

AP[®] WORKSHOP

ADVANCED PLACEMENT
ENGLISH LITERATURE & COMPOSITION



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Gerard Manley Hopkins

No worst, there is none

No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief,
More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring.
Comforter, where, where is your comforting?
Mary, mother of us, where is your relief?

5 My cries heave, herds-long; huddle in a main, a chief
Woe, wórl'd-sorrow; on an áge-old anvil wince and sing —
Then lull, then leave off. Fury had shrieked 'No ling-
ering! Let me be fell: force I must be brief.'

10 O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there. Nor does long our small
Durance deal with that steep or deep. Here! creep,
Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all
Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.

Seamus Heaney

The Forge

All I know is a door into the dark
Outside, old axles and iron hoops rusting;
Inside, the hammered anvil's short-pitched ring,
The unpredictable fantail of sparks

5 Or hiss when a new shoe toughens in water.
The anvil must be somewhere in the centre,
Horned as a unicorn, at one end square,
Set there immovable: an altar
Where he expends himself in shape and music.

10 Sometimes, leather-aproned, hairs in his nose,
He leans out on the jamb, recalls a clatter
Of hoofs where traffic is flashing in rows;
Then grunts and goes in, with a slam and flick
To beat real iron out, to work the bellows.

Lucille Clifton

Island Mary

after the all been done and i
one old creature carried on
another creature's back, I wonder
could I have fought these thing?
5 surrounded by no son of mine save
old men calling Mother like in the tale
the astrologer tell, I wonder
could I have walk away when voices
singing in my sleep? I one old woman.
10 always I seem to worrying now for
another young girl asleep
in the plain evening.
what song around her ear?
what star still choosing?

William Butler Yeats

When You Are Old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

5 How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
10 Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

Katherine Anne Porter

THE GRAVE



The Grandfather, dead for more than thirty years, had been twice disturbed in his long repose by the constancy and possessiveness of his widow. She removed his bones first to Louisiana and then to Texas as if she had set out to find her own burial place, knowing well she would never return to the places she had left. In Texas she set up a small cemetery in a corner of her first farm, and as the family connection grew, and oddments of relations came over from Kentucky to settle, it contained at last about twenty graves. After the Grandmother's death, part of her land was to be sold for the benefit of certain of her children, and the cemetery happened to lie in the part set aside for sale. It was necessary to take up the bodies and bury them again in the family plot in the big new public cemetery, where the Grandmother had been buried. At last her husband was to lie beside her for eternity, as she had planned.

The family cemetery had been a pleasant small neglected garden of tangled rose bushes and ragged cedar trees and cypress, the simple flat stones rising out of uncropped sweet-smelling wild grass. The graves were open and empty one burning day when Miranda and her brother Paul, who often went together to hunt rabbits and doves, propped their twenty-two Winchester rifles carefully against the rail fence, climbed over and explored among the graves. She was nine years old and he was twelve.

They peered into the pits all shaped alike with such purposeful accuracy, and looking at each other with pleased adventurous eyes, they said in solemn tones: "these were graves! trying by words to shape a special, suitable emotion in their minds, but they felt nothing except an agreeable thrill of wonder: they were seeing a new sight, doing something they had not done before. In them both there was also a small disappointment at the entire commonplaceness of the actual spectacle. Even if it had once contained a coffin for years upon years, when the coffin was gone a grave was just a hole in the ground. Miranda leaped into the pit that had held her grandfather's bones. Scratching around aimlessly and pleasurable as any young animal, she scooped up a lump of earth and weighed it in her palm. It had a pleasantly sweet, corrupt smell, being mixed with cedar

needles and small leaves, and as the crumbs fell apart, she saw a silver dove no larger than a hazel nut, with spread wings and a neat fan-shaped tail. The breast had a deep round hollow in it. Turning it up to the fierce sunlight, she saw that the inside of the hollow was cut in little whorls. She scrambled out, over the pile of loose earth that had fallen back into one end of the grave, calling to Paul that she had found something, he must guess what.... His head appeared smiling over the rim of another grave. He waved a closed hand at her. "I've got something too." They ran to compare treasures, making a game of it, so many guesses each, all wrong, and a final showdown with opened palms. Paul had found a thin wide gold ring carved with intricate flowers and leaves. Miranda was smitten at the sight of the ring and wished to have it. Paul seemed more impressed by the dove. They made a trade, with some little bickering. After he had got the dove in his hand, Paul said, "Don't you know what this is? This is a screw head for a *coffin*!... I'll bet nobody else in the world has one like this!"

Miranda glanced at it without covetousness. She had the gold ring on her thumb; it fitted perfectly. "Maybe we ought to go now," she said, "Maybe someone'll see us and tell somebody." They knew the land had been sold, the cemetery was no longer theirs, and they felt like trespassers. They climbed back over the fence, slung their rifles loosely under their arms—they had been shooting at targets with various kinds of firearms since they were seven years old—and set out to look for the rabbits and doves or whatever small game might happen along. On these expeditions Miranda always followed at Paul's heels along the path, obeying instructions about handling her gun when going through fences; learning how to stand it up properly so it would not slip and fire unexpectedly; how to wait her time for a shot and not just bang away in the air without looking, spoiling shots for Paul, who really could hit things if given a chance. Now and then, in her excitement at seeing birds whizz up suddenly before her face, or a rabbit leap across her very toes, she lost her head, and almost without sighting she flung her rifle up and pulled the trigger. She hardly ever hit any sort of mark. She had no proper sense of hunting at all. Her brother would be often completely disgusted with her. "You don't care

whether you get your bird or not," he said. "That's no way to hunt." Miranda could not understand his indignation. She had seen him smash his hat and yell with fury when he had missed his aim. "What I like about shooting," said Miranda, with exasperating inconsequence, "is pulling the trigger and hearing the noise."

"Then, by golly," said Paul, "whyn't you go back to the range and shoot at bulls-eyes?"

"I'd just as soon," said Miranda, "only like this, we walk around more."

"Well, you just stay behind and stop spoiling my shots," said Paul, who, when he made a kill, wanted to be certain he had made it. Miranda, who alone brought down a bird once in twenty rounds, always claimed as her own any game they got when they fired at the same moment. It was tiresome and unfair and her brother was sick of it.

"Now, the first dove we see, or the first rabbit, is mine," he told her. "And the next will be yours. Remember that and don't get smarty."

"What about snakes?" asked Miranda idly. "Can I have the first snake?"

Waving her thumb gently and watching her gold ring glitter, Miranda lost interest in shooting. She was wearing her summer roughing outfit: dark blue overalls, a light blue shirt, a hired-man's straw hat, and thick brown sandals. Her brother had the same outfit except his was a sober hickory-nut color. Ordinarily Miranda preferred her overalls to any other dress, though it was making rather a scandal in the countryside, for the year was 1903, and in the back country the law of female decorum had teeth in it. Her father had been criticized for letting his girls dress like boys and go careering around astride barebacked horses. Big sister Maria, the really independent and fearless one, in spite of her rather affected ways, rode at a dead run with only a rope knotted around her horse's nose. It was said the motherless family was running down, with the Grandmother no longer there to hold it together. It was known that she had discriminated against her son Harry in her will, and that he was in straits about money. Some of his old neighbors reflected with vicious satisfaction that now he would probably not be so stiffnecked, nor have any more high-stepping horses either. Miranda knew this, though she could not say how. She had met along the road old women of the kind who smoked corn-cob pipes, who had treated her grandmother with most sincere respect. They slanted their gummy old eyes sideways at the granddaughter and said, "Ain't you

ashamed of yourself, Missy? It's against the Scriptures to dress like that. Whut yo Pappy thinkin about?" Miranda, with her powerful social sense, which was like a fine set of antennae radiating from every pore of her skin, would feel ashamed because she knew well it was rude and ill-bred to shock anybody, even bad tempered old crones, though she had faith in her father's judgment and was perfectly comfortable in the clothes. Her father had said, "They're just what you need, and they'll save your dresses for school. . . ." This sounded quite simple and natural to her. She had been brought up in rigorous economy. Wastefulness was vulgar. It was also a sin. These were truths; she had heard them repeated many times and never once disputed.

Now the ring, shining with the serene purity of fine gold on her rather grubby thumb, turned her feelings against her overalls and sockless feet, toes sticking through the thick brown leather straps. She wanted to go back to the farmhouse, take a good cold bath, dust herself with plenty of Maria's violet talcum powder—provided Maria was not present to object, of course—put on the thinnest, most becoming dress she owned, with a big sash, and sit in a wicker chair under the trees. . . . These things were not all she wanted, of course; she had vague stirrings of desire for luxury and a grand way of living which could not take precise form in her imagination but were founded on family legend of past wealth and leisure. These immediate comforts were what she could have, and she wanted them at once. She lagged rather far behind Paul, and once she thought of just turning back without a word and going home. She stopped, thinking that Paul would never do that to her, and so she would have to tell him. When a rabbit leaped, she let Paul have it without dispute. He killed it with one shot.

When she came up with him, he was already kneeling, examining the wound, the rabbit trailing from his hands. "Right through the head," he said complacently, as if he had aimed for it. He took out his sharp, competent bowie knife and started to skin the body. He did it very cleanly and quickly. Uncle Jimbilly knew how to prepare the skins so that Miranda always had fur coats for her dolls, for though she never cared much for her dolls she liked seeing them in fur coats. The children knelt facing each other over the dead animal. Miranda watched admiringly while her brother stripped the skin away as if he were taking off a glove. The flayed flesh emerged dark scarlet, sleek, firm; Miranda with thumb and finger felt the long fine muscles with the silvery flat strips binding them to the joints. Brother lifted the odd-

ly bloated belly. "Look," he said, in a low amazed voice. "It was going to have young ones."

Very carefully he slit the thin flesh from the center ribs to the flanks, and a scarlet bag appeared. He slit again and pulled the bag open, and there lay a bundle of tiny rabbits, each wrapped in a thin scarlet veil. The brother pulled these off and there they were, dark gray, their sleek wet down lying in minute even ripples, like a baby's head just washed, their unbelievably small delicate ears folded close, their little blind faces almost featureless.

Miranda said, "Oh, I want to see," under her breath. She looked and looked—excited but not frightened, for she was accustomed to the sight of animals killed in hunting—filled with pity and astonishment and a kind of shocked delight in the wonderful little creatures for their own sakes, they were so pretty. She touched one of them ever so carefully. "Ah, there's blood running over them," she said and began to tremble without knowing why. Yet she wanted most deeply to see and to know. Having seen, she felt at once as if she had known all along. The very memory of her former ignorance faded, she had always known just this. No one had ever told her anything outright, she had been rather unobservant of the animal life around her because she was so accustomed to animals. They seemed simply disorderly and unaccountably rude in their habits, but altogether natural and not very interesting. Her brother had spoken as if he had known about everything all along. He may have seen all this before. He had never said a word to her, but she knew now a part at least of what he knew. She understood a little of the secret, formless intuitions in her own mind and body, which had been clearing up, taking form, so gradually and so steadily she had not realized that she was learning what she had to know. Paul said cautiously, as if he were talking about something forbidden: "They were just about ready to be born." His voice dropped on the last word. "I know," said Miranda, "like kittens. I know, like babies." She was quietly and terribly agitated, standing again with her rifle under her arm, looking down at the bloody heap. "I don't want the skin," she said, "I won't have it." Paul buried the young rabbits again in their mother's body, wrapped the skin around her, carried her to a clump of sage bushes, and hid her away. He came out again at once and said to Miranda, with an eager friendliness, a confidential tone quite unusual in him, as if he were taking her into an important secret on equal terms: "Listen now. Now you listen to me, and don't ever forget. Don't you ever tell a living soul that you saw this. Don't tell a soul. Don't tell Dad because I'll

get into trouble. He'll say I'm leading you into things you ought not to do. He's always saying that. So now don't you go and forget and blab out sometime the way you're always doing. . . . Now, that's a secret. Don't you tell."

Miranda never told, she did not even wish to tell anybody. She thought about the whole worrisome affair with confused unhappiness for a few days. Then it sank quietly into her mind and was heaped over by accumulated thousands of impressions, for nearly twenty years. One day she was picking her path among the puddles and crushed refuse of a market street in a strange city of a strange country, when without warning, plain and clear in its true colors as if she looked through a frame upon a scene that had not stirred nor changed since the moment it happened, the episode of that far-off day leaped from its burial place before her mind's eye. She was so reasonlessly horrified she halted suddenly staring, the scene before her eyes dimmed by the vision back of them. An Indian vendor had held up before her a tray of dyed sugar sweets, in the shapes of all kinds of small creatures: birds, baby chicks, baby rabbits, lambs, baby pigs. They were in gay colors and smelled of vanilla, maybe. . . . it was a very hot day and the smell in the market, with its piles of raw flesh and wilting flowers, was like the mingled sweetness and corruption she had smelled that other day in the empty cemetery at home: the day she had remembered always until now vaguely as the time she and her brother had found treasure in the opened graves. Instantly upon this thought the dreadful vision faded, and she saw clearly her brother whose childhood face she had forgotten, standing again in the blazing sunshine, again twelve years old, a pleased sober smile in his eyes, turning the silver dove over and over in his hands.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER (1890-1980) was born in Indian Creek, Texas, grew up in Texas and Louisiana, and was educated in Germany and Mexico, locales she used in her fiction. Three collections of short stories—Flowering Judas (1930), Pale Horse, Pale Rider (1939) and The Leaning Tower (1944)—not only have given her an international reputation but also established her as one of America's most creative short-story writers of the last century. Her only novel, Ship of Fools, was published in 1962. In May, 2006, the United States Postal Service honored Katherine Anne Porter on a postage stamp.

Katherine Anne Porter

“THE GRAVE”

SETTING

The story is told in a flashback*. What is the setting of the flashback, and what is the setting of the frame* (or at least of the “half-frame”)?

SETTING is “the physical, and sometimes spiritual, background against which the action of a narrative (novel, drama, short story, poem) takes place.” It includes (1) geography (country / city/region), (2) time (day/night, season, century/year/era, historical and social conditions and values), and (3) society (class, beliefs, values of the characters).

CHARACTER

How much can you tell about Miranda and Paul?

CHARACTER is established through (1) direct exposition (comment by the author directly to the reader, although this is nearly always filtered through a narrator or other character, whose reliability you must always question), (2) dialogue (what the character says or thinks), and (3) action (what the character actually does).

SYMBOL

Find at least three symbols in the story and tell for what each stands.

SYMBOL is ‘something which is itself and yet stands for or suggests or means something else..., a figure of speech which combines a literal and sensuous quality with an abstract or suggestive aspect.’

THEME

Identify the theme of the story and state it in one sentence.

THEME (sometimes called “thesis”) is “an attitude or position taken by a writer with the purpose of proving or supporting it.” The topic is the subject about which a writer writes; the theme is what the writer says about the topic.

Question 3 [2010]

Palestinian American literary theorist and cultural critic Edward Said has written that “Exile is strangely compelling to think about but terrible to experience. It is the unhealable rift forced between a human being and a native place, between the self and its true home: its essential sadness can never be surmounted.” Yet Said has also said that exile can become “a potent, even enriching” experience.

Select a novel, play, or epic in which a character experiences such a rift and becomes cut off from “home,” whether that home is the character’s birthplace, family, homeland, or other special place. Then write an essay in which you analyze how the character’s experience with exile is both alienating and enriching, and how this experience illuminates the meaning of the work as a whole. You may choose a work from the list below or one of comparable literary merit. Do not merely summarize the plot.

*The American Angle of
Repose
Another Country
As You Like It
Brave New World
Crime and Punishment
Doctor Zhivago
Heart of Darkness
Invisible Man*

*Jane Eyre
Jasmine
Jude the Obscure
King Lear
The Little Foxes
Madame Bovary
The Mayor of Casterbridge
My Ántonia
Obasan*

*The Odyssey
One Day in the Life of Ivan
Denisovich
The Other
Paradise Lost
The Poisonwood Bible
A Portrait of the Artist as a
Young Man
The Road
Robinson Crusoe*

*Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern Are Dead
Sister Carrie
Sister of My Heart
Snow Falling on Cedars
The Tempest
Things Fall Apart
The Women of Brewster
Place
Wuthering Heights*

Question 3 [1982]

In great literature, no scene of violence exists for its own sake.

Choose a work of literary merit that confronts the reader or audience with a scene or scenes of violence. In a well-

organized essay, explain how the scene or scenes contribute to the meaning of the complete work. Avoid plot summary.

The following titles are listed suggestions. You may base your essay on one of them or choose another work of equivalent literary merit on which to write.

*Light in August
Billy Budd
A Tale of Two Cities
The Zoo Story
King Lear*

*Adventures of Huckleberry
Finn
Native Son
Wuthering Heights
An American Tragedy
Medea*

*The Great Gatsby
Crime and Punishment
Lord Jim
The Stranger
Catch-22
Wise Blood*

*Invisible Man
Tess of the D’Urbervilles
Julius Caesar
A Separate Peace*

Question 3 [1999]

The eighteenth-century British novelist Laurence Sterne wrote, “No body, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man’s mind torn asunder by two projects of equal strength, both obstinately pulling in a contrary direction at the same time.”

From a novel or play choose a character (not necessarily the protagonist) whose mind is pulled in conflicting directions

by two compelling desires, ambitions, obligations, or influences. Then, in a well-organized essay, identify each of the two conflicting forces and explain how this conflict within one character illuminates the meaning of the work as a whole. You may use one of the novels or plays listed below or another novel or play of similar literary quality.

*The Adventures of
Huckleberry Finn
Anna Karenina
Antigone
The Awakening
Beloved
Billy Budd*

*Ceremony
Crime and Punishment
Dr. Faustus
An Enemy of the People
Equus
A Farewell to Arms
The Glass Menagerie*

*Hamlet
Heart of Darkness
Jane Eyre
Jasmine
Light in August
A Lesson Before Dying
Macbeth
The Mayor of Casterbridge*

*Native Speaker
The Piano Lesson
A Portrait of the Artist as a
Young Man
A Raisin in the Sun
The Scarlet Letter
Wuthering Heights*

Vocabulary for Writing about Literature

(an incomplete list)

To say what a writer or narrator does:

- alludes to
- alters
- asserts
- changes
- clarifies
- compares
- conjures up
- connotes
- constrains
- construes
- contradicts
- contrasts
- conveys
- creates
- delineates
- demonstrates
- depicts
- describes
- differentiates
- dispels
- elicits
- emphasizes
- enhances
- enunciates
- establishes
- evokes
- explains
- explores
- heightens/lessens
- hints at
- ignites
- illuminates
- implies
- inspires
- invokes
- juxtaposes
- maintains
- manipulates
- masters
- paints
- portrays
- produces
- refutes
- reinforces
- repudiates
- reveals
- shifts
- shows (*weak*)
- solidifies
- stirs
- suggests
- tackles
- transcends
- twists
- uses (*weak*)
- utilizes (*über-weak*)

To name the tools the writer uses:

- comic details
- details
- diction
- figurative language
- foreshadowing
- imagery, images
- irony
- plot details
- point of view
- setting
- symbols
- syntax
- tone

To name the effect on a reader:

- anger
- awareness
- connections
- contrasts
- empathy, sympathy, apathy, antipathy
- impact
- intensity
- laughter
- mood
- pathos / bathos
- shock
- lassitude/tedium

Plays on the Q3 Suggested lists through 2014

Aeschylus	<i>The Eumenides</i> <i>The Orestia</i>	Shakespeare	<i>Antony and Cleopatra</i> <i>As You Like It</i> <i>Hamlet</i> <i>Henry IV, Part I</i> <i>Henry IV, Part II</i> <i>Henry V</i> <i>Julius Caesar</i> <i>King Lear</i> <i>Macbeth</i> <i>The Merchant of Venice</i> <i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i> <i>Othello</i> <i>Richard III</i> <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> <i>The Tempest</i> <i>Twelfth Night</i> <i>The Winter's Tale</i>
Albee	<i>Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?</i> <i>The Zoo Story</i>	Stoppard	<i>Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead</i>
Beckett	<i>Waiting for Godot</i>	Synge	<i>The Playboy of the Western World</i>
Brecht	<i>Mother Courage</i>	Valdez	<i>Zoot Suit</i>
Chekhov	<i>The Cherry Orchard</i>	Wilde	<i>The Importance of Being Earnest</i> <i>Lady Windermere's Fan</i>
Eliot, TS	<i>Murder in the Cathedral</i>	Wilder	<i>Our Town</i>
Euripides	<i>Medea</i>	Williams	<i>Cat on a Hot Tin Roof</i> <i>The Glass Menagerie</i> <i>A Streetcar Named Desire</i>
Frayn	<i>Copenhagen</i>	Wilson	<i>Fences</i> <i>Joe Turner's Come and Gone</i> <i>The Piano Lesson</i>
Fugard	<i>Master Harold" . . . and the Boys</i>		
Hansberry	<i>A Raisin in the Sun</i>		
Hellman	<i>The Little Foxes</i> <i>Watch on the Rhine</i>		
Hwang	<i>M. Butterfly</i>		
Ibsen	<i>An Enemy of the People</i> <i>A Doll House</i> <i>Ghosts</i> <i>Hedda Gabler</i> <i>Peer Gynt</i> <i>The Wild Duck</i>		
Ionesco	<i>Rhinoceros</i>		
Jones	<i>Dutchman</i>		
Jonson	<i>Volpone</i>		
Kushner	<i>Angels in America</i>		
Marlowe	<i>Doctor Faustus</i>		
Miller	<i>All My Sons</i> <i>The Crucible</i> <i>Death of a Salesman</i>		
Molière	<i>The Misanthrope</i> <i>Tartuffe</i>		
O'Neill	<i>Desire Under the Elms</i> <i>Hairy Ape</i> <i>Long Day's Journey into Night</i>		
Pinter	<i>The Birthday Party</i> <i>The Caretaker</i> <i>The Homecoming</i> <i>The Sandbox</i>		
Racine	<i>Phèdre</i>		
Sartre	<i>No Exit</i>		
Shaffer	<i>Equus</i>		
Shaw	<i>Candida</i> <i>Major Barbara</i> <i>Man and Superman</i> <i>Mrs Warren's Profession</i> <i>Pygmalion</i> <i>Saint Joan</i>		
Sophocles	<i>Antigone</i> <i>Oedipus Rex</i>		

More accessible novels from the Q3 suggestions

Achebe	<i>Things Fall Apart</i>
Camus	<i>The Stranger</i>
Cisneros	<i>The House on Mango Street</i>
Faulkner	<i>As I Lay Dying</i>
Gaines	<i>A Lesson Before Dying</i>
Golding	<i>Lord of the Flies</i>
Hesse	<i>Siddhartha</i>
Kafka	<i>The Metamorphosis</i>
Knowles	<i>A Separate Peace</i>
Maclean	<i>A River Runs Through It</i>
O'Brien	<i>Going After Cacciato</i>
Steinbeck	<i>Of Mice and Men</i>
Tan	<i>The Joy Luck Club</i>
Vonnegut	<i>Slaughterhouse-Five</i>

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Act 1, scene 2

Enter QUINCE the carpenter and SNUG the joiner and BOTTOM the weaver and FLUTE the bellows mender and SNOUT the tinker and STARVELING the tailor.

Quince 1 Is all our company here?

Bottom 1 You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quince 1 Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our enterlude before the Duke and the Duchess, on his wedding day at night.

Bottom 1 First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quince 1 Marry, our play is The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bottom 1 A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quince 1 Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bottom 1 Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince 1 You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bottom 1 What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quince 1 A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bottom 1 That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes. I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest--yet my chief humor is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quince 2 Francis Flute the bellows mender.

Flute 2 Here, Peter Quince.

Quince 2 Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flute 2 What is Thisby? a wand'ring knight?

Quince 2 It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flute 2 Nay, faith; let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quince 2 That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bottom 2 And I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, "Thisne! Thisne! Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quince 2 No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bottom 2 Well, proceed.

Quince 2 Robin Starveling the tailor.

Starveling 2 Here, Peter Quince.

Quince 2 Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout the tinker.

Snout 2 Here, Peter Quince.

Quince 2 You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug the joiner, you the lion's part. And I hope here is a play fitted.

Snug 2 Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quince 2 You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bottom 2 Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again; let him roar again."

Quince 2 And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bottom 2 I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you and 'twere any nightingale.

Quince 3 You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet fac'd man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bottom 3 Well; I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quince 3 Why, what you will.

Bottom 3 I will discharge it in either your strawcolor beard, your orange tawny beard, your purple in grain beard, or your French crown color beard, your perfit yellow.

Quince 3 Some of your French crowns have no hair at all; and then you will play barefac'd. But, masters, here are your parts, and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by tomorrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bottom 3 We will meet, and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfit; adieu.

Quince 3 At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bottom 3 Enough; hold, or cut bow strings.

Exeunt

Acting Companies: Performance Preparation

Editing

1. Make copies of the scene for everyone in the company
2. Read the scene aloud going around the group. As you read, circle any words and phrases you don't understand.
3. For those words, decide on a definition. Only if you feel a pressing need, get a definition from notes, dictionary, or the teacher.
4. Read the scene again, deciding together what each speech means.
5. Read the scene again, deciding on the objective of each character. Agree on the subtexts.
6. Decide how your passage fits into the context of the act and the whole play.
7. Read the scene again to edit out lines. Remember that your performance is limited to ten minutes, but cut only lines unessential to the scene's meaning.
8. Read the scene again; decide if the editing works.

Casting

9. When everyone has a comfortable understanding of the scene, cast parts.
10. If you don't have enough people in your company, you may have members "double," that is, play two roles—or, if the extra characters have only one or two lines, you might find other ways to work the scene.
11. If you have too many people, you may split larger parts (have two Violas, for instance) or consider including choral reading.
12. Appoint a director to oversee the whole production.

Blocking

13. Read through the scene, locating character entrances and exits. They do not have to be in the places the original script has them.
14. Decide on appropriate placement and movements for the characters and write them into your script.
15. Move through the blocking several times, talking about what to do is not the same. Are you avoiding lining up like prisoners awaiting execution?

Characterization

16. Read through your lines silently and aloud many times until you're sure you understand what you want every word, phrase, and sentence to mean.
17. Identify your character's objective in the passage.
18. Decide what words, phrases, or ideas need to be stressed and indicate them on your script.
19. Decide where pauses are appropriate and indicate them on your script
20. Identify your movements and gestures.
21. Read your part aloud many times. You are to memorize the part fully, but you should feel comfortable with it when you perform for the class. You will not read your lines during the performance.
22. Enjoy yourselves. But remember that you will play the scene 'straight.' *Parodies forfeit all credit.*

Furniture, Props, Costumes

23. Decide if you need furniture. Remember that classroom desks can be trees, walls, nearly anything.
24. Decide what props you need and who will bring them. Rehearse at least twice with all the physical pieces you will use.
25. Decide on costumes. These should not be elaborate but should clearly suggest your character.

Rehearse

26. Rehearse your scene several times. Remember the more you practice, the more relaxed you will be.
27. Get on your feet and go through the scene, acting out the parts.
28. Use your notes on blocking to help you decide where to come in, where to stand, which direction to turn while speaking, where to exit, and the like.
29. Listen to your director for suggestions about changes in blocking, movement, inflections, pauses, characterization, and the like.
30. Consider making a video of your rehearsal. Then watch it and decide what you want to improve. Improve it.
31. Recruit someone from outside your team to act as prompter during your performance.

adapted from *Shakespeare Set Free*.

Annotating a Scene

The stage

1. Scenery	Describe the scenery at the scene's opening and use marginal notes to show where changes are needed.	<i>Bare stage</i>
2. Costumes	Describe the costumes at each character's entrance and with marginal notes where changes are needed.	<i>Traditional costume for the play</i>
3. Sound	<i>Effects:</i> Show with a marginal note at the appropriate line; indicate if the sound is to precede, accompany, or follow a specific word. <i>Music:</i> Identify the music and show with a marginal note at the appropriate line where it is to begin and where it is to end.	<i>No sounds</i> <i>No music</i>
4. Lighting	Identify what kind of lighting is to be used; describe colors and brightness; identify characters to be lit differently from the rest of the stage; use marginal notes to indicate lighting changes or spotlights on characters or objects.	<i>No stage lighting; natural lighting only on stage and house</i>
5. Properties	Identify the props needed for the scene in a separate list at the end of the script.	<i>No props</i>
6. Blocking	Indicate in the margin at the appropriate line where characters are to enter, stand, change position on the stage, and exit.	<i>All actors grouped at center stage down</i>
7. Gestures and Business.	Indicate marginally gestures to be made by the speaker (or by others on stage) and "business," telling which character is to start and stop doing what at what points	<i>No gestures or stage business</i>

The script

1. Cut lines	Indicate lines to be cut by a single line through the words to be deleted.	<i>All lines as printed</i>
2. Rearrange lines	Indicate lines to be moved by arrows or by recopying.	
3. Reassign lines	Indicate lines to be given to different characters by changing the speech label.	
4. Stress	Indicate words or phrases to be stressed by underlining.	<i>Monotone delivery</i>
5. Pauses	Indicate pauses by a double slash: [//].	<i>No pauses</i>



Poetry Response Assignment

Students sometimes cringe when they learn that a major focus of this course is poetry. As children most of you loved poetry, reciting nursery rhymes and chanting limericks. What happened? We don't have the answer, but one of our goals this year will be to rekindle your enthusiasm for and appreciation of poetry.

Laurence Perrine suggests, "People have read poetry or listened to it or recited it because they liked it, because it gave them enjoyment. But this is not the whole answer. Poetry in all ages has been regarded as important, not simply as one of several alternative forms of amusement, as one person might choose bowling, another, chess, and another, poetry. Rather, it has been regarded as something central to existence, something having unique value to the fully realized life, something that we are better off for having and without which we are spiritually impoverished."

John Ciardi writes, "Everyone who has an emotion and a language knows something about poetry. What he knows may not be much on an absolute scale, and it may not be organized within him in a useful way, but once he discovers the pleasure of poetry, he is likely to be surprised to discover how much he always knew without knowing he knew it. He may discover, somewhat as the character in the French play discovered to his amazement that he had been talking prose all his life, that he had been living poetry. Poetry, after all, is about life. Anyone who is alive and conscious must have some information about it."

This year we are approaching poetry two ways. We are studying some poems in class, learning about the tools and devices poets use in their craft, talking about what a poem means or how it made you feel, or seeking answers to questions we raised while reading or studying. We might call this our structured or formal study of poetry. But we are also studying poetry informally through poetry responses.

You will be writing responses about every two weeks. Please look closely at the list of dates to know when these responses are due. You will have a different list of poems each quarter. Your first job is to get to know them. To that end, you will read all the poems from the list at least once every week. Read them at different times, in different places, and in different moods. You will notice how the poems will reveal themselves to you over the weeks. Although you will respond on paper to only one poem for each assignment, you want to become acquainted with all the poems on the list.

For each assignment date, you will choose one poem from the list and write a response to that poem. These responses are to be a minimum of about 200 words, or the equal of one typed page. Place the response in "the box" at the beginning of class on the day it is due. Late poetry reactions do not receive credit.

You may approach this assignment several ways. Sometimes students write an analysis of the poem. They explain what is going on in the poem and relate what they think the theme is. Others begin with the theme and elaborate on that, while some apply the poem to themselves by relating a personal experience. Occasionally a student will write a response on one line from the poem. What you do with the response is up to you as long as you say something. Students who explain that they "could not understand the poem no matter how" they tried do not get credit. You will not like all the poems, but if you choose to write that you dislike a poem because of its content or style, support that with concrete detail.

Poems for Response: Second Quarter

Choose one of the following poems for each of the poetry responses. All are found in Meyer, *The Bedford Introduction to Literature, 8th ed.* on the indicated pages. Use a poem once only during the quarter. Write on one poem only for a poetry response.

Yousif al-Sa'igh, "An Iraqi Evening,"
p. 1309

Anne Bradstreet, "To My Dear and Loving
Husband," p. 1241

Gwendolyn Brooks, "We Real Cool," p. 860

Randall Jarrell, "The Death of the Ball
Turret Gunner," p. 832

John Donne, "Death, be not proud,"
p. 1058

Linda Pastan, "Pass/Fail," p. 1252

Seamus Heaney, "The Forge," p. 1013

Robert Herrick, "To the Virgins, to Make
Much of Time," p. 842

Langston Hughes, "The Negro Speaks of
Rivers," p. 1162

Sharon Olds, "Rites of Passage," p. 1047

Henry Reed, "Naming of Parts," 943

Shakespeare, "When, in disgrace with
Fortune and men's eyes," p. 1344

Shelley, "Ozymandias," p. 1344

Phillis Wheatley, "On Being Brought from
Africa to America," p. BC-C

William Wordsworth, "The world is too
much with us," p. 1009

William Butler Yeats, "Sailing to
Byzantium," p. 1359

Due Dates

1

2

3

4

5

6

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8

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10
