

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Senior 6

STUDENT'S BOOK

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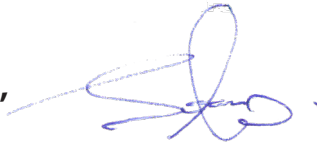
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Head of Curriculum Teaching and Learning Resources Department (CTLR)

ACRONYMS AND ABBREVIATIONS

AIDS: Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome

CBC: Competence Based Curriculum

ICT: Information Communication and Technology

WPA: Wifi Protected Access

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UNIT 1
EUROPEAN
LITERARY
TRADITIONS 2

UNIT 1: EUROPEAN LITERARY TRADITIONS 2

Key unit competence: To be able to analyse texts according to their social, historical and political contexts in European literary tradition.

Introductory activity

Answer the questions below.

1. Explain the earlier periods of the European literary traditions basing on concrete examples, time and characteristics.
2. Match the European literary tradition in column A with their characteristics in column B below.

Colum A	Colum B
European literary Traditions	Characteristics
1. Classical literature	It began with the fall with the Western Roman Empire and merged into the renaissance and the ages of discovery.
2. Medieval literature`	It is known to be full of metaphors, emblems, symbols and hyperbole. It was very complex, very much like baroque and architecture
3. Renaissance literature	Renown in painting, sculpture and in architecture
4. Baroque literature	It was characterized by reason, nature, happiness, progress and liberty.
5. Enlightenment literature	E. A rebirth among English elite of classical learning, a rediscovery of ancient Greek and Roman authors, and a recovery of the ancient Greek spirit of scientific inquiry.

Note: Contrary to Lemony Snicketin the book entitled, "The Blank Book", he said, "Just because something is traditional is no reason to do it, of course". We have to analyse it instead and deepen it to our satisfaction.

People from all different corners of the country need to share such views that are rarely found and analyse them to praise their beauty in their times. This brings us to appreciate them or criticize them accordingly.

A literary tradition is a literature that is written and spoken as well. Literary traditions are thought to have a form of underlying interconnectedness and coherence..

1.1 Romantic literature

Activity 1.1

Answer the following questions.

1. The Romantic Movement is also referred to "Revolution in the art." Explain?
2. What are two key terms associated with the Romantic Movement? How do you know?
3. a. Using library or internet try to explain deeply the term romanticism.
b. Examine its characteristics and its positive effects on society.
4. Basing on its publication date, in which period is this novel "The Pearl" by John Steinbeck? Discuss how it fits within the romanticism period.
5. Analyse the contribution of this literary work to the social, political and cultural context of Rwanda.



Figure 1 The old woman in the wood

Note: At the beginning of 19th century, the Enlightenment idea of reason gradually gave way to another major movement, Romanticism. Romanticism was a movement of arts and ideas. It showed deep interest both in nature and in thoughts and in the feelings of individual. In many ways, Romantic thinkers and writers reacted against the ideals class. They turned from reason to emotion, from society to nature. Nationalism also fired the Romantic imagination. For example, a fighter for freedom in Greece, Lord Byron, ranked as one of the leading Romantic poets of the time.

The idea of Romanticism emotion, sometimes wild emotions, was a key element of Romanticism. Nevertheless, Romanticism went beyond feelings. It expressed a wide range of ideas and attitudes.

In general, Romanticism thinkers and artists:

- Emphasized inner feelings, emotions, imagination.
- Focused on the mysterious and the supernatural; they also on the odd, exotic, and grotesque or horrifying
- Loved the beauties of untamed nature
- Idealised the past as a simpler and nobler time
- Glorified heroes and heroic actions
- Cherished folk traditions, music and stories
- Valued the common people and the individual
- Promoted radical change and democracy

Not all Romantic authors gave change on emphasis to these features. The Brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, for example, concentrated on history and on the sense of national pride it fostered. During the first half of 19th century, they collected German fairy tales. They also created a dictionary and grammar on the German language.

Etymologically, the word romanticism is derived from “Roman” in the various European languages, such as “romance” and Romanesque. By the middle of the 18th century, two words “romantic” in English and ‘romantique’ in French were both in universal use as adjectives of praise for natural phenomena such as views and sunsets, in a sense close to modern English usage but without the amorous connotation.

It was characterized by *its emphasis on emotion and individualism as well as glorification of all the past and nature, preferring the medieval rather than the classical. It was partly a reaction to the Industrial Revolution where the aristocratic social and political norms of the Age of Enlightenment, the scientific rationalization of nature, all components of modernity embodied most strongly in the visual arts, music, and literature. Its major impact on historiography, education, social sciences, and natural sciences had a significant and complex effect on politics, with romantic thinkers influencing liberalism, radicalism, conservatism and nationalism.*



Figure 2: Anne-Louis



Figure 3: Thomas Jobs



Figure 4: Cavalier Gaulois

In the visual arts, landscape painting, gothic architecture and other different arts were of paramount importance.

Application activity 1.1

Read the following extract from "The Pearl" by John Steinbeck and then answer the questions that follow.



Figure 5: Book cover

"Kino", this pearl is evil. Let us destroy it before it destroys us. Let us crush it between two stones. Let us throw it back in the sea where it belongs. Kino, it is evil!

And as she spoke the light came back in Kino's eyes so that they glowed fiercely and his muscles hardened and his will hardened.

"No," he said. "I will fight this thing, I will win over it. We will have our chance." His fist pounded the sleeping mat. "No one shall take our good fortune from us," he said. His eyes softened then and he raised a gentle hand to Juana's shoulder. "Believe me," he said. "I am a man." And his face grew crafty.

"In the morning we will take our canoe and we will go over the sea and over the mountains to the capital, you and I. we will not be cheated. I am a man."

"Kino," she said fiercely. "I am a man. Hush." And she was silent, for his voice was command. "Let us sleep a little," he said. In the first light we will start. You are not afraid to go with me?"

"No my husband."

His eyes were soft and warm on her then, his hand touched her cheek. "Let us sleep a little," he said.

"The Pearl" by **John Steinbeck**

Questions

1. Describe Kino's character as shown in this passage.
2. Why do you think this literary work is still relevant today?
3. Evaluate the role of women in this extract comparing it to the Rwandan women of today.

1.2. Realism

Activity 1.2

Read the following excerpt from "Animal Farm" by George Orwell and answer questions.



The pigs now revealed that during the past three months they had taught themselves to read and write from an old spelling book which had belonged to Mr. Jones's children and which had been thrown on the rubbish heap.

Napoleon sent for pots of black and white paint and led the way down to the five-barred gate that gave on to the main road. Then Snowball (for it was Snowball who was best at writing) took a brush between the two knuckles of his trotter, painted out *Manor Farm* from the top bar of the gate and in its place painted "Animal Farm". This was to be the name of the farm from now onwards. After this they went back to the farm buildings, where Snowball and Napoleon sent for a ladder which they caused to be set against the end wall of the big barn.

They explained that by their studies of the past three months the pigs had succeeded in reducing the principles of Animalism to Seven Commandments. These Seven Commandments would now be inscribed on the wall; they would form an unalterable law by which all the animals on "Animal Farm" must live for ever after. With some difficulty (for it is not easy for a pig to balance himself on a ladder) Snowball climbed up and set to work, with Squealer a few rungs below him holding the paint-pot. The Commandments were written on the tarred wall in great white letters that could be read thirty yards away. They ran thus:

The Seven Commandments

1. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.
2. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.
3. No animal shall wear clothes.
4. No animal shall sleep in a bed.
5. No animal shall drink alcohol.
6. No animal shall kill any other animal.
7. All animals are equal.

"Animal Farm" by **George Orwell**

Questions

1. Analyse the seven commandments in *Animal Farm* and show their moral lesson in your daily life.
2. As a Rwandan citizen, how can you observe the country rules and regulations to maintain peace and values of people?
3. Why is the novel "*Animal Farm*" written in the 20th century still considered an instrument of social transformation in today's society?
4. What is George Orwell's message in the novel *Animal Farm*?
5. With examples from "*Animal Farm*", demonstrate how power and corruption are portrayed and their impact on society.

Note: Realism in literature is defined as an approach that attempts to describe life without idealization or Romantic subjectivity. It was introduced in England by William Dean Howells. Chiefly it was concerned with the commonplaces of everyday life among middle and lower classes, where character was a product of social factors and environment was the integral element in the dramatic complication. Some of Realism major writers are George Eliot (1819-1880), Edith Wharton (1862-1937), Mark Twain (1835-1910), Henry James, (1843-1916), etc...

Realists rejected Romanticism which had dominated French literature and art since the late 18th century. Realism was born in a chaotic era marked by revolution and social change. It revolutionised painting and expanding conceptions of arts. Dramatically, it changed the life of Europe because of the introduction of machine within Industrial Revolution in Europe.

Application activity 1.2

Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow.

The Absolutely True Diary of A Part Time Indian.



Figure 5: Yana, a famous singer

Sometimes, it is important to take uncomfortable risks if we want to change our lives, although those moments may frighten us, they also help us discover our own strengths and potentials. In Sherman Alexie's novel, "The absolutely True Diary of a part time Indian, Junior-14 year reservation Indian, leaves his hometown in order to peruse a brighter future in Reardan, a racist white town. Although the transition is difficult and painful, Junior comes to understand that it is when we are most challenged that we discover the strengths within us.

Questions

1. Referring to Yana, explain realism.
2. Differentiate between Romanticism and Realism in terms of characteristics.

1.3. Modernism

Activity 1.3

Answer the questions below.

1. Referring to the novel "Animal Farm," what does "Beasts of England" symbolize in modernism?
2. What do you understand by modernism?

Note: Modernism can be defined as a style or movement in the art that aimed to depart significantly from classical and traditional forms, in accordance with modern ideas, especially in the Catholic Church in the later of 19th early 20th centuries mainly in Europe and North America.

Among the factors that shaped modernism was the development of modern industrial society, rapid growth of cities, which were followed by the harrowing reaction to World War I. It rejected the certainty of Enlightenment thinking and religious belief. It was characterized by self-consciousness and irony concerning literary and social traditions, which often led to experiments with forms, along with the use of techniques that drew attention to the process and materials used in creating painting, poems, buildings, etc...

In literature, modernism was a diverse movement that spanned Europe, the Americas, and even parts of Africa and Asia. In England, it took hold in the first decade of the 20th century. As the economic, political, and social structure of Britain began to crumble in those years, British writers began to experiment with ways that would question the basic elements of literature of a poem or the narrative elements of a fictional story.

A key figure in the modernist movement was James Joyce, whose novels, short stories, and poetry were anything but traditional. The 1922 publication of his work *Ulysses* marked the peak of the modernist movement in fiction. Other modernist fiction writers include Woolf, James Joyce, D.H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh.

Application activity 1.3

Read the novel "Animal Farm" by George Orwell and answer the questions that follow.

1. Why did George Orwell choose a farm as the novel's setting?
2. a) Which symbols are featured in "Animal Farm"?
b) Are they easily recognized by readers who do not know the historical context of the novel? Why?

1.4. Post modernism

Activity 1.4.1

Read the following passage, analyse it and answer the questions that follow

I belong to that classification of people known as wives. I am A Wife. And, not altogether incidentally, I am a mother. Not too long ago a male friend of mine appeared on the scene fresh from a recent divorce. He had one child, who is, of course, with his ex-wife. He is looking for another wife. As I thought about him while I was ironing one evening, it suddenly occurred to me that I, too, would like to have a wife. Why do I want a wife? I would like to go back to school so that I can become economically independent, support myself, and, if need be, support those dependent upon me. I want a wife who will work and send me to school. And while I am going to school, I want a wife to take care of my children.

I want a wife to keep track of the children's doctor and dentist appointments and to keep track of mine, too. I want a wife to make sure my children eat properly and are kept clean. I want a wife who will wash the children's clothes and keep them mended. I want a wife who is a good nurturing attendant to my children, who arranges for their schooling, makes sure that they have an adequate social life with their peers, takes them to the park, the zoo, etc. I want a wife who takes care of the children when they are sick, a wife who arranges to be around when the children need Special care, because, of course, I cannot miss classes at school. My wife must arrange to lose time at work and not lose the job. It may mean a small cut in my wife's income from time to time, but I guess I can tolerate that. Needless to say, my wife will arrange and pay for the care of the children while my wife is working.

I want a wife who will take care of my physical needs. I want a wife who will keep my house clean. I want a wife who will pick up after my children, a wife who will pick up after me. I want a wife who will keep my clothes clean, ironed, mended, replaced when need be, and who will see to it that my personal things are kept in their proper place so that I can find what I need the minute I need it. I want a wife who cooks the meals, a wife who is a good cook. I want a wife who will plan the menus, do the necessary grocery shopping, prepare the meals, serve them pleasantly, and then do the cleaning up while I do my studying. I want a wife who will care for me when I am sick and sympathize with my pain and loss of time from school. I want a wife to go along when our family takes a vacation so that someone can continue to care for me and my children when I need a rest and change of scene.

I want a wife who will not bother me with rambling complaints about a wife's duties. But I want a wife who will listen to me when I feel the need to explain a rather difficult point I have come across in my course studies. And I want a wife who will type my papers for me when I have written them. I want a wife who will take care of the details of my social life. When my wife and I are invited out by my friends, I want a wife who will take care of the baby-sitting arrangements. When I meet people at school that I like and want to entertain, I want a wife who will have the house clean, will prepare a special meal, serve it to me and my friends, and not interrupt when I talk about things that interest me and my friends. I want a wife who will have arranged that the children are fed and ready for bed before my guests arrive so that the children do not bother us.

I want a wife who takes care of the needs of my guests so that they feel comfortable, who makes sure that they have an ashtray, that they are passed the hors d'oeuvres, that they are offered a second helping of the food, that their wine glasses are replenished when necessary, that their coffee is served to them as they like it. And I want a wife who knows that sometimes I need a night out by myself.

I want a wife who is sensitive to my sexual needs, a wife who makes love passionately and eagerly when I feel like it, a wife who makes sure that I am satisfied. And, of course, I want a wife who will not demand sexual attention when I am not in the mood for it. I want a wife who assumes the complete responsibility for birth control, because I do not want more children. I want a wife who will remain sexually faithful to me so that I do not have to clutter up my intellectual life with jealousies. And I want a wife who understands that my sexual needs may entail more than strict adherence to monogamy. I must, after all, be able to relate to people as fully as possible.

If, by chance, I find another person more suitable as a wife than the wife I already have, I want the liberty to replace my present wife with another one. Naturally, I will expect a fresh, new life; my wife will take the children and be solely responsible for them so that I am left free.

When I am through with school and have a job, I want my wife to quit working and remain at home so that my wife can more fully and completely take care of a wife's duties.

My God, who wouldn't want a wife?

"I want a wife" by Judy Brady

Questions

1. According to the essay by Brady, identify the different activities that a wife is needed for.
2. a) What point do you think Brady is trying to put across in the essay above?
b) How is the point of this essay related to Post-modernism?
3. How does the choice of form -serve the writer's purpose?
4. How significant is the ordering of the paragraphs in which Brady presents his message.

Activity 1.4.2

Study the characteristics of modernism given in the table below and share your view with your partner.

Area	Pre-modernism	Modernism	Post-modernism
Metaphysics	Realism, super-naturalism	Realism, naturalism	Anti realism
Epistemology	Mysticism /and or faith	Objectivism, empiricism and reason	Social subjectivism
Human nature	Original sin, subject to God's will	Tabula rasa and autonomy	Social construction and conflict

Ethics	Collectivism, altruism	Individualism	Collectivism, egalitarianism
Politics and economy	Feudalism	Liberal capitalism	Socialism
When and where	Medieval	The enlightenment, twentieth century	Academia in the modern time

Note: Post-modernism is late 20th-century style and concept in the arts, architecture, and criticism, which represents a departure from modernism and is characterized by the self-conscious use of earlier styles and conventions, a mixing of different artistic styles and media, and a general distrust of theories. It is largely a reaction to the assumed certainty of scientific, or objective, efforts to explain reality. In mind, it shoots from a recognition that reality is not simply mirrored in human understanding of it, but rather, is constructed as the mind tries to understand its own particular and personal reality.

Some of the common characteristics are aligned like: truth is relative; consumerism is all, transformation of the mix, disillusionment with the idea of progress, uncertainty, fragmentation of social life, incessant choice, globalisation and the impact of ICT. It has been enlightened by irony, playfulness, black humour, pastiche, inter-sexuality, meta-fiction, temporal distortion, techno-culture and hyper-reality, a sense of paranoia, maximalism and minimalism, fiction and tabulations, magic realism and scepticism toward all sort of meta narratives.

Application activity 1.4

Answer the following questions.

1. Using the library or any other sources explain the term Post-Modernism and compare it to Modernism.
2. Examine the effects of Post-Modernism in cultural context in European literary traditions.
3. Discuss how the two novels "Animal Farm" and "The Pearl" fit into a specific era in European literary period.

End unit assessment activities

Read and answer the following questions.

1. Write a short essay on the novel "Animal Farm" to demonstrate the characteristics of certain periods of the European literary tradition.
2. Discuss how the specific setting in the novel "Animal Farm" have influence the plot development and characters.
3. After reading "The Pearl" discuss how writers in that period got relevant works of the epoch.
4. Analyse the positive influence of European literary tradition to African Literature.



UNIT 2

STRUCTURE IN MODERN PROSE

UNIT 2: STRUCTURE IN MODERN PROSE

Key unit competence: To be able to explore the structure of the plot, analyse the structural devices, and explain the effects of different types of narrators.

Introductory activity

Read and answer the questions below.

1. With reference to the novel you have read, explain the term prose.
2. Referring to unit 1 of S4 entitled "Review of the key aspects of prose", explain the following literary terms: Plot, character, theme and setting.
3. Examine the plot development in prose.

2.1. Review of Prose

Activity 2.1

Read the text below and answer the questions that follow

Kino and Juana came slowly down to the beach and to Kino's canoe, which was the one thing of value he owned in the world. It was very old. Kino's grandfather had brought it from Nayarit, and he had given it to Kino's father, and so it had come to Kino. It was at once property and source of food; for a man with a boat can guarantee a woman that she will eat something. It is the bulwark against starvation. And every year Kino refinished his canoe with the hard shell-like plaster by the secret method that had also come to him from his father. Now he came to the canoe and touched the bow tenderly as he always did. He laid his diving rock and his basket and the two ropes in the sand by the canoe. And he folded his blanket and laid it in the bow.

Juana laid Coyotito on the blanket, and she placed her shawl over him so that the hot sun could not shine on him. He was quiet now, but the swelling on his shoulder had continued up his neck and under his ear and his face was puffed and feverish. Juana went to the water and waded in.

She gathered some brown seaweed and made a flat damp poultice of it, and this she applied to the baby's swollen shoulder, which was as good a remedy as any and probably better than the doctor could have done. But the remedy lacked his authority because it was simple and didn't cost anything.

The stomach cramps had not come to Coyotito. Perhaps Juana had sucked out the poison in time, but she had not sucked out her worry over her first-born. She had not prayed directly for the recovery of the baby - she had prayed that they might find a pearl with which to hire the doctor to cure the baby, for the minds of people are as unsubstantial as the mirage of the Gulf.

Now Kino and Juana slid the canoe down the beach to the water, and when the bow floated, Juana climbed in, while Kino pushed the stern in and waded beside it until it floated lightly and trembled on the little breaking waves. Then in co-ordination Juana and Kino drove their double-bladed paddles into the sea, and the canoe creased the water and hissed with speed. The other pearlers were gone out long since. In a few moments Kino could see them clustered in the haze, riding over the oyster bed.

Light filtered down through the water to the bed where the frilly pearl oysters lay fastened to the rubbly bottom, a bottom strewn with shells of broken, opened oysters. This was the bed that had raised the King of Spain to be a great power in Europe in past years, had helped to pay for his wars, and had decorated the churches for his soul's sake. The gray oysters with ruffles like skirts on the shells, the barnacle-crusted oysters with little bits of weed clinging to the skirts and small crabs climbing over them. An accident could happen to these oysters; a grain of sand could lie in the folds of muscle and irritate the flesh until in self-protection the flesh coated the grain with a layer of smooth cement. But once started, the flesh continued to coat the foreign body until it fell free in some tidal flurry or until the oyster was destroyed. For centuries men had dived down and torn the oysters from the beds and ripped them open, looking for the coated grains of sand. Swarms of fish lived near the bed to live near the oysters thrown back by the searching men and to nibble at the shining inner shells. But the pearls were accidents, and the finding of one was luck, a little pat on the back by God or the gods or both.

Kino had two ropes, one tied to a heavy stone and one to a basket. He stripped off his shirt and trousers and laid his hat in the bottom of the canoe. The water was oily smooth. He took his rock in one hand and his basket in the other, and he slipped feet first over the side and the rock carried him to the bottom. The bubbles rose behind him until the water cleared and he could see. Above, the surface of the water was an undulating mirror of brightness, and he could see the bottoms of the canoes sticking through it. Kino moved cautiously so that the water would not be obscured with mud or sand. He hooked his foot in the loop on his rock and his hands worked quickly, tearing the oysters loose, some singly, others in clusters.

He laid them in his basket. In some places the oysters clung to one another so that they came free in lumps.

Now, Kino's people had sung of everything that happened or existed. They had made songs to the fishes, to the sea in anger and to the sea in calm, to the light and the dark and the sun and the moon, and the songs were all in Kino and in his people every song that had ever been made, even the ones forgotten. And as he filled his basket the song was in Kino, and the beat of the song was his pounding heart as it ate the oxygen from his held breath, and the melody of the song was the gray-green water and the little scuttling animals and the clouds of fish that flitted by and were gone. But in the song there was a secret little inner song, hardly perceptible, but always there, sweet and secret and clinging, almost hiding in the counter-melody, and this was the Song of the Pearl That Might Be, for every shell thrown in the basket might contain a pearl.

"The Pearl" by John Steinbeck

Questions

1. Explore the plot development in the extract above.
2. What did Coyotito's mother do to prevent him from hot sunshine?
3. Why did Kino and Juana go to the beach? Explain what pushed them to go there.

Note: Prose refers simply to any special written piece of work that is built on sentences, paragraphs and grammatical structure rather than a rhythmic structure as in traditional poetry, where the common unit of verse is based on meter or rhyme. The term prose is used simply as a contrast to verse. It is what linguists call the "unmarked" form of language. Literary critics divide prose into fictional and non-fictional. Examples of prose include novels, novellas, short stories, essays, letters, editorials, articles and journals.

Characteristics of prose

- The prose is written in paragraphs
- It tells the story rather than describes an image or metaphor
- Generally, it has characters and a plot.

Basing on its characteristics given above, prose can be broken into four categories, divided by purpose:

1. Narrative: writing which tells a story (can be fiction or non-fiction); usually told in chronological order; has characters; follows the basic plot-line/development/chart/diagram - exposition, rising action, climax, falling action.

2. Expository: It gives basic information; used often in speeches and essays; does not tell a story or argue.
3. Descriptive: It describes something in detail, again without telling a story or arguing a point; used most often in combination with another mode of writing, but alone is often found in scientific or medical reports.
4. Persuasive: It tries to convince (persuade) someone to take a particular issue or point.

Note: Modern prose exhibits natural flow of speech and grammatical structure in written form whereas traditional prose was in form of rhythmic structure as in poetry. The common unit of verse was based on meter and rhyme.

Application activity 2.1

Using the library, look for more examples of prose texts and compare their plot structure. Present and share your findings with the class.

2.2. Review of plot development

Activity 2.2

Read the following extract from the story "When the Sun Goes Down" by Goro wa Kamau and answer the questions.

Maureen stole a glance at Kanja. The poor man was fidgeting and sweating. She rose and opened the window. She served several glasses of fruit juice and passed them round. Kanja held the glass cautiously, his fingers shaking like an alcoholic's. "Welcome Kanja." It is great to have you visit," She said.

"Kanja has no idea how good it was for him to come." When you are suffering from AIDS, one good friend is all you need to make lifeless suffocating. A person is only a person through other persons". Steve observed.

"You too? Suffering from AIDS?" Kanja breathed the one question he had been afraid to ask. He sounded perplexed. Steve smiled vaguely. But before he could speak, Maureen weighed in. The story, she seemed to suggest, was hers to tell. "I remember I had gone for a routine prenatal check when the doctor broke the news. When I was diagnosed with AIDS, I had only one player. In that moment, when the sun seemed to set on my life, I prayed that my unborn child be free of the virus.

I prayed that somehow Steve would be free of the virus too. Oh, how intently I prayed. When my son was born and he turned out negative, my night suddenly went ablaze with a thousand stars. But there was one problem. Steve would not take the test when he finally acquiesced, He was positive I was devastated. My stars waned...."

Steve knew the signs all too well. The clouds were gathering and soon there would be storm, a deluge, he knew. He did not like the way she spoke. Her earnestness sounded almost unnatural. And why must she try to sanitise him?

"I have forbidden you to blame yourself for anything!" Steve growled.

"Oh, you don't know how it feels seeing you suffer and knowing that I brought this pestilence on you but I swear I have been a faithful woman..... I was faithful to my husband. I was faithful to you, Steve....." her voice broke and she burst into tears.

"Listen Maureen," Steve spoke with a tenderness that surprised Kanja. A strange light played in his eyes. "Never cry when the sun goes down for if you do, the tears will not let you see the stars," He pleaded.

She heaved and gasped painfully, trying to get hold of her emotions. Finally, she wiped her tears and looked at her son, playing innocently on his father's lap. She had two daughters from her first marriage but this boy, the fruit of the only true love she had ever known in her thirty and five years under the sun, was the crown of her life. Still, a fear tugged at her heart leaving her belly feeling an airy hollowness. Would she leave to see him grow up into a man? And if she died, would Steve care for him or would he let the boy to wonder unloved, unwanted on the harsh streets of life? Maureen had no doubt that Steve would live: He had the will. She wished she too could summon up that Kind of spirit. She looked at Steve and their son again, the way a seer peers at the contents of his diviner-gourd to read the secrets of life and she smiled wearily. These were her men. She could die but these two, father and son, would always be together. Nothing could separate them. She could see that in the way they sat and played so snugly with his father, in the way Steve held him as if he would never let go.

It was such a perfect picture. Just as if the whole world was just the two of them. Still, she wanted reassurance but when she tried to speak, the words would not form. Steve held her eyes in his in that judicious manner of his and she knew he knew what she wanted to us. And the answer was in his eyes –a more profound answer than any words could speak. In that moment, Maureen felt strangely relaxed and her heart sang: Ngũmbũkanyumethĩĩ, Magegania meekwo thĩĩ, matarĩmekwo? Yes! She would fly out of this world and wonders hitherto unseen would be performed on earth...Maureen felt ready to fly.

Source: "When The Sun Goes Down" by **Goro wa Kamau**

Questions

1. Basing on what happened in the story; use a plot line to record events.
2. Describe the characters mentioned in this story.
3. In what ways does each character react to other people?

Note: Plot development can be simply defined as the progression of events leading to a resolution. The events can provide obstacles and questions, making the going difficult for the protagonist and exciting for the reader to follow. In a narrative or creative writing of course, a plot is a sequence of events that makes up a story. A complete plot contains the following elements: exposition rising action, climax, falling action and resolution.

Application activity 2.2

Read and answer the questions below.

1. Basing on your own skills, compose your own short story and explore the organization of its plot.
2. Read and analyze the novel "Animal Farm" by George Orwell, then describe the organization of its plot.

2.3. Structural devices

2.3.1 Stream of consciousness

Activity 2.3.1

Read and answer the questions below.

1. Do research on internet or in a library and identify structural devices that characterize modern prose.
2. Read carefully the passage below, "Arrested development" by Sandisile Tshuma and then answer the questions that follow.

Arrest development

I have been standing at Max's garage for almost three hours trying to hitch a ride to Beit bridge. I am not the only one here though; there must be at least fifty people, maybe even a hundred. Or more, I do not know, whatever; it is hot and I am tired.

The point is there is a sizeable crowd of would- be travelers with things to do and places to be and we are all waiting. Desperately! So much about life here and now entails waiting.

If you are serious about life, if you are ago-getter and you want to make things happen then you need to know how to wait seriously. You take a deep breath, put your 'game face' on, brace yourself and wait. I had to wait two hours to get money from the bank to pay for my journey and now here am waiting again. It is what we do we wait for transport for electricity, for rain, for slow- speed internet connections at the dingy cyber-café's in town where we check our mail if a nifty little website has found us a job in Dubai or a scholarship to on obscure foreign university, anything really to get us out of here. And there is never anything, mind you, but you know how hope is. It never dies. So we tell ourselves that there isn't anything yet. We will find a way out; in the meal time let us wait. If you are serious about your life, about surviving, about the future, then you sow some seeds, invest in yourself and you wait. It is my favourite oxymoron, arrested development.

I am not hard to spot in this crowd at the barely functioning filling station. I am the sore thumb a twenty something years old woman wearing high-end sunglasses and trend jeans, carrying minimal luggage and standing in a statuesque pose that is supposed to convince motorists that I would be great company on a major road trip so they should stop for me.

I have been here for three hours so clearly something is not working. Maybe they can tell that behind the cool-as-a-cucumber façade of togetherness I am trying to portray is a quivering, fearful little girl with just dying for someone to take her by the hand and help her cross a busy road. People around me have started grumbling that it is not fair that there are so many cars going to Esigodin but nothing going to Beitbridge or even Gwanda. They are right. No one seems to be going as far as Beitbridge and the longer I stand here the more asinine I feel for thinking that I could do an entire research project on border jumper in just one lousy weekend.

"Arrested development" by **Sandisile Tshuma**

Questions

1. Discuss the nature of the narrator in this story and explain how his choice of words contributes to convey the message in the story.
2. In which mood was the narrator during the time of narrating the story? Explain your answer.

Note: Stream of consciousness is a narrative mood or method that attempts to show the innumerable thoughts and feelings which pass through the mind of characters.

It is also called “inertial monologue” where the individual thoughts precede the character. This is associated to his actions, portrayed in the form of a monologue, addressed to the character itself. Therefore, it is different from the dramatic monologue or soliloquy, where the speaker addresses the audience or the third person.

Application activity 2.3.1

Re-read carefully the passage above “Arrested development by Sandisile Tshuma above and answer the following questions. Uraelleris vit. Tilis ina, quos furor

Questions

1. Where is the narrator at the beginning of the story?
2. Explore the nature of the narrator in this passage and explain how his choice contributes to assigning the message in the passage.
3. In your own words, make the plot summary of this passage.
4. Analyse how corruption in the story impacts negatively on the development in the country.

2.3.2. Flashback

Activity 2.3.2

Read the extract from the story, “The mirror” by Haruki Murakami then answer the questions.

The mirror

All stories you have been telling tonight seem to fall into two categories. There is the type where you have the world of the living on one side, the world of the dead on the other, and some force that allows for crossing over from one side to the other. This would include and the like. The second type involves paranormal abilities, premonitions, and the ability to predict the future. All of your stories belong to one of these two groups.

In fact, your experiences tend to fall almost total under one of this category or the other. What I mean is, people who see ghosts just see ghosts and never have premonitions. And those who have premonitions do not see ghosts.

I do not know why, but there would appear to be some individual predilection for one or the other. At least that is the impression I get.

Of course, some people do not fall into either category. Me, for instance. In my thirty-odd years I have never once seen a ghost never once had a premonition or prophetic dream. There was one time I was riding an elevator with a couple of friends and they swore they saw a ghost riding with us, but I did not see a thing. They claimed there was a woman in a grey suit standing right next to me, but there was no woman with us, at least as far as I could make out. The three of us were the only one in the elevator. No kidding. And these two friends were not the type to deliberately play tricks on me. The whole thing was really weird, but the fact remained that I have still never seen a ghost.

But there was one time- just the one time- when I had an experience that scared me out of my wits. This happened over ten years ago, and I have never told anybody about it. I was afraid to even talk about it. I felt that if I did, it might happen all over again, so I have never brought it up. But tonight, each of having related his own scary experience, and as the host I cannot very well call it a night without contributing something of my own. So, I have decided to just come right out and tell you the story.

I graduated from high school at the end of the 1960s, just when the student movement was in full swing. I was part of the hippie generation, and refused to go to college. Instead, I wandered all over Japan working at various labour jobs. I was convinced that was the most righteous way to live. Young and impetuous, I guess you would call me. Looking back on it now, though, I think I had a pretty fun life back then. Whether that was the right choice or not, if I had to do it over again, I am pretty sure I would.

In the fall of my second year of my roaming all over the country, I got a job for a couple of months as a night watchman at junior high school. This was in a school in a tiny town in Niigata prefecture. I had got pretty worn out working over the summer and wanted to it easy for a while. Being a night watchman in exactly rocket science. During the day I slept in the janitor's office and at night all I had to do was go twice around the whole school making sure ever thing was okay. The rest of the time I listened to record in the music room, read books in the library, played basketball by myself in the gymnasium. Being alone all night in a school is not so bad, really. Was I afraid? No way. When you are eighteen or nineteen, nothing fazes you.

"The mirror" by **Haruki Murakami**

Questions

1. Describe the plot development of this passage.
2. With concrete examples, explain where the writer uses flashback.
3. How long is it since the narrator had the frightening experience? Why has he never shared this experience with anyone? Why does he choose to share it now?
4. Using different resources differentiate “flashback” from “flash-forward.”

Note: Flash back is an interjected scene that takes the narrative back in time from the current point in the story. It is often used to recount events that happened before in the story’s primary sequence of events to fill in crucial back story. It interrupts the normal chronological order of events in the short story. In the opposite direction, a flash-forward reveals events that will occur in the future.

Application activity

1. You have seen that flash back is the interruption of the normal chronological order of events in the story. Compose your own short story which contains flash back. Then, draw its plot line.
2. Re-read short story “*The mirror*” then summarize it in not more than 250 words.

2.3.3. Foreshadowing

Activity 2.3.3

Read the passage below from “*Diamond Dust*” by Anita Desai and answer the questions.

Diamond Dust

“That dog will kill me, kill me one day!” Mrs. Das moaned, her hand pressed to her large, soft, deep bosom when Diamond leapt at the shop she had cooked and set on the table for Mr. Das, or when Diamond dashed past her, bumping against her knees and making her collapse against the door when she was going to receive a parcel from the postman who stood there, shaking, as he fended off the black lightning hurled at him. “Diamond! Why did you call him Diamond? He is Satan, a shaitan, a devil. Call him a devil instead,” Mrs. Das cried as she washed and bandaged the ankle of a grandchild who had only run after a ball and had that shaitan snap his teeth over his small foot.

But to Mr. Das he was Diamond and had been Diamond ever since he had bought him, as a puppy of an indecipherable breed, blunt-faced, with his wet nose gleaming and paws flailing for action. Mr. Das could not explain how he had come upon that name. Feebly, he would laugh when questioned by friends he met in the park at five o'clock in the morning when he took Diamond for a walk before leaving in the office, and say, "yes, yes, black Diamond you see, black Diamond." C.P. Biswas, baring his terribly stained yellow teeth in an unpleasant laugh, said, "Ah, coal-then call him, my dear fellow, coal, Koyla- and we would all understand."

"Diamond Dust" by **Anita Desai**

Questions

1. With examples, identify where the writer has used foreshadowing in the passage above.
2. Differentiate between foreshadowing from flashback.
3. As a literature student, explain the contribution of foreshadowing to any literary work.

Note: Foreshadowing has been defined like a literary device in which a writer gives an advance hint of what is to come later in the story. It often appears at the beginning of a story. To develop expectation about the upcoming events is its role to the reader.

Foreshadowing in fiction creates an atmosphere of suspense in a story, so that the readers are interested to know more. This, literary device is generally used to build anticipation in the mind of readers about what might happen next. Moreover, foreshadowing can make extraordinary and bizarre events appear credible as the events are predicted beforehand so that readers are mentally prepared for them.

Application activity 2.3.3

Read and answer the questions below.

1. Read "Animal Farm" by George Orwell and;
 - a) Examine how the author starts the chapters.
 - b) Explain where the author uses foreshadowing in the novel.
2. a) Compose a story using foreshadowing.
 - b) Summarize its plot.

2.3.4 Motif

Activity 2.3.4

Read the passage below "I stand here ironing" by Tillie Olsen and answer the questions.

I stand here ironing

I stand here ironing, and what you asked me moves tormented back and forth with the iron.

"I wish you would manage the time to come in and talk with me about you daughter. I'm sure you can help me understand her. She's a younger who needs help and who I'm deeply interested in helping

"Who needs help...?" even if I come, what good would it do? You think because I am her mother I have a key, or that in some way you could use me as a key? She has lived for nineteen years. There is all that life that has happened outside of me, beyond me.

And when is there time to remember, to sift, to weight, to estimate, to total? I will start and there will be an interruption and I will have together again. Or I will become engulfed with all I did or did not do, with what should have been and what cannot be helped.

She was a beautiful baby. The first and only one of our five that was beautiful birth. You did not know how all those years she was thought homely, or see her poring over her baby pictures, making me tell her over and over how beautiful she had been-and would be, I would tell her- and was now to the Seeing Eye. But the seeing eyes were few or nonexistent. Including mine.

I nursed her. They feel that it is important nowadays. I nursed all the children, but with her, with all the fierce rigidity of first motherhood, I did like the books then said. Though her cries battered me to trembling, I waited until the clock decreed.

Why do I put that first? I do not even know if it matters at all, or if it explains anything.

She was beautiful baby. She blew shining bubbles of sound. She loved motion, loved light, loved color and music and textures. She would lie on floor in her blue overalls patting the surface so hard in ecstasy her hands and feet would blur.

She was a miracle to me, but when she was eight months old I had to leave her daytimes with the woman downstairs, to whom she was no miracle at all, for I worked or looked for a work and for Emily's father, who "could no longer endure" (he wrote in his goodbye note) "sharing want with us"

I was nineteen. It was the pre-relief, pre-WPA world of the depression. I would start running as soon as I got off the streetcar, running up the stairs, the place smelling sour, and awake or asleep, when she saw me she would break into a clogged weeping that could not be comforted, a weeping I can hear yet.

After a while, I found a job hashing at night so I could be with her during the day, and it was better. But it came to where I had to bring her to his family and leave her.

It took a long time to raise the money for her fare back. Then she got chicken pox and I had to wait longer. When she finally came, I hardly knew her, walking quick and nervous like her father, looking like her father, thin, and dressed in a shoddy red that yellowed her skin and glared at the pockmarks. All the baby loveliness gone.

She was two. Old enough for nursery school they said, and I did not know then what I know now- the fatigue of the long day, and the lacerations of group life in the kinds of nurseries that are only parking places for children.

Except that it would have made no difference if I had known, it was the only place there was. It was the only way we could be together; the only way I could hold a job.

And even without knowing, I knew. I knew the teacher that was evil because all this year it has curdled into my memory, the little boy hunched in the Conner, her rasp, "why aren't you outside, because Alvin hits you? That's no reason, goes out, and scared." I knew Emily hated it even if she did not clutch and implore "don't go mommy" likes the other children...

By **Tillie Olsen**

Questions

1. Discuss the challenges Emily faces as a child. How does she cope with the situation?
2. After reading the extract above, analyze the writer's motif in this passage.
3. Describe the challenges of single parenthood in a country like Rwanda.

Note: A motif is a literary term that is an idea, object, or concept that repeats itself throughout a text. It gives clues to theme or reinforces ideas an author wants to emphasize. Motif and Theme are very similar and closely related. One finds it difficult to distinguish between them easily. Below are a few pointers to make it easy:

- A theme is the underlying dominant idea in every written piece, while a motif is a repetition of certain patterns, ideas or images to reinforce the main theme.

- A theme is broader than a motif. For example, if love is the underlying theme of a book, motifs may be in the form of a good-looking hero.

The author uses motifs to highlight the theme of his story. If the writer takes revenge as his theme, he will highlight it by using related motifs, like crime being committed, someone being wronged, person going through agony, protagonist planning revenge – all pointers to the main theme of the writing.

Application activity 2.3.4

1. Read and analyse "*Animal Farm*" by George Orwell, then explain motif and themes used by the author in the novel.
2. Create your own short story and identify the motif that pushed you to write about it.

At last the day came when Snowball's plans were completed. At the Meeting on the following Sunday the question of whether or not to begin work on the windmill was to be put to the vote. When the animals had assembled in the big barn, Snowball stood up and, though occasionally interrupted by bleating from the sheep, set forth his reasons for advocating the building of the windmill.

Then Napoleon stood up to reply. He said very quietly that the windmill was nonsense and that he advised nobody to vote for it, and promptly sat down again; he had spoken for barely thirty seconds, and seemed almost indifferent as to the effect he produced. At this Snowball sprang to his feet, and shouting down the sheep, which had begun bleating again, broke into a passionate appeal in favour of the windmill. Until now the animals had been about equally divided in their sympathies, but in a moment Snowball's eloquence had carried them away. In glowing sentences, he painted a picture of Animal Farm as it might be when sordid labour was lifted from the animals' backs. His imagination had now run far beyond chaff-cutters and turnip-slicers. Electricity, he said, could operate threshing machines, ploughs, harrows, rollers, and reapers and binders, besides supplying every stall with its own electric light, hot and cold water, and an electric heater. By the time he had finished speaking, there was no doubt as to which way the vote would go. But just at this moment Napoleon stood up and, casting a peculiar sidelong look at Snowball, uttered a high-pitched whimper of a kind no one had ever heard him utter before.

At this there was a terrible baying sound outside, and nine enormous dogs wearing brass-studded collars came bounding into the barn. They dashed straight for Snowball, who only sprang from his place just in time to escape their snapping jaws. In a moment he was out of the door and they were after him. Too amazed and frightened to speak, all the animals crowded through the door to watch the chase. Snowball was racing across the long pasture that led to the road.

He was running as only a pig can run, but the dogs were close on his heels. Suddenly he slipped and it seemed certain that they had him. Then he was up again, running faster than ever, and then the dogs were gaining on him again. One of them all but closed his jaws on Snowball's tail, but Snowball whisked it free just in time. Then he put on an extra spurt and, with a few inches to spare, slipped through a hole in the hedge and was seen no more.

Silent and terrified, the animals crept back into the barn. In a moment the dogs came bounding back. At first no one had been able to imagine where these creatures came from, but the problem was soon solved: they were the puppies whom Napoleon had taken away from their mothers and reared privately. Though not yet full-grown, they were huge dogs, and as fierce-looking as wolves. They kept close to Napoleon. It was noticed that they wagged their tails to him in the same way as the other dogs had been used to do to Mr. Jones.

Napoleon, with the dogs following him, now mounted on to the raised portion of the floor where Major had previously stood to deliver his speech. He announced that from now on the Sunday-morning Meetings would come to an end. They were unnecessary, he said, and wasted time. In future all questions relating to the working of the farm would be settled by a special committee of pigs, presided over by him. These would meet in private and afterwards communicate their decisions to the others.

The animals would still assemble on Sunday mornings to salute the flag, sing 'Beasts of England', and receive their orders for the week; but there would be no more debates.

In spite of the shock that Snowball's expulsion had given them, the animals were dismayed by this announcement. Several of them would have protested if they could have found the right arguments. Even Boxer was vaguely troubled. He set his ears back, shook his forelock several times, and tried hard to marshal his thoughts; but in the end he could not think of anything to say. Some of the pigs themselves, however, were more articulate. Four young porkers in the front row uttered shrill squeals of disapproval, and all four of them sprang to their feet and began speaking at once. But suddenly the dogs sitting round Napoleon let out deep, menacing growls, and the pigs fell silent and sat down again. Then the sheep broke out into a tremendous bleating of "Four legs good, two legs bad!" which went on for nearly a quarter of an hour and put an end to any chance of discussion.

Afterwards Squealer was sent round the farm to explain the new arrangement to the others.

“Comrades,” he said, “I trust that every animal here appreciates the sacrifice that Comrade Napoleon has made in taking this extra labour upon him. Do not imagine, comrades, that leadership is a pleasure! On the contrary, it is a deep and heavy responsibility. No one believes more firmly than Comrade Napoleon that all animals are equal. He would be only too happy to let you make your decisions for yourselves. But sometimes you might make the wrong decisions, comrades, and then where should we be? Suppose you had decided to follow Snowball, with his moonshine of windmills — Snowball, who, as we now know, was no better than a criminal?”

“Animal Farm” by George Orwell

2.3.5. Juxtaposition

Activity 2.3.5

Read the extract below, from “The Pearl” by John Steinbeck, and answer the questions.

A town is a thing like a colonial animal. A town has a nervous system and a head and shoulders and feet. A town is a thing separate from all other towns, so that there are no two towns alike. And a town has a whole emotion. How news travels through a town is a mystery not easily to be solved. News seems to move faster than small boys can scramble and dart to tell it, faster than women can call it over the fences.

Before Kino and Juana and the other fishers had come to Kino’s brush house, the nerves of the town were pulsing and vibrating with the news - Kino had found the Pearl of the World. Before panting little boys could strangle out the words, their mothers knew it. The news swept on past the brush houses, and it washed in a foaming wave into the town of stone and plaster. It came to the priest walking in his garden, and it put a thoughtful look in his eyes and a memory of certain repairs necessary to the church. He wondered what the pearl would be worth. And he wondered whether he had baptized Kino’s baby, or married him for that matter. The news came to the shopkeepers, and they looked at men’s clothes that had not sold so well.

The news came to the doctor where he sat with a woman whose illness was age, though neither she nor the doctor would admit it. And when it was made plain who Kino was, the doctor grew stern and judicious at the same time. “He is a client of mine,” the doctor said. “I am treating his child for a scorpion sting.” And the doctor’s eyes rolled up a little in their fat hammocks and he thought of Paris.

He remembered the room he had lived in there as a great and luxurious place. The doctor looked past his aged patient and saw he sitting in a restaurant in Paris and a waiter was just opening a bottle of wine. The news came early to the beggars in front of the church, and it made them giggle a little with pleasure, for they knew that there is no alms giver in the world like a poor man who is suddenly lucky.

Kino has found the Pearl of the World. In the town, in little offices, sat the men who bought pearls from the fishers. They waited in their chairs until the pearls came in, and then they cackled and fought and shouted and threatened until they reached the lowest price the fisherman would stand. But there was a price below which they dared not go, for it had happened that a fisherman in despair had given his pearls to the church. And when the buying was over, these buyers sat alone and their fingers played restlessly with the pearls, and they wished they owned the pearls. For there were not many buyers really - there was only one, and he kept these agents in separate offices to give a semblance of competition. The news came to these men, and their eyes squinted and their finger-tips burned a little, and each one thought how the patron could not live forever and someone had to take his place. And each one thought how with some capital he could get a new start.

All manner of people grew interested in Kino - people with things to sell and people with favours to ask. Kino had found the Pearl of the World. The essence of pearl mixed with essence of men and a curious dark residue was precipitated. Every man suddenly became related to Kino's pearl, and Kino's pearl went into the dreams, the speculations, the schemes, the plans, the futures, the wishes, the needs, the lusts, the hungers, of everyone, And only one person stood in the way and that was Kino, so that he became curiously every man's enemy. The news stirred up something infinitely black and evil in the town; the black distillate was like the scorpion, or like hunger in the smell of food, or like loneliness when love is withheld. The poison sacs of the town began to manufacture venom, and the town swelled and puffed with the pressure of it.

But Kino and Juana did not know these things. Because they were happy and excited they thought everyone shared their joy. Juan Tomás and Apolonia did, and they were the world too. In the afternoon, when the sun had gone over the mountains of the Peninsula to sink in the outward sea, Kino squatted in his house with Juana beside him.

And the brush house was crowded with neighbors. Kino held the great pearl in his hand, and it was warm and alive in his hand. And the music of the pearl had merged with the music of the family so that one beautified the other. The neighbors looked at the pearl in Kino's hand and they wondered how such luck could come to any man. And Juan Tomás, who squatted on Kino's right hand because he was his brother, asked, "What will you do now that you have become a rich man?"

Kino looked into his pearl, and Juana cast her eyelashes down and arranged her shawl to cover her face so that her excitement could not be seen. And in the incandescence of the pearl the pictures formed of the things Kino's mind had considered in the past and had given up as impossible. In the pearl he saw Juana and Coyotito and himself standing and kneeling at the high altar, and they were being married now that they could pay. He spoke softly: "We will be married - in the church."

In the pearl he saw how they were dressed - Juana in a shawl stiff with newness and a new skirt, and from under the long skirt Kino could see that she wore shoes. It was in the pearl - the picture glowing there. He himself was dressed in new white clothes, and he carried a new hat - not of straw but of fine black felt - and he too wore shoes - not sandals but shoes that laced. But Coyotito - he was the one - he wore a blue sailor suit from the United States and a little yachting cap such as Kino had seen once when a pleasure boat put into the estuary. All of these things Kino saw in the lucent pearl and he said: "We will have new clothes." And the music of the pearl rose like a chorus of trumpets in his ears.

Then to the lovely gray surface of the pearl came the little things Kino wanted: a harpoon to take the place of one lost a year ago, a new harpoon of iron with a ring in the end of the shaft; and - his mind could hardly make the leap - a rifle - but why not, since he was so rich? And Kino saw Kino in the pearl, Kino holding a Winchester carbine. It was the wildest day-dreaming and very pleasant. His lips moved hesitantly over this - "A rifle," he said. "Perhaps a rifle."

It was the rifle that broke down the barriers. This was impossibility, and if he could think of having a rifle whole horizon were burst and he could rush on. For it is said that humans are never satisfied, that you give them one thing and they want something more. And this is said in disparagement, whereas it is one of the greatest talents the species has and one that has made it superior to animals that are satisfied with what they have.

The neighbors close pressed and silent in the house nodded their heads at his wild imaginings. And a man in the rear murmured: "A rifle. He will have a rifle."

"The Pearl" by **John Steinbeck**

Questions

1. After reading the extract above, identify the lines where the narrator has used juxtaposition.
2. How does the author describe the process of a Pearl being made in an oyster?

Note: In literature, juxtaposition is a useful device for writers to describe their characters in great detail, to create suspense, and achieve a rhetorical effect. It is a human quality to comprehend one thing easily by comparing it to another. Therefore, a writer can make readers sense “goodness” in a particular character by placing him or her side-by-side with a character that is predominantly “evil.” Consequently, goodness in one character is highlighted by evil in the other character. Juxtaposition in this case is useful in the development of characters.

Juxtaposition enable to writers to surprise their readers and evoke their interest, by means of developing a comparison between two dissimilar things by placing them side by side. The comparison drawn adds brightness to a given image, controls the stepping of the poem or a narrative, and provides a logical connection between two vague concepts.

Application activity 2.3.5

Answer the questions below.

1. Why would an author choose to use juxtaposition as a literary technique?
2. Indicate where the writer has used juxtaposition as one of the literary devices.

2.4. Narrator (objective, omniscient)

2.4.1 Objective narrator

Activity 2.4.1

Read the following extract “White Hands” by Jane Katjavivi and answer the questions.

.....She could rest in her single student room, away from the noise of other people and their praying eyes. She could study while she rested. She could afford to eat well, her scholarship allowing her the fruit and vegetables that were difficult to afford at home. She told Tembi but asked her not to tell anyone else.

She dared not even tell her husband; for fear that something might go wrong. But the Lord was with her. The baby stayed and grew. She felt it kick.

Angelika approached the church once more and asked to stay in England until the baby was born. She could not face returning to the hospital in Windhoek. They offered her assistance from an emergence fund so she could give birth in Birmingham and continue her studies afterwards. When she became so large that no one could deny it, she told her husband of the news. When she had safely delivered she sent a message home...

"White hands" by **Jane Katjavivi**

Questions

1. How many characters are mentioned in the passage above?
 - a. How has the writer used the narrator to convey the message?
 - b. Which type of narrator is used?
3. In your view, explain the problem of Angelika. Which was her native country?

Note: Objective narrator: Is a third person narrator that describes characters from the outside only, never revealing their thoughts. He functions like a video-recorder, telling the reader the action and dialogue of the characters but never entering the character's thoughts.

The narrator is an observer, "a fly in the wall narrator," as it is often called, is to describe character's appearance, speech and actions in a way that enables us to infer their thoughts.

He/she does not know more about the character than what they choose to show. When it comes to figuring people out, objective narrators are more like us, humans. We never know what's on someone else's mind and neither does an objective narrator. They might be useful because they will try to interpret other characters' body language and the reader will get that challenge too.

Application activity 2.4.1

Answer the questions below.

1. Describe the characteristics of an objective narrator.
2. Compose your own short story and convey your message using an objective narrator as the story teller. Thereafter, describe its plot development.

2.4.2 Omniscient narrator

Read the short story below Roman Fever by Edith Wharton and then answer the questions.

Roman Fever

From the table at which they had been lunching two American ladies of ripe but well-cared-for middle age moved across the lofty terrace of the Roman restaurant and, leaning on its parapet, looked first at each other, and then down on the outspread glories of the Palatine and the Forum, with the same expression of vague but benevolent approval.

As they learned there a girlish voice echoed up gaily from the stairs leading to the court below. "Well, come along, then," it cried, not to them but to an invisible companion, "and let's leave the young things to their knitting," and a voice as fresh laughed back: "Oh, look here, Babs, not actually knitting!" Well, I mean figuratively," rejoined the first. "After all, we haven't left our poor parents much else to do..." At that point the turn of the stairs engulfed the dialogue.

The two ladies looked at each other again, this time with a tinge of smiling embarrassment, and the smaller and paler one shook her head and coloured slightly. "Barbara!" she murmured, sending an unheard rebuke after the mocking voice in the stairway.

The other lady, who was fuller, and higher in colour, with a small determined nose supported by vigorous black eyebrows, gave a good-humoured laugh. "That's what our daughters think of us."

Her companion replied by a deprecating gesture. "Not of us individually. We must remember that. It's just the collective modern idea of Mothers. And you see!" Half guiltily she drew from her handsomely mounted black handbag a twist of crimson silk run through by two fine knitting needles. "One never knows," she murmured. "The new system has certainly given us a good deal of time to kill; and sometimes I get tired just looking!" even at this." Her gesture was now addressed to the stupendous scene at their feet.

The dark lady laughed again, and they both relapsed upon the view, contemplating it in silence, with a sort of diffused serenity which might have been borrowed from the spring effulgence of the Roman skies. The luncheon hour was long past, and the two had their end of the vast terrace to themselves. At its opposite extremity a few groups, detained by a lingering look at the outspread city, were gathering up guidebooks and fumbling for tips. The last of them scattered, and the two ladies were alone on the air-washed height.

"Well, I don't see why we shouldn't just stay here," said Mrs. Slade, the lady of the high color and energetic brows. Two derelict basket chairs stood near, and she pushed them into the angle of the parapet, and settled herself in one, her gaze upon the Palatine. "After all, it's still the most beautiful view in the world."

"It always will be, to me," assented her friend Mrs. Ansley, with so slight a stress on the "me" that Mrs. Slade, though she noticed it, wondered if it were not merely accidental, like the random underlining's of old-fashioned letter writers.

"Grace Ansley was always old-fashioned," she thought; and added aloud, with a retrospective smile: "It's a view we've both been familiar with for a good many years. When we first met here we were younger than our girls are now. You remember!"

"Oh, yes, I remember," murmured Mrs. Ansley, with the same indefinable stress! "There's that head-waiter wondering," she interpolated. She was evidently far less sure than her companion of herself and of her rights in the world.

"I'll cure him of wondering," said Mrs. Slade, stretching her hand toward a bag as discreetly opulent-looking as Mrs. Ansley's. Signing to the headwaiter, she explained that she and her friend were old lovers of Rome, and would like to spend the end of the afternoon looking down on the view! "that is, if it did not disturb the service! The headwaiter, bowing over her gratuity, assured her that the ladies were most welcome, and would be still more so if they would condescend to remain for dinner. A full moon night, they would remember...."

Mrs. Slade's black brows drew together, as though references to the moon were out of place and even unwelcome. But she smiled away her frown as the headwaiter retreated. "Well, why not! We might do worse. There's no knowing, I suppose, when the girls will be back. Do you even know back from where? I don't!" Mrs. Ansley again coloured slightly. "I think those young Italian aviators we met at the Embassy invited them to fly to Tarquinia for tea. I suppose they'll want to wait and fly back by moonlight."

"Moonlight!" moonlight! What a part it still plays. Do you suppose they're as sentimental as we were?"

"I've come to the conclusion that I don't in the least know what they are," said Mrs. Ansley. "And perhaps we didn't know much more about each other." "No, perhaps we didn't." Her friend gave her a shy glance. "I never should have supposed you were sentimental, Alida.".....

"Roman Fever" by **Edith Wharton**

Questions

1. Who in Roman Fever are the main characters of this story? How does the writer create the characters to convey the message?
2. Where does the story take place?
3. Describe each character according to the writer.
4. From your point of view, explain the position of narrator in the story.

Note: An omniscient narrator is a narrator who knows what the character thinks and what is happening everywhere H/she is not restricted by time or space. Such narrators can provide us with broader over views, can describe events involving various characters, and can dip into the minds of any number of characters to tell us their thoughts. The omniscient Narrator relates all the action of the work using a third-person pronoun such as "he, she or they it." Omniscient narrators are like the super heroes of narrators, and that is because they know everything. They can jump from characters' head to another, they know when you have been good and bad, they move from character to character, from scene to scene, from one place to another because they just know it all. Knowing it all means these narrators know the details of pretty much everything.

Application activity 2.4.2

Read and answer the questions below.

1. Why are omniscient narrators like superheroes? Explain and support your answer with convincing ideas.
2. Differentiate between objective narrators and omniscient ones.
3. Compose your own short story using omniscient narrator.

Application activity 2.4.3

Read the story below, and answer the questions that follow.

The War of the Ears.

Beeda stood on the school veranda watched the last pupils disappear down the road. He thought of this as the road swallowed the pupils. The day's climax, a question-and-answer session, came back to him and he heard this voice rise to fill the classroom:

“What are twelve times five?”
“Sixty,” the pupils sang cheerfully.
“What is twelve times seven?”
“Eighty-four.”
“What are twelve times twelve?”
“One hundred and forty-four.”

He loved the interaction and the pupils’ rapt attention, which placed him at the center of their world, made him feel alive. The world outside school was full of questions he could not answer and things he could not control. But when he stood in front of his class, he knew everything there was nothing he could not do. Now his class was gone and he was back on the periphery of their lives, and the school, with its abandoned classrooms and silent playground, made him think of an empty shell. When he tried to imagine what would happen if the road did not regurgitate pupil’s tomorrow, a feeling of near panic crept over him. Night was falling. On the left side of the school, the trees in the forests were slowly sinking into darkness. On the right side, the details of on the hills were disappearing, the profiles hardening. This was loneliest time of the day and Beeda hated it.

“The War of the Ears” by Moses Isegawa

Questions

1. What feelings do you get as a narrator who describes the coming of darkness? Why does Beeda hate this time?
2. Analyse the passage above and indicate the type of narrator that has been used by the writer to deliver the message.

End unit assessment activities

Read and analyse the novel, “Animal Farm” by George Orwell, then answers the following questions.

Questions

1. Indicate its themes and motif.
2. Which type of narrative does the author use to tell the the story? With examples, explain your answer.
3. Make a short plot summary of this novel.



UNIT 3

ELEGY AND EPITAPH

UNIT 3: ELEGY AND EPITAPH

Key Unit Competence: Be able to identify and analyse elegies and epitaphs and explore their tone and atmosphere created in them.

Introductory activity

Answer the questions below.

1. Identify and explain the types of poems you know.
2. Choose two of the poem types you have mentioned above and describe their distinct characteristics.

3.1 Elegy

Activity 3.1

Answer the questions below.

1. Explain the term elegy in poetry.
2. Identify the characteristics of an elegy.

Note: Etymologically the term elegy derived from the Greek word elegus which means a song of bereavement sung along with a flute. In literature, an elegy is a poem of serious reflection, which typically mourns the loss of someone who has died or something that has been deteriorated. A notable example is the Elegy Written in a country Churchyard, by Thomas Gray (was completed in 1751 and first published in 1751. The poem is an elegy in name but not in form, it employs a style similar to that of contemporary poetry ...)

Application activity 3.1

Read the poem below and then answer the questions that follow.

The Widow's Lament in Springtime

Sorrow is my own yard
where the new grass
flames as it has flamed
often before but not

with the cold fire
that closes round me this year.
Thirty-five years
I lived with my husband.
The plum tree is white today
with masses of flowers.
Masses of flowers
load the cherry branches
and colour some bushes
yellow and some red
but the grief in my heart
is stronger than they
for though they were my joy
formerly, today I notice them
and turn away forgetting.
Today my son told me
that in the meadows,
at the edge of the heavy woods
in the distance, he saw
trees of white flowers.
I feel that I would like
to go there
and fall into those flowers
and sink into the marsh near them.

William Carlos Williams *sources*

Questions

1. What of poem is it? Substantiate your answer.
2. Identify the point of view used in this poem
3. What is the main theme of this poem?
4. Create another example of an elegy.

3.2. Epitaph



Figure 6 Grave of W.B.Yeats at Drumcliffe Church

Activity 3.2

Answer the questions below.

1. Observe the picture above and discuss what you think Epitaph is.
2. Identify the characteristics of Epitaph.

Note: An epitaph is from Greek term epitaphios"which means "a funeral oration." In literature is a short-written tribute in poetry or prose in memory of deceased person. Strictly speaking, it refers to text that is inscribed on a tombstone or plaque, but it may also be used in a figurative sense.

Application activity 3.2

Read the poem below and then answer the questions that follow.

Someone special

In your life you will meet SOMEONE SPECIAL sometime
Listen now as I tell you how death has took mine
Not a rock or a film star but a father so true
I lost SOMEONE SPECIAL when dad, I lost you
My heart it was aching when I saw my mum
Her crying, her shaking disbelief left me numb
I could not believe he was actually dead
Even after his name in the paper I read
At his funeral I carried his coffin with pride
Trying at all times my great hurt to hide
But my heart at last sank and the tears they did flow
But good memories stay with me where ever I go
His laughter, his smile, his quick cheeky wit
Were qualities that I admire, I admit
All children loved him with passion and fire
He showed love and kindness, which we all should admire
He left many people who cared a great deal
He touched their lives and their hearts he did steal
For to know him was pleasure and only brought joy
I was blessed to have loved him as both man and boy

By **Owen Yeats**

Questions

1. Identify the differences between elegy and epitaph.
2. Who is the persona/speaker in this poem?
3. Describe the tone used in the poem.

3.3. Tone

Activity 3.3

Examine the picture below and identify specific characteristics of tone.

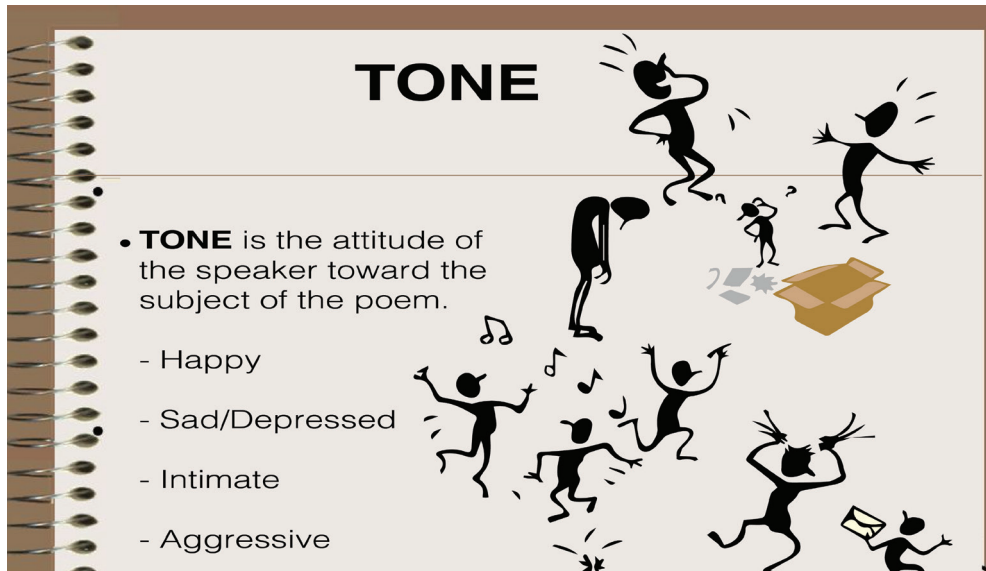


Figure 7: Tone

Note: The tone in the poem is the attitude you feel in it. The writer's attitude towards the subject or audience helps create a particular kind of atmosphere or mood in the poem.

Application activity 3.3

Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow.

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black
Oh, I kept the first for another Day!
Yet knowing how ay leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the less travelled by
And that has made all the difference.

By **Robert Frost**

Questions

1. Identify and explain the tone of the poem.
2. Why does Robert Frost use the word “sigh” in the poem, *The Road Not Taken*?
3. What does the phrase “ages and ages” mean in the poem *The Road Not Taken* by Robert Frost?
4. In not more than 100 words, summarise the poem.

3.4. Atmosphere

Activity 3.4

Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow.

The lazy man

When the cock crows,
The lazy man smacks his lips and says:
So is it day light again, is it?
And before he turns over heavily,
Before he even stretches himself,
Before he even yawns-
The farmer has reached the farm,
The water carriers arrive at the river,
The spinners are spinning their cotton,
The weaver works on his cloth,
And the fire blazes in the blacksmith's hut.
The lazy one knows where the soup is sweet
He gazes house to house.
If there is no sacrifice today,
His breast born will stick out!
But when he sees the free yarm,
He starts to unbutton his shirt,
He moves close to the celebrant.
Yet his troubles are not few.
When his wives reach puberty,
Rich men will help him to marry them.

Yoruba (Nigeria)

Questions

1. Analyse critically the poem above and explain its atmosphere.
2. What is the lesson can you learn from this poem?
3. With clear references from the poem, show that the man does not work for food.

Note: In literature, atmosphere refers to the feeling, emotion, or mood a poet conveys to a reader through the description of setting and objects. It aims at creating an emotional tone for the piece. A writer can establish atmosphere, or the vehicle for mood, through several different facets of a work. One such mechanism is through the use of objects.

Application activity 3.4

Read the following poem *If we must die* by Claude McKay and answer the questions.

If We Must Die

If we must die, let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs
Making their mocks at our accused lot
If we must die, o let nobody dies
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honour us though dead
O kinsmen! We must meet the common foe
Though far outnumbered let us show us brave
And for their thousand blows deal one deathblow
What though before us lays the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack
Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back

Questions

1. What was Claude McKay's purpose of writing the poem *If We Must Die*?
2. What is the tone of the poem?
3. Who is the persona? How do you know?
4. Is the persona afraid of death? Support your answer.
5. Is the poem relevant today? Give reasons to justify your answer.

3.5. Point of view

Activity 3.5

Read the excerpt from the poem *My mistress's Eye is nothing like the sun* and then answer the questions.

I live to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

William Shakespeare

Questions

1. Identify and explain the point of view used in this poem.
2. When does the poet use this point of view?

Note: The point of view of a story is defined as the perspective from which a story is told. Point of view is the angle of considering things, which shows us the opinion or feelings of the individuals involved in a situation. In literature, point of view is the mode of narration that an author employs to let the readers “hear” and “see” what takes place in a story, poem, or essay.

The speaker of a poem is not identical to the poet. Often the poet creates a persona who speaks the poem in the first person (I, WE).

A first-person narrative is a poem writing in which a narrator relays events from his or her own point of view using the first person i.e. “I” or “we”, etc. It may be narrated by a first person protagonist (or other focal character), first person re-teller, first person witness, or first person peripheral.

Application activity 3.5

Read this poem below and then answer the questions that follow.

I Met a Thief

On the beach, on the Coast,
Under the idle, whispering coconut towers,
Before the growling, foaming waves,
I met a thief, who guessed I had
An innocent heart for her to steal.

She took my hand and led me under
The intimate cashew boughs which shaded
The downy grass and peeping weeds.
She jumped and plucked the nuts for me to suck;
She sang and laughed and pressed close

I gazed: her hair was like the wool of a mountain sheep,
Her eyes, a pair of brown - black beans floating in milk.
Juicy and round as plantain shoots
Her legs, arms and neck,
And like wine - gourds her pillowy breasts;
Her throat uttered fresh banana juice
Matching her face - smooth and banana ripe

I touched - but long before I even tasted
My heart had flowed from me into her breast;
And then she went – High and South –
And left my carcass roasting in the fire she'd lit

Austin Bukenya.

Questions

1. How appropriate is the title to the poem?
2. Comment on the setting of the poem.
3. Who is the persona in this poem?
4. Explain the use of imagery in the poem.
5. In your own words, explain what this poem is talking about.

3.6. Poetic devices



Figure 8 Dalai Lama, a famous poet

Poetic devices that can be used to create rhythm, including repetition, syllable variation, and rhyming. In poetry, repetition is repeating words, phrases, or lines. Like Dalai Lama, poetry's prime purpose in this life is to help others. And if you can't help them, at least don't hurt them. Mason Cooley instilled this statement by saying "Regret for wasted time is more wasted time".

Poetic devices that can be used to create rhythm, including repetition, syllable variation, and rhyming. In poetry, repetition is repeating words, phrases, or lines. Like Dalai Lama, poetry's prime purpose in this life is to help others. And if you can't help them, at least don't hurt them. Mason Cooley instilled this statement by saying "Regret for wasted time is more wasted time".

Some of the poetic devices are either used in prose others in poetry. It sometimes happen that one poetic device may appear in both genres. This is depends upon how it has been used. The poet has right to use a diction that fits his objectives. That is the reason why different poets write on different topics but one of them has forgotten motif and theme when writing.

3.6.1. Metonymy



Activity 3.6.1

1. What do you understand by metonymy?
2. List any four examples of metonymy.

Note: Metonymy is a poetic device or figurative language in which a thing or concept is called not by its own name but rather by the name of something associated in the meaning with that thing or concept. It takes its root from Greek term metonymia which means “change of name.”

Application activity 3.6.1

Read the following poem “I Speak for the Bush” by Everett Standa and answer the questions.

I Speak for the Bush..!

When my friend sees me
he swells and pants like a frog
because I talk the wisdom of the bush
He says we from the bush
don't understand civilized ways
for we tell our women
to keep the hem of their dresses
below the knee
we from the bush, my friend insists,
do not know how to 'enjoy':
when we come to the civilized city,
like nuns we stay away from the nightclubs
where women belong to no man
and men belong to no women
and these civilized people
quarrel and fight like hungry lions

But my friend, why do men
with crippled legs, lifeless eyes,
wooden legs, empty stomachs
wander about the streets
of the civilized world...?

Teach me, my friend, the trick,

so that my eyes may not
see those whose houses have no walls
but emptiness all around;
show me the wax you use
to seal your ear
to stop hearing the cry of the hungry

Teach me the new wisdom
which tells men
to talk about money and not love
when they meet women;

Tell your God to convert
me to the faith of the indifferent
the faith of those
who will never listen until
they are shaken with blows

I speak for the bush:
you speak for the civilized-
will you hear me...?

Questions

1. What is the subject matter of the poem?
2. Identify and explain metonymy found in the poem.
3. What is the poet's message in the poem?

End unit assessment activities

Read the following poems and then answer the questions that follow.

Building the Nation

Today I did my share
In building the nation.
I drove the permanent secretary
To an important urgent function

In fact to a luncheon at the Vic.

The menu reflected its importance
Cold Bell beer with small talk,
Then fried chicken with niceties
Wine to fill the hollowness of the laughs
Ice-cream to cover the stereotype jokes
Coffee to keep the PS awake on return journey.

I drove the permanent secretary back.
He yawned many times in the back of the car
Then to keep awake, he suddenly asked,
Did you have any lunch friend?
I replied looking straight ahead
And secretly smiling at his belated concern
That I had not, but was sliming!

Upon which he said with seriousness
That amused more than annoyed me,
Mwananchi, I too had none!
I attended to matters of state.
Highly delicate diplomatic duties you know,
And friend, it goes against my grain,
Causes me stomach ulcers and wind.
Ah, he continued, yawning again,
The pains we suffer in building the nation!
So the PS had ulcers too!
My ulcers I think are equally painful
Only they are caused by hunger,
No sumptuous lunches!
So two nation builders
Arrived home this evening
With terrible stomach pains
The result of building the nation –
Different ways.

By **Christopher H. M. Barlow** (Uganda)

Questions

1. What is the poem talking about?
2. Who is speaking in the poem? How do you know?
3. What is the tone of the poem?
4. Identify some poetic devices used in the poem.
5. The poet says in the last stanza '*so two nation builders arrived home this evening*' were the
6. two people building the nation? Explain your answer.

A freedom song

Atieno washes dishes,
Atieno plucks the chicken,
Atieno gets up early,
Beds her sucks down in the kitchen,
Atieno eight years old
Atienoyo.

Since she's my sister's child
Atieno needs no pay
While she works my wife can sit
Sewing each sunny day,
With her earning I support
Atienoyo.
Atieno's sly and jealous
Bad example to the kids
Since she minds them, like a school girl
Wants their dresses, shoes and beads.
Atieno ten years old,
Atienoyo.

Now my wife has gone to study
Atieno's less free,
Don't I feed her, school my own ones,
Pay the party, union fee

All for progress? Aren't you grateful,
Atienoyo?

Visitors need much attention,
Specially when I work nights.
That girl stays too long at market
Who will teach her what is right?
Atieno rising fourteen,
Atienoyo.

Atieno's had a baby
So we know that she is bad
Fifty-fifty it may live
To repeat the life she had,
Ending in post partum bleeding
Atienoyo.

Atieno's soon replaced
Meat and sugar more than all
She ate in such a narrow life
Were lavished in her funeral
Atieno's gone to glory
Atienoyo.

By **Marjorie Oludhe Macgoye**

Questions

1. What is the poem about?
2. What is the tone of the poem?
3. Who is the persona? How do you know?
4. How does Atieno change over the years?
5. What is the main theme of the poem?



UNIT4

LIMERICKS - RHYME AND RHYTHM

UNIT4: LIMERICKS - RHYME AND RHYTHM

Key Unit Competence: To be able to identify and analyse limericks referring to their rhythm, rhyme and other poetic devices used.

Introductory Activity

Read the poem below and answer the questions.



There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, It is just as I feared!
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!

Questions

1. What is the poem about?
2. Describe the unique features that you notice in this poem.
3. Identify and explain the poetic devices used in the poem.
4. What kind of poem is this? Why?

Note: A limerick is a humorous, nonsensical poem that contains five-lines with a specific rhyme scheme. Limerick poetry is also often referred to as nonsense poetry and it is typically used for fun and entertaining events. It is said to have started in Ireland. Limericks are often characterised by use of humour, exaggeration/hyperbole and a strict rhyme scheme of AA BB A. A standard limerick has the following features.

A stanza with five lines, no more, no less.

Made up of thirty nine syllables in total. Its structure is 9-9-6-6-9.

The first, the second and the fifth lines are long and rhyme.

Those three lines have three feet of three syllables each.

The third and fourth lines are shorter and they rhyme too.

The two lines have only two feet of three syllables.

Have rhyme which creates a rhythmic pattern.

Are often humorous/ funny and sometimes obscene.

4.1 Rhyme

Activity 4.1

Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow.

In the future, the worst kind of crime,
Will be working the streets as a mime,
If you paint your face white,
They'll arrest you on sight,
An example of justice sublime.

Questions

1. What is the speaker talking about in the poem?
2. Who is being addressed in the poem?
3. What do you notice about the endings of the lines in this limerick?
4. Describe the rhyme scheme of the poem.

Note: Rhyme is a repetition of similar sounding words (or the same sounds) in two or more words, most often in the final syllables or lines in poems and songs. A rhyme is a tool that uses repeating patterns to create rhythm or musicality in poems. This differentiates poems from prose, which is plain. A rhyme is used for a specific purpose of giving a pleasing effect to a poem, which makes its recital an enjoyable experience. This makes memorization of the poem easy. All limericks have the same end rhyme scheme which is AABBA.

Application Activity

Activity 4.1

Read the poem below and answer the questions.

Death, be Not Proud

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom you think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor death, nor 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.
You art slave to fate, chance, king and desperate men,
And dost your poison 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 make eternally,
And death shall be no more. Death, thou shalt die

John Donne (England)

Questions

1. What is the subject matter of this poem?
2. Who is the poet addressing in this poem?
3. Describe the rhyme scheme used in the poem.
4. Compare and contrast the poem above with limerick poems.
5. Discuss the effects of rhyme in this poem.

4.2 Rhythm

Activity 4.2

Read the poem below and answer the questions.



There was an Old Person whose habits,
Induced him to feed upon rabbits;
When he'd eaten eighteen,
He turned perfectly green,
Upon which he relinquished those habits.

Questions

1. What is the poem about?
2. According to you, what does the phrase "Upon which he relinquished those habits" mean?
3. Narrate a situation when you had to stop a certain habit. What habit was it? How did you manage to stop it?
4. How many feet and syllables are there in each line of the poem above?
5. Describe the effect of rhythm in the poem.

Note: The word rhythm is derived from the Greek word, rythmos which means, "Measured motion." Rhythm can also be referred to as a literary device that demonstrates the long and short patterns through stressed and unstressed syllables, particularly in verse poems. For example, if you read any limerick poem out loud, you will hear that it has a musical kind of beat. That is rhythm. That rhythm is also called meter.

Rhythm is an important part of the structure of a poem. In writing poetry, rhythm acts as a beat in music. Every poem that is not free verse has a type of rhythm. The use of rhythm in poetry arises from the need to express some words more strongly than others. They might be stressed for a longer period of time. Hence, the repeated use of rhythmical patterns produces rhythmical effect, which sounds pleasant to the mind as well as to the soul. Rhythm is used to captivate the readers by giving musical effect to a literary piece. Below is an example of the rhythm structure in a limerick.

Da Da Dah Da Da Dah Da Da Dah

Da Da Dah Da Da Dah Da Da Dah

Da Da Dah Da Da Dah

Da Da Dah Da Da Dah

Da Da Dah Da Da Dah Da Da Dah

Application Activity 4.2

Read the poem below and answer the questions.

Drought

Heat, all-pervading, crinkles up the soil;
A deathly silence numbs the molten air;
On beds of rives, island scorched and bare,
Warm scavengers of wind heap up the soil;
And wide eyed oxen, gaunt and spent with toil,
Huddled together near some shrunken pool...
Pant for the shade of trees and pastures cool.
Lashing their tails at flies they cannot foil.
Whilst overhead, the sun-god drives his way
Through halting hours of blinding, blazing light,

Until his shining steeds a moment stays
And disappear behind the gates of night.
And still, no rain. A cloudless, starlit sky
Watches the veldt and all things droop and die.

Denys Lefebvre

Source: *Growing up with Poetry, an anthology for Secondary Schools, Edited by David Rubadiri.*

Questions

1. What is the subject matter of this poem?
2. What kind of poem is this? Why?
3. Discuss the effect of rhythm in poetry.
4. Write a short poem about the environmental disaster that you have ever experienced or heard about.

4.3 Poetic Devices

4.3.1 Hyperbole

Activity 4.3.1

Read the poem below and answer questions about it.

There once was a young lady named bright
Whose speed was much faster than light
She set out one day
In a relative way
And returned on the previous night.

Anonymous

Questions

1. What is the poem about?
2. a) What does the poet mean by "Whose speed was much faster than light"?
b) Why do you think the poet has used this statement?
3. 3. Assess the effect of hyperbole in limericks.

Note: Hyperbole refers to the use of overstatement or exaggeration for the purpose of creating emphasis or humor, but it is not intended to be taken literally. In our daily conversation, we use hyperbole to create an amusing effect, or to emphasize our meaning. For example, when you meet a friend after a long time, you say, 'It's been ages since I last saw you.' You may not have met him for three or four hours, or a day, but the use of the word "ages" exaggerates this statement to add emphasis to your waiting. However, in literature, a writer or a poet uses hyperbole to make common human feelings remarkable and intense to such an extent that they do not remain ordinary. The usage of hyperbole develops contrasts. When one thing is described with an over-statement, and the other thing is presented normally, a contrast is developed. This poetic device is employed to catch the reader's attention.

Application Activity 4.3.1

Read the poem below and answer questions that follow.

Psalm 23, Part II

The State is my shepherd, I shall not want; it makes me to
lie down in a subsidised house.

It leads me into political tranquillity; it restores my
faith in a lucrative future.

It leads me into paths of loans and pensions, for its
international reputation's sake.

Yea , even though I walk through the valley of the shadow
Of kivvulu I will fear no kondos;

For the State is with me , its tanks and guns comfort me .

If it preserves for me a bank account, in the presence
of devaluation;

It fills my pocket with allowances, my salary overflows.
Surely increments and promotion shall follow me all the
days of my life;
And I shall dwell in senior staff quarters for ever.

Timothy Wangusa

Source: *Growing up with poetry*, Page 64

Questions

1. What is the subject matter of this poem?
2. Compare and contrast the use of hyperbole in poem above with hyperbole used in limericks.
3. Compare and contrast this poem with the Psalm 23 in the Bible.

4.3.2 Euphemism

Activity 4.3.2

Read the poem below and answer questions.

There once was a farmer from Leeds,
Who swallowed a packet of seeds.
It soon came to pass,
He was covered with grass,
But has all the tomatoes he needs

Anonymous

Questions

1. What is the subject matter of the poem?
2. What do you think the writer means by this? "It soon came to pass...He was covered with grass"
3. What poetic devices has the poet used to put across the message?

Note: Euphemism refers to a use of polite language with the purpose of not offending or appearing unpleasant. It is used to mislead the readers/listeners' understanding trying to spare their feelings about reality. Euphemism depends largely on the social context of the speakers and writers, where they feel the need to replace certain words that may prove embarrassing for particular listeners or readers in a particular situation.

Euphemism helps writers convey those ideas that have become a social taboo, and are too embarrassing to mention directly. Writers skillfully choose appropriate words to refer to and discuss a subject indirectly that otherwise might not be published due to strict social censorship, such as for reasons of religious fanaticism, political theories, sexuality, and death. Euphemism is therefore a useful tool that allows writers to write figuratively about difficult issues.

Application activity 4.3.2

Read the poem below and answer questions that follow.

The guns of Gaborone

June
the month of shivering
by the fire side
we were clustered like winter chicken
dried saliva had trickled to our ears
and our knees were pressed to our chins
enemy fell on us
like locust at sun set

Gaborone
Shook with amazed surprise
Man and home crumbled into nothingness
Ten and more died for no provocation
June,
Wrapt us with a riddled blanket
You,
Unfortunate,
You are cursed,
Terrorist,

Butcher
Who refuses to acknowledge life
Has set like the sun
Do you know that I have
Stronger-armed brothers, my defenders, your age mates
Who will ask you questions with the whisky of the whip?

I was there
You were
I listened
You were dumb
The country was bathed in blood
Gatwe
It is said
That
The bottle is informed
By integrity
But you lacked ears
Tell me –
Does your book have the story of David and Goliath?
You who died
Sleep in peace
Banabathari e ntsho
A luta continua
Lo e lole
You have fought

Grace Setlalekgosi (Botswana)

Source: *Growing up with poetry* Page 73-74

Questions

1. What is the poet talking about?
2. Discuss how the poet has used euphemism.
3. Why do you think the poet has opted for using euphemism?
4. Analyse other poetic devices used in the poem.

4.3.3 Juxtaposition

Activity 4.3.3

Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow.

Do not go gentle into that good night

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas

Questions

1. Analyse the subject matter of the poem
2. Dylan Thomas uses words like *crying* and *dancing.... sad* and *grieved...* together in the poem. What is this poetic device? What do you think he is trying to achieve by using this poetic devices?
3. Describe other poetic devices that the poet has used to express his idea.

Note: Juxtaposition is a literary technique in which two or more ideas, places, characters, and their actions are placed side by side in a narrative or a poem, for the purpose of developing comparisons and contrasts. In literature, juxtaposition is a useful device for writers to portray their characters in great detail, to create suspense, and to achieve a rhetorical effect. It is a human quality to comprehend one thing easily by comparing it to another. Poets use juxtaposition to highlight differences between two words or idea. For example, a writer can make readers sense “goodness” in a particular character by placing him or her side-by-side with a character that is predominantly “evil.” Consequently, goodness in one character is highlighted by evil in the other character. Juxtaposition in this case is useful in the development of characters.

Application Activity 4.3.3

Read the following poem and answer questions about it.

Some Days

Some days I put the people in their places at the table,
bend their legs at the knees,
if they come with that feature,
and fix them into the tiny wooden chairs.
All afternoon they face one another,
the man in the brown suit,
the woman in the blue dress,

perfectly motionless, perfectly behaved.
But other days, I am the one
who is lifted up by the ribs,
then lowered into the dining room of a dollhouse
to sit with the others at the long table.
Very funny,
but how would you like it
if you never knew from one day to the next
if you were going to spend it
striding around like a vivid god,
your shoulders in the clouds,
or sitting down there amidst the wallpaper,
staring straight ahead with your little plastic face?

Billy Collins

Questions

1. What is the poet talking about?
2. Discuss how the poet has used juxtaposition in the poem.
3. Why do you think the poet has opted for use of juxtaposition?
4. Compare and contrast this poem and with limericks.

4.3.4. Litotes

Activity 4.3.4

Read the poem below "Fire and Ice" by Robert Frost" and answer the questions that follow.

Fire and Ice

"Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire

I hold with those who favor fire.
But if I had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.”

Robert Frost

Questions

1. What is the subject matter of the poem?
2. Describe the unique features you notice about this poem.
3. Explain the poetic device has the poet used to put across the message.
4. What do you think the writer intends to mean in the last line of the poem?

Note: Litotes is a poetic device which is a form of understatement in which sentiment is expressed ironically by negating its contrary. Poets opt to use litotes to invoke the absence of thing or quality to soften harsh phrases, and sometimes for a bitingly ironic touch. For example, “He’s not bad looking” could express that someone is gorgeous—or could convey that he’s neither particularly ugly nor attractive. The degree of emphasis depends on context. For instance, the commonly used phrase “not bad” can indicate that something is either average or excellent.

Along the same lines, litotes can be used to diminish the harshness of an observation; “He isn’t the cleanest person I know” could be used as a means of indicating that someone is a messy person.

Application activity 4.3.4

Read the poem below and answer questions that follow.

This limerick goes in verse
Unless I’m remiss
The neat thing is this:
If you start from the bottom- most verse
This limerick’s not any worse.

Zach Weiner

Questions

1. What is the poet talking about?
2. Why do you think the poet has opted for use of litotes to convey the message?
3. In the poem, extract the line that highlights litotes.

End Unit Assessment

Activity 1

Answer the following questions.

1. Define the following terms:
 - a. Limerick
 - b. Rhyme
 - c. Rhythm
2. Describe characteristics of limericks.
3. Compare and contrast limericks and elegy.
4. Explain the functions of Limericks

Activity 2

Read the following poem and answer questions that follow.

A fellow jumped off a high wall,
And had a most terrible fall.
He went back to bed,
With a bump on his head,
That's why you don't jump off a wall.

Questions

1. What is the main idea in the poem?
2. Identify the rhyme scheme in the poem and its effect.
3. Describe other poetic devices used in the poem

Activity 3

Choose a topic and write a limerick with all its features.



UNIT 5

FREE VERSE

UNIT 5: FREE VERSE

Key Unit Competence: To be able to identify and analyse free verse in poetry.

Introductory activity

Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow.

Bus stop

I saw a nice boy
with long sideburns
and short hair and blue suit
he stood in front of me in the bus queue

when the bus came
he stood back
to let me climb into the bus in front of him

i turned to thank him
he gave me a radiant smile
it warmed my heart and made my day beautiful

and then (Wrapped in a haze of rosy dreams)
i tripped
and fell into the bus
flat on my stupid face

Michelle Friend

Source: *English in Use – Student's book 2/p: 42*

Questions

1. What is the main idea in the poem?
2. Discuss the structure of the poem.
3. Identify some poetic devices the poet has used to convey the message.

Note: Free verse is poetry that does not have regular patterns of rhyme and meter. The lines in free verse often flow more naturally than do rhymed, metrical lines and thus achieve a rhythm more like that of everyday human speech.

The following are free verse poetry features:

- Free verse poems have no regular meter or rhythm.
- They do not follow a proper rhyme scheme; these poems do not have any set rules.
- This type of poem is based on normal pauses and natural rhythmical, as compared to the artificial constraints of traditional or normal poetry. That is why it is called “Free verse”.

Free verse is commonly used in contemporary poetry. Some poets have taken this technique as a freedom from rhythm and rhyme, because it gives a greater freedom for choosing words, and conveying their meanings to the listener or the readers through intonation instead of meter/rhythm. Since it depends upon patterned elements like sounds, phrases, sentences, and words, it is free of artificiality of a typical poetic expression.

5.1. Poetic Devices

5.1.1. Poetic line

Activity .5.1.1

Read the poem below and answer questions about it.

Mother to Son

Well, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it,
And splinters,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor—
Bare.
But all the time
I'se been a-climbin' on,
And reachin' landin's,

And turnin' corners,
And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.
So boy, don't you turn back.
Don't you set down on the steps
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.
Don't you fall now—
For I'se still goin', honey,
I'se still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

Langston Hughes

Questions

1. What is *mother to son* all about?
2. Comment on poetic lines in the poem.
3. Does this poem have rhyme scheme? Justify your answer.
4. What literary devices are used in *mother to son*?

Note: A poetic line is a subdivision of a poem, specifically a group of words arranged into a row that ends for a reason other than the right-hand margin. This reason could be that the lines are arranged to have a certain number of syllables, a certain number of stresses, or of metrical feet; it could be that they are arranged so that they rhyme, whether they are of equal length or not. But it is important to remember that the poet has chosen to make the line a certain length, or to make the line-break at a certain point. This line-break is where a reader has to turn back to the start of the next line. Lines are the text that takes up one line, or row, in a poem. Poems can have any number of lines. Some poets use short lines, some use long, some set all the lines on the left side of the page, and some indent lines differently all over the page. The relationship between the poetic line (including its length and positioning and how it fits into other lines) and the content of a poem is a major aspect of poetry. Free verse poem lines do not follow the rules, and have no rhyme or rhythm; but they are still an artistic expression. They are sometimes thought to be a modern form of poetry.

Application activity 5.1.1

Read the poem and answer questions that follow.

Africa

Africa my Africa
Africa of proud warriors in the ancestral savannahs
Africa of whom my grandmother sings
On the banks of the distant river
I have never known you
But your blood flows in my veins
Your beautiful black blood that irrigates the fields
The blood of your sweat
The sweat of your work
The work of your slavery
The slavery of your children
Africa tell me Africa
Is this you this back that is bent
This back that breaks under the weight of humiliation
This back trembling with red scars
And saying yes to the whip under the midday sun
But a grave voice answers me
Impetuous son that tree young and strong
That tree there
In splendid loneliness amidst white and faded flowers
That is Africa your Africa
That grows again patiently obstinately
And its fruit gradually acquires
The bitter taste of liberty.

David Diop,

Source: *Growing up with poetry an anthology for secondary schools p.17-18*

Questions

1. What is the poem about?
2. According to the speaker, how have the past effects of colonialism shaped the Africa's present?
3. Compare and contrast the lines of this poem and those of *Mother to son*.
4. Comment on poetic devices used in the poem.

5.1. 2. Punctuation

Activity 5.1.2

Read the poem below and answer questions.

Epilogue

I have crossed an ocean
I have lost my tongue
From the root of the old
One
A new one has sprung

Grace Nichols (Guyana)

Source: *Growing up with poetry, an anthology for Secondary schools, page 50.*

Questions

1. What is the poem about?
2. Comment on the use of punctuation in the poem.
3. How do we call such a poem?

Note: Free verse is just as the title says. It's FREE. It may or may not have punctuation. It depends on the style of writing. Some poets that argue that poetry has to abide by normal grammatical rules, but free verse can be portrayed as the poet intends. Free verse has no set pattern and no rules that bind it as other forms of poetry do.

It depends on what feels more comfortable to the poet whether or not punctuation is used. Some free verse poems are just meant to flow freely, but if you want to add some spice you can add punctuation.

Application activity 5.1.2

Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow.

My island is in need of a poem

My island is in need of a poem
Yes! Another poem for a poet to recite
But now in everyone's sight ...
While we're peacefully seated at home

My island is in need of a poem
Not to make children scatter again ...
But to let them feel at home
And recognize our island's vision
To get ready for their own mission
My island is in need of a poem
A long narrative but different poem
Telling a story on our peace tunnel
Evoking the hard-works of their hands-
A good way to get it strongly secured

My island is in need of a poem
A poem to relocate our broken hope

Out of a gloomy valley, where rested
That wounding streaming tears-
This takes roots from our downfalls.

Jean de Dieu BAVUGEMPORE

Questions

1. What does the speaker mean by "another poem"?
2. Compare and contrast this poem with Grace Nichols' *Epilogue*.
3. As Rwandan child, what do you learn from this poem?

5.3. Oxymoron

Activity 5.3

Read the poem and answer the questions that follow.

The end begins: Words

Words WordsWords
words without wind
words without end
without care what action
we stand and watch
on fireless fireplaces.

heads of clans stand and stare
they come and go
some die by beheading.
clans have no heads
they wait in pain for peace
but peace for scattered skeletons
reeks of bloody emptiness.

down the countryside I know
elephant fight daily
but the common grasses I know
under their feet
bleeds, starves and dies
under the strain of gunpowder excreted.

we are maimed daily
and the mime continues
this time again without words.

Kalungi Kabuye.

Questions

1. What is the subject matter of the poem?
2. What sort of atmosphere does the poem have? How is this atmosphere created?
3. Explain the poetic device that appears in stanza 1, line 6.
4. What effect does the repetition of "Words, words, words" have upon the poem?

Note: Oxymoron is a poetic device in which two opposite ideas are joined to create an effect. The common oxymoron phrase is a combination of an adjective preceded by a noun with contrasting meanings, such as "cruel kindness," or "living dead". However, the contrasting words/phrases are not always glued together. Authors/Poets use oxymoron in literature for many reasons. At times an oxymoron may call attention to the dual nature of an object or concept, etc. For example, something can be both sweet and sorrowful at the same time. For instance, Shakespeare wrote that "parting is such sweet sorrow". This makes the reader think more deeply about the multiple meanings of the experience. Oxymoron may also just present a concept in a new light to emphasize the author's creativity.

Application Action 5.1.3

Read the poem below and answer the questions.



Figure 9

Life is Tremulous

Life is tremulous like a water-drop on a mophane tree
My body is wrinkled, my hair grey
The talk is Bushmen everywhere

I am called a 'no body'
A race of ragged filthy people
Who cannot clean their floors
Whose blanket in the firewood
Who spit and sneeze freely everywhere
Whose bodies smell of root-ointment
Or like a cowhide soaked in the river water
My countrymen call me names
I am torn between life and death
Propped between freedom and slavery
My tears glide in pairs down my cheeks
My hands shake because of old age
I am no more than a refugee
A loafer they say
Yet others loaf too whilst other men work
It is true I do not worry for lunch
As birds do not worry theirs too.
To me the delights of knowledge
And the pomp of power are anathema
Life is tremulous like drops
Of water on a mophane leaf
My countrymen eat, drink and laugh
I and my fellow men and women sleep under trees
In caves or open ground
We starve, we can no longer hunt freely
Life is a scourge, a curse
It is tremulous like a drop of water on a mophane leaf.

Albert Malikongwa

Source: *Growing up with poetry. An anthology for secondary schools, page 51-52*

Questions

1. What is the poem about?
2. Explain the fourth line of the poem "...I am called a 'no body...'" and how has the poet used it to convey his message?
3. Describe the poetic devices used in this poem
4. What feelings does the speaker's tone evoke?

5.4. Paradox

Activity 5.1.4

Read the poem below and answer the questions.



Figure 10

And when you balance on your head

And when you balance on your head
A beautiful water pot
Or a new basket
Or a long-necked jar
Full of Honey,
Your long neck
Resembles the alwiri spear

And as you walk along the pathway
On both sides

The abiya grasses are flowering
And the pollok blossoms
And the wild white lilies
Are shouting silently
To the bees and butterflies!

And as the fragrance
Of the ripe wild berries
Hooks the insects and little birds,
As the fishermen hook the fish
And pull them up mercilessly,
The young men come
From the surrounding villages,
And from across many streams,
They come from beyond the hills
And the wide plains.
And bite off their ears
Like jackals.

And when you go
To the well
Or into the freshly burnt woodlands
To collect the red oceyu
Or to cut oddugushrubs ,
You find them,
Lurking on the shades
Like the leopardess with cubs.

Okotp'Bitek

Source: *Growing up with poetry, an anthology for secondary schools,*
edited by David Rubadiri, page 6.

Questions

1. What is the poem about?
2. Who is the speaker in the poem?
3. Identify lines in the poem which contains paradox.
4. Describe how the poet has portrayed the African cultural values in the poem.
5. The poet is comparing a woman with different things. List those things.
6. Why do you think the poet has chosen these images?

Note: Paradox is a wise saying that on the surface appears contradictory, but when examined in deep, reveals a fundamental truth. For example we say “the son is the father of the man” on the surface it is quite illogical but when analysed further it is true because a son today, is a father tomorrow. Poets use paradox to give pleasure to the reader. Readers enjoy more when they extract the hidden meanings out of the writing rather than something presented to them in an uncomplicated manner. In some poems, paradox is meant to communicate a tone of irony to its readers as well as lead their thoughts to the immediate subject. Paradox in most poems normally strives to create feelings of intrigue and interest in readers’ minds, to make them think deeper and harder to enjoy the real message of the poem.

Application activity 5.4

Read the poem below and answer questions.

What is he?

What is he?

A man, of course.

Yes, but what does he do?

he lives and is man.

Oh quite! But he must work. He must have a job of some sort.

why?

Because obviously he is not one of the leisured classes.

I don't know.

He has lot of leisure. And he makes quite

Beautiful chairs.

There they are then! He's a cabinet maker.

no no!

Anyhow a carpenter and joiner.

Not at all

But you said so.

what did I say?

That he made chairs and was a joiner and carpenter.

I said he made chairs, but I did not say he was a carpenter.

All right then, he's just an amateur.

perhaps! Would you say a thrush was a professional flautist,
Or just an amateur?
I'd say he was just bird.
-and I say he is just man.
All right! You always did quibble.

D.H. Lawrence

Source: *Growing up with Poetry, an anthology of secondary schools.*

Questions

1. What does the title of the poem, *What is he* mean?
2. Look at the poem and discuss what you think makes it a poem and not prose.
3. Does the poem have a rhyme scheme? Justify your answer.
4. This poem sounds like a conversation but it is not. Why do you think it is not?
5. Compare and contrast the use of poetic devices in both *What is he?* and *'And when you balance on your head'*.

Activity 1

1. State at least 3 important features of free verse poems
2. Compare and contrast free verse poems with other types of poems.
3. Discuss the contribution of form to the message in free verse poems.

Activity 2

Read the poem below and answer questions about it.

The graceful giraffe cannot become a monkey

My husband tells me
I have no ideas
Of modern beauty.
He says

I have stuck
To old-fashioned hair styles.

He says
I am stupid and very backward,
That my hair style
Makes him sick
Because I am dirty.

It is true
I cannot do my hair
As white women do.

Listen,
My father comes from Payira,
My mother is a woman of Koc!
I am a true Acoli
I am not a half-caste
I am not a slave girl;
My father was not brought home
By the spear
My mother was not exchanged
For a basket of millet.

Ask me what beauty is
To the Acoli
And I will tell you;
I will show it to you
If you give me a chance!

You once saw me,
You saw my hair style
And you admired it,
And the boys loved it
At the arena
Boys surrounded me
And fought for me.

My mother taught me
Acoli hair fashions;
Which fits the kind
Of hair of the Acoli,
And the occasion.

Listen,
Ostrich plumes differ
From chicken feathers,
A monkey's tail
Is different from that of a giraffe,
The crocodile's skin
Is not like the guinea fowl's,
And the hippo is naked, and hairless.

The hair of the Acoli
Is different from that of the Arabs;
The Indians' hair
Resembles the tail of a horse;
It is like sisal strings
And needs to be cut
With scissors.
It is black,
And is different from that of a white woman.

A white woman's hair
Is soft like silk;
It is light
And brownish like
That of a brown monkey,
And is very different from mine.
A black woman's hair
Is thick and curly;
It is true
Ring-worm sometimes eat up
A little girl's hair
And this is terrible;

But when hot porridge
Is put on the head
And the dance is held
Under the sausage-fruit tree
And the youths have sung

You, Ring worm
Who is eating Duka's hair
Here is your porridge,

Then the girl's hair
Begins to grow again
And the girl is pleased.

Okot p' Bitek

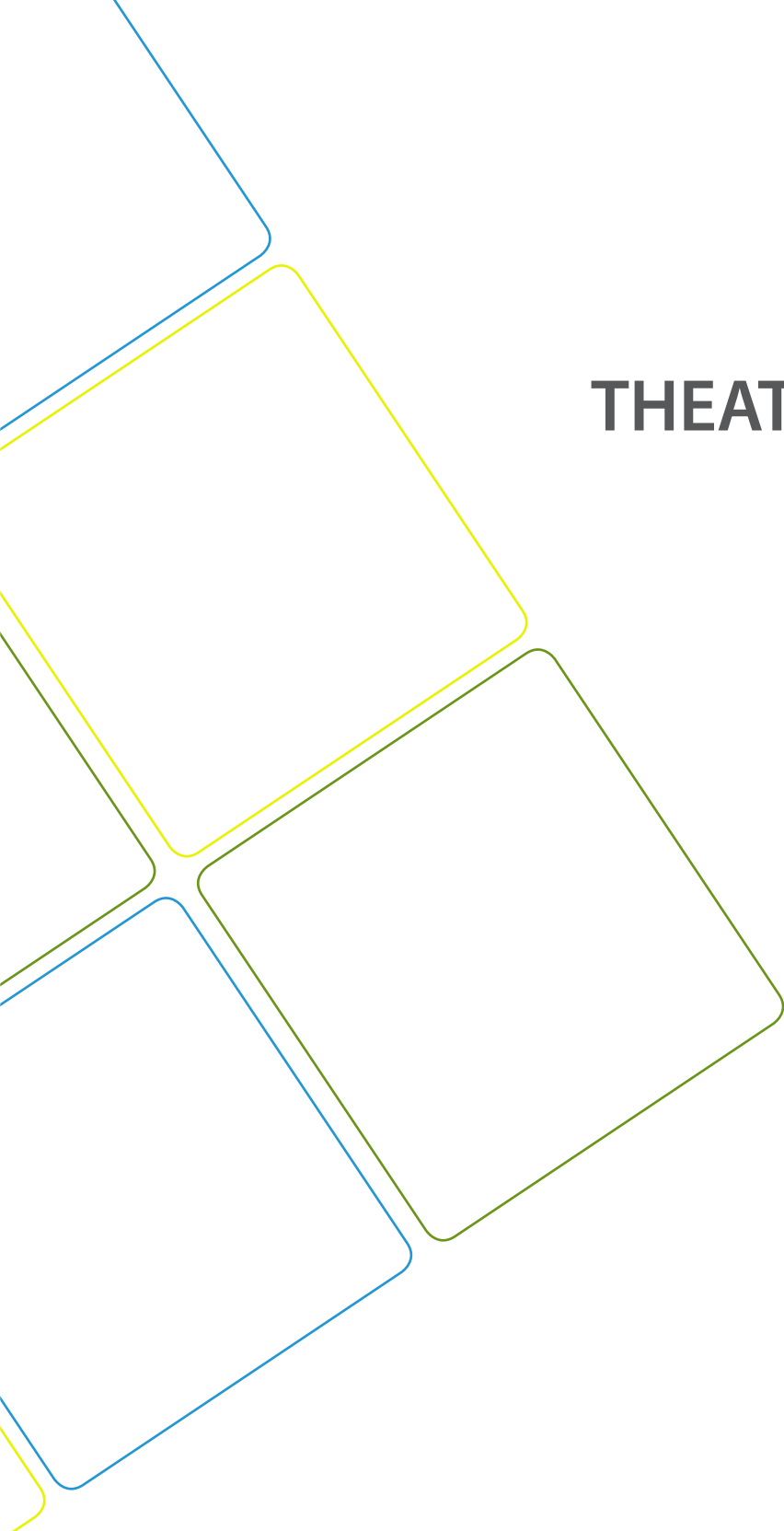
Source: *Growing up with poetry* p.15

Questions

1. What does the title of the poem *The graceful giraffe cannot become a monkey* mean?
2. Comment on the figures of speech used in the poem.
3. Who is the persona in this poem? How do you know?
4. How does Lawino see her identity?
5. Who is surer of his/her identity? Lawino or her husband? Why do you think so?
6. Who is Lawino speaking to in the poem?
7. How does Lawino react to the complaint of her husband?
8. Basing on subject matter, justify Lawino's attitudes towards African identity.

Activity 3

1. Basing on the features of free verse poems, compose a two stanza poem on a topic of your choice.



UNIT 6

THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

UNIT. 6. THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

Key unit Competence: Be able to analyze dramas of the theatre of the absurd with regards to the dramatic techniques and their themes and messages.

Introductory activity

Observe the picture below and answer questions the questions that follow.



Questions

1. What words does this picture bring to your mind?
2. What do you think the people on the picture are doing?
3. What emotions does the picture create in you?

Note: Theatre of the absurd is a form of drama that emphasizes the absurdity/meaninglessness/hopelessness of human existence by employing disjointed, repetitious, and meaningless dialogue, purposeless and confusing situations, and plots that lack realistic or logical development.

The theatre of the absurd took the origin in post-world war II and introduced by a number of primarily European playwrights in the late 1950s. Their work focused largely on the idea of the Existentialism and expressed what happens when human existence has no meaning and people are in hopeless situation. Existentialism refers to a particular view of the nature of man's existence. The existentialist believes that man starts life with nothing. His life is made up of acts; through the process of acting man becomes conscious of his original nothingness. (J. L Crawford: Acting in Person and in Style). Theatre of the absurd is otherwise referred to as absurdism. Absurd originally means "out of harmony" (in a musical context) – its meaning in the theatre of the absurd is different to the everyday meaning of the word as "ridiculous". Absurd in the context of absurdism can mean: without purpose, illogical, out of harmony, useless, devoid of reason, meaningless, hopeless, chaotic, lacking order or uncertain.

6.1. Waiting For Godot: Samuel Becket

Activity 6.1.1

Read the play Waiting for Godot and answer the following questions. Describe the theme of the play.

4. Discuss the characterization of the play.
5. Describe the setting of the play.
6. Analyse the dialogue in the play.
7. Identify the dramatic techniques used in the play.

Note: "Waiting for Godot" by Samuel Beckett is an example of the theatre of the absurd. Other plays include; Endgame by Samuel Beckett, Rhinoceros by Eugene Ionesco, The Chairs by Eugene Ionesco, The Lesson by Eugene Ionesco, The Bald Prima Donna / The Bald Soprano by Eugene Ionesco, Exit The King by Eugene Ionesco and The Balcony by Jean Genet

The following are the characteristics of the theatre of the absurd;

- Plot and Structure
- anti-realistic, going against many of the accepted norms of conventional theatre
- a deliberate absence of the cause and effect relationship between scenes

- non-linear plot developments, sometimes cyclical – ending where they began, occasionally appearing as though there is no plot at all to speak of
- deliberate lack of conflict

Characterization

- Characters are both presentational and representational
- absence of character development
- absurd characters lack the motivation found in characters of realistic dramas, highlighting their purposelessness
- time, place and identity are frequently unclear with characters often unsure about who or where they are
- characters are often out of harmony with the world in which they live

Dialogue

- language was devalued as a communication tool (unreliable and distrusted)
- often illogical
- sometimes telegraphic and clipped
- long pauses
- clichéd
- repetitive
- rhythmical
- frequent use of silence
- monotone
- slow dialogue sometimes accompanied by extremely confused and fast-paced monologue

Stagecraft

- often simple with minimum use of stage
- barren set pieces barely denoting a location (e.g. a tree and a country road in *Waiting for Godot*)

Application activity 6.1.

1. Compare and contrast what happens in the play *Waiting for Godot* to the post genocide against the Tutsi period in Rwanda.
2. Did this play give you any new ideas about life? Explain those ideas.

6.2. Dramatic Techniques

6.2.1. Cliché

Activity 6.2.1

Read the extract below from *Waiting for Godot* and answer the questions that follow.

Estragon, sitting on a low mound, is trying to take off his boot. He pulls at it with both hands, panting. He gives up, exhausted, rests, tries again. As before. Enter Vladimir.

ESTRAGON: *(giving up again).* Nothing to be done.

VLADIMIR: *(advancing with short, stiff strides, legs wide apart).* I'm beginning to come round to that opinion. All my life I've tried to put it from me, saying Vladimir, be reasonable, you haven't yet tried everything. And I resumed the struggle. *(He broods, musing on the struggle. Turning to Estragon.)* So there you are again.

ESTRAGON: *Am I?*

VLADIMIR: *I'm glad to see you back. I thought you were gone forever.*

ESTRAGON: *Me too.*

VLADIMIR: *Together again at last! We'll have to celebrate this. But how? (He reflects.)*

Get up till I embrace you.

ESTRAGON: *(irritably).* Not now, not now.

VLADIMIR: *(hurt, coldly).* May one inquire where His Highness spent the night?

ESTRAGON: *In a ditch.*

VLADIMIR: *(admiringly).* A ditch! Where?

ESTRAGON: *(without gesture).* Over there.

VLADIMIR: *And they didn't beat you?*

ESTRAGON: *Beat me? Certainly they beat me.*

VLADIMIR: *The same lot as usual?*

ESTRAGON: *The same? I don't know.*

VLADIMIR: *When I think of it . . . all these years . . . but for me . . . where would you be . . . (Decisively.) You'd be nothing more than a little heap of bones at the present minute, no doubt about it.*

ESTRAGON: *And what of it?*

VLADIMIR: *(gloomily). It's too much for one man. (Pause. Cheerfully.) On the other hand what's the good of losing heart now, that's what I say. We should have thought of it a million years ago, in the nineties.*

ESTRAGON: *Ah stop blathering and help me off with this bloody thing.*

VLADIMIR: *Hand in hand from the top of the Eiffel Tower, among the first. We were respectable in those days. Now it's too late. They wouldn't even let us up. (Estragon tears at his boot.) What are you doing?*

ESTRAGON: *Taking off my boot. Did that never happen to you?*

VLADIMIR: *Boots must be taken off every day, I'm tired telling you that. Why don't you listen to me?*

ESTRAGON: *(feebly). Help me!*

VLADIMIR: *It hurts?*

ESTRAGON: *(angrily). Hurts! He wants to know if it hurts!*

VLADIMIR: *(angrily). No one ever suffers but you. I don't count. I'd like to hear what you'd say if you had what I have.*

ESTRAGON: *It hurts?*

VLADIMIR: *(angrily). Hurts! He wants to know if it hurts!*

ESTRAGON: *(pointing). You might button it all the same.*

VLADIMIR: *(stooping). True. (He buttons his fly.) Never neglect the little things of life.*

ESTRAGON: *What do you expect, you always wait till the last moment.*

VLADIMIR: *(musingly). The last moment . . . (He meditates.) Hope deferred maketh the something sick, who said that?*

ESTRAGON: *Why don't you help me?*

VLADIMIR: *Sometimes I feel it coming all the same. Then I go all queer. (He takes off his hat, peers inside it, feels about inside it, shakes it, puts it on again.) How shall I say? Relieved and at the same time . . . (he searches for the word) . . . appalled. (With emphasis.)*

AP-PALLED. (He takes off his hat again, peers inside it.) Funny. (He knocks on the crown as though to dislodge a foreign body, peers into it again, puts it on again.) Nothing to be done. (Estragon with a supreme effort succeeds in pulling off his boot. He peers inside it, feels about inside it, turns it upside down, shakes it, looks on the ground to see if anything has fallen out, finds nothing, feels inside it again, staring sightlessly before him.) Well?

ESTRAGON: *Nothing. VLADIMIR: Show me.*

ESTRAGON: *There's nothing to show.*

VLADIMIR: *Try and put it on again.*

ESTRAGON: *(examining his foot). I'll air it for a bit.*

VLADIMIR: *There's man all over for you, blaming on his boots the faults of his feet. (He takes off his hat again, peers inside it, feels about inside it, knocks on the crown, blows into it, puts it on again.) This is getting alarming. (Silence. Vladimir deep in thought, Estragon pulling at his toes.) One of the thieves was saved. (Pause.) It's a reasonable percentage. (Pause.) Gogo.*

Questions

1. What is the atmosphere of Estragon and Vladimir in this extract?
2. Explain why Estragon is angry at Vladimir?
3. What does this statement mean "Hope deferred maketh the something sick?"
4. What is the significance of using cliché in drama?

Note: Cliché is an expression, idea or element of artistic work which has become overused to the points of losing its original meaning or effect .

Here are some examples of Clichés

- All that glitters isn't gold
- We're not laughing at you we're laughing with you
- Only time will tell
- As old as the hills
- Laughter is the best medicine
- When life gives you lemons, make lemonade.

Playwrights use clichés especially in dialogues to show a character's tiredness, or perhaps even for humorous effect. Clichés are not limited to expressions only. There can be clichéd characters, plot lines, and settings. For example, in *Waiting for Godot*, the personalities of the characters are so clichéd because the same characters are "overused." The effect of using clichés generally closes the mind of the reader down in that it doesn't present images in a new way or challenge the reader to imagine possibilities that he or she has never imagined before.

Application activity 6.2.1

Below, is an extract from Henrik Ibsen's An Enemy of the people. Read it and answer the questions.

ACT V- SCENE ONE

(SCENE.—DR. STOCKMANN'S study. Bookcases and cabinets containing specimens, line the walls. At the back is a door leading to the hall; in the foreground on the left, a door leading to the sitting-room. In the righthand wall are two windows, of which all the panes are broken. The DOCTOR'S desk, littered with books and papers, stands in the middle of the room, which is in disorder. It is morning. DR. STOCKMANN in dressing-gown, slippers and a smoking-cap, is bending down and raking with an umbrella under one of the cabinets. After a little while he rakes out a stone.)

Dr. Stockmann (calling through the open sitting-room door): Katherine, I have found another one.

Mrs. Stockmann (from the sitting-room): Oh, you will find a lot more yet, I expect.

Dr. Stockmann (adding the stone to a heap of others on the table): I shall treasure these stones as relics. Ejlif and Morten shall look at them every day, and when they are grown up they shall inherit them as heirlooms. (Rakes about under a bookcase.) Hasn't—what the deuce is her name?—the girl, you know—hasn't she been to fetch the glazier yet?

Mrs. Stockmann (coming in): Yes, but he said he didn't know if he would be able to come today.

Dr. Stockmann: You will see he won't dare to come.

Mrs. Stockmann: Well, that is just what Randine thought—that he didn't dare to, on account of the neighbours. (Calls into the sitting-room.)

What is it you want, Randine? Give it to me. (Goes in, and comes out again directly.) Here is a letter for you, Thomas.

Dr. Stockmann: Let me see it. (Opens and reads it.) Ah!—of course.

Mrs. Stockmann: Who is it from?

Dr. Stockmann: From the landlord. Notice to quit.

Mrs. Stockmann: Is it possible? Such a nice man

Dr. Stockmann (looking at the letter): Does not dare do otherwise, he says. Doesn't like doing it, but dare not do otherwise—on account of his fellow-citizens—out of regard for public opinion. Is in a dependent position—dares not offend certain influential men.

Mrs. Stockmann: There, you see, Thomas!

Dr. Stockmann: Yes, yes, I see well enough; the whole lot of them in the town are cowards; not a man among them dares do anything for fear of the others. (Throws the letter on to the table.) But it doesn't matter to us, Katherine. We are going to sail away to the New World, and—

Mrs. Stockmann: But, Thomas, are you sure we are well advised to take this step?

Dr. Stockmann: Are you suggesting that I should stay here, where they have pilloried me as an enemy of the people—branded me—broken my windows! And just look here, Katherine—they have torn a great rent in my black trousers too!

Mrs. Stockmann: Oh, dear! —and they are the best pair you have got!

Dr. Stockmann: You should never wear your best trousers when you go out to fight for freedom and truth. It is not that I care so much about the trousers, you know; you can always sew them up again for me. But that the common herd should dare to make this attack on me, as if they were my equals—that is what I cannot, for the life of me, swallow!

Mrs. Stockmann: There is no doubt they have behaved very ill toward you, Thomas; but is that sufficient reason for our leaving our native country for good and all?

Dr. Stockmann: If we went to another town, do you suppose we should not find the common people just as insolent as they are here? Depend upon it, there is not much to choose between them. Oh, well, let the curs snap—that is not the worst part of it. The worst is that, from one end of this country to the other, every man is the slave of his Party. Although, as far as that goes, I daresay it is not much better in the free West either; the compact majority, and liberal public opinion, and all that infernal old bag of tricks are probably rampant there too. But there things are done on a larger scale, you see. They may kill you, but they won't put you to death by slow torture. They don't squeeze a free man's soul in a vice, as they do here. And, if need be, one can live in solitude. (Walks up and down.) If only I knew where there was a virgin forest or a small South Sea island for sale, cheap—

Mrs. Stockmann: But think of the boys, Thomas!

Dr. Stockmann (standing still): What a funny woman you are, Katherine! Would you prefer to have the boys grow up in a society like this? You saw for yourself last night that half the population are out of their minds; and if the other half have not lost their senses, it is because they are mere brutes, with no sense to lose.

Mrs. Stockmann: But, Thomas dear, the imprudent things you said had something to do with it, you know.

Dr. Stockmann: Well, isn't what I said perfectly true? Don't they turn every idea topsy-turvy? Don't they make a regular hotchpotch of right and wrong? Don't they say that the things I know are true, are lies? The craziest part of it all is the fact of these "liberals," men of full age, going about in crowds imagining that they are the broad-minded party! Did you ever hear anything like it, Katherine!

Mrs. Stockmann: Yes, yes, it's mad enough of them, certainly; but— (PETRA comes in from the silting-room). Back from school already?

Questions

1. When and where does this scene take place?
2. Describe the atmosphere at Dr. Stockman's compound.
3. Explain the meaning of "*You should never wear your best trousers when you go out to fight for freedom and truth.*" How do we call this dramatic technique?
4. What kind of freedom or truth is Dr. Stockman fighting for?
5. Identify other dramatic techniques used in this extract.
6. Who is referred to as an enemy of the people? Justify your answer.
7. Compare and contrast Henrik Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People" with Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot".

6.2.2. Word play

Activity 6.2.2

Read the extract below from Samuel Beckett's Waiting for Godot and answer the questions.

ESTRAGON: What?

VLADIMIR: Suppose we repented.

ESTRAGON: Repented what?

VLADIMIR: Oh . . . (He reflects.) We wouldn't have to go into the details.

ESTRAGON: Our being born? Vladimir breaks into a hearty laugh which he immediately stifles, his hand pressed to his pubis, his face contorted.

VLADIMIR: One daren't even laugh any more.

ESTRAGON: Dreadful privation.

VLADIMIR: Merely smile. (He smiles suddenly from ear to ear, keeps smiling, ceases as suddenly.) It's not the same thing. Nothing to be done. (Pause.) Gogo.

ESTRAGON: (irritably). What is it?

VLADIMIR: Did you ever read the Bible?

ESTRAGON: The Bible . . . (He reflects.) I must have taken a look at it.

VLADIMIR: Do you remember the Gospels?

ESTRAGON: I remember the maps of the Holy Land. Coloured they were. Very pretty. The Dead Sea was pale blue. The very look of it made me thirsty. That's where we'll go, I used to say, that's where we'll go for our honeymoon. We'll swim. We'll be happy.

VLADIMIR: You should have been a poet.

ESTRAGON: I was. (Gesture towards his rags.) Isn't that obvious? Silence.

VLADIMIR: Where was I . . . How's your foot?

ESTRAGON: Swelling visibly.

VLADIMIR: Ah yes, the two thieves. Do you remember the story?

ESTRAGON: No.

VLADIMIR: Shall I tell it to you?

ESTRAGON: No.

VLADIMIR: It'll pass the time. (Pause.) Two thieves, crucified at the same time as our Saviour. One—

ESTRAGON: Our what?

VLADIMIR: Our Saviour. Two thieves. One is supposed to have been saved and the other . . . (he searches for the contrary of saved) . . . damned.

ESTRAGON: Saved from what?

VLADIMIR: Hell.

ESTRAGON: I'm going. He does not move.

VLADIMIR: And yet . . . (pause) . . . how is it –this is not boring you I hope– how is it that of the four Evangelists only one speaks of a thief being saved. The four of them were there –or thereabouts– and only one speaks of a thief being saved. (Pause.) Come on, Gogo, return the ball, can't you, once in a way?

ESTRAGON: (with exaggerated enthusiasm). I find this really most extraordinarily interesting. **VLADIMIR:** One out of four. Of the other three, two don't mention any thieves at all and the third says that both of them abused him.

ESTRAGON: Who?

VLADIMIR: What?

ESTRAGON: What's all this about? Abused who?

VLADIMIR: The Saviour.

ESTRAGON: Why?

VLADIMIR: Because he wouldn't save them.

ESTRAGON: From hell?

VLADIMIR: Imbecile! From death.

ESTRAGON: I thought you said hell.

VLADIMIR: From death, from death.

ESTRAGON: Well what of it?

VLADIMIR: Then the two of them must have been damned.

ESTRAGON: And why not?

VLADIMIR: But one of the four says that one of the two was saved.

ESTRAGON: Well? They don't agree and that's all there is to it.

VLADIMIR: But all four were there. And only one speaks of a thief being saved. Why believe him rather than the others?

ESTRAGON: Who believes him?

VLADIMIR: Everybody. It's the only version they know.

ESTRAGON: People are bloody ignorant apes.

He rises painfully, goes limping to extreme left, halts, gazes into distance off with his hand screening his eyes, turns, goes to extreme right, gazes into distance. Vladimir watches him, then goes and picks up the boot, peers into it, drops it hastily.

Questions

1. Who is Didi and Gogo ?
2. At the beginning of this extract, Estragon and Vladimir engaged in a heated argument about repenting. What does repentance symbolize in this play?
3. Identify lines in the play where the playwright uses biblical allusions.
4. In this extract, the characters had an argument below:

5. *Estragon: from hell*

Vladimir: Imbecile! From death

Estragon: I thought you said hell.

Vladimir: From death, From death.

- a) Why do you think the playwright uses a repetitive language throughout the play?
- b) How do we call this dramatic technique?

Note: Wordplay is a dramatic technique and a form of wit in which the playwright uses repetitive words to become the main subject of the work, primarily for the purpose of intended effect or amusement.

Application activity 6.2.2

Read the extract below from Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" and answer questions that follow.

TITUBA (Shoked and angry): Abby!

ABIGAIL: She makes me drink blood!

PARRIS: Blood!!

Mrs Put'm my baby's blood?

TITUBA: No, no, Chicken blood. I give she chicken blood!

HALE: Woman, have you enlisted those children for the devils?

TITUBA: no, no sir, I don't track with a devil!

HALE: Why can she not wake? Are you silencing this child?

TITUBA: I love me Betty!

HALE: You have sent your spirit out upon this child, have you not?

Are you gathering souls for the devil?

ABIGAIL: She sends her spirit on me in church; she makes me laugh at prayer!

PARRIS: She has often laughed at prayer!

ABIGAIL: She comes to me every night to go and drink blood!

TITUBA: You beg me to conjure! She beg me make charm-

ABIGAIL: Don't lie! (to Hale) she comes to me while I sleep; she is always making me dream corruptions!

TITUBA: Why you say that, Abby?

ABIGAIL: Sometimes I wake and find myself standing in the open doorway and a stic on my body! I always hear her laughing in my sleep. I hear her singing her barbados song and tempting me with-

TITUBA: Mister Reverend,I never-

HALE(resolved now): Tituba, I want you to wake this child.

TITUBA: I have no power on this child sir.

HALE: You most certainly do, and you will free her from it now!

When did you compact with the devil?

TITUBA: I don't compact with no devil!

PARRIS: You will confess yourself or I will take you out and whip you to your death, Tituba!

PUTNAM: This woman must be hanged! She must be taken and hanged!

TITUBA (Terrified falls to her knees): No,no don't hang Tituba. I tell him I don't desire to work for him, sir.

PARRIS: The devil?

HALE: Then you saw him! (Tituba weeps) Now Tituba, I know that when we bind ourselves to hell it is very hard to break with it. We are going to help you tear yourself free-

Source: Arthur Miller .1956. *The crucible*, Heinemann, England.

Questions:

1. What has happened previously to give rise to the problem in this excerpt?
2. Comment on Abigail and Tituba's language.
3. In the excerpt, someone suggests that somebody should be hanged. Who is he/she? Why?
4. Describe the dramatic technique used in the excerpt.
5. Why has the Reverend Hale come to Salem? What does he hope to do?
6. Which character in the story do you admire most? Which do you least admire? Why?

6.2.3. Nonsense

Activity 6.2.3

Read the following excerpt and answer questions.

VLADIMIR: Pah! He spits. Estragon moves to center, halts with his back to auditorium.

ESTRAGON: Charming spot. (He turns, advances to front, halts facing auditorium.) Inspiring prospects. (He turns to Vladimir.) Let's go.

VLADIMIR: We can't.

ESTRAGON: Why not?

VLADIMIR: We're waiting for Godot.

ESTRAGON: (despairingly). Ah! (Pause.) You're sure it was here?

VLADIMIR: What?

ESTRAGON: That we were to wait.

VLADIMIR: He said by the tree. (They look at the tree.) Do you see any others?

ESTRAGON: What is it?

VLADIMIR: I don't know. A willow.

ESTRAGON: Where are the leaves?

VLADIMIR: It must be dead.

ESTRAGON: No more weeping.

VLADIMIR: Or perhaps it's not the season.

ESTRAGON: Looks to me more like a bush.

VLADIMIR: A shrub. **ESTRAGON:** A bush.

VLADIMIR: A—. What are you insinuating? That we've come to the wrong place?

ESTRAGON: He should be here.

VLADIMIR: He didn't say for sure he'd come.

ESTRAGON: And if he doesn't come?

VLADIMIR: We'll come back tomorrow.

ESTRAGON: And then the day after tomorrow.

VLADIMIR: Possibly. **ESTRAGON:** And so on.

VLADIMIR: The point is—

ESTRAGON: Until he comes.

VLADIMIR: You're merciless.

ESTRAGON: We came here yesterday.

VLADIMIR: Ah no, there you're mistaken.

ESTRAGON: What did we do yesterday?

VLADIMIR: What did we do yesterday?

ESTRAGON: Yes.

VLADIMIR: Why . . . (Angrily.) Nothing is certain when you're about.

ESTRAGON: In my opinion we were here.

VLADIMIR: (looking round). You recognize the place?

ESTRAGON: I didn't say that.

VLADIMIR: Well?

ESTRAGON: **That makes no difference.**

VLADIMIR: All the same . . . that tree . . . (turning towards auditorium) that bog . . .

ESTRAGON: You're sure it was this evening?

VLADIMIR: What?

ESTRAGON: That we were to wait.

VLADIMIR: He said Saturday. (Pause.) I think.

ESTRAGON: You think.

VLADIMIR: I must have made a note of it. (He fumbles in his pockets, bursting with miscellaneous rubbish.)

ESTRAGON: (very insidious). But what Saturday? And is it Saturday? Is it not rather Sunday? (Pause.) Or Monday? (Pause.) Or Friday?

VLADIMIR: (looking wildly about him, as though the date was inscribed in the landscape). It's not possible!

ESTRAGON: Or Thursday?

VLADIMIR: What'll we do?

ESTRAGON: If he came yesterday and we weren't here you may be sure he won't come again today.

VLADIMIR: But you say we were here yesterday.

ESTRAGON: I may be mistaken. (Pause.) *Let's stop talking for a minute, do you mind?* **VLADIMIR:** (feebly). *All right. (Estragon sits down on the mound. Vladimir paces agitatedly to and fro, halting from time to time to gaze into distance off. Estragon falls asleep. Vladimir halts finally before Estragon.) Gogo! . . . Gogo! . . . GOGO!* Estragon wakes with a start.

Questions

1. Discuss the place setting of this scene.
2. What were their intentions to come there?
3. What does this setting represent in play according to Christianity?
4. Explain what the words in parenthesis indicate?
5. Apparently, Estragon and Vladimir don't agree on something. What is it?
6. What do you think of Vladimir's answer to Estragon's question:
 - a) **ESTRAGON:** "What did we do yesterday?"
 - b) **VLADIMIR:** "What did we do yesterday?"

Note: Nonsense is a dramatic technique used in communication, through speech, writing or any other symbolic system that lacks any coherent meaning. Sometimes in normal usage nonsense is synonymous with absurdity or the ridiculous.

Many playwrights use nonsense in their works, often creating entire work using it for reasons ranging from pure comic amusement or satire, to illustrate the point about language or reasoning.

Application Activity 6.2.3

Read the excerpt below from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar and answer the questions.

SCENE III.

CICERO: Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA : Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO :Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

CASCA : A common slave--you know him well by sight--
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides--I ha' not since put up my sword--
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons; they are natural;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO : Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Come Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

CASCA : He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CICERO : Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

CASCA : Farewell, Cicero.

Exit CICERO

Enter CASSIUS

CASSIUS : Who's there?

CASCA : A Roman.

CASSIUS : Casca, by your voice.

CASCA : Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

CASSIUS : A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA : Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS : Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA : But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS : You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality,--why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA : 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS : Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA : Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

CASSIUS : I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still

CASCA : So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS : And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know

My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA : You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS : There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

CASCA : Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS : 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA

Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA : To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS : No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

CINNA : I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS: Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

CINNA: Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party--

CASSIUS : Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA: All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS: That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

Exit CINNA

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

CASCA: O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS : Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

Source: William Shakespeare . 2012. Julius Caesar: Laxmi Publication, Dehli.

Questions

1. When and where does this scene take place?
2. Compare and contrast the language used in both extracts from Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* with that in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.
3. Comment on the characters of Cassius and Casca.
4. Assess the dramatic techniques used in this extract.
5. The word lion is used repetitively. Who is being referred to and why?

6.2.4. Cyclical Plot

Activity 6.2.4

Read the extract below from Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* and answer questions.

VLADIMIR: Words words. (Pause.) Speak.

BOY: (in a rush). Mr. Godot told me to tell you he won't come this evening but surely tomorrow. Silence.

VLADIMIR: Is that all?

BOY: Yes Sir.

Silence.

VLADIMIR: You work for Mr. Godot?

BOY: Yes Sir.

VLADIMIR: What do you do?

BOY: I mind the goats, Sir.

VLADIMIR: Is he good to you?

BOY: Yes Sir.

VLADIMIR: He doesn't beat you?

BOY: No Sir, not me.

VLADIMIR: Whom does he beat?

BOY: He beats my brother, Sir.

VLADIMIR: Ah, you have a brother?

BOY: Yes Sir.

VLADIMIR: What does he do?

BOY: He minds the sheep, Sir.

VLADIMIR: And why doesn't he beat you?

BOY: I don't know, Sir.

VLADIMIR: He must be fond of you.

BOY: I don't know, Sir. Silence.

VLADIMIR: Does he give you enough to eat? (The Boy hesitates.) Does he feed you well?

BOY: Fairly well, Sir.

VLADIMIR: You're not unhappy? (The Boy hesitates.) Do you hear me?

BOY: Yes Sir.

VLADIMIR: Well?

BOY: I don't know, Sir.

VLADIMIR: You don't know if you're unhappy or not?

BOY: No Sir.

VLADIMIR: You're as bad as myself. (Silence.) Where do you sleep?

BOY: In the loft, Sir.

VLADIMIR: With your brother?

BOY: Yes Sir.

VLADIMIR: In the hay?

BOY: Yes Sir. Silence.

VLADIMIR: All right, you may go.

BOY: What am I to tell Mr. Godot, Sir?

VLADIMIR: Tell him . . . (he hesitates) . . . tell him you saw us. (Pause.) You did see us, didn't you?

BOY: Yes Sir. He steps back, hesitates, turns and exit running. The light suddenly fails. In a moment it is night. The moon rises at back, mounts in the sky, stands still, shedding a pale light on the scene.

VLADIMIR: At last! (Estragon gets up and goes towards Vladimir, a boot in each hand. He puts them down at edge of stage, straightens and contemplates the moon.) # What are you doing?

ESTRAGON: Pale for weariness.

VLADIMIR: Eh?

ESTRAGON: Of climbing heaven and gazing on the likes of us.

VLADIMIR: Your boots, what are you doing with your boots?

ESTRAGON: (turning to look at the boots). I'm leaving them there. (Pause.) Another will come, just as . . . as . . . as me, but with smaller feet, and they'll make him happy.

VLADIMIR: But you can't go barefoot!

ESTRAGON: Christ did.

VLADIMIR: Christ! What has Christ got to do with it. You're not going to compare yourself to Christ!

ESTRAGON: All my life I've compared myself to him.

VLADIMIR: But where he lived it was warm, it was dry!

ESTRAGON: Yes. And they crucified quick. Silence.

VLADIMIR: We've nothing more to do here.

ESTRAGON: Nor anywhere else.

VLADIMIR: Ah Gogo, don't go on like that. Tomorrow everything will be better.

ESTRAGON: How do you make that out? **VLADIMIR:** Did you not hear what the child said?

ESTRAGON: No.

VLADIMIR: He said that Godot was sure to come tomorrow. (Pause.) What do you say to that?

ESTRAGON: Then all we have to do is to wait on here.

VLADIMIR: Are you mad? We must take cover. (He takes Estragon by the arm.) Come on. He draws Estragon after him. Estragon yields, then resists. They halt.

ESTRAGON:(looking at the tree). Pity we haven't got a bit of rope.

VLADIMIR: Come on. It's cold. He draws Estragon after him. As before.

ESTRAGON: Remind me to bring a bit of rope tomorrow.

VLADIMIR: Yes. Come on. He draws him after him. As before.

ESTRAGON: How long have we been together all the time now?

VLADIMIR: I don't know. Fifty years maybe.

ESTRAGON: Do you remember the day I threw myself into the Rhone?

VLADIMIR: We were grape harvesting.

ESTRAGON: You fished me out.

VLADIMIR: That's all dead and buried.

ESTRAGON: My clothes dried in the sun.

VLADIMIR: There's no good harking back on that. Come on. He draws him after him. As before.

ESTRAGON: Wait!

VLADIMIR: I'm cold!

ESTRAGON: Wait! (He moves away from Vladimir.) I sometimes wonder if we wouldn't have been better off alone, each one for himself. (He crosses the stage and sits down on the mound.) We weren't made for the same road.

VLADIMIR: (without anger). It's not certain.

ESTRAGON: No, nothing is certain. Vladimir slowly crosses the stage and sits down beside Estragon.

VLADIMIR: We can still part, if you think it would be better.

ESTRAGON: It's not worthwhile now. Silence.

VLADIMIR: No, it's not worthwhile now. Silence.

ESTRAGON: Well, shall we go?

VLADIMIR: Yes, let's go. They do not move.

Curtain.

Questions

1. Using the example from this extract, explain the character and characterization of Boy in the play *Waiting for Godot*.
2. With examples, illustrate the way Estragon compares himself to Christ.
3. The play *Waiting for Godot* starts somewhere in the countryside and ends there. Explain the plot structure of the play.
4. Identify some dramatic techniques used in this extract.

Note: Cyclical plot refers to the way a writer arrange the events of the story provided that the plot typically begins and ends in the same or similar place and time.

For this, it has circular causality which refers to a series of events where each one is caused by another before it, and the first one is caused by the last.

Application Activity 6.2.4

*Read the extract below from the play *An enemy of the people* and answer the questions.*

ACT V

Dr. Stockmann (grasping his hand): Thank you, thank you! That is one trouble over! Now I can set to work in earnest at once. There is an endless amount of things to look through here, Katherine! Luckily I shall have all my time at my disposal; because I have been dismissed from the Baths, you know.

Mrs. Stockmann (with a sigh): Oh yes, I expected that.

Dr. Stockmann: And they want to take my practice away from me too. Let them! I have got the poor people to fall back upon, anyway—those that don't pay anything; and, after all, they need me most, too. But, by Jove, they will have to listen to me; I shall preach to them in season and out of season, as it says somewhere.

Mrs. Stockmann: But, dear Thomas, I should have thought events had showed you what use it is to preach.

Dr. Stockmann: You are really ridiculous, Katherine. Do you want me to let myself be beaten off the field by public opinion and the compact majority and all that devilry? No, thank you! And what I want to do is so simple and clear and straightforward. I only want to drum into the heads of these curs the fact that the liberals are the most insidious enemies of freedom—that party programmes strangle every young and vigorous truth—that considerations of expediency turn morality and justice upside down—and that they will end by making life here unbearable. Don't you think, Captain Horster, that I ought to be able to make people understand that?

Horster: Very likely; I don't know much about such things myself.

Dr. Stockmann: Well, look here—I will explain! It is the party leaders that must be exterminated. A party leader is like a wolf, you see—like a voracious wolf. He requires a certain number of smaller victims to prey upon every year, if he is to live. Just look at Hovstad and Aslaksen! How many smaller victims have they not put an end to—or at any rate maimed and mangled until they are fit for nothing except to be householders or subscribers to the "People's Messenger"! (Sits down on the edge of the table.) Come here, Katherine—look how beautifully the sun shines to-day! And this lovely spring air I am drinking in!

Mrs. Stockmann: Yes, if only we could live on sunshine and spring air, Thomas.

Dr. Stockmann: Oh, you will have to pinch and save a bit—then we shall get along. That gives me very little concern. What is much worse is, that I know of no one who is liberal-minded and high-minded enough to venture to take up my work after me.

Petra: Don't think about that, father; you have plenty of time before you.—Hello, here are the boys already!

(EJLIF and MORTEN come in from the sitting-room.)

Mrs. Stockmann: Have you got a holiday?

Morten: No; but we were fighting with the other boys between lessons—

Ejlif: That isn't true; it was the other boys were fighting with us.

Morten: Well, and then Mr. Rorlund said we had better stay at home for a day or two.

Dr. Stockmann (snapping his fingers and getting up from the table): I have it! I have it, by Jove! You shall never set foot in the school again!

The Boys: No more school!

Mrs. Stockmann: But, Thomas—

Dr. Stockmann: Never, I say. I will educate you myself; that is to say, you shan't learn a blessed thing—

Morten: Hooray!

Dr. Stockmann: —but I will make liberal-minded and high-minded men of you. You must help me with that, Petra.

Petra: Yes, father, you may be sure I will.

Dr. Stockmann: And my school shall be in the room where they insulted me and called me an enemy of the people. But we are too few as we are; I must have at least twelve boys to begin with.

Mrs. Stockmann: You will certainly never get them in this town.

Dr. Stockmann: We shall. (To the boys.) Don't you know any street urchins—regular ragamuffins—?

Morten: Yes, father, I know lots!

Dr. Stockmann: That's capital! Bring me some specimens of them. I am going to experiment with curs, just for once; there may be some exceptional heads among them.

Morten: And what are we going to do, when you have made liberal-minded and high-minded men of us?

Dr. Stockmann: Then you shall drive all the wolves out of the country, my boys!

(EJLIF looks rather doubtful about it; MORTEN jumps about crying "Hurrah!")

Mrs. Stockmann: Let us hope it won't be the wolves that will drive you out of the country, Thomas.

Dr. Stockmann. Are you out of your mind, Katherine? Drive me out! Now—when I am the strongest man in the town!

Mrs. Stockmann. The strongest—now?

Dr. Stockmann: Yes, and I will go so far as to say that now I am the strongest man in the whole world.

Morten: I say!

Dr. Stockmann (lowering his voice): Hush! You mustn't say anything about it yet; but I have made a great discovery.

Mrs. Stockmann: Another one?

Dr. Stockmann: Yes. (Gathers them round him, and says confidentially:) It is this, let me tell you—that the strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone.

Mrs. Stockmann (smiling and shaking her head): Oh, Thomas, Thomas!

Petra (encouragingly, as she grasps her father's hands): Father!

Henrik Ibsen. 1982. An Enemy of the People, East African Education Publishers. Norwegian.

Questions

1. Who appears the protagonist in the extract? Justify your answer.
2. Compare and contrast the plot structure in "*An Enemy of the people*" and "*Waiting for Godot*."
3. What do you learn from the conflict between the protagonist and his society in this extract.
4. Towards the end of the play, Dr. Stockman decided to open his own school. Explain two reason why?
5. "*The strongest man in the world is he who stands alone.*" Do you agree with statement? Why? How does the playwright use the statement to highlight his message.

Read the play *The Crucible* and answer the following questions.

Questions

1. Describe characters and characterization in the play *The Crucible*.
2. Compare and contrast the plots in *The Crucible* with that of the Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*.
3. Basing on the features of theatre of the absurd explain some dramatic techniques used in *The Crucible*.

6.2. 5. Character pairs

Activity 6.2.5

Read the extract below and answer the questions that follow.

VLADIMIR: The essential doesn't change.

ESTRAGON: Nothing to be done. (He proffers the remains of the carrot to Vladimir.) Like to finish it? A terrible cry, close at hand. Estragon drops the carrot. They remain motionless, then together make a sudden rush towards the wings. Estragon stops halfway, runs back, picks up the carrot, stuffs it in his pocket, runs to rejoin Vladimir who is waiting for him, stops again, runs back, picks up his boot, runs to rejoin Vladimir. Huddled together, shoulders hunched, cringing away from the menace, they wait.

Enter Pozzo and Lucky. Pozzo drives Lucky by means of a rope passed round his neck, so that Lucky is the first to enter, followed by the rope which is long enough to let him reach the middle of the stage before Pozzo appears. Lucky carries a heavy bag, a folding stool, a picnic basket and a greatcoat, Pozzo a whip.

POZZO: (off). On! (Crack of whip. Pozzo appears. They cross the stage. Lucky passes before Vladimir and Estragon and exit. Pozzo at the sight of Vladimir and Estragon stops short. The rope tautens. Pozzo jerks at it violently.) Back! Noise of Lucky falling with all his baggage. Vladimir and Estragon turn towards him, half wishing half fearing to go to his assistance. Vladimir takes a step towards Lucky, Estragon holds him back by the sleeve.

VLADIMIR: Let me go!

ESTRAGON: Stay where you are!

POZZO: Be careful! He's wicked. (Vladimir and Estragon turn towards Pozzo.) With strangers.

ESTRAGON: (undertone). Is that him?

VLADIMIR: Who?

ESTRAGON: (trying to remember the name). Er . . .

VLADIMIR: Godot?

ESTRAGON: Yes.

POZZO: I present myself: Pozzo.

VLADIMIR: (to Estragon). Not at all!

ESTRAGON: He said Godot.

VLADIMIR: Not at all!

ESTRAGON: (timidly, to Pozzo). You're not Mr. Godot, Sir?

POZZO: (terrifying voice). I am Pozzo! (Silence.) Pozzo! (Silence.) Does that name mean nothing to you? (Silence.) I say does that name mean nothing to you? Vladimir and Estragon look at each other questioningly.

ESTRAGON: (pretending to search).Bozzo . . . Bozzo . . .

VLADIMIR: (ditto). Pozzo . . . Pozzo . . . **POZZO:** PPPOZZZO!

ESTRAGON: Ah! Pozzo . . . let me see . . . Pozzo . . .

VLADIMIR: Is it Pozzo or Bozzo?

ESTRAGON: Pozzo . . . no . . . I'm afraid I . . . no . . . I don't seem to . . . Pozzo advances threateningly.

VLADIMIR: (conciliating). I once knew a family called Gozzo. The mother had the clap.

ESTRAGON: (hastily). We're not from these parts, Sir.

POZZO: (halting). You are human beings none the less. (He puts on his glasses.) As far as one can see. (He takes off his glasses.) Of the same species as myself. (He bursts into an enormous laugh.) Of the same species as Pozzo! Made in God's image!

Questions

1. Describe one character trait of the characters in this extract.
2. Describe two characteristics in this extract, those who have the same purpose and intention.
3. With examples from the extract, illustrate how the arrival of Pozzo in this scene frightened Vladimir and Estragon.

Note: In drama, when constructing character, we always begin by pairing the two (and often only) main character, protagonist and antagonist. Those characters must both want the same thing, but nevertheless be bitterly opposed. In the play *Waiting for Godot*, everything is paired except Godot. For example, the play itself is made of two acts only. The characters, Vladimir and Estragon, the two thieves, Pozzo and Lucky, the Boy and his brother, Cain and Abel.

They are so different but yet so perfect for each other. These men have very different types of intelligence. Vladimir is the more intellectual, Estragon the more emotional. Vladimir tries to function on a logical base; Estragon has clearly given that up. Thus we can say that they cannot exist without each other, because one represents body and one mind.

All pairs depict a strong connection, in which they could not work without each another, meaning that Vladimir and Estragon get along. Pozzo and Lucky are slave and master, and of course a slave must obey the master and thus complement each other. Both pairs struggle with the question of whether they are better with or without each other, and neither comes to any sort of real conclusion.

Application activity 6.2.5

Read this extract from *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* and answer the questions.

Act 1 Scene one

A FAT PRINCE steps forward and greets the family

THE FAT PRINCE: happy Easter, NatellaAbashwili! What day! Whaen it was raining last night, I thought to myself, gloomy holidays! But this morning the sky was gay. I love a gay sky, a simple heart,NatellaAbashwili. And a little Michael is a governor from head to foot! Tititi! (He tickle s the child.)

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE: What do you think, Arsen,at last Georgi has started building the east wind. All those wretched slums are to be torn down to make room to the garden.

THE FAT PRINCE: Good news after so much bad! What's the latest on the war, brother Georgi? (the governor indicates the lack of interest.) Strategic retreat, I hear. Well, minor reverses are to be expected. Sometimes things go well, sometimes not. Such is war. Doesn't mean a thing, does it?

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE: His coughing. Georgi, did you hear? (She speaks sharply to the doctor, two dignified men standing close to the little carriage.) he is coughing!

THE FIRST DOCTOR: (to the second) May I remind you, Niko Mikadze, that I was against the lukewarm bath? (to the governor's wife) there has been a little error over warming the bath water, your grace.

THE SECOND DOCTOR: (equally polite) Mika Loladze I'm afraid I can't agree with you. The temperature of the bath water was exactly what our great, beloved MishipoOboladze prescribed more likely a slight draught. During the night your grace.

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE: But pay more attention to him. He looks feverish, Georgi.

THE FIRST DOCTOR: (bending over the child) No cause for alarm, your grace. The bath water will be warmer it won't occur again.

THE SECOND DOCTOR: (with a venomous glance at the first) I won't forget that my dear Mika Loladze. No cause for concern, your grace.

THE FAT PRINCE: Well, well, well! I always say: a pain in my liver? Then the doctor gets fifty strokes on the soles of his feet. We live in a decadent age. Old days one says: off with his head!

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE: Let's go into church. Very likely it's the draught here. The procession of FAMILY and SERVANT turns into the doorway.. THE FAT PRINCE follows, but the GOVERNOR'S is kept back by ADJUTANT, a handsome young man. When the crowd of PETITIONERS has been driven off a young dust-stained rider, his arm in a sling, remains behind.

THE ADJUTANT: (pointing at THE RIDER, who steps forward) won't you hear the messenger from the capital, your excellency? He arrived this morning. With confidential papers.

THE GOVERNOR: Not before service, Shalva. But did you hear brother Kazbeki wish me a

Happy Easter? Which is all very well, but I don't believe it did rain last night.

ADJUTANT (Nodding.) we must investigate.

THE GOVERNOR: Yes, at once. Tomorrow.

They pass through the doorway. THE RIDER, who has waited in vain for an audience, turns sharply round and, muttering a curse goes off. Only one of the palace guards-Simon Shashava- remains at the door.

Source: Bertolt Brecht. 1981. *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, p.9-11

Questions

1. When and where does this scene take place?
2. From the extract, compare and contrast the character traits of Governor and Fat prince.
3. With reference to this extract, describe the characters that are being paired. Justify your answer.
5. Assess how the playwright has used the technique of pairing characters as dramatic to give his message.

6.2.6. Use of Tableau

Activity 6.2.6

Critically observe this picture and answer questions that follow.



Figure 11 Source: www.google

Questions

1. Comment on the picture above.
2. Explain the situation in the picture.
3. In one page, write a dialogue depicted by the action in the picture

Note: Tableau is dramatic picture used as a style of artistic presentation. It most often describes a group of suitably costumed actors. Tableau is usually used to describe a vivid living scene where actors are posed silently without moving.

In a tableau, participants make still images with their bodies to represent a scene. A tableau can be used to quickly establish a scene that involves a large number of characters. Because there is no movement, a tableau is easier to manage than a whole-group improvisation – yet can easily lead into extended drama activities. It can be used to explore a particular moment in a drama or story or to replicate a photograph or artwork for deeper analysis.

Application activity 6.2.6

Read the extract from Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and answer questions.

SCENE II.

A public place.

Flourish. Enter CAESAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer

CAESAR : Calpurnia!

CASCA: Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR: Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA: Here, my lord.

CAESAR: Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

ANTONY: Caesar, my lord?

CAESAR: Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY: I shall remember:
When Caesar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

CAESAR: Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Flourish

Soothsayer: Caesar!

CAESAR: Ha! who calls?

CASCA: Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CAESAR: Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Caesar!' Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Soothsayer: Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR: What man is that?

BRUTUS: A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR: Set him before me; let me see his face.

CASSIUS: Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CAESAR: What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Soothsayer: Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR: He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

Sennet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS

CASSIUS: Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS: Not I.

CASSIUS: I pray you, do.

BRUTUS: I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS: Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS: Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved--
Among which number, Cassius, be you one--
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS: Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS: No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

CASSIUS: 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS: Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS: Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and shout

BRUTUS: What means this shouting? I do fear, the people

Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS: Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS: I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS: I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

Shout. Flourish

BRUTUS: Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

CASSIUS: Why, man, he doth bstride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

BRUTUS: That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS: I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

BRUTUS: The games are done and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS: As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CAESAR and his Train

BRUTUS: I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS: Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAESAR: Antonius!

ANTONY: Caesar?

CAESAR: Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

ANTONY: Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

CAESAR: Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Source: William Shakespeare. 2012 Julius Caesar

Questions

1. When and where does this scene take place?
2. Show how Cassius succeeds in poisoning of Brutus against Caesar?
3. How does Cassius manage to win over Brutus to his side against Caesar?
4. Compare and contrast the characters of Brutus and Cassius.
5. Write a note on Cassius as conspirator
6. Imagine the Celebration feast scene in Julius Caesar again. In your small groups, find space, take different roles and pose to represent this scene. Remember, you should not utter a word but use body language to represent the scene.

6.2.7. Role of Audience

Activity 6.2.7

Reread the extract on *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller in activity 3. (Act II, Scene) and answer the following questions.

1. What do you mean by audience in dramatic play?
2. Why did Arthur Miller name his play *The Crucible*?
3. How is the *Crucible* an allegorical play?
4. Who do you think Arthur Miller had in his mind when he wrote his theatre *The Crucible*?
5. Explain the functions of the audience in the performance of any dramatic play?

Note: An audience is a group of people who participate in a dramatic show in a work of art, literature, theatre, music, video games etc

In dramatic performance, the audience are crucial figures. They are the consumers of the

product.; the body of theatre goes the playwrights had in mind when he/she wrote the play. The role of the audience could also to encourage the actors through

their appreciation and applause. The audience is a receptor of the stimulating agents on stage.

Application activity 6.2.7

Re-read the extract from "*The Caucasian Chalk Circle*" in activity 11 and answer the questions below.

1. Discuss the setting in the extract.
2. At the end of this excerpt, THE RIDER has waited in vain for an audience. Who do you think the audience was?
3. Imagine the situation and write on it a two page dialogue and describe your intended audience.

End Unit Assessment

1. List at least 4 important features of the theatre of the absurd.
2. Illustrate clearly the dramatic devices that are commonly used in the theatre of the absurd.
3. Using Beckett's play *Waiting for Godot*, elaborate on the nature of messages and themes in the theatre of the absurd
4. Who is/ are your favourite character(s) in the play *Waiting for Godot*? Why?
5. Compare and contrast the play *Waiting for Godot* with *An enemy of the people* and *The Crucible*.
 - a. As a class, prepare and dramatize Act 1 of the play "Waiting for Godot".



UNIT 7

RADIO AND TELEVISION DRAMAS

UNIT 7: RADIO AND TELEVISION DRAMAS

Key Unit Competence: To be able to analyze radio and television dramas with regards to their dramatic techniques, and the themes and messages.

Introductory Activity

1. Analyse and comment on the two pictures below.
2. Describe the emotions of the people.

7.1. Radio drama



Activity 7.1

*Listen to the audio clip of the following excerpt from *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller and answer the questions that follow.*



(Audio clip: “*The Crucible*” Act 1A. p5-p7)

Questions

1. What is happening in the audio clip above?
2. Identify and name the characters in the audio clip.
3. Describe the sounds you hear in the audio clip.

Reverend Parris: *Is praying now, and, though we cannot hear his words, a sense of his confusion hangs about him. He mumbles, then seems about to weeps; then he weep, then prays again; but his daughter does not stir on the bed.*

The door opens, and his negro slaver enters. Tituba is in her forties. Parris brought her with him from Barbados, where he spent some years as a merchant before entering the ministry. She enters as does who can no longer bear to be barred from the sight of her beloved, but she is also very frightened because her slaver sense has warned her that, as always, trouble in this house eventually her lands on her back.

TITUBA: *(already taking a steep back word); My Betty be hearty soon?*

PARRIS: *Out of here!*

TITUBA, *(backing to the door): My Betty not goin' die.....*

PARRIS, *(Scrambling to his feet in a fury): out of my sight! (She is gone). Out of my – (he is overcome with sobs. He clamps his teeth against them and closes the door and leans against it, exhausted). Oh, my God! God help me! (Quaking with fear, mumbling to himself through his sobs, he goes to the bed and gently takes Betty's hand). Betty. Child. Dear child. Will you wake, will you open up your eyes! Betty, little one.....*

He is bending to kneel again when his niece, ABIGAIL WILLIAMS, Seventeen, enters—a strikingly beautiful girl, an orphan, with an endless capacity for dissembling. Now she is all worry and apprehension and propriety.

ABIGAIL: *uncle? (He looks to her). Susanna Walcott's here from doctor Griggs.*

PARRIS: *Oh? Let her come, let her come.*

ABIGAIL, *(Leaning out the door to call Susanna, who is down the hall a few steps):* come in Susanna.

SUSANNA WALCOTT, *A little younger than Abigail, a nervous, hurried girl, enters.*

PARRIS, *(eagerly): what does the doctor say, child?*

SUSANNA, *(craning around Parris to get a look at Betty); he bid me come and tell you, reverend sir, that he cannot discover no medicine for it in his books.*

PARRIS, *then he must switch on.*

SUSANNA: *Aye, sir, he has been searchin' his books since he left you, sir. But he bid me tell you, that you might look to unnatural things for the cause of it.*

PARRIS, (*His eyes going wide*): no-no. there be no unnatural cause here. Tell him I have sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly. And Mr. Hale will surely confirm that. Let him look to medicine and put out all thoughts of unnatural causes here. There be none.....

Note: Radio Drama/Audio drama is a play that is read by actors for radio broadcast rather than performed on the stage. There is no visual component, radio drama depends on dialogue, music, and sounds effect to create the images in your mind, to develop the characters and plot, to indicate the passage of time.“It is auditory in the physical dimension but equally powerful as a visual force in the psychological dimension.”

It is very common for radio to exploit sounds and music effects to enhance values of their products. Radio in particular purely depends on voices and sound effects. It hardly has another way through which it could communicate to listeners.

7.1.1 Sound effects in Radio/Audio drama



Activity 7.2

Listen to the audio clip of the following extract from *The Crucible* and answer questions that follow. (Audio Clip-*The Crucible*, Act 2A. p41-45)

Questions

1. What is the dialogue in the audio clip about?
2. Identify the characters in the audio clip.
3. Describe the sound effects used in the audio clip.
4. In your opinion, what do you think is the importance of each sound effect in portraying the characters?

Elizabeth: What keeps you so late? It's almost dark.

Proctor: I were planting far out to the forest edge.

Elizabeth: Oh, you're done then.

Proctor: Aye, the farm is seeded. The boys asleep?

Elizabeth: They will be soon.(And she goes to the fireplace, proceeds to ladle up stew in a dish.)

Proctor: Pray now for a fair summer.

Elizabeth: Aye.

Proctor: Are you well today?

Elizabeth: I am. (She brings the plate to the table, and, indicating the food.) It is a rabbit.

Proctor: (going to the table.) Oh, is it! In Jonathan's trap?

Elizabeth: No, she walked into the house this afternoon; I found her sittin' in the corner like she come to visit.

Proctor: Oh, that's a good sign walkin' in.

Elizabeth: Pray God. It hurt my heart to strip her, poor rabbit.

She sits and watches him taste it.

Proctor: It's well seasoned.

Elizabeth: (blushing with pleasure): I took great care. She's tender?

Proctor: Aye. (He eats. She watches him.) I think we'll see green fields soon. It's warm as blood beneath the clods.

Elizabeth: That's well.

PROCTOR eats, then looks up.

Proctor: If the crop is good I'll buy George Jacob's heifer. How would that please you?

Elizabeth: Aye, it would.

Proctor; (with a grin): I mean to please you, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth:_(it is hard to say): I know it, John.

Procter: (as gently as he can): Cinder

Elizabeth:(with a sense of reprimanding herself for having forgot): Aye! (She gets up and goes and pours a glass for him. He now arches his back.)

Proctor: This farm's a continent when you go foot by foot droppin' seeds in it.

Elizabeth: (coming with the cider): It must be.

Proctor: (drinks a long draught, then, putting the glass down): You ought to bring some flowers in the house.

Elizabeth: Oh! I forgot! I will tomorrow.

Proctor: It's winter in here yet. On Sunday let you come with me, and we'll walk the farm together; I never see such a load of flowers on the earth. (With good feeling he goes and looks up at the sky through the open doorway.) Lilacs have a purple smell. Lilac is the smell of nightfall, I think. Massachusetts is a beauty in the spring!

Elizabeth: Aye, it is.

There is a pause. She is watching him from the table as he stands there absorbing the night. It is as though she would speak but cannot. Instead, now, she takes up his plate and glass and fork and goes with them to the basin. Her back is turned to him. He turns to her and watches her. A sense of their separation rises.

Proctor: I think you're sad again. Are you?

Elizabeth: - (she doesn't want friction, and yet she must): You come so late I thought you'd gone to Salem this afternoon.

Proctor: Why? I have no business in Salem.

Elizabeth: You did speak of going, earlier this week.

Proctor: - (he knows what she means): I thought better of it since.

Elizabeth: Mary Warren's there today,

Proctor: Why'd you let her? You heard me forbid her go to Salem any more!

Elizabeth: I couldn't stop her.

Proctor: (holding back a full condemnation of her): It is a fault, it is a fault, Elizabeth - you're the mistress here, not Mary Warren.

Elizabeth: She frightened all my strength away.

Proctor: How may that mouse frighten you, Elizabeth? You -

Elizabeth: It is a mouse no more. I forbid her go, and she raises up her chin like the daughter of a prince and lays to me, "I must go to Salem, Goody Proctor; I am an official of the court!"

Proctor: Court! What court?

Elizabeth: Aye, it is a proper court they have now. They've sent four judges out of Boston, she says, weighty magistrates of the General Court, and at the head sits the Deputy Governor of the Province.

Proctor: (astonished): Why, she's mad.

Elizabeth: I would to God she were. There be fourteen people in the jail now, she says. (Proctor simply looks at her, unable to grasp it.) And they'll be tried, and the court has power to hang them too, she says.

Proctor: (scoffing, but without conviction): Ah, they'd never hang -

Elizabeth: The Deputy Governor promise hangin' if they'll not confess, John. The town's gone wild, I think. She speak of Abigail, and I thought she were a saint, to hear her. Abigail brings the other girls into the court, and where she walks the

crowd will part like the sea for Israel. And folks are brought before them, and if they scream and howl and fall to the floor - the person's clapped in the jail for bewitchin' them.

Proctor: (wide-eyed): Oh, it is a black mischief.

Elizabeth: I think you must go to Salem, John. (He turns to her). I think so. You must tell them it is a fraud.

Proctor: (thinking beyond this): Aye, it is, it is surely.

Elizabeth: Let you go to Ezekiel Cheever - he knows you well. And tell him what she said to you last week in her uncle's house. She said it had naught to do with witchcraft, did she not?

Proctor: (in thought): Aye, she did, she did. (Now, a pause.)

Elizabeth: (quietly, fearing to anger him by prodding): God for-bid you keep that from the court, John. I think they must be told.

Proctor: (quietly, struggling with his thought): Aye, they must, they must. It is a wonder they do believe her.

Elizabeth: I would go to Salem now, John - let you go tonight.

Proctor: I'll think on it.

Elizabeth: (with her courage now): You cannot keep it, John,

Proctor: (angering): I know I cannot keep it. I say I will think on it!

Elizabeth: (hurt, and very coldly): Good, then, let you think on it. (She stands and starts to walk out of the room.)

Proctor: I am only wondering how I may prove what she told me, Elizabeth. If the girl's a saint now, I think it is not easy to prove she's fraud, and the town gone so silly. She told it to me in a room alone - I have no proof for it.

Elizabeth: You were alone with her?

Proctor: stubbornly: For a moment alone, aye.

Elizabeth: Why, then, it is not as you told me.

Proctor: (his anger rising): For a moment, I say. The others come in soon after.

Elizabeth: (quietly - she has suddenly lost all faith in him): Do as you wish, then. (She starts to turn.)

Proctor: Woman. (She turns to him.) I'll not have your sus-picionany more.

Elizabeth: (a little loftily): I have no -

Proctor: I'll not have it!

Elizabeth: Then let you not earn it.

Proctor: (with a violent undertone): You doubt me yet?

Elizabeth: (with a smile, to keep her dignity): John, if it were not Abigail that you must go to hurt, would you falter now? I think not.

Proctor: Now look you -

Elizabeth: I see what I see, John.

Proctor: (with solemn warning): You will not judge me more, Elizabeth. I have good reason to think before I charge fraud on Abigail, and I will think on it. Let you look to your own im-provement before you go to judge your husband any more. I have forgot Abigail, and -

Elizabeth: And I.

Proctor: Spare me! You forget nothin' and forgive nothin'. Learn charity, woman.

I have gone tiptoe in this house all seven month since she is gone. I have not moved from there to there without I think to please you, and still an everlasting funeral marches round your heart. I cannot speak but I am doubted, every moment judged for lies, as though I come into a court when I come into this house!

Elizabeth: John, you are not open with me. You saw her with a crowd, you said. Now you -

Proctor: I'll plead my honesty no more, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth: - (now she would justify herself): John, I am only -

Proctor: No more! I should have roared you down when first you told me your suspicion. But I wilted, and, like a Christian, I confessed. Confessed! Some dream I had must have mistaken you for God that day. But you're not, you're not, and let you remember it! Let you look sometimes for the goodness in me, and judge me not.

Elizabeth: I do not, judge you. The magistrate sits in your heart that judges you. I never thought you but a good man, John - with a smile - only somewhat bewildered.

Note: Sound effects are the sounds that are created artificially to make a play more realistic, especially a radio play. Some of the examples of sound effects could be actions such as; footsteps, door slamming, animal sounds, gunshots, the sound of a car, music, e.t.c. Sound effects are artificially created or enhanced sounds that are used in artistic works to emphasize or express an action, mood, or feeling.

Sound effects were initially used in radio dramas, but can be observed more often today in podcasts, theatre, films, and television shows. Sound effects may also be used in the background of a scene to create anticipation or other emotions.

In addition there are other few sound effects, like a car the sound of a car, footsteps, the sound of keys, the door opening, it is possible to inform the audience that he has driven up to the house, parked his car, walked to the door, and used his key to unlock the door. It was an illusion created with effects.

Mood: Different sound effects bring out different moods in drama. For example, anticipation, possible danger, fear, joy, etc.

Application Activity



Activity 7.3

*Listen to the audio clip of the extract below from *The Crucible* and answer the questions that follow. (Audio clip: *The Crucible* Act 1. p7-p10...)*

Questions

1. Using your own words, discuss what the audio clip is about?
2. Identify the sound effects used in the audio clip.
3. What lesson do you learn from the audio clip?
4. Who are the characters you have heard from the audio clip?
5. Describe the mood of those characters.

Parris: Child. Sit you down.

Abigail: (quavering, as she sits) I would never hurt Betty. I love her dearly.

Parris: Now look you, child, your punishment will come in its time. But if you trafficked with spirits in the forest I must know it now, for surely my enemies will, and they will ruin me with it.

Abigail: But we never conjured spirits.

Parris: Then why can she not move herself since midnight? This child is desperate! (Abigail lowers her eyes.) It must come out - my enemies will bring it out. Let me know what you done there. Abigail, do you understand that I have many enemies?

Abigail: I have heard of it, uncle.

Parris: There is a faction that is sworn to drive me from my pulpit. Do you understand that?

Abigail: I think so, sir

Parris: Now then, in the midst of such disruption, my own household is discovered to be the very center of some obscene practice. Abominations are done in the forest -

Abigail: It were sport, uncle!

Parris: (pointing at Betty): You call this sport? (She lowers her eyes. He pleads): Abigail, if you know something that may help the doctor, for God's sake tell it to me. (She is silent). I saw Tituba waving her arms over the fire when I came on you. Why was she doing that? And I heard a screeching and gibberish coming from her mouth. She were swaying like a dumb beast over that fire!

Abigail: She always sings her Barbados songs, and we dance.

Parris: I cannot blink what I saw, Abigail, for my enemies will not blink it. I saw a dress lying on the grass.

Abigail: (innocently): A dress?

Parris: (it is very hard to say): Aye, a dress. And I thought I saw - someone naked running through the trees!

Abigail: (in terror): No one was naked! You mistake yourself, uncle!

PARRIS: (with anger): I saw it !(He moves from her. Then, re-solved): Now tell me true, Abigail. And I pray you feel the weight of truth upon you, for now my ministry's at stake, my ministry and perhaps your cousin's life. Whatever abomination you have done, give me all of it now, for I dare not be taken unaware when I go before them down there.

Abigail: There is nothin' more. I swear it, uncle.

Parris: (studies her, then nods, half convinced): Abigail, I have Sought here three long years to bend these stiff-necked people to me, and now, just now when some good respect is rising for me in the parish, you compromise my very character. I have given you a home, child, I have put clothes upon your back - now give me upright answer. Your name in the town - it is en-tirely white, is it not?

Abigail: (with an edge of resentment): Why, I am sure it is, sir. There be no blush about my name.

Parris: (to the point): Abigail, is there any other cause than you have told me, for your being discharged from Goody Proc-tor's service? I have heard it said, and I tell you as I heard it, that she comes so rarely to the church this year for she will not sit so close to something soiled. What signified that remark?

Abigail: She hates me, uncle, she must, for I would not be her slave. It's a bitter woman, a lying, cold, sniveling woman, and I will not work for such a woman!

Parris: She may be. And yet it has troubled me that you are now seven month out of their house, and in all this time no other family has ever called for your service.

Abigail: They want slaves, not such as I. Let them send to Barbados for that. I will not black my face for any of them! (With ill-concealed resentment at him): Do you begrudge my bed, uncle?

Parris: No - no.

Abigail: (in a temper): Myname is good in the village! I will not have it said my name is soiled! Goody Proctor is a gossiping liar!

Enter Mrs. Ann Putnam. She is a twisted soul of forty-five, a death-ridden woman, haunted by dreams.

Parris: as soon as the door begins to open: No - no, I cannot have anyone'. He sees her, and a certain deference springs into him, although his worry remains. Why, Goody Putnam, come in.

Mrs. PUT'M: (full of breath, shiny-eyed): It is a marvel. It is surely a stroke of hell upon you.

Parris: No, Goody Putnam, it is -

Mrs. PUT'M: (glancing at Betty): How high did she fly, how high?

Parris: No, no, she never flew -

Mrs. PUT'M: (very pleased with it): Why, it's sure she did. Mr. Collins saw her goin' over Ingersoll's barn, and come down light as bird, he says!

Parris: Now, look you, Goody Putnam, she never –(Enter Thomas Putnam, a well-to-do, hard-handed landowner, near fifty). Oh, good morning, Mr. Putnam.

Putnam: It is a providence the thing is out now! It is providence. (He goes directly to the bed.)

Parris: What's out, sir, what's -?

Mrs. Putnam goes to the bed.

Putnam: (looking down at Betty): Why, her eyes is closed! Look you, Ann.

Mrs. PUT'M: Why, that's strange. To Parris: Ours is open.

Parris: (shocked): Your Ruth is sick?

Mrs. PUTNAM: (with vicious certainty): I'd not call it sick; the Devil's touch is heavier than sick. It's death, y'know, it's death drivin' into them, forked and hoofed.

Parris: Oh, pray not! Why, how does Ruth ail?

Mrs. PUT'M: She ails as she must - she never waked this morning, but her eyes open and she walks, and hears naught, sees naught, and cannot eat. Her soul is taken, surely. Parris is struck.

PUTNAM: (as though for further details): They say you've sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly?

Parris: with dwindling conviction now: A precaution only. He has much experience in all demonic-arts, and I –

7.2. Television drama

7.2.1. Visual effects

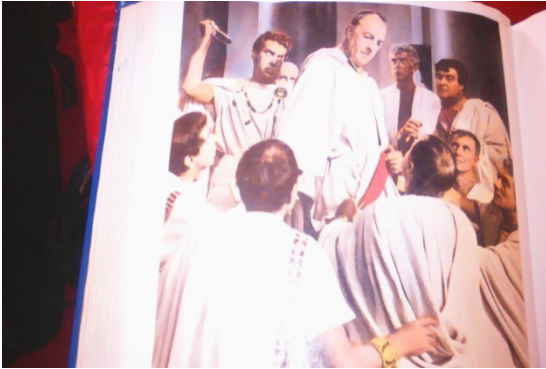


Activity 7.1:

Watch the video clip from Julius Caesar act III, Scene 1 line 58-95 and answer the questions that follow.

Questions

1. What is the video clip about?
2. After watching the video clip, identify the visual effects used in it.
3. Discuss the causes of those effects.
4. Explain the reason why this happens to Caesar.
5. What is the main message (s) do you draw from this passage?



CAESAR: I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could play to move, players could move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true- fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumb'ed sparks,
They are all fire and everyone doth shine:
But there is but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world; tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in then number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this-
That I was constant. Cimber should be burnished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
CINNA: O Caesar-

CAESAR: Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS: Great Caesar-

CAESAR: Doth not Bruthus bootless kneel?

CASCA: Speak hand for me! (they stab Caesar)

CAESAR: Et tu, Brutè? Then fall Caesar. (dies)

CINNA: Liberty! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the street.

CASSIUS: Some to the common pulpits, and cry out

“liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

BRUTUS: People and senators, be not affrighted.

Fly not; stand still; ambition’s debt is paid.

CASCA: Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS: And Cassius too.

BRUTUS: Where’s Publius?

CINNA: Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METTELUS: Stand fast together, lest some friends of Caesar’s

Should chance-

Brutus: Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;

there is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman els. So tell them, Pulblius.

Cassius: And leave us, Publius, lest that the people

Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Brutus: Do so; and let no man abide this deed but we the doers

Note: Visual Effects: It is the process by which imagery is created or manipulated outside the context of a live -action shot in film making.

It involves in the integration of a live action footage and generated imagery (digital effects) to create environments which look realistic, but would be dangerous, expensive, impractical, time consuming or impossible to capture on film.

Visual effects primarily divide into two groups which are:

Special effects: It covers any visual effects that take place in live action, e.g. on set explosions or stunt performances.

Digital Effects: It covers the various processes by which imagery is created or manipulated with or from photographic assets. Digital Effects often involve the integration of still photography and computer generated imagery (CGI) to create environments which look realistic but would be dangerous, costly, or impossible to capture in camera.



Application activity 7.2

Watch the video clip from *Julius Caesar* by William Shakespeare Act III, Scene ii and answer the questions that follow.

Questions

1. Where does this scene take place?
2. What is the main conflict in the video clip?
3. Who are the main characters in this scene?
4. a) What happens to the main characters?
b) What do you learn from their experiences?
5. In what ways does the audience react to the events?
6. What is your take on the death of Caesar?

Tragedy of Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare

Act III, Scene ii

(Enter Brutus and goes into the pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians)

Plebeians. We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let'em stay here;

Those will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall berendered

Of Caesar's death

First Plebeians: I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Plebeian; I will hear Cassius and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered
(Exit Cassius, with some of the plebeians.)

Third Plebeian. The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, and dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus's love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men as Caesar loved me, I weep for him, as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it, as he was valiant, I honor him, but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love, joy, for his fortune, honor, for his valor, and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman, if any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None. Brutus. None!

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus.

The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

(Enters Mark Anthony, with Caesar's body.)

Here come his body, mourned by Mark Anthony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live, live!

First Plebeian. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Plebeian. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Plebeian. Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Plebeian. Caesar's better parts

Shall be crowned in Brutus.

First Plebeian. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen-

Second Plebeian. Peace! peace! Peace!

Second Plebeian. Peace, oh!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Anthony.

Do grace to Caesar's corpse's glories, which Mark Anthony by our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Anthony have spoke. (exit)

First Plebeian. Stay, ho! And let us hear Mark Anthony.

Third Plebeian. Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Anthony, go up.

Anthony for Brutus's sake, I'm beholding to you.

Fourth Plebeian. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Plebeian. He says for Brutus's sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Plebeian. Twelve best he speaks no harm of Brutus here!

Third plebeian. Nay, that's certain.

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second plebeian. Peace! Let us hear what Anthony can say.

Anthony. You gentle romans-

All: Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

Anthony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest

(for Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Caesar seems ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kindly crown
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause,
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reasons! Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
First Plebeian methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
Second Plebeian. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has great wrong.
Third plebeian. Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Plebeian. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown,
Therefore'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Plebeian. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Plebeian. Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Plebeian. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Anthony.

Fourth Plebeian. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world, now lies he there
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! If I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who you all know, are honorable men.

I wil not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet; tis his will
Let but the commons hear this testament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as arich legacy
Unto their issues.

Fourth Plebeian. We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony
All. The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will!

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it.
It is not meet you how Caesar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?
Fourth plebeian: Read the will the will! We, ll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY: will you be patient! Will you stay a while?
I have O'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.

Fourth Plebeian: they were traitors. Honorable men!

ALL. The will! The testament!

Second Plebeian. They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!

Antony: you will compel me then to read the will?

Then make the ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

ALL. Come down.

Second Plebeian. Descend. [Antony comes down]

Third Plebeian. You shall have leave.

Fourth Plebeian. A ring! Stand round.

First Plebeian. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body!

Second Plebeian. Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! Room! Bear back

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle; I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on:

'Twas on a summer's evening, in this tent,

That day he overcome the Nervii.

Look, in this place ran Cassius dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angle.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved!
This was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his might heart;
And, in this mantle muffling up his face,
even at the base of pompey's statue
(which all the while ran blood) great Caesar fell.
O' what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then, I and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O' now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred as you see with traitors.
First Plebeian. O' piteous spectacle!
Second Plebeian. O' Noble Caesar!
Third Plebeian. O woeful day!
Fourth Plebeian. O traitors, Villains!
First Plebeian. O most bloody sight!
Second Plebeian. We will be revenged.
All. Revenge! about! Seek! Burn! Fire! kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

Antony: stay, countrymen.

First Plebeian. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

Second Plebeian. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him!

Antony. Goods friend, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

What made them do it. They are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But (as you know me all) a plain blunt man

That love my friend, and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither writ, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech

To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.

I tell you that which yourselves do know.

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb

Mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar's that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Plebeian. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Second plebeian. Away, then! Come, seek the seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen. Yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

Antony. Why, friend,
you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true, the will! Let's stay and hear the will.
Antony. Here is the wil, and under Caesar's seal.
To every roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Second Plebeian. Most noble Caesar!we'll revenge his death!
Third Plebeian. O royal Caesar!
Antony. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever: common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! When comes such another/
First Plebeian. Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitor's houses.
Take up the body.
Second Plebeian. Go fetch fire.
Third Plebeian. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Plebeian. Pluck down forms, windows, anything!
(exit Plebeians with the body)
Antony. Now let it wok; mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
(enter Servant.)
How now, fellow?

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he?

Servant. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him;

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us anything.

Servant. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gate of Rome.

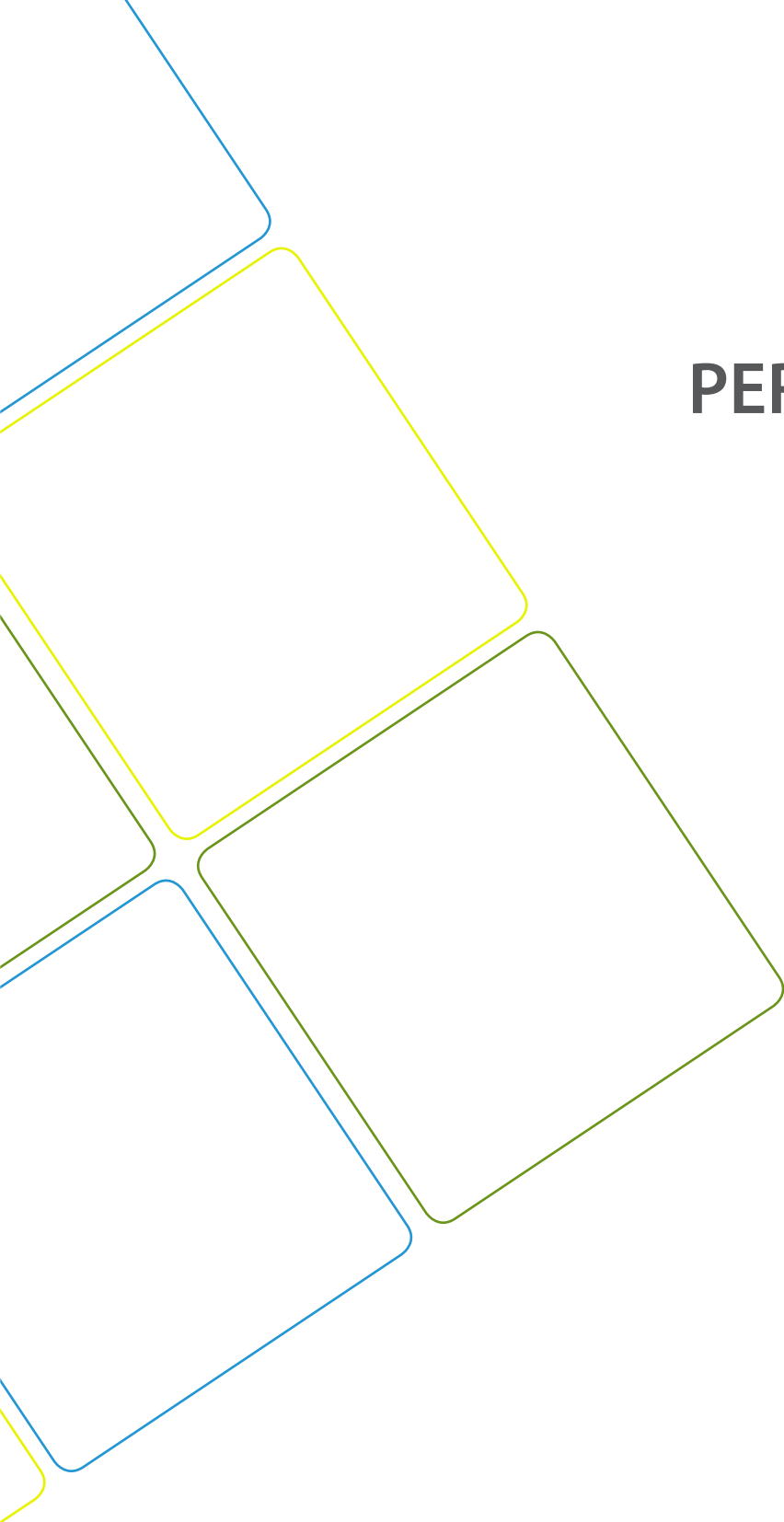
Antony. Be like they had some notice of the people,

How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. (exit).

End Unit assessment activities

Read and answer the questions below.

1. Compare and contrast radio and T.V drama according to their characteristics.
2. Listen to some episodes of Soap Opera "Urunana" and then, discuss its messages to the society of Rwanda.
3. Using your own words, demonstrate the purpose of Soap Opera.
4. From your experience, compose your own sketch which contains sound and visual effects, and then perform it in the class.
5. Watch the clip video of "An enemy of the people" (Act I) by *Henrik Ibsen*, and then answer the following questions:
 - a. Explain its main theme.
 - b. Discuss techniques that the writer used to convey his/her message to the audience.
 - c. Why do you think this literary work is still important to the society?



UNIT 8

PERFORMING DRAMA

UNIT8: PERFORMING DRAMA

Key Unit Competence: To be able to plan and perform selected scenes from a set drama focusing on the use of dramatic techniques to convey message.

Introductory Activity

Observe the picture below and discuss what is taking place.



Answer the questions below.

1. What is your favourite play? Justify your answer.
2. Who is your favourite actor or actress? Why? Describe their character traits.

Note: Drama is literature that is primarily written for theatrical performance. A dramatic text consists of two components: (1) Literature for reading (2) Performance. Drama is incomplete without the performative aspect. Every dramatic text contains of instructions, known as secondary text, for performance on stage. The following are the conventions of drama.

Cast of Characters: listed in the beginning of the play, before the action starts

Act: a major division of a play

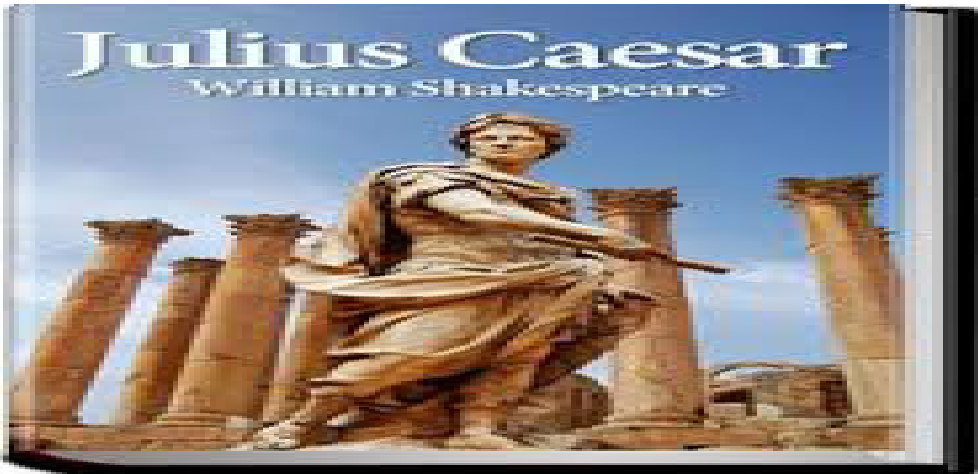
Scenes: a major division of an act

Stage Directions: a dramatist's instructions for performing a play (secondary text). This unit will focus on performing drama.

8.1: Review of Key aspects of drama: Plot, Setting, Characters, Themes

Activity 8.1

Read the play *Julius Caesar* by William Shakespeare and answer the following questions.



Questions

1. Identify the setting of the play.
2. Describe the main characters of the play
3. Analyse the main theme(s) highlight in the play.
4. Write a plot summary of the play *Julius Caesar*.

Note: Every drama play must have the following key aspects; setting, characters, a plot and a theme(s):

Setting: refers to a literary work is the time and place of action. Time can include not only the historical period-past, present, or future- but also the specific year, season, or time of day. Place may involve not only the geographical place- a region, country, state, or town- but also the social economical or cultural environment.

A plot has been delineated like a causal sequence of events. The “why” for the things that happen in the story. It draws the reader into the character’s lives and helps the reader understand the choices that the characters make. Its structure is the way in

which the story elements are arranged.

Characterization: A character/ actor known also as a fictional character is a person, an animal or other being in a play, television series, film, or video game.

The character may be entirely fictional or based on a real-life person, in which case the distinction of a “fictional” versus “real” character may be made. The main character, or the protagonist, is the most important character in a story. This character often changes in some important ways as a result of the play’s events. The antagonist is the character who opposes the main character.

Theme and Message: A theme is the central idea, message, or insight into life revealed by a literary work. It is the main subject that is being discussed or described in a literary work. A theme is not intended to teach or preach. In fact, it is not presented directly at all. You extract it from the characters, actions, and setting that make up the play. In other words, you must figure out the theme yourself.

Message or moral of the play has been defined as what a reader or audience member learns from a play. The moral can usually be expressed in a sentence or a proverb that teaches a lesson. In this sense, it can be also expressed as an important idea that is expressed in the play.

Application activity 8.1

1. Re-read the play “Julius Caesar”, work with a partner and act out your favourite scene.

8.2.Review of Dramatic Techniques: Dialogue, Monologue, Soliloquy, entrance, exit, stage directions, asides, props and costumes.

Activity 8.2

Re-read the play *Julius Caesar*, identify the following dramatic techniques;

- a. Dialogue
- b. Monologue
- c. Soliloquy
- d. Entrance
- e. Exit
- f. Stage directions
- g. Props
- h. Costumes

Notes: In drama performance, an actor has to pay attention to the dramatic techniques used by the playwright or the script writer. Different playwrights/script writers use different dramatic techniques for different reasons in putting across their message. Following are some of the dramatic techniques;

Dialogue refers to a conversation between two or more characters in a literary work. Characters may reveal their traits and advance the action of a play. In fiction or non-fiction; quotation marks indicate a speaker's exact words, and a new paragraph usually indicates a change of a speaker. Quotation marks are not used in a script, the printed copy of a play. Instead, the dialogue follows the name of the speaker.

Monologue is from the Greek monos ("single") and legein ("to speak") is a long, uninterrupted speech delivered by one character to other characters who are onstage but remain silent. It can also be explained as a long speech given by a character in a story, movie, play, or by a performer such as a comedian, and that speech prevents anyone else from talking. A monologue in a play is a speech by one character. that, unlike a soliloquy, is addressed to another character or characters

Soliloquy: comes from the Latin solus ("alone") and loqui ("to speak") is a speech in which a character alone on a stage reveals private thoughts and feelings that the audience is allowed to overhear. It is in few words, a long speech expressing the thoughts of a character alone on the stage.

Entrance is explained as the process by which the actors appear on the stage. It is the first appearance of an actor in a scene. Also, it is the way the actors introduce to the audience on the stage when they are going to perform a play.

Exit is explained as the process by which the actors disappear on the stage after performing a play. This happens at the end of a play.

Stage directions tell how the work is to be performed or staged. Providing details about sets, lighting, sounds, effects, props, costumes, and acting, stage directions are usually set in italics type and set off in brackets in order to distinguish them from dialogue. Some playwrights use stage directions to provide additional direction about where on- or off stage a speech may be delivered. These include O.S. for offstage; D.S. for downstage; or close to the audience; and U.S FOR upstage, or far from the audience. The purpose of stage direction is to understand the directional terms for staging.

Aside is a brief remark in which a character expresses private thoughts to the audience rather than to other characters. It is a short speech delivered by a character in a play in order to express his or her true thoughts and feelings. Traditionally, the aside is directed to the audience and is presumed to be inaudible to the other actors.

Props, formally known as (theatrical) property, are an object used on stage or on screen by actors during a performance or screen production. In practical terms, a prop is considered to be anything movable or portable on a stage or a set, distinct from the actors, scenery, costumes, and electrical equipment. Technically, a prop is any object that gives the scenery, actors, or performance space specific period, place, or character.

The term has readily transferred to television motion picture and video game production, where they are commonly referred to by the phrase movie prop, film prop or simply prop.

Costumes is one of the dramatic techniques, is explained as the clothes that are worn by actors who are performing a play. Actors must try to look like a different person or thing. This clothing includes the prevailing fashion in coiffure, jewellery, and apparel of a period, country or class... so, in costumes, actors must create the appearance characteristic of particular period, person, place or thing.

Application Activity 8.2

Re-read the play Julius Caesar, work with your partner to choose one scene with at least two dramatic techniques mentioned above. Perform that scene with a focus on those dramatic techniques.

8.3. Planning and Performing Drama

Activity 8.3

With the help of your teacher, select the play, the acts and scenes you can perform. Take roles and set the time for rehearsals as a class

Notes: Planning and performing drama: Planning for performance of drama/ a play is a project. Below are some tips on how you can plan and perform the play.

Set up a project schedule: A project schedule is the tool that communicates what work needs to be performed. It starts with the theme that goes with organization of materials (props) that will be used to perform it. This includes;

Selecting the play: As a class, with the help of your teacher, choose a play from the set plays that you will perform. Your literature teacher will be the director of your performance.

Identifying the characters/taking roles: Each student can volunteer to take a role they feel they can perform. Each actor should study the characters they have chosen and understand them. Every student in your class should take a role. If the play has fewer characters than the number of students in your class, some students may take the same roles but act in different scenes. Other students may feature in the crew (the production team/behind the scenes team).

Reading the script/the play: All actors/characters should take their parts, read, reread and memorize their parts of the play.

Setting up the rehearsal schedule: With the help of your teacher, draw a rehearsal schedule (Timetable) that favours the whole class whereby you will meet as the cast and crew to rehearse for the performance. The schedule will depend on the number of scenes for the play and how much practice is needed by the actors.

Identifying the costumes: Each actor/character identifies and makes a list of the costumes they will need for each scene.

Setting the stage: When all the preparation is complete, establish a spacious place where you will perform the play to your audience. Set the stage and equip it with the necessary props including lighting..

Application activity 8.3

Stage the play for the whole school/audience to watch.

End Unit Assessment

Answer the following questions.

1. Analyse the play you performed in terms of the following dramatic aspects:
 - a. Plot
 - b. Setting
 - c. Characters
 - d. Theme (s)
2. From your experience of planning and performing a play, discuss the dramatic techniques used in acted scenes.
3. In brief, write short summary to evaluate your group's performance and reflect of their utilization of dramatic techniques.
4. If you were to plan and perform another play, write down what you would improve and how you would improve the planning and performance.

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