Does he have multiple motives? Are his motives open or hidden? Are the other characters aware of his motivation? Are his motives stated by the author or implied in the character's words or actions?

Are there patterns in the language in which the character is described?

Does the author repeat any elements of the description? What does this repetition emphasize about the character?

POINT OF VIEW

Who tells the story?

Does the persona (narrating person) remain the same throughout the work? If there are different narrators, how does this affect the story and the reader?

Does the persona see the events and characters of the work in the same way throughout the work? Does his attitude toward them change during the work? If so, why? Does he see them from the same viewpoint (age, status, level of understanding, attitude) throughout the work? Does his change of viewpoint change his attitude or understanding? How does the change in the persona affect the reader's understanding?

How is the narrator related to the action (e.g., participant, observer, outside the story)? If the narrator is outside the story, is he omniscient or is he limited in his knowledge?

Does the narrator remember accurately? Is he biased?

Is the narrator lying? How do you know?

Is the narrator deceiving himself/herself and/or you?

ACTION

What happens?
What is the major conflict that causes these events to happen?
What other events do these events cause?
What happens that is not a result of the conflict?
How are these actions relevant?
Do these events reflect or repeat some older pattern or event?
What terms does the author use to present or describe the events or actions?
Do these terms evoke some other associations?

STYLE

Are the events narrated in the same order that they happen, or in some other order? If in different order, what is the effect on the story and the reader?
Does the author's diction call attention to itself? How?
Does the diction ever seem inappropriate to the situation? How? When? What is the effect of this inappropriateness?
Does the author repeat himself: words, situations, etc.? What is the effect of the repetition?
How does the author use literal language?
How does the author use figurative language?
How does the author create images? Does he use pattern(s) of images (imagery) to convey concepts?
Does the author use a concrete thing to represent an abstract idea - that is, does he use a symbol to clarify his idea? Does he use a set or pattern of symbols? What is the effect of the symbol(s) on the reader's understanding of the work?
Does the author use allusions to prior works or events? How or to what extent are these allusions significant?
Is there a pattern to the author's selection of details?
Is the author's syntax congruent to his diction and the situation? What is the effect when it is incongruent?

THEME

What is the story **really** about? What does it tell? Why was it told?
What Ontological Question seems to be explored by the author? (see page 12)
What do you know about Humanity, human situations and conditions that you did not know before?
When did this idea become obvious to you in the work?
If the story seems to have more than one theme, which is the "strongest"? Which can be supported with the greatest amount of evidence?
To what extent do the other elements work together to support the same idea or theme?
[Theme is the generalization about Life, Reality, the Human Condition, et cetera, that the author illustrates or clarifies in his work. Theme is always a complete idea - a predication - and is stated in a complete declarative sentence. The Theme statement is the Noun Clause that completes the sentence, " The theme of the work is that"]. It is an answer posed by the author to the major question the book raises about life and the human condition.

OTHER FACTORS WHICH CONTRIBUTE TO A WORK

- The time period in which the work was written - the events of the period
- The author's life-circumstances, personality, interests
- The language-history of the author
- Philosophy
- Psychology
- Traditions - personal, cultural, etc.

READING-NOTES

In making reading notes on a work for analysis, separate the notes for each element, either by using a separate note-page for each element or by using a separate color of Post-it note for each element if you are using a Post-it system. You may want to keep observations about different characters on different pages.

On first reading, note those statements or ideas which call attention to themselves for some reason.

BE SURE TO WRITE THE **PAGE NUMBER** OF THE WORK WITH THE NOTATION ABOUT AN IDEA THAT APPEARS ON THAT PAGE SO YOU CAN FIND IT WITHOUT RE-READING THE WORK.

When you have finished reading, look at your note-pages, observe the patterns that appear and write down your conclusions about those patterns, or any other observations you have made about the work. If you are using Post-it notes, you may want to remove them from the book and lay them out on sheets of paper to organize your ideas. If you are using note-pages, you may want to use colored high-lighters to identify particularly relevant observations on each page. The Post-its or the highlighted comments can then serve as the outline for a paper; you can see quickly what patterns exist in the work and where the strongest supporting evidence is for each of them.

QUESTIONS FOR ANALYSIS AND EVALUATION OF DRAMA

GENRE

Is the play a tragedy or comedy, a melodrama or a farce?

If a comedy, is it primarily romantic or satiric?

Does it mingle aspects of these types of drama?

How important to experiencing the drama is the audience's awareness of the classification of the plot?

What specific word choices give the play its color?

Is the style of the play successfully reflected in the set, costumes, dialogue, and lighting?

CHARACTER

(In addition to the questions on character in fiction, ask:)

Who is the protagonist?

Who is the antagonist?

Are there any foil characters?

What dramatic functions are served by the various minor characters? Do they shed light on the actions or motives of the major characters?

Do they advance the plot by eliciting actions by others?

Do they embody ideas or feelings that illuminate the major characters or the movement of the plot?

In Performance

Do the characters seem real within the limits of the play?

Is any character symbolic of something else (e.g., love, hate, wealth, poverty, etc.)

How are the characters costumed? Are the costumes appropriate for the time period of the play?

Do the costumes fit the style of the play?

How does the costume contribute to the audience's interpretation of and reaction to the character?

Can the characters move easily in the costumes?

Does the costume extend the character?

Do the characters move according to the playwright's directions in italicized stage directions?

Do the characters move easily about the set and enter and exit on time?

Does the physical movement of the characters help the audience understand their mood on stage?

Does the movement of the characters look real and believable for the role they play?

SETTING

(In addition to the questions on setting in fiction, ask:)

What amount of time is covered in the action?

How much of the action is presented as a report rather than dramatized on stage?

Is there a meaning behind the selection of events to be dramatized and those to be reported?

Does the play feel "loose" or "tight" in its construction?

Is that feeling appropriate to the themes and dramatic effects of the play?

In Performance

What type of stage is used (Proscenium, thrust, arena)?

How does the lighting affect the set? Does it add to the mood and style of the play? Does it change during the play?

Is the set imaginary (a bare stage)?

Is the set design symbolic? Has the playwright or the director used platforms, ramps, steps, pylons to create the illusion of a place?

Is the set design realistic (representational)? Are actual furniture items used? Do the furniture pieces and properties reflect the time period and the description of the place as written by the playwright?

Is the set conducive to stage movement by the actors?

Does the set change during the course of the play? If so, how are the changes achieved? Do the lights go out or does the stage become blue so that the audience sees the changes being made?

THEME

(In addition to the questions on theme in fiction, ask:)

What themes does the play present?

To what extent do the thematic materials of the play have an effect on the dramatic experience?

Does the power of the ideas increase or decrease the pleasure of the theatrical experience?

Does the play seem either too didactic or insufficient in its presentation of important human concerns?

In Performance

Is the play historical? Is it contemporary?

Is the play simply to entertain?

Is there a message about the human condition in it?

Does it deal with a social issue?

Are human relationships the primary focus?

Does the play "teach a lesson"? If so, what?

At what point in the play does the audience discover the deeper meaning?

CONVENTIONS

Does the play employ realistic or nonrealistic conventions?

On the spectrum from literalistic imitation of reality to stylized or surrealistic representation, where is the play under consideration situated?

Are there breaks from the conventions established as a norm in the play? If so, what is the dramatic effect of these departures? Are they meaningful?

To what extent does the play employ narration as a means of exposition?

Does the play have a narrator? If so, is he visible to the audience? Is he a character in the play or does he set himself apart? Does the narrator advance time in the play, provide background information, or further the plot?

What other expository methods does it use?

Does the exposition have a function beyond communicating information about prior events?

What effect on the audience do the expository methods have?

How do the various physical effects - theatrical components such as sets, lights, costuming, makeup, gestures, stage movements, musical effects of song or dance, and so forth - reinforce the meanings and contribute to the emotional effects?

By what means does the playwright indicate the nature of these physical effects -explicitly, through stage directions and set descriptions, or implicitly, through dialogue between characters?

How is dramatic suspense created?

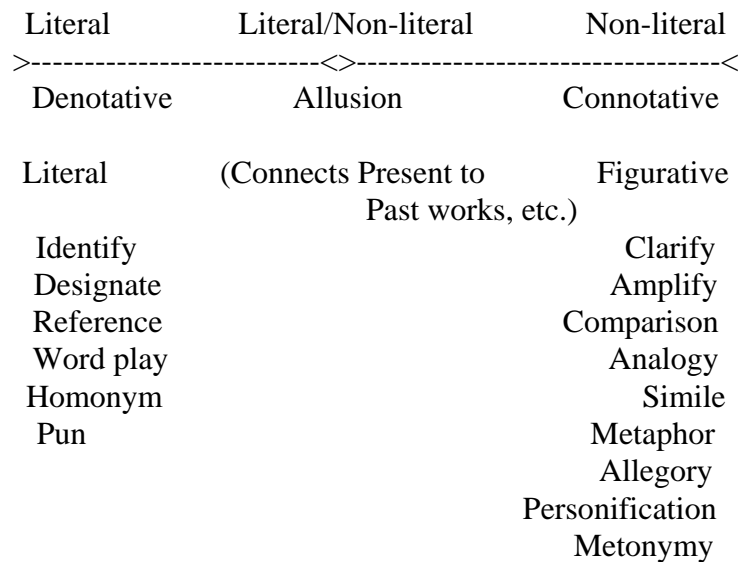
Is there a contrast in the amount of information possessed by the audience as the play proceeds and the knowledge that various individual characters have? If so, what is the effect of the contrast?

ONE PROCEDURE FOR INVESTIGATIVE ANALYTIC READING OF LITERATURE

1. Set up Element Analysis Sheets, one page each for Character, Action, Setting, Point of View, Theme, and Style, and one additional sheet for each major character. You may want to use the questions in the "Cubed Approach" as a beginning point or you may simply label the top of each sheet for more open observations and notes.
 2. Divide the sheet for Style into columns to list specific references and comparisons (similes, metaphors, allusions, etc.)
 3. On first reading, note on the appropriate Analysis Sheet (write briefly, with page or line documentation) information given or comparisons made by author, narrator, or character (note which character). The questions in the Cubed Approach are useful here.
 4. Examine the Analysis Sheets to see whether patterns emerge from repeated observations or comments:
identify repeated images;
identify allusions (if any) and their sources/referents.
 5. On subsequent reading, using the Style Analysis Sheet columns headed with specific images, allusions, references, watch for instances that may have been overlooked in first reading and add notes as necessary.
- To this point, no inferences or conclusions have been drawn.
6. Examine the notes on the Analysis Sheets and identify patterns of images and references, noting progression or development within patterns and the relationship between patterns.
 7. Infer characterizations and themes from patterns.
 8. At this point, you have a collection of evidence on the content of the work and the techniques employed by the author. You may now propose (and answer) analytic questions of considerable depth about the work. You will be able to support your answers with specific references to the text without searching back through the text to find them.

NATURE OF LANGUAGE

The characteristic of language that permits us to use it either literally, to say exactly what we mean, or non-literally, to say something other than, or more than, what we mean, or both literally and non-literally, is the characteristic of language that is most useful to authors. This range of language from Literal meaning to Non-literal meaning may be plotted on a continuum of characteristics.



Figurative Language is built on a literal base; it can produce irony, satire, paradox: metamorphosis in meaning.

Symbolism is a metamorphosis of meaning of things and ideas as figurative language is a metamorphosis of the meaning of words.

When dealing with an author's diction, use a good dictionary: look up his words, write down what you find, including the possible, not just the obvious. Make sure you consider the full derivation (history of the word) as well as the definitions.

USE OF EVIDENCE IN WRITING ABOUT LITERATURE

Kinds of evidence in writing about fiction:

Character

- appearance
 - general appearance
 - details of appearance
 - diction author uses in describing appearance
- action
- dialogue
 - content
 - diction of dialogue
- opinions of other characters
 - content
 - diction in which characters express opinions
- author's direct or narrative statement
 - explicit - content
 - implicit - diction

Action

- event
 - general events
 - details of event
 - diction author uses in conveying events
- conflict
- plot-events [cause/effect-related events that advance the conflict toward resolution]
- author's direct or narrative statement
 - explicit - content
 - implicit - diction

Setting

- general environment of work
- explicit - descriptive details of setting
- implicit - diction author uses to convey setting
- character's statement about setting

Point of View

- Author's narrative stance (1st person, third person, omniscient, etc.)
- persona [narrating voice]
- viewpoint - persona's relation to or attitude toward events
- focus of narration

Style

- syntax - sentence structures, complexity, etc.
- diction author uses to tell story
 - literal language
 - imagery
 - figurative language
- symbolism
- allusion
- selection of detail
- organization [chronological, non-chronological, spatial, etc.]
- narrative structure

Kinds of Evidence in Writing About Poetry

Diction

- literal language
 - denotation
 - connotation
- imagery
- figurative language
- symbolism
- allusion
- selection of detail
- organization [chronological, non-chronological, spatial, etc.]

Sound devices

- rhythm
- rhyme scheme
- onomatopoeia
- phonetic intensives

Syntax

- relation of syntax to form
- relation of syntax to content

Form

- stanza form
- line placement

Tone

- sum of relation of all other elements

Application

When you present evidence from a work in support of an assertion you have made about the work, make sure that you apply the evidence to your assertion. Don't just **say** that "This example shows ..."; **explain** what the evidence has to do with your assertion: "This example shows ... by ..." or "... shows ... because..." In other words, tie your evidence to your assertion; don't just drop it in and leave it. Help your reader make the connection that you have made.

See the green **Writing and Revision Guide** or the white **Directions for Book Analysis** for format of **documentation** of evidence.

How I Write My Book Analysis

I. I ask, “What is this book about?” and list as many one-word or short-phrase answers as I can, such as-

-change	-growing up	-war and peace
-good and evil	-friendship	-deception
-poverty	-effects of fear	-the power of memory
-responsibility	-parenthood	-misunderstanding
-love	-choices	-ambition

II. I ask, “What question about life or the human condition (Ontological Question) does this author examine? (This is his **Theme Question**) How, and to what extent, does he propose an answer? What answer, if any, does he propose?”. (This is a Theme Statement)

III. Then I select a few of these topics and for each one, say, “What this book demonstrates about this topic is that,

“People often _____
because _____, and as a result,
_____. Therefore, _____.”

I select the one of these statements that seems most true. I may use just the “Therefore,...” conclusion of one of these statements. *This statement will become my Theme Statement for the work.*

III. I ask, ‘What ideas does the author convey that lead me to this conclusion?’.

I list the ideas (not the events, but *my ideas about* the events or characters).

These ideas become the minor assertions of the paper.

IV. I ask, “What does the author put into the story that leads me to this conclusion?”.

I list, from my reading notes, the events, character qualities, descriptions, or other strategies of the author that support each of the minor assertions. *This is evidence from the work that supports my assertions. Evidence must be documented with source page numbers.*

V. I ask, “What techniques or elements of literature does the author use most effectively to convey these ideas?”. I select the most effective element from my list of examples.

VI. I ask, “How does the author use plot and this element or technique to convey his Theme?”.

*The answer to this question is the Major Assertion or **Thesis Statement** of my paper.*

VII. I follow the paragraph format of

Assertion

Evidence

Application of evidence to Assertion (showing how the evidence is relevant to the assertion)

Application of minor assertion to Theme Statement (showing how the supporting ideas lead to the Major Assertion or Thesis Statement).

Assertion-Evidence-Application Pattern

Major Assertion (Thesis Statement)	Tom Smith is guilty of the murder of John Doe.
Minor Assertion	Tom Smith had the means to murder John Doe.
Evidence	John Doe was killed by a .38 calibre slug.
Evidence	Tom Smith owns a .38 revolver.
Evidence	Ballistics tests show Smith's gun fired the bullet that killed John Doe.
Evidence	Smith's fingerprints were on the gun.
Application	Since Smith had the means by which Doe was killed, Smith probably killed Doe.
Minor Assertion	Tom Smith had a motive to murder John Doe.
Evidence	John Doe had eloped with Tom Smith's daughter, even though Doe already had a wife out of town.
Evidence	Tom Smith had been seen raging in public about the hurt and humiliation his daughter had suffered because of this bigamy.
Evidence	Tom Smith had often said that if Doe came back to town he would kill him.
Application	Since Tom Smith had a strong motive to kill Doe, Smith probably killed Doe.
Minor Assertion	Tom Smith had the opportunity to kill John Doe.
Evidence	Tom Smith saw John Doe drive in to town.
Evidence	Tom Smith was seen following John Doe around town.
Evidence	Tom Smith was seen standing over John Doe's body in the alley moments after shots were heard.
Application	Since Tom Smith had the opportunity to kill John Doe, Smith probably killed Doe.
Conclusion	Tom Smith had the means, motive, and opportunity to kill John Doe, therefore Tom Smith is guilty of the murder of John Doe.

Note: There is **no** contradictory evidence (**counter-evidence**) in this case: Tom has no alibi, for example. If there is counter-evidence or counter-example, it must be considered before the assertions are formed. It may prove the assertion invalid.

The Overwhelming Question(s) addressed by authors

Ontological (of or relating to essence or the nature of being) Questions

What is the meaning of life?

How should I live?

How can I accept the idea that someday my life will end?

What does it mean to be a good person?

What is truth?

Am I brave, or a coward? Does courage matter?

Do the rewards of life balance or outweigh its pain?

Is man a creature of the earth or of the sky? . . . a child of God or a beast crawling in the mud?

How should people treat each other?

What do women/men want? How can the sexes coexist harmoniously?

How can man live in the ugliness of modern world without despair?

Why do evil and suffering exist?

How can we tell the false from the genuine?

Does my existence matter? (Do I dare disturb the universe?)

How can dreams affect one's life?

Is following the rules of society (morality) more important than survival as an individual?

Can one's insecurities be destructive?

Does one's ethical standard outweigh the moral standard of society?

Is it right to resist or oppose authority?

How can one find meaning in life?

What is the responsibility of parent to child or creator to creation?

Can one recapture or relive the past?

What is the result of attempting to avoid the consequences of one's actions?

How can one learn his identity?

How can one prevail against the pressure of his society?

Since Life always ends in death, how can it have meaning?

You may find this tool helpful in planning your reading schedule. You may run as many copies as you need. You may want to use it for reading assignments for other classes, in addition to this one. Cut the extra paper from around this bookmark, fold it lengthwise, and use it to keep track of where you are in your planned reading.

Calendar Bookmark						
Name _____						
Book Title _____						
Author _____						
Pgs. To Read/ Days to Read/ Pgs. per Day _____						
Time Required per Day _____						
Reading Plan						
S	M	T	W	Th	F	S
Actual Reading						
S	M	T	W	Th	F	S

To Make a Calendar Bookmark

1. Divide the number of days you have to read this book into the total number of pages to be read.

Example:

$$\frac{160}{20} = 8$$

Pages Days Pages a Day

2. Fill in the calendar by placing the number of pages to be read each day in the first day's slot. For the second day, add the number of pages to be read each day to the number in the first slot and place that sum in the second day's slot. Continue adding in this manner until you've reached the total number of pages in the book.

Example:

S	M	T	W	Th	F	S
		8	16	24	32	
	40	48	56	62	70	

S	M	T	W	Th	F	S
		8	16	24	32	40
48	52	60	68	76	82	90

3. To find out how much time you need to read each day, read for five minutes. Count the number of pages you read. Divide the number of pages you need to read each day by the number of pages you read in five minutes. Then multiply by five to determine the total number of minutes.



AP Strategies for Any Class

Marcia Hilsabeck
Round Rock High School

Notes

Kids are under a great deal of pressure - hormones, friends, siblings, parents, other grownups - us - school, life - and they are not prepared for most of it. Of course they are stressed. At the same time, we are asking them to master a new kind of thinking - at least they think it is new. We want them to move away from the “Just the Facts, Ma’am” of the literal level question and to get into analytic thought about “How” and “Why.” Up until this point, starting at about age three, they asked “Why?” until they made everyone around them crazy - and most of the time they got an answer from somebody. NOW we ask them to *figure out* WHY somebody who has been dead 200 years made a character do something and how that made them feel when they read it. They don’t feel prepared - they feel stressed because they don’t feel in control.

In trying to do what we ask them to do in dealing with literature, kids are afraid to fail. But they do, in different extents, to different degrees, at different frequencies. How they react to “failure” determines how they will eventually succeed - or not.

A kid may see failure as either:

- a source of information that he can use for revising strategies and approaches
- or

- a condemnation of him as dumb, incompetent, and hopeless.

We have to teach them to see failing at a particular task as a no-fault, non-threatening, opportunity to try again, so that they are in some control. This enables them to take risks in perceiving relationships between ideas, to think flexibly, to look for solutions outside the box - to change their reaction from “I’m dumb” to “I’m stuck.”

When kids lack the self-confidence to try because they think of themselves as failures (or to avoid becoming a failure, in the case of bright kids) then they are unlikely to succeed - or even attempt to move past literal level thinking toward analysis.

When students see failing as a chance to modify strategies in a situation in which they feel they have some control over the outcome, **stress becomes challenge**.

This does not mean that we should never give students difficult tasks; we need to help them develop attitudes that success is a result of effort, and failure is a result of the difficulty of the task, which can be overcome with effort and adjustment of strategy. Students who perceive that their successes are a result of good luck or an easy task are likely to give up under stress because luck is not under their control.

Control

Among the ways we can give students a sense of control is to give them:

- Choice - opportunities to make decisions, like whether to try

- bonus points for optional questions;
- self-selected reading opportunities.

- Variable payoff - greater reward for more difficult tasks;

- opportunity to improve their grades, as well as knowledge and understanding, by review and retest.

- Useful feedback - not just “the correct answer,” but explanation of why it is correct and how they could have arrived at that answer.

- Anxiety reduction - diagnostic tests that provide feedback but don’t affect grade: practice tests to prepare for the real thing.

For some teachers, these would be major shifts of emphasis. Others would like to do all these

things, but can't see how to make these strategies compatible with the nature of their students and the demands of the content to be mastered. The interesting thing is that these strategies are at least as effective with less able students as with talented students. Less able students are often required to complete literal level tasks before being allowed to go on to higher level tasks, so they often do not get the opportunity to move beyond the literal. Sometimes, these students realize the literal facts in the process of analysis. They need to be allowed and encouraged to try.

Question Strategy

One of the ways teachers can build learning confidence is by giving students understanding (therefore some control) of the process of questioning. Questions focus on increasingly complex levels of understanding:

Literal level - What are the facts?

Interpretive level - What do the facts mean or indicate? What can I infer from these facts?

Creative level - How can I use these facts differently?

Evaluative level - What is the relative Truth or Value of these facts and ideas?

When a learner asks questions, or someone questions him to draw out the understanding he has, the pattern is usually:

What?

Why?

How?

Why?

So?

Why?

Probing questions ask for explanation, expansion, elaboration, evaluation. These help students see relationships and build coherent pictures of meaning in their minds. They reveal understanding and knowledge the students did not know they had. Questions need not be from the teacher: it is important that students form the habit of asking each other - and expecting from each other - questions about reasons, examples, justification, clarification, counter-example or counter-argument, extension, expansion, refutation, and application.

Other Classroom Strategies

Wait Time - Ask a question and allow time for students to formulate an answer;

Non-exclusion - Ask students to write down responses before you ask for an answer; don't allow kids to think they are off the hook because they were not called on;

Non-threat - Ask students to read another student's written response to enable the shy to participate;

Idea-Sharpening - Encourage students to discuss their reading with each other;

Making Connections - Encourage students to consider how any new idea relates to something the students already know;

Questioning the Text and the Author -

Provide structured analytic questions that students can use to guide reading;

Students individually write literal, interpretive, evaluative questions (at least one at each level), then work in small groups to choose or combine and generate the most important question for whole-class discussion.

Students individually write open questions (not literal level, but verifiable from text),

teacher selects some for whole-class discussion and probing. One of the most helpful things one can do to build questioning strategies is to watch himself learn by questioning and to note the actual process he uses. Real learning happens when the learner asks questions and finds answers to the questions he asks.

When students can see failing as a chance to modify strategies in a situation in which they feel they have some control over the outcome,

stress
becomes
challenge.

For a discussion of these and related principles, see

***Making Sense: Teaching Critical Reading Across the Curriculum*, Anne Chapman, ed., The College Board, New York, New York, 1993. ISBN 087447-470-1.**

This book can be ordered from College Board Publications, Box 886, New York, NY 10101-0886, or by phone from the College Board Publications Office, 1-800-323-7155, 8:00 am - 11:00 pm Monday - Friday.

The advantage of a vertical team approach in teaching English is that teachers use the same terms at every level and build on the concepts and content of the previous year's class. Obviously, some concepts are too difficult for young students, but as they mature, they grow into them. Introducing difficult terms and concepts a bit at a time helps them ease in to the process. The Advanced Placement Exams at the end of the sequence provides an external assessment of the skills that the student has been building for six years. Since skill-building is a cumulative process, all of an AP student's teachers are Pre-AP teachers.

The point of Pre-AP courses is not to teach college-level materials to middle school students or to ninth and tenth grade students. AP Strategies are just good teaching strategies that are modified by teachers to help students build the academic confidence and background to enable them to want to challenge themselves to excel. The following strategies and procedures can be modified and used at any level with age-appropriate materials to help students build skills in learning about literature and language.

"Acronyms Are Our Friends"

In the years that I have worked with AP students, I have attended many workshops presented by my colleagues in which they have discussed the use of various acronyms to help students remember what to do in analyzing or writing about literature. I have had students who insisted that without the acronyms to help them remember what to do, they could not have done as well as they did on the AP Exam. A few years ago, when I returned to school after a two-day workshop which several other members of my department also attended, I discovered that there was probably a need to collect all the acronymic devices so that there would be a single source to consult to begin working with the students in that area. Students who have a formula to help them remember what to do in pressure situations feel more comfortable that they can do a complete job of what they are asked to do on the AP Exams.

The first of the acronyms that the students master to mutter in taking the AP English exams is DIDLS (pronounced "diddles"): In order to write about style or tone (which many consider to be the most challenging level of literary analysis), one should consider

Diction, Imagery, Detail, Language, and Syntax (or sentence structure).

In examining a passage, the student remembers to look first at the author's choices of words to express his ideas - his Diction. The student tries changing the words the author chose to synonyms to see if the effect created is a result of the words themselves (in which case he is dealing with Diction) or a result of the word-picture (or Image) or a result of the event or idea presented (the Detail). Then the student examines the effect or impact of the level of formality of the language used (formal, informal, conversational, jargon, etc.) and the figurative language used (metaphors, similes, etc.), and the effect of the sentence structures that the author used. The total effect of these choices by the author is a product of his style. Tone is the cumulative effect of these choices.

We walk the students through this process until it is second nature to them, and they approach the analysis of any passage with DIDLS as a guide. They feel more secure that they have done a complete job of analysis if they have covered the DIDLS.

A more recent acronymic acquisition is PATTR ("patter") as an aid to remembering what to examine and discuss when asked to write about an author's rhetoric. "Rhetoric" is often a term completely new to students at the senior year, and they tend to be thrown by new terms. The acronym helps them recognize that it is a label for a characteristic of writing that they have examined before. In order to write about an author's "Rhetoric", one should examine his

Purpose, Audience, Tone, Theme, and Rhetorical choices.

In looking at a work, or a passage from a work, students determine

Purpose of the Author: **Why** he wrote - to Persuade, to Inform, to Inquire, to Entertain, to Express Emotion - the **Aim**;

Audience: **Who** the reader is that the author wants to reach or appeal to;

Tone of the author's work: **How** he uses language (**DIDLS**) to express his attitude toward his subject and his audience;

Theme of the work: the "Message" or "Main Idea" that the author wants the reader to get;

Theme is an abstract idea (such as those listed below) coupled with a comment or observation which addresses

1. Human Condition
2. Human Motivation
3. Human Ambition

The observation should express the complexity of the Human Experience: the statement should not be too terse.

The observation avoids moralizing and instead simply observes, weighs and considers; it should not include terms like *should* or *ought* or *any words which express judgment*.

The observation should not include absolute words like *all*, *anyone*, *none*, *everything*, *everyone*.

The theme statement should not be a specific reference to plot and characters.

Rhetoric of the work: How the author uses language skillfully to secure the acceptance or agreement of the reader.

Rhetorical Device: any use of language that causes the reader to agree with the writer: analogy, analysis of cause, anticipation, antithesis, appeals (ethical, pathetic, logical), concession, direct address, deduction, definition, extended metaphor, rebuttal or refutation, reduction to the absurd, overstatement, understatement

Rhetorical Stance: when several devices are organized in an effective way, the writer has created a "stance" or a strategy. Some effective stances are:

- a. Convincing arguments for or against an idea
- b. Examination of implications while leaving conclusions unresolved
- c. Condemnation as an illogical those who hold one or several opinions different from the writer's
- d. Progressively narrow focus from a universal, accepted concept to a specific personal understanding
- e. Digressions that divert attention from major issues

Rhetorical Strategies: methods of organizing ideas for more effective communication. Strategies may include

- a. Description of people, places, things, or ideas
- b. Narration of events, situations, relationships
- c. Classification or comparison/contrast
- d. Evaluation
- e. Stating a thesis, then refuting it
- f. Suggesting possibilities then dismissing all but one
- g. Posing a problem, then solving it
- h. Forming a hypothesis and testing its implications
- I. Expressing an opinion, then contradicting it with facts

- j. Narrating several apparently unrelated episodes, then linking them in a surprising way
- k. Narrating chronologically, then shifting to reflecting on the narration
- l. Reporting appreciatively
- m. Recollecting dispassionately

DIDLS and PATTR were the contribution of Brendan Kenny, of Austin High School.

Some Possible Topics of Theme Statement

Alienation	Falsity/Pretense	Poverty
Ambition	Family	Prejudice
Appearance/Reality	Free Will	Prophecy
Betrayal	Games/Contests/Sports	Psychological Journey
Brotherhood	Greed	Punishment
Bureaucracy	Guilt	Quest
Chance/Fate/Luck	Heart vs. Reason	Repentance
Children	Heaven/Paradise/Utopia	Resistance/Rebellion
Courage/Cowardice	Home	Revenge/Retribution
Cruelty/Violence	Idealism	Ritual/Ceremony
Custom/Tradition	Initiation	Scapegoat/Victim
Deception	Innocence	Search for Identity
Defeat/Failure	Instinct	Sharing
Despair/Discontent	Journey	Social Status
Disillusionment	Law/Justice	Success
Domination/Suppression	Loneliness/Aloneness	Supernatural
Dreams: Fantasies	Loyalty	Time/Eternity
Dreams: Goals/ Aspirations	Materialism	Tricks
Duty	Memory/the Past	Victory
Education/School	Mob Psychology	War
Escape	Music, Dance	Will Power
Exile	Parenthood	Women/Feminism
Faith/Loss of Faith	Patriotism	
AMysterious Stranger@	Persistence/Perseverance	

In working with poetry, Connie Vermeer of Las Cruces, NM, developed TPCASTT. My students found it very useful in working with the poem on this year's test.

In Preparing to discuss a Poem, Examine

Title - Literal And Connotative Meanings

Paraphrase - Literal Translation of Denotative Meanings

Connotations - Beyond Literal

Attitudes - Speaker's and Poet's

Shifts - in Attitudes

- in Speakers**
- in other characters**
- Poet's Attitude toward speaker**
- Poet's Attitude toward reader**
- Occasion**
- Meaning (Irony)**

Title - Interpretation

Theme: List subject(s) of poem

What does poem say about subject?

QUESTION NO. 2 (1996)

Question 2

(Suggested time 40 minutes. This question counts as onethird of the total essay section score.)

Read carefully the following poem by the colonial American poet, Anne Bradstreet. Then write a wellorganized essay in which you discuss how the poem's controlling metaphor expresses the complex attitude of the speaker.

The Author to Her Book

- Thou illformed offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after birth did'st by my side remain,
Til snatched from thence by friends, less wise than true,
Who thee abroad exposed to public view;
(5) Made thee in rags, halting, to the press to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened, all may judge.
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat (in print) should mother call,
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
(10) Thy visage was so irksome in my sight;
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could.
I washed thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.
(15) I stretched thy joints to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou run'st more hobbling than is meet;
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But nought save homespun cloth in the house I find.
In this array, 'mongst vulgars may'st thou roam;
(20) In critics' hands beware thou dost not come;
And take thy way where yet thou are not known.
If for thy Father asked, say thou had'st none;
And for thy Mother, she alas is poor,
Which caused her thus to send thee out of door.
(1678)

(Note the Title: Many students would have had an easier time with this essay if they had used the TPCASTT system and read the Title first!)

Steps in Reading a Work for Analysis or Interpretation

- 1. Observe details of Text: Action, Information, Language**
- 2. Establish Connections among Observation: Look for patterns and relationships**
- 3. Develop Inferences based on Connections**
- 4. Formulate a Conclusion - an Interpretation - based on Inferences**

O C I C

Observe Connect Infer Conclude

Reader Response as a Basis for Analysis

- 1. What does the Work Say? (Literal Comprehension)**
- 2. How Does the Work Make me (the reader) Feel? (Nonliteral Reaction)**
- 3. What Did the Author Do to Make me Feel that way? (Technical Analysis)**

Steps_To Formulate Theme and Support

- 1. Ask, “What is the Work about?”**
- 2. List single-word answers;**
- 3. Pick one of those words;**
- 4. Ask, “What does the Work say about this topic?”**
- 5. Write a one-sentence response.**
- 6. Ask, “What does the Author do in the Work to show this is true?”**
- 7. List examples from Work (DIDLS, PATTR, etc.)**
- 8. Explain how the examples apply or relate to the assertion or topic.**

Steps in Reading a Work for Analysis or Interpretation

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O C I C

Observe Connect Infer Conclude

Students who have a formula to help them remember what to do in pressure situations feel more comfortable that they can do a complete job of what they are asked to do on the AP Exams. Younger or more immature readers feel an even greater sense of security when they feel they know exactly what is expected. Very bright students, especially, want to know "exactly what the teacher wants" before they are ready to branch out and "be creative."

Cube Notes developed from the need expressed by some students to have a specific procedure to follow in reading for analysis.

It is a system arranged from most concrete to most abstract, from most specific to most speculative, from most literal to most interpretive.

Robert DiYanni, in

Literature: Reading Fiction, Poetry, Drama, and the Essay (3rd edition, 1994, McGraw-Hill Publishers, ISBN 0-07-016943-8) p. 93,

makes "Suggestions for Writing" which can also guide Reading by focussing on a reading purpose.

Suggestions for Writing

1. Describe a character who must make a decision. Discuss his reasons and the consequences of his decision.
2. Discuss the significance of the opening of a story in setting Tone, announcing Theme, preparing reader.
3. Discuss the ending of a story: significance of conclusion; effectiveness as ending.
4. Analyze Plot: Organization, Structure, Sequence of Events, Purpose or Effect of sequence on Reader.
5. Analyze Setting: Time, Place, Location (inside, outside, what room, why), changes, relevance of details of setting to the Theme.
6. Analyze a character: evaluate his actions and Motives; discuss changes in the character; discuss reactions of other characters to this character.
7. Discuss the relationship of two characters: how do they affect each other? What is the nature and significance of the relationship? How is it relevant to the theme?
8. Discuss Point of View of the story: is the narrator reliable? ... Biased?...Trustworthy?...Mistaken or deceived? What is the VIEWPOINT of the Protagonist? Does it change?
9. Discuss Symbolism in a story: Identify major symbols and discuss their significance. Does the author use a set (or sets) of Symbols? What is the effect of the use of symbols on the reader?
10. Discuss the author's use of figurative language.
11. Discuss the Author's use of Imagery.
12. Discuss the ironic dimensions of a story: Identify examples of Irony and discuss their impact on the reader and the relevance to the Theme.
13. Show how any of the elements, alone or in combination, convey Theme.

Systems for Annotating While Reading

Marginal Notes

"Post-it" Notes

Page Number

Label

Comment

Reactions

Connection

Paraphrase

Allusion

Question

Developing Analysis from Annotation

List

Cluster

Summarize

Infer and Draw Conclusions which are supported by the Text

Dialectical Response in Analytic Reading:

Element (*Character, Action, Setting, etc.*)

<u>Author's Work</u>	<u>Reader's Response</u>
-----------------------------	---------------------------------

Page Number	
--------------------	--

Main point or idea	
---------------------------	--

	<i>Reaction</i>
--	------------------------

Paraphrase	
-------------------	--

	<i>Question</i>
--	------------------------

Direct Quotation	
-------------------------	--

	<i>Definition</i>
--	--------------------------

Image	
--------------	--

	<i>Interpretation</i>
--	------------------------------

(etc.)	
---------------	--

	<i>Comparison</i>
--	--------------------------

	<i>Allusion Note</i>
--	-----------------------------

	<i>Comment</i>
--	-----------------------

	<i>Refer to Similar or Contrasting passage in text</i>
--	---

	<i>Conclusion</i>
--	--------------------------

Student's Name: _____ *Period:* _____

Reading Notes for (title of work) _____, *Ch.* _____

Plot Synopsis: List the major events of this chapter

Your commentary or questions on the plot of this chapter. You may wish to predict action or consequences.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

9.

10.

Images, Symbols, or Phrases which struck you:

Words you do not know the meaning of:

Grading Rubric: Complete Plot and Commentary: 80%
Images, Symbols, Phrases, & Unknown words: 20%

R. N. Wightman
RRHS 1997

Annotating for Information or Study

<u>Page Number</u>	<u>Main Idea</u>	<u>Supporting Idea</u> <u>Evidence, Example</u>	<u>Response/Connection</u> <u>& Vocabulary</u>
3-4	Two Broad categories of Fiction are: Escape Interpretive	="Entertainment Only" = Broadens, deepens, sharpens awareness of life	This is New! - Like S. King - Like <u>Gatsby</u> (<u>poles</u> = extremes)

Name: _____

Date: _____

The College Board 1986 Advanced Placement Examination
ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION -SECTION II

Total time-1 hour and 45 minutes

Question I

(Suggested time-30 minutes. This question counts one-third of the total essay section score.)

The passage below is the opening of a novel. Read the passage carefully. Then write an essay in which you define the narrator's attitude toward the characters and show how he directs the reader's perceptions of those characters through his use of such stylistic devices as imagery, diction, narrative structure, and choice of specific details.

Dombey sat in the corner of the darkened room in the great arm-chair by the bedside, and Son lay tucked up warm in a little basket bedstead, carefully disposed on a low settee immediately in front of the fire and close to it, as if his constitution were analogous to that of a muffin, and it was essential to toast him brown while he was very new.

Dombey was about eight-and-forty years of age. Son about eight-and-forty minutes. Dombey was rather bald, rather red, and though a handsome well-made man, too stern and pompous in appearance to be prepossessing. Son was very bald, and very red, and though (of course) an undeniably fine infant, somewhat crushed and spotty in his general effect, as yet. On the brow of Dombey, Time and his brother Care had set some marks, as on a tree that was to come down in good time-remorseless twins they are for striding through their human forests, notching as they go-while the countenance of Son was crossed and recrossed with a thousand little creases, which the same deceitful Time would take delight in smoothing out and wearing away with the flat part of his scythe, as a preparation of the surface for his deeper operations.

Dombey, exulting in the long-looked-for event, jingled and jingled the heavy gold watch-chain that depended from below his trim blue coat, whereof the buttons sparkled phosphorescently in the feeble rays of the distant fire. Son, with his little fists curled up and clenched, seemed, in his feeble way, to be squaring at existence for having come upon him so unexpectedly.

"The house will once again, Mrs. Dombey," said Mr. Dombey, "be not only in name but in fact Dombey and Son; Dom-bey and Son!"

The words had such a softening influence that he appended a term of endearment to Mrs. Dombey's name (though not without some hesitation, as being a man but little used to that form of address) and said, "Mrs. Dombey, my-my dear."

A transient flush of faint surprise overspread the sick lady's face as she raised her eyes towards him.

"He will be christened Paul, my-Mrs. Dombey-of course."

She feebly echoed, "Of course," or rather expressed it by the motion of her lips, and closed her eyes again.

"His father's name, Mrs. Dombey, and his grandfather's! I wish his grandfather were alive this day!" And again he said "Dom-bey and Son," in exactly the same tone as before.

Those three words conveyed the one idea of Mr. Dombey's life. The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in, and the sun and moon were made to give them light. Rivers and seas were formed to float their ships; rainbows gave them promise of fair weather; winds blew for or against their enterprises; stars and planets circled in their orbits to preserve inviolate a system of which they were the centre. Common abbreviations took new meanings in his eyes, and had sole reference to them: A. D. had no concern with anno Domini, but stood for anno Dombei-and Son.

Name: _____

Dombey and Son

Read the excerpt from *Dombey and Son* and respond to these questions. Provide answers in complete sentences and in the “Connection” explain how the quote connects or leads to the answer.

In paragraph 1: What time of day does it seem to be?

Answer:

Quote:

Connection:

In paragraph 1: What kind of weather is it?

Answer:

Quote:

Connection:

In paragraph 1: What do you learn about the baby?

Answer:

Quote:

Connection:

In paragraph 1: What is Dombey doing?

Answer:

Quote:

Connection:

In paragraph 2: What is Son like?

Answer:

Quote:

Connection:

In paragraph 2: What is Time doing?

Answer:

Quote:

Connection:

In paragraph 2: What is Care doing?

Answer:

Quote:

Connection:

In paragraph 2: What does Human Forests mean?

Answer:

Quote:

Connection:

What does Dombey's coat show about Dombey?

Answer:

Quote:

Connection:

What is Mrs. Dombey like?

Answer:

Quote:

Connection:

What does the world seem to be for Dombey?

Answer:

Quote:

Connection:

Based on what he says in the whole piece, what does the narrator think Dombey is like?

Answer:

Quote:

Connection:

What AP Readers Long to See...

This list of suggestions for AP students writing the AP exam was compiled during the 2007 AP English reading at the Convention Center in Louisville, Kentucky. Although its participants read essays that answered only question number 1, their suggestions apply to other parts of the exam as well.

The prompt, which generated the essays being scored, was from the 2007 AP English Literature exam, as follows:

In the following two poems (A Barred Owl by Richard Wilbur & The History Teacher by Billy Collins – not reprinted here), adults provide explanations for children. Read the poems carefully. Then write an essay in which you compare and contrast the two poems, analyzing how each poet uses literary devices to make his point.

I've done my best to encapsulate, synthesize and categorize comments – there were over 40 pages from which to work. I also know that there are contradictions here; that's just the way it is. However, the similarities far outweigh the differences. We do all seem to be on the same page, so to speak.

Structure & Composition

1. Fully develop your essays; try to write at least 2 pages. It's a shame to read the first page of what promises to be an 8 or 9 essay and then have the writer not fully develop their ideas and quit after one page. However, a longer essay is not necessarily a better essay.
2. Integrate your quotations gracefully (1) into your analysis of literary devices (2) with an interpretation of meaning (3). Thoroughly explain the relevance of the quote to the prompt and your analysis. Don't assume that your understanding of a quote is the same as the readers' understanding; you have to interpret its significance to the work, your thesis and the prompt. Show, don't tell.
3. Spend time planning your essay (10 minutes), and find some angle, within the context of the prompt, that you feel passionate about, whether emotionally, intellectually or philosophically (passion moves readers). If the prompt refers to "literary devices" or any other technical aspects of the work, ignore the reference and ask first, "What does the poem mean?" THEN, ask, "What message does the author have for you?" THEN, ask, "How is that message delivered?" At this point, the devices should suggest themselves in a context in which the technicalities of the work will be seen to create its effectiveness rather than obscuring its power.
 - a. One reader suggested leaving some space at the beginning and write your introduction last, once you know what you've actually written.
4. Don't just jump from thought to thought; transition quickly but effectively.
5. Make sure your essay has a clear ARGUABLE thesis statement which clearly reflects what you intend to discuss. Make sure your thesis is an EXACT reflection of what the prompt is asking WITHOUT simply restating the prompt. A good formula is "The text shows X in order to show/highlight/accomplish Y." Connect the literary device back to the author's point.
6. Spend more time thinking and analyzing the ENTIRE text rather than paraphrasing the text in your response. Many writers miss or ignore subtle shades of meaning which show contrasts or similarities. Look for ambiguities and ambivalence in the selection.
7. Make sure that all your claims/analysis has effective support AND that the support you choose is the best the text has to offer. When considering what support to use, reflect on the following:
 - a. Are they all equal?
 - b. Do they grow or diminish in importance or scale?
 - c. Are there different aspects of one thing or varieties?

8. The conclusion should be a separate paragraph, even if you only have time for one sentence. Don't just stop after your last argument, and avoid simply repeating your introduction in your conclusion. A good conclusion could restate the thesis, emphasize salient aspects of the essay and end with a provocative clincher.
9. While avoiding the formula of the five-paragraph essay, it would also be helpful to see more than one or two GIGANTIC paragraphs. Because readers read through only once and quickly, not having those cues to where ideas begin and end contributes to the incoherency of an essay. Structure is part of essay writing, and students need to show that they can command the language and their thoughts into a structured essay.
10. Don't use plot summary in your response. "Summary is death!"
11. Evidence, evidence, evidence!
12. Avoid formulaic writing, especially in the opening of your essay. If you use a formula to get the pen moving, then do, but if 10 or 15 seconds though will help you craft something more creative or original or efficient, that that's 10 seconds well spent. Readers will read hundreds and hundreds of essays, 90% of which start the same way (think refrigerator word magnets simply rearranged a thousand different ways), and if you can create something memorable (but not wacky), it may bring more attention to your work.
13. Don't use line numbers, but briefly quote instead. Line numbers never substitute for the actual quote when supporting a point, AND most readers will not go back to the poem or text to see which lines you are referring to. Finally, when quoting, don't simply give the first and last words with an ellipsis in between. Use the exact words that are most important in demonstrating your point.
14. Take some time to consider point of view and audience before digging in. Many essays confuse the actual purpose of the text by not thinking about or ignoring the proposed audience or point of view.
15. Teachers should remind students that they can write on any work OF LITERARY MERIT which is a PLAY or a NOVEL. Some students wrote notes that they hadn't read any of the suggested works so they were giving up. In addition, the reading slowed down as readers searched the table for someone who might even recognize titles that none of us had heard of.

Style

1. Avoid long, flowery (purple prose), showy, catchy, etc, introductions; stick to a few sentences and get to the point (aka your thesis).
2. Don't moralize or comment on the quality of the work – "I liked the poem," etc; focus on literary analysis as a means to convey your opinions not on how you personally felt about the selection. And, don't comment on the author, either: "Such and such was a great 20th century author who...." Or "Milton does a great job of ..."
3. Try not to be too controversial, politically speaking.
4. Avoid affective fallacy, which argues that the reader's response to a poem is the ultimate indication of its value.
5. Creative writing is not academic writing.
6. Take some risks. Be aware of your strengths as a writer and show them off. Be critical and analytical.
7. Develop your essay well, but be thinking about being concise, too. Less can be more.
8. Don't repeat yourself. Find new ways to say the same thing if you must reiterate a point.
9. Write as legibly and neatly as possible; WRITE USING LARGE LETTERS. *Readers will always do their best to read every word, but stumbling through an essay which is illegible, too small or too big does impact our understanding of the response.*
10. It's not necessary to write titles for your responses; in fact, many readers do not like them at all.
11. Don't confuse the characters in a poem or text with the audience or the speaker of the piece. Don't confuse the speaker with the author, either.
12. Avoid lists: "The writer uses words such as ...to show..."
13. Complex ideas require complex or multiple sentences. Don't oversimplify.
14. Do not use little hearts, stars or circles to dot your "i's." It makes your essay harder to read and takes away valuable time from your analysis.
15. Use a black pen.
16. Use an active voice, simple present tense (literary tense) and strong verbs.

17. Be yourself! Strut your stuff! Use your own voice in the essay. BUT, don't show off or "act smart" either. Patronizing or pretentious essays often don't make the cut because the author is more interested in himself or herself than in taking care of business (aka answering the prompt).
18. We don't care about your love life, your opinions on Iraq or the US government, your ex-boyfriend or girlfriend, how you're having a bad hair day, your unreasonable parents, or your lousy AP teacher (at least for the purposes set before us) – write about the literature.
19. Avoid "fluff."
20. When editing your writing, try not to make changes within the sentence; simply cross out the whole sentence and start over.
21. Don't apologize in your essay for a lack of understanding, learning, etc. Show what you can do; don't apologize for what you can't do.

Focus – aka THE PROMPT

1. Respond to the prompt and the prompt ONLY (**AP = Address the Prompt – accurately, completely and specifically**). Make sure you have a clear understanding of what the prompt asks before beginning, and don't twist it into what you really want to write about. We readers need to know what and how you understood the text and its relationship to the prompt. *This came up many, many times and is probably the most important part of your task. Too many great essays go down in flames because the student simply did not respond to the prompt.*
2. Be as specific as possible with your analysis as it refers to the prompt. Don't over-generalize. Generalizations don't make good evidence to support assertions.
3. Don't simply restate the prompt in your introduction. Using language from the prompt is fine when and if it is combined with an interpretation which you plan on pursuing in the essay.
4. Some literary devices are genre specific; know the difference. There is some overlap, of course, but certain distinctions are worth noting.
5. Don't simply list devices; focus on a few and show how AND WHY they are used – what the device adds to the meaning of the text. Literary devices are not important in and of themselves, and truly excellent writers don't just observe devices, they discuss their consequences. Literary devices are tools the author uses to create meaning. Ask yourself "So what?" If there's a rhyme scheme, so what? What purpose does it serve?
6. Especially when responding to poetry, explain how form relates to content. Form and content are mutually constitutive; any discussion of one should include the other.
7. Literary terms should be used correctly and appropriately. If you're not sure what a term means or refers to, don't use it in your essay, and don't make up devices. Finally, don't take time to define literary terms. We're English teachers; we already know them. Instead, focus on explaining how the literary device is being used effectively.
8. When you analyze a work, assess the whole work from start to finish as an organic whole. Don't carve your analysis into paragraphs for each device; evaluate how the work builds to its conclusion and creates its tone and effects.
9. Don't forget what are often the most important parts of a text, especially a poem: THE TITLE AND THE ENDING.
10. When asked to compare and contrast, remember that simply because one text uses devices X, Y and Z does not mean that the second text uses the same devices and, therefore, must be part of your analysis. You should be looking at overall meaning and how the author achieves that meaning regardless of the devices involved for each text.
11. Don't write about ANYTHING which can't be related back to the theme and the prompt. Also, don't show off by alluding to other works that you have read or studied, not even in the conclusion. Doing so almost always diminishes your other observations.
12. Take some time to review your essay and make sure it relates back to the prompt. Many essays start out well focused and end up digressing.
13. Many readers responded that you should try to discuss rhyme, structure, etc when working with poetry BUT ONLY if you know what you are talking about. The same is true when dealing with structural attributes of prose passages. BUT, don't ONLY discuss structure, and don't assume that structure is the end all or be all of the analysis.
14. If you don't have much to discuss, do it quickly.

15. If you think a selection is too simple or easy, look again!
16. Don't force symbolism into your analysis. Everything is not symbolic. It is better to miss symbolism that only might exist than to distort the meaning of the work by creating symbols that are simply not there.

Vocabulary & Word Choice

1. The term "diction" does not mean "word choice." It refers more specifically to the formality of the writer's language. Looking closely at the writer's selection of words and phrases, along with his or her use of sentence construction and syntax, all lead to determining the diction of a selection.
2. When comparing and contrasting, don't write that the texts are similar and different or that they are "the same and different." *This comment was made MANY times.*
3. Avoid the use of clichés.
4. Put your time into answering the prompt – understatement is fine instead of litotes, for example.
5. Do not inflate your essay with jargon. Readers know "big words," too. They may know more of them than you. Instead, use words effectively and in context. Simple, clear, and direct diction is preferable to high-toned literary bafflegab (pretentious and obscure talk full of technical terminology or circumlocutions).
6. Do not misspell the names of poets, authors, poems, books, terms from the prompt, etc. It looks sloppy. Plus, poems are not plays or novels; plays are not poems or novels; and novels are not poems or plays.
7. Know the differences – *analyzing, explaining, paraphrasing, summarizing, describing, etc.*
8. "Simplistic" doesn't mean "simple."
9. Mastery of grammar and mechanical skills is important and strengthens the essay.
10. Writers don't "use" diction or tone, nor do they "use literary terms" in their writing. ALL sentences have diction and syntax. The question is, therefore, what kind of diction and syntax is being used AND why. Don't write that, "The author uses diction (or syntax or whatever) to show his or her meaning."
11. A rhyme scheme and/or metrical pattern do not mean the poem is "sing songy" or "childlike."
12. Avoid the word "flow"; it means nothing.
13. Poems and stories are not "journeys."
14. Don't talk about the effect something has on the reader's feelings or emotions. In fact, avoid the word "feel" altogether. Example: "...to make the reader feel..."; "...a story-like feel versus a rhythmic feel..."; "As one reads, it will make the reader flow through the poem and feel like he is there."
15. Authors don't "use" devices to make something interesting, more accessible or more complicated to read or understand.
16. Avoid using the diminutive or augmentative forms of words simply to highlight what may be more subtle differences in meaning.
17. Don't create "new" words (or neologisms) in your essays.
18. Avoid empty words: unique, different, similar, negative, etc – make your own "weak word list."
19. "Rhyme" does not mean the poem is simple.
20. Poetry is written in stanzas not paragraphs.
21. Avoid "in today's society" and "paints a picture."
22. Words are not a poetic device.
23. Mood and tone are not the same thing.

One teacher emailed me to put a plug in for his work [AP Guide for Teachers](#) (Jamieson Spencer and Dr. Kathleen Puhr), that goes in a set with Bob DiYanni's Literature text (McGraw Hill). There is a small chapter that includes further suggestions for students on writing AP essays.

	Action Plan	Start	End
1	Objective 1. Establish AP Background		
	Goal 1.1. Provide PSAT, IPR, and Audit Syllabus		
	Goal 1.2. Become Familiar with College Board Website		
	Task 1.2.1. Consult AP Lit Homepage		
	Resource 1.2.1.1. Links to AP Central Website Resources		
2	Objective 2. Literary Interpretation: How does <u>x</u> affect reader response and meaning of the work?		
	Goal 2.1. Literary Elements - Fiction and Drama		
	Task 2.1.1. Students will understand and use appropriate terminology when discussing literature		
	1. <i>Literary Terms for the AP Exam</i>		
	Task 2.1.2. Literary Terms		
	Task 2.1.3. Setting		
	Task 2.1.4. Character		
	Task 2.1.5. Characterization		
	Task 2.1.6. Conflict/Plot		
	Task 2.1.7. Point of View		
	Task 2.1.8. Style - DIDLS		
	Task 2.1.9. Style -Tone		
	Task 2.1.10. Style- Ironical use of language		
	a. Students will demonstrate how authors use language non-literally (Ironically) to convey ideas.		
	Task 2.1.11. Theme		
	a. Students will demonstrate how authors use each of the elements to convey Theme		
	1. <i>How to Read to Analyze Literature</i>		
	Goal 2.2. Literary Elements - Poetry		
	Task 2.2.1. Students will demonstrate how Elements affect meaning		
	Task 2.2.2. Speaker		
	a. Students will distinguish between author and speaker in interpreting poetry		
	Task 2.2.3. Occasion		
	a. Students will demonstrate how occasion affects meaning in poetry.		
	Task 2.2.4. Audience		
	a. Students will distinguish between the audience of the Speaker and the audience of the poet		
	Task 2.2.5. Purpose		
	Task 2.2.6. TPCASTT		
	Task 2.2.7. Diction -Imagery		
	Task 2.2.8. Diction -Symbols		

	Task 2.2.9. Diction - Ironic use of language		
	Task 2.2.10. Tone		
	a. Students will demonstrate how a poet's use of tone and changes in tone affect meaning		
3	Objective 3. Writing about Literature: Conveying Interpretation to a Reader		
	Goal 3.1. Purpose		
	Task 3.1.1. Students will demonstrate understanding of their own purpose for writing		
	Task 3.1.2. Students will demonstrate understanding of an author's purpose for writing		
	Goal 3.2. Purpose - Audience		
	Task 3.2.1. Students will demonstrate the effect of author's audience on his purpose		
	Goal 3.3. Purpose - Occasion		
	Task 3.3.1. Students will demonstrate the effect of the occasion for writing on his purpose		
	Goal 3.4. Voice		
	Task 3.4.1. Students will demonstrate the effect of author's voice on his purpose		
	Goal 3.5. Evidence - Analyzing evidence for relevance		
	Task 3.5.1. Students will select relevant evidence in writing about literature		
	Goal 3.6. Evidence- Selecting supporting evidence		
	Task 3.6.1. Students will select effective evidence in writing about literature		
	Goal 3.7. Organization		
	Task 3.7.1. Students will demonstrate the effect of author's organization on meaning		
	Task 3.7.2. Students will use effective organization in writing		
	Goal 3.8. Clarity		
4	Objective 4. Year-long Systematic Test Prep		
	Goal 4.1. Reading Closely for accuracy of comprehension		
	Task 4.1.1. Students read closely for Literal Comprehension		
	1. Practice passages for Prose – Close Reading		
	2. Practice passages for Poetry – Close Reading		
	Task 4.1.2. Students factor prompts for complete response		
	1. Open-ended Essay Prompts from past AP Exams		
	2. <i>Test-Taking Strategies</i> – Factor Prompt		
	Goal 4.2. Making careful and valid inferences		
	Task 4.2.1. Students read closely to interpret non-literal language		
	1. Practice passages for Prose - Inference		
	2. Practice passages for Poetry - Inference		

	Task 4.2.2. Students defend interpretations with evidence from passage		
	1. Practice passages for Prose – Supporting Evidence		
	2. Practice passages for Poetry– Supporting Evidence		
	Goal 4.3. Multiple Choice Questions- Prose		
	Task 4.3.1. Students analyze and respond to MC Questions over Prose Passages		
	1. Practice passages for Prose – Multiple Choice		
	2. <i>Test-Taking Strategies</i> – Prose Multiple choice		
	Goal 4.4. Multiple Choice Questions – Poetry		
	Task 4.4.1. Students analyze and respond to MC Questions over Poetry Passages		
	1. Practice passages for Poetry – Multiple Choice		
	2. <i>Test-Taking Strategies</i> – Multiple Choice		
	Goal 4.5. Timed essays - Question Analysis		
	Task 4.5.1. Students factor and analyze essay prompts to provide complete responses		
	1. Essay Prompts from past AP Exams – Question Analysis		
	2. <i>Test-Taking Strategies</i> – Question Analysis		
	Goal 4.6. Timed essays - Rubric Building		
	Task 4.6.1. Students analyze prompts and scored essays from past exams to understand the relationship of prompt to rubric		
	1. Scored example Essays from past AP Exams		
	2. Scorers’ commentary for scored essays		
	3. <i>Test-Taking Strategies</i> – Rubric Building		
	Goal 4.7. Timed essays – Poetry		
	Task 4.7.1. Students respond to prompts to analyze single works of poetry		
	1. Essay Prompts from past AP Exams - Poetry		
	2. <i>Test-Taking Strategies</i> – Poetry Essays		
	Task 4.7.2. Students respond to prompts to compare, contrast and analyze two works of poetry		
	1 Essay Prompts from past AP Exams – Poetry Comparison		
	2. <i>Test-Taking Strategies</i> – Poetry Comparison		
	Task 4.7.3. Students review their own responses and those of classmates to improve responses		
	Goal 4.8. Timed essays – Prose		
	Task 4.8.1. Students respond to prompts to analyze passages of prose		
	1. Essay Prompts from past AP Exams - Prose		
	2. <i>Test-Taking Strategies</i> - Prose Essays		
	Task 4.8.2. Students review their own responses and those of classmates to improve responses		
	Goal 4.9. Timed essays - Free Response (Open-ended) Questions		

	Task 4.9.1. Students respond to open-ended prompts about author's strategies		
	1. Essay Prompts from past AP Exams – Open-ended Prompts		
	2. <i>Test-Taking Strategies</i> - Open-ended Prompts		
	Task 4.9.2. Students review their own responses and those of classmates to improve responses		
5	Objective 5. Using time well in test situations		
	Goal 5.1. Pacing – Multiple choice		
	Task 3.1.1. Students will complete AP MC tests at the rate of one minute per question, including reading time.		
	1. Multiple choice segments from past AP Exams		
	2. <i>Test-Taking Strategies</i> – Pacing Multiple choice		
	Goal 5.2. Pacing – Essays		
	Task 5.2.1. Students will use all the time available to them to plan and execute essay responses		
	2. <i>Test-Taking Strategies</i> – Pacing Essays		
6	Objective 6. Use Provided Resources		
	Goal 6.1. Access Resources for Test-Taking Preparation		
	Task 6.1.1. Teacher will access Test-Taking Strategies– Multiple Choice		
	Resource 6.1.1.1 – Test-Taking Strategies – Multiple Choice		
	Goal 6.2. Access Resources for Test-Taking Preparation- Essays		
	Task 6.2.1. Teacher will access Test-Taking Strategies - Essays		
	Resource 6.1.1.1 - Test-Taking Strategies - Essays		
	Goal 6.3. Access Resources for Test-Taking Preparation - Rubrics		
	Task 6.3.1. Teacher will access Test-Taking Strategies - Essays		
	Resource 6.3.1.1 Test-Taking Strategies - Essays		
	Goal 6.4. Access Resources for Test-Taking Preparation		
	Task 6.4.1. Teacher will access Test-Taking Strategies -Time use		
	Resource 6.4.1.1 Test-Taking Strategies -Time use		
	Goal 6.5. Access Resources for Literary Analysis		
	Task 6.5.1. Teacher will access How to Read Literature		
	Resource 6.5.1.1 How to Read Literature		
	Goal 6.6. Access Resources for		
	Task 6.6.1. Teacher will access		
	Resource 6.6.1.1		
	Goal 6.7. Access Resources for		
	Task 6.7.1. Teacher will access		
	Resource 6.7.1.1		
	Goal 6.8. Access Resources for		
	Task 6.8.1. Teacher will access		
	Resource 6.8.1.1		
	Goal 6.9. Access Resources for		

	Task 6.9.1. Teacher will access		
	Resource 6.9.1.1		
	Goal 6.10. Access Resources for		
	Task 6.10.1. Teacher will access		
	Resource 6.10.1.1		
	Goal 6.11. Access Resources for		
	Task 6.11.1. Teacher will access		
	Resource 6.11.1.1		
	Resources		
	1. Practice passages for Prose		
	2. Practice passages for Poetry		
	3. Open-ended Essay Prompts from past AP Exams		
	4. <i>Test-Taking Strategies</i>		
	5. Essay Prompts from past AP Exams		
	6. Scored example Essays from past AP Exams		
	7. Scorers' commentary for scored essays		
	8. Multiple choice segments from past AP Exams		
	9. <i>Literary Terms for AP Exams</i>		
	10 <i>How to Read to Analyze Literature</i>		
	11. Links to College Board Website		