NAME: _____ DUE DATE: _____

AS English Literature

Summer Homework Booklet & Reading List

THE ROSEDALE HEWENS ACADEMY TRUST

Aristotle's Poetics

Greek Theory of Tragedy: Aristotle's Poetics

The classic discussion of Greek tragedy is Aristotle's *Poetics*. He defines tragedy as "the imitation of an action that is serious and also as having magnitude, complete in itself." He continues, "Tragedy is a form of drama exciting the emotions of pity and fear. Its action should be single and complete, presenting a reversal of fortune, involving persons renowned and of superior attainments, and it should be written in poetry embellished with every kind of artistic expression." The writer presents "incidents arousing pity and fear, wherewith to interpret its catharsis of such of such emotions" (by *catharsis*, Aristotle means a purging or sweeping away of the pity and fear aroused by the tragic action).

The basic difference Aristotle draws between tragedy and other genres, such as comedy and the epic, is the "tragic pleasure of pity and fear" the audience feel watching a tragedy. In order for the tragic hero to arouse these feelings in the audience, he cannot be either all good or all evil but must be someone the audience can identify with; however, if he is superior in some way(s), the tragic pleasure is intensified. His disastrous end results from a mistaken action, which in turn arises from a tragic flaw or from a tragic error in judgment. Often the tragic flaw is *hubris*, an excessive pride that causes the hero to ignore a divine warning or to break a moral law. It has been suggested that because the tragic hero's suffering is greater than his offense, the audience feels pity; because the audience members perceive that they could behave similarly, they feel pity.

The Problem Play or Drama of Ideas

The problem play or play of ideas usually has a tragic ending. The driving force behind the play is the exploration of some social problem, like alcoholism or prostitution; the characters are used as examples of the general problem. Frequently the playwright views the problem and its solution in a way that defies or rejects the conventional view; not surprisingly, some problem plays have aroused anger and controversy in audiences and critics. Henrik Ibsen, who helped to revive tragedy from its artistic decline in the nineteenth century, wrote problem plays. *A Doll's House*, for example, shows the exploitation and denigration of middle-class women by society and in marriage. The tragedy frequently springs from the individual's conflict with the laws, values, traditions, and representatives of society.

Tragedy: An Overview

Tragedy usually focuses on figures of stature whose fall implicates others--a family, an entire group, or even a whole society--and typically the tragic protagonist becomes isolated from his or her society (Phedre's "outcast and fugitive from all" would suit Lear and Hamlet as well).

In tragedy, life goes on; in comedy, life goes onward and upward. In the tragic vision, the possibility of a happy ending is unrealized, although it is sometimes suggested, as when Lear is briefly reconciled to Cordelia. When tragedy pauses to look at comedy, it views such a happy ending as an aborted or by-passed possibility. At best, it acknowledges "what might have been" as an ironic way of magnifying "tragic waste." Tragedy tends to exclude comedy. In the tragic vision, something or someone dies or lapses into a winter of discontent.

The "Tragic Vision"

In tragedy, there seems to be a mix of seven interrelated elements that help to establish what we may call the "Tragic Vision":

1. The conclusion is catastrophic.
2. The catastrophic conclusion will seem inevitable.
3. It occurs, ultimately, because of the human limitations of the protagonist.
4. The protagonist suffers terribly.
5. The protagonist's suffering often seems disproportionate to his or her culpability.
6. The suffering is usually redemptive, bringing out the noblest of human capacities for learning.
7. The suffering is also redemptive in bringing out the capacity for accepting moral responsibility.

1. The Catastrophic Conclusion

In tragedy, unlike comedy, the denouement tends to be catastrophic; it is perceived as the concluding phase of a downward movement. In comedy, the change of fortune is upward; the happy ending prevails (more desirable than true, says Northrop Frye in the *Anatomy of Criticism*), as obstacles are dispelled and the hero and/or heroine are happily incorporated into society or form the nucleus of a new and better society. In tragedy, there is the unhappy ending--the hero's or heroine's fall from fortune and consequent isolation from society, often ending in death.

2. The Sense of Inevitability

To the audience of a tragedy, the catastrophe will seem, finally, to be inevitable. Although tragedy cannot simply be identified with uncontrollable disasters, such as an incurable disease or an earthquake, still there is the feeling that the protagonist is inevitably caught by operating forces which are beyond his control (sometimes like destiny, visible only in their effects). Whether grounded in fate or nemesis, accident or chance, or in a causal sequence set going through some action or decision initiated by the tragic protagonist himself or herself, the operating forces assume the function of a distant and impersonal power.

3. Human Limitation, Suffering, and Disproportion

Ultimately, perhaps, all the instances that we find in tragedy of powerlessness, of undeniable human limitations, derive from the tragic perception of human existence itself, which seems, at least in part, to be terrifyingly vulnerable, precarious, and problematic. And it is precisely because of these human limitations that suffering also becomes basic to the tragic vision. Tragedy typically presents situations that emphasize vulnerability, situations in which both physical and spiritual security and comforts are undermined, and in which the characters are pressed to the utmost limits--overwhelming odds, impossible choices, demonic forces within or without (or both). Against the tragic protagonist are the powers that be, whether human or divine, governed by fate or chance, fortune or accident, necessity or circumstance, or any combination of these. The more elevated, the more apparently secure and privileged the character's initial situation, the greater is our sense of the fall, of the radical change of fortune undergone, and the greater our sense of his or her suffering. Tragedy testifies to suffering as an enduring, often inexplicable force in human life.

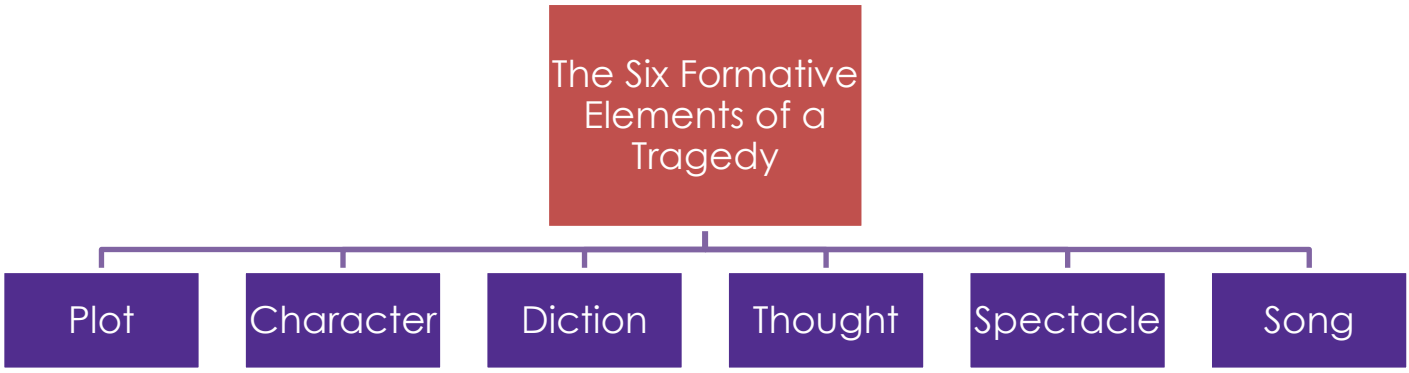
In the suffering of the protagonists, there is frequently, something disproportionate. Even to the extent that there is some human cause, the eventual consequences may seem too severe. In Lear's case, we may or may not agree that he is "more sinned against than sinning," but Cordelia certainly is. This inequity is particularly profound for some of those who surround the protagonists, those who seem to bear (at worst) minor guilt, the so-called "tragic victims."

4. **The Learning Process and Acceptance of Moral Responsibility**
Despite the inevitable catastrophe, the human limitation, the disproportionate suffering, the tragic vision also implies that suffering can call forth human potentialities, can clarify human capacities, and that often there is a learning process that the direct experience of suffering engenders--Lear and Phedre are transformed by it. Gloucester may think that we are to the gods as flies to wanton boys--"they kill us for their sport"--but such a conception of brutal slaughter is alien to the tragic vision. Indeed, tragedy provides a complex view of human heroism, a riddle mixed of glory and jest, nobility and irony. The madness that is wiser than sanity, the blind who see more truly than the physically sighted, are recurring metaphors for the paradox of tragedy, which shows us human situations of pitiful and fearful proportions, but also of extraordinary achievement.

For tragedy presents not only human weakness and precarious security and liability to suffering, but also its nobility and greatness. Tragedies do not occur to puppets. While the "tragic victim" is one of the recurring character types of tragedy (Cordelia, Ophelia, Desdemona, Andromaque, Hippolytus, and even, perhaps, Richard II and Phedre), tragic protagonists more frequently have an active role, one which exposes not only their errors of judgment, their flaws, their own conscious or unwitting contribution to the tragic situation, but which also suggests their enormous potentialities to endure or survive or transcend suffering, to learn what "naked wretches" feel, and to attain a complex view of moral responsibility.

The terrifying difficulty of accepting moral responsibility is an issue in Hamlet as well as in Sophocles' *Antigone* or *Oedipus Tyrannus*. It is an issue in all tragedy, even when the moral status of the protagonist(s) is not admirable. Whatever Aristotle's *hamartia* is, it is not necessarily moral culpability, although it may be, as the case of Macbeth illustrates. Tragic vision insists upon man's responsibility for his actions. This is the essential element of the vision that permits us to deny access to its precincts to puppets, who, by definition, have neither free will nor ultimate responsibility for their existence. Tragedy acknowledges the occasional disproportion between human acts and their consequences, but imposes or accepts responsibility nevertheless. In this way, pain and fear are spiritualized as suffering, and, as Richard Sewall suggests in .us *The Vision of Tragedy*, the conflict of man and his "destiny" is elevated to ultimate magnitude.

One of the conventions discerned and analysed by Aristotle was that the change of fortune, *peripety* or reversal, experienced by the tragic hero, should be accompanied by *anagnorisis* or *cognitio*, "discovery" or "recognition." The conditions and the degree of this discovery vary considerably. It may even be relatively absent from the protagonists' awareness, as we have noted. But it is almost always central to the audience's responses. In the school of suffering we are all students, witnessing, like Lear, essential, "unaccommodated" man, and we become caught up in an extended discovery, not only of human limitation, but also of human potentiality.



Applying your Learning: Tragic Poetry

Use the Course Handbook in order to highlight the authorial methods, make annotations and summarise the poems using AO4 links to the tragic genre.

Extract from Paradise Lost – Book 1	**John Milton**
Summary, including the elements of tragedy:	

Tithonus	**Alfred Lord Tennyson**
Summary, including the elements of tragedy:	

Jessie Cameron	**Christina Rosetti**
Summary, including the elements of tragedy:	

The Death of Cuchulain	**W. B. Yeats**
Summary, including the elements of tragedy:	

The Convergence of the Twain	**Thomas Hardy**
Summary, including the elements of tragedy:	

Death in Leamington	**John Betjeman**
Summary, including the elements of tragedy:	

John Milton
(1608 – 1674)

Extract from *Paradise Lost* – Book 1

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: fardest from him is best
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrours, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less then he
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss
Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
Regaind in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?

Alfred Lord Tennyson
(1809 – 1892)

Tithonus

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, 'Give me immortality.'
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men, who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
'The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.'

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

Christina Rossetti
(1830 – 1894)

Jessie Cameron

'Jessie, Jessie Cameron,
Hear me but this once,' quoth he.
'Good luck go with you, neighbor's son,
But I'm no mate for you,' quoth she.
Day was verging toward the night
There beside the moaning sea,
Dimness overtook the light
There where the breakers be.
'O Jessie, Jessie Cameron,
I have loved you long and true.'—
'Good luck go with you, neighbor's son,
But I'm no mate for you.'

She was a careless, fearless girl,
And made her answer plain,
Outspoken she to earl or churl,
Kindhearted in the main,
But somewhat heedless with her tongue,
And apt at causing pain;
A mirthful maiden she and young,
Most fair for bliss or bane.
'Oh, long ago I told you so,
I tell you so to-day:
Go you your way, and let me go
Just my own free way.'

The sea swept in with moan and foam,
Quickening the stretch of sand;
They stood almost in sight of home;
He strove to take her hand.
'Oh, can't you take your answer then,
And won't you understand?
For me you're not the man of men,
I've other plans are planned.
You're good for Madge, or good for Cis,
Or good for Kate, may be:
But what's to me the good of this
While you're not good for me?'

They stood together on the beach,
They two alone,
And louder waxed his urgent speech,
His patience almost gone:
'Oh, say but one kind word to me,
Jessie, Jessie Cameron.'—
'I'd be too proud to beg,' quoth she,
And pride was in her tone.
And pride was in her lifted head,
And in her angry eye
And in her foot, which might have fled,
But would not fly.

Some say that he had gipsy blood;
That in his heart was guile:
Yet he had gone through fire and flood
Only to win her smile.
Some say his grandam was a witch,
A black witch from beyond the Nile,
Who kept an image in a niche
And talked with it the while.
And by her hut far down the lane
Some say they would not pass at night,
Lest they should hear an unked strain
Or see an unked sight.

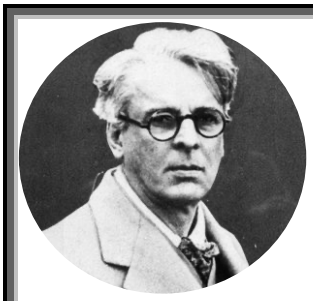
Alas, for Jessie Cameron!—
The sea crept moaning, moaning nigher:
She should have hastened to begone,—
The sea swept higher, breaking by her:
She should have hastened to her home
While yet the west was flushed with fire,
But now her feet are in the foam,
The sea-foam, sweeping higher.
O mother, linger at your door,
And light your lamp to make it plain,
But Jessie she comes home no more,
No more again.

They stood together on the strand,
They only, each by each;
Home, her home, was close at hand,
Utterly out of reach.
Her mother in the chimney nook
Heard a startled sea-gull screech,
But never turned her head to look
Towards the darkening beach:
Neighbours here and neighbours there
Heard one scream, as if a bird
Shrilly screaming cleft the air:—
That was all they heard.

Jessie she comes home no more,
Comes home never;
Her lover's step sounds at his door
No more forever.
And boats may search upon the sea
And search along the river,
But none know where the bodies be:
Sea-winds that shiver,
Sea-birds that breast the blast,
Sea-waves swelling,
Keep the secret first and last
Of their dwelling.

Whether the tide so hemmed them round
With its pitiless flow,
That when they would have gone they found
No way to go;
Whether she scorned him to the last
With words flung to and fro,
Or clung to him when hope was past,
None will ever know:
Whether he helped or hindered her,
Threw up his life or lost it well,
The troubled sea, for all its stir
Finds no voice to tell.

Only watchers by the dying
Have thought they heard one pray
Wordless, urgent; and replying
One seem to say him nay:
And watchers by the dead have heard
A windy swell from miles away,
With sobs and screams, but not a word
Distinct for them to say:
And watchers out at sea have caught
Glimpse of a pale gleam here or there,
Come and gone as quick as thought,
Which might be hand or hair.



W. B. Yeats
(1865 – 1939)

The Death of Cuchulain

A man came slowly from the setting sun,
To Forgail's daughter, Emer, in her dun,
And found her dyeing cloth with subtle care,
And said, casting aside his draggled hair:
" I am Aleel, the swineherd, whom you bid
Go dwell upon the sea cliffs, vapour hid;
But now my years of watching are no more."

Then Emer cast her web upon the floor,
And stretching her arms, red with the dye,
Parted her lips with a loud sudden cry.

Looking on her, Aleel, the swineherd, said:
" Not any god alive, nor mortal dead,
Has slain so mighty armies, so great kings,
Nor won the gold that now Cuchulain brings."

" Why do you tremble thus from feet to crown?"

Aleel, the swineherd, wept and cast him down
Upon the web-heaped floor, and thus his word:
" With him is one sweet-throated like a bird."

" Who bade you tell these things?" and then she cried
To those about, " Beat him with thongs of hide
And drive him from the door." And thus it was:
And where her son, Finmole, on the smooth grass
Was driving cattle, came she with swift feet,
And called out to him, " Son, it is not meet
That you stay idling here with flocks and herds."

" I long have waited, mother, for those words:
But wherefore now?"
There is a man to die;
You have the heaviest arm under the sky."

" My father dwells among the sea-worn bands
And breaks the ridge of battle with his hands."

" Nay, you are taller than Cuchulain, son."

" He is the mightiest man in ship or dun."

" Nay, he is old and sad with many wars,
And weary of the crash of battle cars."

" I only ask what way my journey lies,
For God, who made you bitter, made you wise."

"The Red Branch kings a tireless banquet keep,
Where the sun falls into the Western deep.
Go there, and dwell on the green forest rim;
But tell alone your name and house to him
Whose blade compels, and bid them send you one
Who has a like vow from their triple dun."

Between the lavish shelter of a wood
And the gray tide, the Red Branch multitude
Feasted, and with them old Cuchulain dwelt,
And his young dear one close beside him knelt,
And gazed upon the wisdom of his eyes,
More mournful than the depth of starry skies,
And pondered on the wonder of his days;
And all around the harp-string told his praise,
And Concobar, the Red Branch king of kings,
With his own fingers touched the brazen strings.

At last Cuchulain spake: " A young man strays
Driving the deer along the woody ways.
I often hear him singing to and fro,
I often hear the sweet sound of his bow.
Seek out what man he is."

One went and came.
" He bade me let all know he gives his name
At the sword point, and bade me bring him one
Who had a like vow from our triple dun."

" I only of the Red Branch hosted now,"
Cuchulain cried, " have made and keep that vow."

After short fighting in the leafy shade,
He spake to the young man, " Is there no maid
Who loves you, no white arms to wrap you round,
Or do you long for the dim sleepy ground,
That you come here to meet this ancient sword?"

" The dooms of men are in God's hidden hoard."

" Your head a while seemed like a woman's head
That I loved once."

Again the fighting sped,
But now the war rage in Cuchulain woke,
And through the other's shield his long blade broke,
And pierced him.
" Speak before your breath is done."

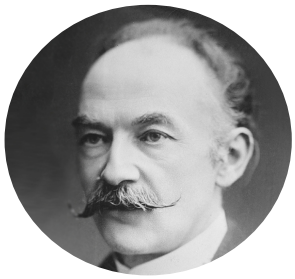
" I am Finmole, mighty Cuchulain's son."

" I put you from your pain. I can no more."

While day its burden on to evening bore,
With head bowed on his knees Cuchulain stayed;
Then Concobar sent that sweet-throated maid,
And she, to win him, his gray hair caressed;
In vain her arms, in vain her soft white breast.
Then Concobar, the subtlest of all men,
Ranking his Druids round him ten by ten,

Spake thus: " Cuchulain will dwell there and brood,
For three days more in dreadful quietude,
And then arise, and raving slay us all.
Go, cast on him delusions magical,
That he may fight the waves of the loud sea."
And ten by ten under a quicken tree,
The Druids chaunted, swaying in their hands
Tall wands of alder, and white quicken wands.

In three days' time, Cuchulain with a moan
Stood up, and came to the long sands alone:
For four days warred he with the bitter tide;
And the waves flowed above him, and he died.



Thomas Hardy
(1840 – 1928)

The Convergence of the Twain

Lines on the loss of the *Titanic*

I

In a solitude of the sea
Deep from human vanity,
And the Pride of Life that planned her, stilly couches she.

II

Steel chambers, late the pyres
Of her salamandrine fires,
Cold currents thrid, and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

III

Over the mirrors meant
To glass the opulent
The sea-worm crawls — grotesque, slimed, dumb, indifferent.

IV

Jewels in joy designed
To ravish the sensuous mind
Lie lightless, all their sparkles bleared and black and blind.

V

Dim moon-eyed fishes near
Gaze at the gilded gear
And query: "What does this vaingloriousness down here?" ...

VI

Well: while was fashioning
This creature of cleaving wing,
The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything

VII

Prepared a sinister mate
For her — so gaily great —
A Shape of Ice, for the time far and dissociate.

VIII

And as the smart ship grew
In stature, grace, and hue,
In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.

IX

Alien they seemed to be;
No mortal eye could see
The intimate welding of their later history,

X

Or sign that they were bent
By paths coincident
On being anon twin halves of one august event,

XI

Till the Spinner of the Years
Said "Now!" And each one hears,
And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres.

John Betjeman
(1906 - 1984)

Death in Leamington

She died in the upstairs bedroom
  By the light of the ev'ning star
That shone through the plate glass window
  From over Leamington Spa

Beside her the lonely crochet
  Lay patiently and unstirred,
But the fingers that would have work'd it
  Were dead as the spoken word.

And Nurse came in with the tea-things
  Breast high 'mid the stands and chairs-
But Nurse was alone with her own little soul,
  And the things were alone with theirs.

She bolted the big round window,
  She let the blinds unroll,
She set a match to the mantle,
  She covered the fire with coal.

And "Tea!" she said in a tiny voice
  "Wake up! It's nearly five"
Oh! Chintzy, chintzy cheeriness,
  Half dead and half alive.

Do you know that the stucco is peeling?
  Do you know that the heart will stop?
From those yellow Italianate arches
  Do you hear the plaster drop?

Nurse looked at the silent bedstead,
  At the gray, decaying face,
As the calm of a Leamington ev'ning
  Drifted into the place.

She moved the table of bottles
  Away from the bed to the wall;
And tiptoeing gently over the stairs
  Turned down the gas in the hall.

Wider reading is important at AS and A Level and you must be a well-read student in order to study English Literature. In order to understand the tragic genre, you must first be able to identify elements of tragedy in texts (prose, plays and poetry.)

Prose	Plays
• *1984*, George Orwell • *A Farewell to Arms, Ernst Hemingway* • *A Kestrel for a Knave*, Barry Hines • *Anna Karenina*, Leo Tolstoy • *Atonement,* Ian McEwan • *Enduring Love*, Ian McEwan • *Flowers of Algernon*, Daniel Keyes • *Frankenstein*, Mary Shelley • *Gone Girl*, Gillian Flynn • *Grapes of Wrath*, John Steinbeck • *Great Expectations,* Charles Dickens • *Heart of Darkness*, Joseph Conrad • *Jane Eyre,* Charlotte Bronte • *Leaving Time,* Jodi Picoult • *Little Women,* Louisa Alcott • *Lolita*, Vladimir Nabokov • *Mansfield Park,* Jane Austen • *Never Let Me Go*, Kazuo Ishiguro • *Pride and Prejudice*, Jane Austen • *Sense and Sensibility,* Jane Austen • *Tender is the Night*, F. Scott Fitzgerald • *Tess o thef D'Urbervilles*, Thomas Hardy • *The Beautiful and the Damned*, F. Scott Fitzgerald • *The Color Purple*, Alice Walker • *The Grapes of Wrath*, F. Scott Fitzgerald • *The Handmaid's Tale,* Margaret Attwood • *The Hate You Give, Angie Thomas* • *The Help, Kathryn Stockett* • *The Kite Runner*, Khaled Hosseini • *The Mill on the Floss,* George Ellot • *The Remains of the Day,* Kazuo Ishiguro • *The Scarlet Letter,* Nathaniel Hawthorne • *The Sun Also Rises,* Ernest Hemingway • *The Yellow Wallpaper, Charlotte Perkins Gilman* • *Things Fall Apart,* Chinua Achebe • *To Kill A Mockingbird*, Harper Lee • *To the Lighthouse,* Virginia Woolf • *Wide Sargasso Sea*, Jean Rhys • *Wuthering Heights*, Emily Bronte • *What Maisie Knew,* Henry James	• *'Night Mother,* Marsha Norman • *A Doll's House*, Henrik Ibsen • *A Raisin in the Sun, Lorraine Hansbury* • *A Streetcar Named Desire,* Tennessee Williams • *A View from a Bridge*, Arthur Miller • *A Woman Killed with Kindness, Thomas Heywood* • *All My Sons*, Arthur Miller • *Anthony and Cleopatra*, William Shakespeare • *Bent,* Martin Sherman • *Blood Brothers, Willy Russell* • *Cat on A Hot Tin Roof*, Tennessee Williams • *Dr Faustus*, Christopher Marlowe • *Fences,* August Wilson • *Hamlet*, William Shakespeare • *Hedda Gabler,* Henrik Ibsen • *Jerusalem*, Jezz Butterworth • *Julius Caesar*, William Shakespeare • *King Lear,* William Shakespeare • *Long Day's Journey into Night*, Eugene O'Neill • *Look Back in Anger,* John Osborne • *Macbeth*, William Shakespeare • *Oedipus Rex*, Sophocles • *Richard II,* William Shakespeare • *Romeo and Juliet*, William Shakespeare • *That Face,* Polly Stenham • *The Duchess of Malfi,* John Webster • *The Glass Menagerie,* Tennessee Williams • *The Home Place,* Brian Friel • *Wit,* Margaret Edson

Applying your Learning: Tragic Prose and Plays

Choose 7 prose texts and 7 plays from the above list to read during the Summer Holidays. In the table below, fill in the findings from your reading. Be prepared to discuss this upon return to College.

Prose Selection	Summary of the Novel:	Links to the Tragic Genre:
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		

Play Selection	Summary of the Play:	Links to the Tragic Genre:
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		