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APPENDICES

There are four appendices, the first two being journals, the third consisting of the recreative output of children in the form of transcripts of cassette-recordings and photocopies of written work and the fourth comprising the aims of the Classical Studies department at Dinnington Comprehensive School along with story outlines of Greek mythical material used in Years One to Three.

APPENDIX ONE: Journal Describing the Creative Output of Young Children.

APPENDIX TWO: Journal Describing the Recreative Interpretations Based upon Greek Mythical Storylines.

APPENDIX THREE: Examples of the Recreative Interpretations of Children Aged Eleven to Seventeen.

APPENDIX FOUR: Classical Studies at Dinnington Comprehensive School: Aims and Story Outlines.

APPENDIX ONE

Extracts from The Researcher's Journal: Observation of Young  
Children's Storytellings and Dramatic Activity  
(March 1974 - May 1979)

Subjects     Richard     (D.O.B. 15.1.72)  
                  Tamsin     (D.O.B. 10.4.74)  
                  Jack        (D.O.B. 8.7.77)

INTRODUCTION

The extracts from the researcher's journal that are included below trace the development of three of his children over a period of five years in terms of their responses to storytellings, their creation of storylines and their improvisation of dramatic situations.

They are both a record, carefully observed, of significant moments in the children's creative development at home and on holiday and, increasingly, as awareness developed in the researcher of the significances of what they were doing, a series of analyses about creativity in children as shown by the three activities referred to above. In some instances, the researcher himself can be seen to have participated in the activities and even to have initiated some of them. In others he has simply observed and analysed unnoticed the spontaneous creativity of the children.

The researcher was at all times aware of his responsibility as a parent to foster the development of his children, including the obligation not only to allow them autonomy of free play in a safe environment but also to give them sufficient guidance by linguistic input through, for example, storytelling and by the provision of stimulating materials for them to make full use of the

autonomy. The bare record of extracts may seem to imply that the children were overdirected. This may or may not have been the case, but many occasions on which free play occurred have not been included, thus directing the record towards a particular end.

The particular end in question was partly dictated by the researcher's other rôle - as a teacher. It was also dictated by the researcher's belief as a human being that all people have creative propensities that should be developed. His particular occupation (as a teacher) and social rôle (as a parent) have given him a particularly fruitful, wide-ranging and important field in which to put into practice this belief.

His occupation, as a teacher of children aged eleven to fourteen, was particularly important, since he could observe the effect of storytelling on such children and compare results with those he was observing in his own, much younger children. In fact, the creative tension between the two rôles, as a teacher and as a parent, were responsible for the thought-processes and the work which has resulted in the thesis of which this is an appendix, as the introduction to the thesis as a whole has argued more fully. The extracts from this journal and those from the second journal, which records storytelling sessions and subsequent improvisatory activity by children aged eleven to fourteen, show the beginnings of these thought-processes in the mind of the researcher. They began with considerations on creativity in young children and, as the extracts show, have gone on to analyse in depth the processes of creative reenactment in the much older children who are the subjects of the main thesis.

EXTRACTS

South Anston

20.3.1974

... So full of words, so bursting to find out everything there is ... unceasingly inventive he makes balls dance, face-flannels become blankets for empty Fairy Liquid bottles, books talk.

Llanelli

5.8.1974

... I have noted down some of the imaginative ideas of Richard about The Forest.

Llanelli

7.8.1974

Richard doing shopping. He wears an old, tartan handbag round his neck and in his arms cradles a huge red balloon advertising smoked salmon. His wares consist of four fir-cones, or "cone-ferns", as he so drolly put it yesterday. Everything costs forty pence. Granny is amused. She is a fellow shopkeeper.

The Forest. I take mental notes on Richard's progress. He has progressed from fantasy to commerce, from the world of gentle imagination to hard fact. There is an odd parallelism between his play and the places we visit, the people we meet. My mother, your mother. They have impressed themselves on his young mind. He fantasises about them, copes with them, tries to imitate.

South Anston

25.8.1974

The Forest. When I have time I will write about The Forest. Richard is inventing The Forest. We won't though, let it go too far.

South Anston

10.9.1974

I went down to the library again to browse. I found the Epic of Gilgamesh and flicked through. Enkidu, Enlil, Gilgamesh himself. Exciting, concerned with myth. To my pleasure there was a whole chapter about THE FOREST! The link. Richard. Stories centred on The Forest, The Cave perhaps, The Sky, The Water ...

South Anston

5.10.1974

"About the Forest". Richard sits, my attention absolute, and tells me parables. Some parcels, green parcels and people, red men in The Forest. I am made to climb a ladder with a basket for cherries. As he sits I stretch out my hands to pluck from the imaginary boughs the fruits he dictates - cherries, apples, pears. He begins to pick them too, still seated, solemnly. We are both in a complicity of concentrated silence. There is something about this dramatic act of storytelling, something significant I can't quite explain.

Swanland

2.4.1975

John remarked over breakfast on Richard's advances in expression, advances I had hardly noticed because of the fact that language development is a gradual accumulation of vocabulary, syntax and grammar and those in close contact with the child over a long period can easily miss certain vital stages. John noticed the ease with which the perfect tense was managed and also the addition of the pluperfect. He even noticed subjunctives. I suppose, though, that Richard is now well on towards very good expression. His sentence structure has elements of adult flexibility that were missing a few months ago. I half-seriously said that I wished I

had used a tape-recorder to catch various stages. Then I wondered why. At least I have recorded certain developments in this diary.

Richard chubby-cheeks in purple bed-clothes; having a rest, talking to himself about a hotch-potch of experiences.

Tamsin squatting over a water-biscuit, pointing occasionally with a rigid index-finger; "ich-ich-da-da!" like bubbles in a fountain.

South Anston

4.5.1975

Richard in the bath chortling about baby sharks as he manipulates a constructional bath-toy resembling in finished state a fish. His fantasies range unashamedly from the sea to motor-vehicles. Transitions we would find forced he manages with unthinking ease.

South Anston

5.6.1975

"Lurfa, the warm": "Rush thrush": "Antigrate". Richard's inventions, sensational discoveries no bald record of which can do credit. The mind boggles at the uncorrupted, wildly free imagination of children that forces those of us who have been straightjacketed into rigid ways of thinking to look freshly at old objects.

Tenby

30.5.1975

Scorching hot this afternoon with Tamsin by the Albert Statue. Cool sanction of the museum, Tamsin mistaking a stuffed fox for one of her "do's".

Tenby

1.8.1975

Richard fantasising down the street with his orange spade. The Umble-Bumble Fruit. Fred, Blackbird, Monkey, The Boy, Seed, Tree, Straight. Fred can't reach golden fruit. Ladder. Still fails. Blackbird helps. Can't peck stalk. Monkey climbs. Can't pull stalk free. Night. Next day wind blowing. Fruit turning

red. Falls into prepared net. Fruit too tough to eat. The Boy helps. Brings Barbeque to cook fruit. Sizzles. Tasty. One black seed for them to plant in The Boy's garden.

Richard's creative powers. I can't think of any specific antecedent for that story. What would Lévi-Strauss say?!

Richard's capacity for surprise is exemplified by his insistence on having an umbrella from the shop instead of all the books we would have showered him with. The umbrella bright and flowery with a painted handle and spokes tipped in white plastic. We were unjust in not allowing him to choose for himself. He was so pleased when we bought it. It has supplanted his orange spade as the favourite standard for marching through the streets with as he tells his stories.

Swanland

24.8.1975

Richard bouncing from toe to toe humming loudly in imitation of a bee.

Tamsin flexing her vocal chords. She can say "John" now. Now she's put the stopper in, fore-finger and index-finger of the right hand, covering it with her other arm in characteristically ingenuous way. She is enclosed into herself and free from correction or criticism. I wonder what is going on in her mind?

An eiderdown serves as the sea. Richard leaping into it inventing games, Tamsin bobbing behind like a blue cork. Clothes thrown off the chair (our clothes!), initiated by Tamsin, eyes big, Sky-blue. Richard calls the clothes "rubbish". Tamsin loses interest. Richard becomes steadily more boisterous. We suggest he becomes a beachcomber. He's making a rock-pool out of a pair of jeans. Now he's living in a light house - with the light at the bottom. "I've got my sea-comber (a shirt): dash over into the house, Tamsin!"



A series of sighing noises like the sea. We merely made a suggestion. He did all the rest. All the story came from him.

Worksop

4.11.1975

Tamsin singing "Mum-um-um" in a mixture of sadness and contentment as she falls asleep.

Richard chanting: "Doo-by-dy-droh" on and on. His vocabulary is good but he still loves chanting apparently meaningless slogans. I wonder what need it is in him? Is it simple satisfaction at repetition of sounds, or is he searching for more?

Worksop

16.11.1975

Yesterday Richard drove Tamsin in the push-along brick-box, first of all "to Manchester", then "to Switzerland" and finally "to Woodsetts". All round the breakfast-room carpet he plunged, carefully avoiding the baroque brick-structures he had made, time and time again.

Worksop

23.11.1975

Richard's "tent", a massive construction of chairs surmounted by the dreaded red blanket. Inside a complex of imaginary apartments with tidy piles of toys all jealously guarded from the acquisitive fingers of Tamsin. He wants to leave his tent all day, all night, forever - to be returned to at will.

Worksop

30.11.1975

We made a fire-engine out of an empty wine-box ... Richard had the idea of using for headlamps a couple of cardboard squares that had dropped to the floor in our fury of cutting ... Richard and Tamsin drove in it, putting out fires all over the world.

Worksop

28.12.1975

They have begun to play together, especially in the mornings, Tamsin penned up in her cot, Richard sprawled on his bed or propped up on the white toy-boxes that he has ingeniously moved alongside her cot from their adultly-unimaginative position next to the window.

Worksop

3.2.1976

Richard and Tamsin singing. "Bye Bye Baby Baby Bye Bye", Richard assertive, Tamsin in tentative, shrill harmony, gaining in confidence as she gains his approval. For ten minutes they are friends, squeezing sponges in the bath and fantasising over an empty yoghurt-carton. Richard is telling a story about red-hot water and a railway. Tamsin is vociferating what I take to be happiness. Richard puts on his wavery sad voice, then his assertive one in a dialogue with himself, between himself and his fantasy. "Bye Bye Baby" repeated.

Llanelli

20.4.1976

Richard is wallowing in the bath with his fantasies that seem too private to intrude upon.

Worksop

5.6.1976

Richard is going through some Samurai ritual with his new plastic sword and sheath. It's astonishing how a child like him with little experience of the world accepts the convention of using the sword for imaginary games and works out a stylistic series of gestures quite unconsciously. He is, I am perfectly sure, telling himself a story all the time. An interesting line of thought for a thesis on storytelling!?

Worksop

6.6.1976

Tamsin is pottering in the sand pit her lips moving in some secret story, whilst Richard "sings" over his breakfast, a cardboard cut-out of Asterix before him, his newly-painted sword at his right hand.

Worksop

14.7.1976

Richard's play. We had tickets, numbered seats, drawn curtains and silence as he concealed himself behind the French-window curtains. Then suddenly a stylised giant with outstretched arms stood first first in awful silhouette, then stumbled towards the acting area amidst ferocious grunts and started to wrestle with an imaginary foe. Somehow during his progress he had magically become transformed so that as he fought he now represented Jack against an invisible giant. Several grunts and Bam! Biffs! later he announced his success. The giant was dead. We clapped. It was a marvellous performance. Is this what Ted Hughes means in his article about "The Iron Man" when he talks about coming to terms with "devils" inside us and acting out stated fears and other emotions? There seems to be some link. Interestingly Richard was the storyteller, the story having been initially told to him as a play and later (more recently) by me as a bedtime story.

Tamsin was not allowed to join in - until we persuaded him to allow her. She was overjoyed and followed him everywhere. He made her the giant, then the princess. Her rôle did not matter. What mattered to her was the fact of participation in an event which she found exciting and stimulating.

Worksop

19.7.1976

Missy Mobby is Tamsin's game. She dresses outrageously, perhaps in a towel and certainly in a pair of her mother's shoes to teeter wincingly to Richard's encouragement round the kitchen or into the lounge.

"One Day ..." with the emphasis on "Day", Tamsin at her story. Like Richard's "Forest", but less intensely serious - There is an element of humour, a joking that he never associated with his Woody privacy.

Llanwrtyd

28.7.1976

Tamsin telling fantastical stories. Now they are playing together building stories and trains and hospitals out of stools, bedclothes and their own ideas. They need a bit of this side of drama, the working out of fears.

"Woody's a parcel! Woody's a parcel!" squeaks Tamsin. "Dubby! Dubby! Dubby! Dubby! Dubby! Dubby!"

"Look! Me and Tamsin are parcels. Tamsin get it over your head". Richard egging her on. "We need a pillow." Now they are on the point of quarrelling.

Clumber Park

17.8.1976

One branch of a storm-damaged maple lay on its side at the base of the mother-tree. Various games we played, culminating in the construction of an imaginary engine in which Tamsin took a major part. I was really glad, particularly since she is a girl. She had authentic muck on her face and bent to her tasks with a will. Why should boys be allowed to do all the interesting activities and games, while girls are supposed to stay at their prams.

Worksop

15.10.1976

Richard wielding his plastic guerilla-gun takes on Carver Doone single-handed, then in the guise of Robin Hood pursues the Sheriff of Nottingham round the breakfast-room and into the kitchen. We can't quite decide whether having a gun increases his aggression or sublimates it into the realm of a symbolic defence-mechanism against the demands of a confusing world. Richard and Tamsin fight over their respective personae of John Ridd, Tom Faggus, Jeremy Stickles and anyone else in the fiction that pleases them.

Worksop

30.10.1976

Upsy Bunny consists of a child (usually Tamsin) sitting on its stool saying "Upsy Bunny go to town ..." followed by what started as a story but later convention has converted into a mouthful of ritualised nonsense.

Stewart and Michael are Richard and Tamsin's alter egos in games of the imagination.

Worksop

31.10.1976

"We're going to do incredibly silly things, very silly things! Br-r-rm, Br-r-rm ... a flying lorry." Richard's imagination.

Worksop

30.11.1976

"Up the mountain!" "Quick!" "The rope!" "Throw down the rope!" "I can't get up!" The staccato of exclamations ricocheting off the banisters and walls. Tamsin big-eyed on tiptoe laboriously working her way up some imaginary rock face. Richard more confident, competing to ascend the obstacles first.

This game, originally designed to coax Tamsin's reluctant footsteps upstairs, has taken on the dimensions of a mystery superceding "The Forest" in the imaginative development of our children. It's imagined world, in the control of children, can impinge on the everyday world. Late for work I rush past. Tamsin cries "The rope! The rope!" I have to pause, aim and hurl the rope down to her and carefully take the tension of her slowly ascending form. Is she testing me? Am I hoist by my own petard?

Worksop

2.12.1976

"It's my importantly!" Tamsin beetles her brows at the hostile world of her covetous brother, clasping an empty carrier-bag to her chest. When granny was here her handbag was Tamsin's "importantly". What a convenient set of labels children have!

Worksop

12.12.1976

Richard making a "pop-rifle" out of a cork, a rubber band, a length of string and his sword. He has calmed himself to the task after having been awoken by his fears. I think he needs straw-gods as symbols to tilt his fears at. Bruno Bettelheim's book on this subject will be interesting to read on this subject.

Tamsin manipulates her yellow, plastic hammer in counterpart to her pursed lips' hiss. She has baked us some fantasy tarts already and presented them on little, plastic plates. Now her hammer is a screw-driver drilling "oil" into the pillow.

Worksop

28.12.1976

Richard and his ranging imagination. Daddies and Mummies. I'm the grandpa. This must be a universal game. Why? The need to cope with inexplicable everyday life? Yes, but more, included

in which is a desire to continue the line, to propagate with the imagination more than exists.

Worksop

1.1.1977

Tamsin is lying on her side talking to the Fisher-Price school-house. She has been building tall towers of people with cubes of Lego.

Worksop

2.1.1977

Quite a lot of drama today. Acting out Goldilocks and the Three Bears, Red Riding Hood (Tamsin clad in white, woolly hat). Richard on one occasion taking the part of Baby Bear with the special, mechanical stress both he and Tamsin give to baby-talk.

Worksop

8.1.1977

Tamsin is like Richard in her concern with dramatic fantasy. Today I took my usual rôle of "Garrett" while Tamsin took hers of "Michael" and Panda took Richard's rôle of "Stewart".

Worksop

22.1.1977

We took the children to watch "Toad of Toad Hall" today. Richard was enthralled. Tamsin like a sponge soaked up every drop of theatrical ichor. She reminded me of Richard in her responses.

Worksop

5.2.1977

Richard and Tamsin are painting "beautiful" pictures, Richard's of "anything" and "everything in the world", Tamsin's of a "storm". The activity is accompanied by dialogue and deep breathing. I feel a blissful sense of calm.

Worksop

16.2.1977

This morning the whole gamut of fairy-stories, dramatic reenactments with Richard and Tamsin. Magical the chemistry of Tamsin and the "Woluff"! Richard interestingly was upset when I suggested that he should take a turn as the wolf. He was eager to be the hero, Jack - woodcutter - prince, the factors of ritualised violence on the side of good. Some link with Bettelheim.

Worksop

6.3.1977

Tamsin squatting in fantasy-land with cars, garage, airport and blonde self, puts on a variety of voices.

Worksop

20.4.1977

Richard on the floor wrestles with his cars and fantasies, rolling now supine, now prone, now arms a-kimbo until all outside worlds have gyrated out of his sphere. He is self-enclosed.

Worksop

10.6.1977

Do children differentiate at all between myth, legend, folk-tale and fairy-story? Are the delineations valid?

My indications this morning tend to indicate No! I was playing with Richard and Tamsin. Allowing their imaginations "free" rein (within the context of their experience of stories and having lived in the world and within the limitations I as an adult have imposed) was very interesting.

We started with Indians, an idea prompted by Tamsin's imaginative use of a duster. She improvised with it round her head. I had the idea of an Indian and tied it round her head. The drama developed. Tamsin's fears came to the surface in the shape of



fierce wolves (some connection with Red Riding Hood here?), which she and I as Indians had to chase. (Earlier this morning Tamsin had come to breakfast clutching her knee. A wolf was actually biting her. We adults tend to dismiss this sort of thing, but in Tamsin's mind the wolf was real.) We made an imaginary wig-wam behind the settee.

Richard joined in. Bricks in the trolley served as food. Guns were provided (his idea) and Richard and Tamsin under the names of Robin Hood and Friar Tuck (the intrusion of legend?) guarded the entrance. I was given charge of the imaginary baby called Garrett and, as I rocked and cradled it, was reminded of a T.V. programme about Dorothy Heathcote amongst mentally handicapped adults. She talked about "being", for example, the person holding a baby, an action that would draw others no matter how handicapped into the charmed circle of this kind of dramatic activity. The same with children. We fed the baby, protected it and lit fires both to cook food by and to drive away Tamsin's wolves.

I spotted Gisborne. We pursued him. He had stolen Robin Hood's chest of gold from the cave under our corner cupboard. By now I had become Little John. We caught Gisborne by trickery under the dining-table which served now as a prison. Once locked in I felt a sense of relief until I realised that Tamsin was allowing her mind to leap ahead. Gisborne was escaping and every time I put him back Tamsin made him escape. Was it an expression of her fears?

It was instructive observing their dramatic activities and participating in them. It makes me think about "myth". Surely the story element is the most important. Children (as Herbert Kohl noticed in "36 Children") mix up every sort of influence into their own creation, their own experience of relevance, their

own world. This is important in any exploration of categories.

My own contribution is in the link between muthos and drama, storytelling stimulus (even if not in words; a duster, for example, serving as an Indian headband) leading to dramatic activity.

On "Woman's Hour" this afternoon I heard an interesting contribution from a headteacher in Manchester (of a comprehensive that lays emphasis on creative activity). He maintained that creative activities (art, drama, music) give children a chance, not afforded by other subjects, to express their individuality. I agree.

Workshop

11.6.1977

Richard is tense with excitement, on the edge of his seat. Batman means a great deal to him, more than merely an exciting tale on which to project hopes and fears. It is also an exemplar, a mentor to his own lack of perfection. Batman is perfect, vying with Asterix, Robin Hood and others, but always coming out on top.

Workshop

25.6.1977

Tamsin's fantasies are in full swing like Richard's at the same age. She likes to assemble a chance array of little objects and build a story round them. I found her standing on her bed stage-managing one of the Greek dolls Granny gave her and the pottery giraffe ornament. Her stage was the windowsill. Incongruous juxtaposition of tiny giraffe and huge doll. I can't remember the story she told. It was about The Sea. For the giraffe she put on a high-pitched little voice, her attempt at characterisation, and came out with one delightful phrase "the crossly giraffe". Somehow her use of the adverb added something essential to the whole activity. Perhaps it was the attempt at self-expression, the raw words into

language, which is both personal and aiming towards communication with others in a common language (English). She seemed to be using language in a "primitive" sense, discovering it for the first time. Since it was unique and new to her it was in an absolute sense new and unique. The poet. The use of language developing with the emergence of drama from muthos.

I take issue with John Allen who claims that little children dressing up do not characterise. I dispute that anyway, but when they are enacting a story with their own bodies (e.g. Little Red Riding Hood, Goldilocks) or through puppetry of toys or objects, they certainly do characterise. This is proven by the different voices they affect and by the stories the improvised puppetry become involved in. I know that I have led them carefully through my storytelling, but surely that influence is not imposition alone.

Llanelli

13.8.1977

Tamsin is sitting in the bath filling containers with water. She is making "sherry" which from time to time I am exhorted to "taste". Oloroso, luncheon dry meted out with the same poker-faced concern. The interesting thing is the double standard children have. They are perfectly aware that the liquid is not sherry, nor could it by any action on their part become the sherry grown-ups drink, but their fantasy makes it "sherry" in all seriousness. This makes me lean towards theories that postulate two levels of development, the rational and the mythical, both separate yet inextricably linked.

Worksop

9.10.1977

Tamsin has joined us and in imitation of a baby-drooling adult croons platitudes at baby Jack. She says his rosy face is a tomato, his body the seed, then wanders off into the jargon of

her private languages.

Worksop

21.10.1977

Sitting in the bathroom listening to Richard and Tamsin at play. Humming, contented noises punctuated by the occasional splash, as one fantastical object becomes transformed by magical storytelling into an underwater creature or a bird flying over the surface of the sea.

Worksop

24.10.1977

Did some drama this morning, acting out stories of T.V. productions. Started with "Treasure Island", despite my doubts on suitability. Squabbling over who should play Jim, so we had two, Jim hiding in the cellar (Tamsin) and Jim in the apple-barrel (Richard). I took all the other parts, including Long John Silver with Jack as my parrot!

We then tried "Eagle of the North", a much easier medium in so far as there are twin protagonists in Marcus and Esca. I did all the less attractive parts. Richard and Tamsin loved it. I realised on reflection that it is a less frightening tale than "Treasure Island", especially as shown in the T.V. version. I am aware of my responsibility. Am I terrifying Tamsin with stories that are too gruesome?

They do love dramatic activity based on stories. They seem to automatically translate a storytelling into drama. The only real problem I foresee for my examination of and justification for what I do at school is the question of whether classical myth is a superior vehicle for the process (in which case the danger of élitism looms large) or, as I suspect, it is just another means, whose predominance in our culture is perhaps only justified

for the reason that it is there historically. Nonetheless, classical myth does deal in large, clearly-structured issues and drama does follow on from it.

Worksop

30.10.1977

Our children's fantasies go back into mythical time, beyond their own births. They have had many lives, as Robin Hood, as a Roman. They reinvent "The Forest" over and over all over again.

I invented a myth with my brother as a child. We drew a huge map of "Molyland" with all the places in minute detail. We told each other many stories, excluding other people except in rare moments. There was a strong sense of good and evil, a place called the "Willemeno Cove" being the base of the "Naughty Bunnies". Heroes such as "Glossman Gloop" had extravagant adventures.

I'm sure all children would invent myths, if encouraged. Perhaps they do, anyway, excluding others as my brother and I did. There is a propensity in humans.

Worksop

10.11.1977

Richard has the wind-up frog in the bath, Tamsin is putting the plastic dolphin through a variety of contortions and exercises. There is a continual hum of intoned story ... Richard is in outer space with an empty foam-bottle as rocket. He invites Tamsin, frog and fish to join him.

Worksop

14.11.1977

My mythology. All excluded apart from my brother. Like Richard and Tamsin in-creative dialectic. Their Michael and Stuart

roles remind me of me and my brother. From the initial coming together of two minds (with affected personae) radiates a whole creative world.

It is interesting that the simplest method (in my view) of starting drama, certainly with 11-13 year olds, is to present a story with an argument, clearly-defined, between two characters. From this can radiate a wide range of ideas.

This, in essence, is what Homer appears to have done in the "Iliad" - the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon in Book I - Homer choosing the most effective method and story for his theme.

It seems to be the same in Sophocles (Antigone and Creon in "Antigone", etc.).

This puts me in mind of two great story themes.

- (i) The quarrel (e.g. "Iliad" Book I)
- (ii) The journey (e.g. Oedipus, Odysseus)

We are all in search of ourselves, but in finding ourselves we need the creative spur of other people and so (i) and (ii) come together. This is as true of Greek myth as it is of 11-13 year olds, as it was for me and my brother in our fantasies, and as it is now for Richard and Tamsin in their rudimentary oral tradition together.

Worksop

10.1.1978

Tamsin was putting on an ugly face. I beckoned. "Who are you?" I asked. "Hercules" she whispered without a moment's hesitation. I believed her. I had to. She was. Children, at that age at least, are what they say they are. They inhabit a flexible world. Their imaginative leaps can create worlds. Tamsin had assimilated the Hercules story I had recently read to them. It was now hers.

Richard sometimes says what happened in his other lives. Yesterday he said that "at the beginning of the world only he and Tamsin existed". A prosaic explanation would be that he was going back, perhaps through jealousy, to the time before Jack was born. There are anyway limitations, I suppose, of memory. Beyond that soars the imagination. This applies to "The Forest", validated by Tolkien as an archetype, Richard's special fantasy. Tamsin has hers. She clung to Hercules yesterday and, quite spontaneously said "Let's make up a play". She could see the natural follow-up to a story.

Worksop

16.2.1978

Jack has begun to vocalise.

Worksop

29.3.1978

Tamsin is living in fantasy-land, shrewdly stage-managed by Richard. With a bat-mask on her face she is fearless and shouts. It protects her insecurity and allows her to project. She has something to pin her ideals to.

Worksop

15.4.1978

Jack is carrying on a dialogue with the washing-machine, one of his favourite play-places. He stands, grasping the central door-panel and looks at his reflected face. He engages in a variety of vociferations: (i) ba-ba-ba (ii) ma-ma-ma (iii) spitting sounds, all experimented with in terms of loud and soft, rhythm and speed.

Was he simply practising these sounds or was he being creative? I believe the latter. He was telling a story, developing his intellect at the same time as developing his powers to express what his intellect could conjure up. The first stage on a long imaginative

journey.

Worksop

23.4.1978

Tamsin has a fantasy game called "The Factory" which she plays in the sand-pit. It consists of digging, hacking, building excavating with a continual commentary. It is roughly equivalent to Richard's "The Forest".

Worksop

25.4.1978

"Speculative imagination". I thought of the phrase last night as I read some current research on "Play". The article was full of references to "rôle-play", but included "Bat-man"-inspired fantasy as a sub-category. I'm not so sure. I can't see much "rôle-play" in Richard or Tamsin, except as a basis for "speculative" play. They have "rôle-play" figures as a sort of vocabulary for their dramatic, speculative language.

I read "The Gingerbread Man" to the children. Tamsin said "it is true, it must have happened in another life three thousand years ago". Richard added, "his legs were two thousand metres long; and his body was the same". Is this "speculative imagination"?

Worksop

29.6.1978

Jack is vocalising in the bath, playing with the dolphin toy and a plastic container. The former serves the same function as a duck Richard had. He talks to it dramatically. The story is meaningful to him.

Worksop

23.7.1978

Perhaps Richard's "other lives" express the desire through repetition to cope with the intensity of existence. Superheroes



offer not only an escape from the mundane and intensely painful world, but also a reaffirmation of it. Perhaps too the development of reasoning is facilitated through fantasy.

Fantasy needs control. It is what Brecht saw. The need for the actor to distance self from part, alienation. Children have natural checks. A fantasy can be in full swing, absorption apparently total, when the child suddenly says something prosaic.

Llanelli

6.8.1978

Tamsin found various accoutrements in Kath's old room. These consisted of a mob-cap, a chestnut-coloured hair-piece. She placed the latter over the top dome of her forehead and secured it in place with the mob-cap. Although several strands of blonde hair poked through, the effect was magical. She was what she said she was, a succession of characters, Missy Mobby, Missy Ladybird, Missy Hooton. Gradually the game developed into a series of surprise tricks. She remained "Missy" and pretended that Tamsin was somewhere else, then finally and suddenly, snatching the disguise from her head, shouted, "It's Tamsin!".

Richard and Tamsin have made up an imaginary character called Nick Lois, who is, I think, although as a grown-up I am excluded, an amalgam of two boys, both called Nicholas, that they met at Llanwryted. The creation is a clown figure with dark undertones.

We found a frog in the swimming-pool at Llanwryted before breakfast one day. From this Tamsin's frog-fantasy developed (shades of Aristophanes?!). She would screw up her nose and affect a high-pitched fantasy voice as she pushed through the water, shoulders hunched over the blue and yellow inflated ring that supported her. Perhaps she was trying catharsis of water-fears, the fear, once

assimilated through the story she was telling, becoming a means of learning and of widening experience.

Llanelli

9.8.1978

Richard, Tamsin and I have been acting out Rumpelstiltskin. It was only through dramatic reenactment that I realised that one person has to take the part of the miller's daughter (central focal point), whereas the other parts could all be taken by only one other person. I also discovered that through the repetition Tamsin was learning the story (and the rhyme).

We also played a game in the upturned long stool serving as a boat. We went through the hall as an island and up the stairs as a mountain. Jack joined in. It was his introduction to improvisation, I suppose.

Worksop

9.10.1978

I'm sitting as Jack plays in the bath. He is making high-pitched sounds as he taps bath-toys together in syncopated rhythms. I am sure he is telling some sort of story.

Worksop

16.12.1978

Tamsin and Jack in the bath, Tamsin stirring potions in a pot, yet actually stirring water in the plastic bucket. "Dracleen" is a word she has just coined, "the other word for body". She is acutely aware of language, manipulating it overtly. Richard was always more secretive, assimilating and transforming it into imaginary worlds that were more complete when presented. Tamsin's imaginative power is no less. Her "Dead Sea of England" epic stories are like his stories about "The Forest", elemental and beyond time.

Worksop

27.12.1978

Tamsin and I have been telling each other stories. Hers was about princes and wizards and turning a tower into a frog! Richard came in half-way through. He only wants to dramatise actively and, at the moment, with his friends' actual names. He has invented a super-heroic gang called "Wonderboys". Influence of T.V.? There must be a link somewhere between how my children behave in fantasy games and my mode of storytelling that leads to dramatic activity with the 11-13 year olds at school.

Worksop

21.2.1979

A couple of evenings ago Jack improvised an interesting piece of baby-drama. He strutted up to Kath holding a green head-scarf. This he pulled over his head and shoulders in the manner of a coat and clutching it tightly with one hand at the neck he waved with the other hand, reiterating "bye-bye, bye-bye!" as he did so. Then he turned and made for the dining-room table. As he rounded it he started to whimper quietly as if unhappy. Then as he saw the end of the circuit in sight he started whooping with joy and arms outstretched. This involved dropping the green scarf. Then he rushed into Kath's arms. Was he working out his fear of being left? He was doing it in dramatic story form, anyway.

Worksop

14.5.1979

Richard and Tamsin are still at the bottom of the garden spinning fantasies. Jack is fitting tops together in the bath. His vocabulary has developed considerably. He has been telling stories incessantly. He intones "Cow gone, a-gone, bye bye cow".

A beautifully modulated double octave is his forte! It runs from "a-" right up in pitch to "gone". There must be significance in that. It perhaps coincides in some sort of rôle-separation, the low pitch being the rudimentary expression of one character, the high-pitch representing a second, quite distinct one. I have noticed certainly Tamsin at a similar age actually inventing characters in a dialogue, one with low-pitched expression, the other with high. It seems to be some sort of story that links it all together.

APPENDIX TWO

Journal Describing the Recreative Interpretations Based Upon  
Greek Mythical Storylines (February 1977 - November 1977)

In this journal are recorded a selection of my observations as a teacher of Classical Studies using Greek mythic storylines as a medium for the general educational aims set out in Appendix Four. The journal covers a period of nine months when the ideas that have resulted in the writing of this thesis began to germinate as a result of the interaction between my experiences as a parent, some of which are described in the journal that constitutes Appendix One, and my role as a teacher. This interaction is described and explained in the Introduction to this thesis.

The extracts from my journal cover all the major mythic storylines that comprise the Classical Studies Course at Dinington Comprehensive School - Troy, Odysseus, Theseus, Thebes and Jason, the outlines of each (apart from the Theban story, which is included in the analyses in Chapter Six) being included in Appendix Four.

BIRTH OF OEDIPUS

Told to Three Groups

22.2.1977

(a) 2nd Year Remedial Group (b) 2nd average (c) 2nd "bright"

- Story:
- (i) Oracle's message to Laius. "He will murder his father"
  - (ii) Birth of Oedipus - Laius' dilemma.
  - (iii) Baby given to shepherd of Thebes to dispose of.
  - (iv) Shepherd pins baby's feet, cannot kill, and passes it on to Shepherd of Corinth.
  - (v) Shepherd of Corinth takes baby home to wife. They name it "swollen-foot" (Oedipus)

The idea of birth and a discussion of it in general was attractive. A certain amount of giggling soon passed.

The idea of a baby boy murdering his father some found amusing. There is no reason why the humour should not be played up. Storytelling must avoid excessive solemnity. Neither must it trivialise, of course.

Nice balanced dilemma: (a) Laius needs a son to secure his line

set against (b) His son will kill him.

Therefore another dilemma (a) does he kill and obey gods, but deny own advantage and feelings?  
(b) does he not kill and obey no gods?

One intelligent youth, when we were discussing this, said no dilemma existed, because Laius' wife Jocasta was already pregnant. It was decided already.

Noticeably a lot of children immediately realised that the solution to this dilemma lay in Laius killing his own child, if that was a solution at all.

The whole question of feelings came in, especially with regard to Jocasta. How did she feel? One presents this as her dilemma (a) Her natural feeling as a mother is to save her son (b) her loyalty to (and sub<sup>v</sup>er<sup>A</sup>sence to) her husband and his safety, since the gods are infallible.

The modern question of adoption/fostering - a mother relinquishing her baby.

The Shepherd of Thebes has a dilemma (a) His natural feelings are revolted by order to kill baby (b) His own life depends on his capacity to obey orders. Therefore does he kill the baby or not?

Shepherd of Corinth has a dilemma. Should he (a) accept the baby and obey instinct of pity or (b) refuse to accept the baby.

This dilemma can be strengthened by the mutual obligations that can be presumed to exist between the two shepherds (e.g. In one telling of the story I "invented" the idea that the shepherd of Corinth owed the shepherd of Thebes a favour in so far as some of his sheep had been previously saved by his "friend". Therefore his sense of fairness constrained him to take the baby, despite a certain reluctance, in case it was "not property".

Also into this part of the story can be inserted the idea of two men bound by a common interest (shepherding) in a lonely part of the world, transcending any idea of national hostility. Any explanation of Greek "poleis" at this level is based on the premise that the fierce independence of each "state" was liable to lead it into conflict with its neighbour. I introduced a parallel from my own experience of staying in a Youth Hostel in South Austria where the Austrians of the area had more in common with their Yugoslav neighbours than with the Austrians of e.g. Vienna.

Idea of calling the baby "Swollen foot" was amusing as well as some byplay I introduced between the two shepherds about the pin in it's feet. I made the shepherd from Thebes seem stupid and unaware of child development in so far as he pinned the feet to stop the baby running away. This came over well and, I believe, is justified because it does not seriously alter the "bones" of the story, yet attracts the audience with grim humour. Humour must be present, especially in a story as potentially solemn as "Oedipus".

Byplay too between the shepherd of Corinth and his wife, who complains that he "doesn't know how to look after a baby", because he has used a dirty bandage on the foot-wound and has not changed its nappy. For the same reason as above, this is justifiable.

Also I developed the tension that arose between the sheperd of Thebes and the baby on his journey with it from Thebes to Mount Cithaeron. He shouted at its bawling in frustration, he said ridiculous things to it, left it to cry alone, walked away, then stopped unable to leave it. He was essentially betraying his humanity.

And humanity surely is a quality, an essential factor of existence we are trying to foster in education. The fact that "No man is an island". One can bring this out in discussion, particularly of the dilemmas

- (i) Laius' dilemma
- (ii) Jocasta's dilemma
- (iii) Shepherd of Thebes' dilemma
- (iv) Shepherd of Corinth's dilemma



In fact, surely, "Oedipus Tyrannus" is a series of dilemmas, the stuff of dramatic conflict (Macbeth's prevaricating over whether he should murder Duncan, Hamlet's tortured decision-making process), the resolution of which leads the circle of events back to Oedipus' origins, when you can say, if only he hadn't, or if only one link in the chain had been differently forged. This in itself is a dilemma left in the audience's mind so that long after leaving the theatre they can argue about possibilities.

In educating children we are (a) trying to make them live with fellow beings in common humanity (b) trying to give them the confidence to solve dilemmas, i.e. make choices. Perhaps the story of Oedipus can contribute meaningfully to this and, indeed, perhaps more effectively than "modern" things in so far as the distancing effect of presenting an "ancient myth" gives them the feeling that they are not being "probed" for feelings they find it hard to express.

#### Drama from Remedial Group

Initial embarrassment shown in loud noises and jostling. Once they became absorbed it was lost.

Interesting to observe how they dealt with the birth. In fact, all groups showed more concern with that aspect than with anything else. One group of boys simulated a birth, with one youth lying on his back with legs apart on two desks, which being not quite flush, allowed a gap of some 10 inches to lie between his thighs!! Another youth emerged through the gap in a remarkable simulation of the emerging baby! He even (without a conscious movement) moved his head sideways in the correct way. He was removed in the curled-up foetal position sucking his thumb. (One

interesting side effect was one girl's remark - How can you have a baby with your clothes on? - I tried to explain dramatic convention which the lads in the enactment had assimilated unconsciously.)

This "drama" leads one to consider the idea that it is useful to "relive" birth as a significant contact with infinity (at the other extreme of death, the other glimpse of infinity).

R.D. Laing's therapy is based in the belief that experiences at birth and in the womb have reverberations on our mental state for the rest of our lives. It is perhaps fanciful of him to claim to remember his own birth, and certainly beyond the scope of my thesis, but what is important is the fact that unsolicited drama on the theme of Oedipus' birth led children to relive birth in a meaningful way. They cooperated in the drama and perhaps gained some insight into themselves and the seriousness of birth as a part of human existence.

CYCLOPS

22.2.1977

OC1 - Mixed ability class of 11-12 year olds.

I had told the story the previous week with a strong "dramatic" lead, but taking care not to "hit the top" too soon. The climax is not the first entrance of Polyphemus, but the curse, right at the end of the story. Melodrama results and an awful feeling of having to reach a greater and greater peak if the climax is reached too soon.

So, since they know the story, but with it having been heard a week ago, it is necessary to go over the main points. They contributed, myself as teacher trying to coax their memories.

Then, posing them a problem (with the emphasis on "we", including me) I try to tell them that I am not after a stereotyped

"rhapsodic" reenactment of my movements, although I know that my influence is crucial to the success of the drama, I do this by setting physical limits ((i) Not allowed to mount furniture (ii) not allowed to climb on each other's shoulders) while asking them how they can represent the Cyclops. I suggest that each group is entitled to find a different solution. Several suggestions are made by the class, e.g. get the tallest as Cyclops, have one on bended knees. I mention that one child two years before, an isolate, went sulking to a corner, pulled out a plastic inch-high soldier and loomed over it as Cyclops by himself. I also say that physical size does not always make a good Cyclops. Presence is important, personality, an ability to project oneself as "big". (This can be an interesting discussion in itself.)

Groups then form. I try to stick to the principle of allowing them to choose. It is interesting to observe that on the whole broad groups form easily, with a few children not fitting anywhere. One group of lads I can foresee will not last the course!

They start, to begin with there is too much interference group to group, the freedom from desks proving difficult in so far as license is taken, but patiently coaxing individuals and stopping everyone a couple of times I succeed in creating a working atmosphere which after ten minutes has noticeably developed into an act of concentrated activity. One difficult youth changes groups, one leaves his group in a huff and draws a soldier on paper, to take up my idea of the boy who did a solo (see above). I try to make them into a group with one other. Luckily I succeed (in a limited sense).

All other groups go well. There's a hell of a din! I notice their various interpretations which express their own personalities, whilst deriving, I think, something from my

performance. It is interesting to notice that some groups telescope the three separate meals of the Cyclops into one, thus having the wine incident following immediately after first eating flesh. Also a group comes to say "We've finished". I say "Go over it once more" and they go on and on. They just want recognition.

Then I have a performance, each group in turn. Noticeably some groups respond much better to an audience than others.

A group of girls do a competent performance in which they become so absorbed that at they end they "become" the parts they have assumed.

ANTIGONE

6.5.1977

Class of Above Average Ability 12-13 year olds: Antigone

From the Deaths of Polynices and Eteocles

To the Confrontation Between Antigone and Creon.

- (i) I had already told the story to the class in a previous lesson.
- (ii) In the lesson after the story I had introduced the idea of conflict between the two sisters, making their personalities strikingly different and trying not to imply that Ismene was weak (most of them unsolicited thought so, it later became obvious). I had then asked them in pairs to reenact the argument, starting from Antigone's communication of the news of Creon's statements and actions to Ismene. I gave a very few guidelines, after discussion, of the direction in which the dialogue might point. I did not want to give them straight "Sophocles-in-translation"; this would have limited their perspective. After a few minutes of oral dialogue I suggested that they might write down on paper

a script. Some turned their hands to this more readily than others. After a few more minutes work I asked several pairs to read out what they had written, or if they preferred, reenact their improvisation. There was great variety of approach, but a remarkable general similarity to the argument of Sophocles emerged, implying (a) that my telling of the story unconsciously reflected Sophocles (b) that Sophocles had touched at the essence of this type of argument and simply "got in first". Any intelligent being presented with similar basic material would produce something like what he produced albeit less good, except, that is, that Sophocles it was who thought of the crucial idea - to have such a scene at the beginning of the play, anyway. Also, why a play about Antigone? However, leaving aside the idea of uniqueness, the crucial point is that the idea of an argument between (a) moral right and (b) expediency can be applied more or less universally. To complete the lesson we read McLeish's version of Sophocles, after which I compared their versions with it, trying to imply that what the children had produced was just as worthwhile, as being a human being's intellectual response to a situation. The advantage they hold over Sophocles is that they can still learn from him, whereas he can no longer learn from them.

(iii) After a break of two days I suggested further drama. One of the class said "Sir, can't we do some proper drama?", an interesting question, since it implied that she found it easier to express herself orally and with movement than simply on paper. This in a nutshell, sums up the significance of "drama", the point, in so far as it is not simply a literary exercise, although a literary version is in many (most?) cases a desirable corollary.

We ended up with six groups, two large ones consisting entirely of girls and four smaller boys' groups. The range of their versions was even more marked than in the former more controlled exercise, as one might expect.

Version I - 5 boys (a) A very strong Creon, who started with a long speech dictating his laws.

(b) Well worked-out seizure of Antigone.

My telling of the story entailed several inventions of mine, which in my experience has always appealed to children of this age - Antigone in returning to complete her rites over P's body is caught in a blanket and dragged before Creon. Neither he nor the guards are aware that it is a woman who has been ensnared in this way. This can naturally lead to word-play, etc. enhancing the comic possibilities of the guard, who is already in the Sophocles' version invested with comic characteristics. For example, his hesitation in front of Creon is truly comic and significantly children do appreciate this. I emphasise the hesitation (like Anouilh!!) and the children (in version I above and in almost all the others) take it up with characteristic inventiveness.

My other significant departure from Sophocles is my explicit presentation of the story. This explicitness in general is one of the characteristics of my approach with children (with Homer too - e.g. Tale of Odysseus, when I go strictly in time sequence from event one → 2 → 3, etc, ignoring the sophisticated structural devices employed by Homer. This is, of course, part of the point of my thesis. Children are unsophisticated beings who cannot necessarily cope with too complex a structure, especially in a story which is told piece by piece once a week for several months. There is some satisfaction in serialisation, but no point in a

complex structure which they cannot understand. The complex structure must be a later development only to be approached e.g. in 6th Form studies, where familiarity with the storyline will help them to see the point of the artist's peculiar structural framework.)

So, in "Antigone" I tell out loud the scene where Antigone approaches the body. This is tailor-made for child-drama. The body around which so much action revolves. It is very interesting to notice that Sophocles never allows the body on stage. It is not seen, only talked about. Children do not, in my experience, like this approach. They want concrete images, certainly at this age (12-13). Perhaps the conventions of Greek Theatre were such that a corpse on the stage at this point would have been unacceptable, particularly in a play where sacrilege concerning the body in question is involved.

Version 2 4 Boys - Noticeable features

- (a) began with Antigone/Ismene - almost pantomimic approach with one boy naturally "playing it up", adopting falsetto (Japanese theatre?)
- (b) Humour with corpse, for while burying is going on corpse raises hand, winks, etc to audience.

Version 3 3 Boys - Problem of 3 actors (perfect for discussion of problems of Greek Theatre) - However, more in the context of my version than Sophocles, for Creon doubled with corpse. Creon and Ismene became guards, then go back to Creon/Ismene!

Version 4 Used 3 actors initially, but borrowed one more when it didn't work. Insight into their logic. Rules are imposed, in a sense, from above.

Version 5 Girls - Use of guards almost as a chorus, for while Antigone and Ismene are talking, three girls (as guards) in stylised gestures move around the central body of Polynices. This was without any prompting from me. It created the idea of a lot of business, a "drama" less static than most. They also added many embellishments to Creon, Ismene. Expressive use of eyes was apparent, again in a stylised way which seems natural to children (viz. Richard and Tamsin's younger fantasies, especially when there is something enormously significant to impart.)

Version 6 Very good Antigone/Ismene scene. Ismene was much more of a person in her own right than in the other versions. She also presented some good counter-arguments to Antigone's (e.g. "Why should I bother over somebody who is already dead? It is the living who matter, the living, like us!").

In the end the lesson (1 hour 10 minutes) contained so much that it could not all be discussed. All versions had interesting "guard scenes" with hesitation well-done and in ways natural to the "actor" involved. Hesitation is, of course, a natural part of improvisation. Perhaps this is why such a scene can be successful.



JASON

13.6.1977

BS2: Small Class (18) of 2nd Year "Remedials"

Story: Jason (Part I)

Concentration on simplification of storyline. Avoidance of too many names

- (i) Jason is brought up by Chiron (a centaur) in a cave.
- (ii) His wicked uncle, Pelias, who got rid of him, hears from the oracle "Beware of the man with one sandal. He will cause your death".
- (iii) Jason crosses the flooded river. He carries a feeble old woman on his back.
- (iv) On the other side of the river the old woman turns into Hera. She says that she will help Jason.

Three names of people: Jason

Pelias + Chron (not quite so important)

Hera

One place name: Iolcus

Four important points to the storyline

Having written the above four points clearly on the board, I told the story (with much repetition in a "stock epithet" way of unfamiliar names in order to make them memorable and characterisation), referring occasionally to the board.

I then experimented by reading through page 152 of "Tales of the Greek Heroes" as they followed in the book. This was surprisingly effective, but noticeably more successful when I read (slowly and clearly) than when a pupil read (stuttering and with constant hesitation over names). In fact, some wanted me to go on all lesson in this manner.

Drama:

This arose naturally from the story. As a class they are often noisy and immature, uncoordinated in their movements and unable to cope with the freedom of space as opposed to the strictures of desks or tables in rows. Sometimes I have abandoned drama when they have not settled to it. Today they responded quickly and (for them) quietly. Some had other work to finish, others preferred to read more of the story, although they soon found Lancelyn Green's vocabulary too wide and sentence structures too complex. The majority wanted to do drama (note the verb "do drama" = "do the thing done" = "act"!) and divided themselves into two single-sex groups of roughly similar size (6).

I noticed that they found no difficulty with this story. Perhaps it was the simplicity with which I presented it. I think I made a special effort today. The girls' group contained a Jason of monumental proportions (Jane), but I was pleased that she was using her overbearing manner in a constructive way. The fact that it is summer had a happy link with this story in so far as several children were wearing sandals.

Watching their work I was struck by the similarity between this story, the Oedipus myth and that of Theseus. The nascent hero, the insignificant youthful adventurer who makes good. The same person and something very attractive to adolescents (be it a folk tale motif or what?!).

One good touch of "pure" drama that arose (admittedly from a suggestion of mine in the storytelling) was in the approach of "Jason" to Iolcus. "He" was jeered at because of "his" peculiar appearance (one-sandalled). The jeering was so realistic that it appeared to be real, and in fact, in a sense, was real. For, Jane, large and cumbersome, combative and susceptible to jeering

on account of it, was the object of derision. I could immediately detect two levels of performance - the real and the assumed. Very interesting, particularly in view of the fact that the boys' group copied the idea.

For a few precious moments towards the end of their improvisations a level of quiet concentration was reached where something actually began to "happen", a level of purer existence than the normal level of monotony in everyday life as in conventional lessons began to be attained. One boy who had nominally been involved in the boys' group and losing concentration was sidling up to the blackboard bent on mischief reflected the whole experience, quite unconsciously. The concentrated silence achieved by both groups reached its deepest intensity. He looked round in surprise as if detected in crime. His eyes expressed something akin to wonder. For the rest of the lesson he improvised as well as anyone.

Perhpas the value of Greek myth lies in the stark clarity of its storyline (if stripped of excess embellishment - genealogies, place-names, turgid phrases of a descriptive kind). The basis is there for any amount of improvisation on a theme. One particularly engaging quality seems to be simple everyday physical activities (such as putting on shoes) particularly if accompanied by something memorably odd (such as putting on only one sandal).

The boys' group was led by an extraordinary chracter called William whose natural dramatic flair is quite remarkable. He is regarded by teachers as sly and untrustworthy with touches of melo-drama and seen by his peers as eccentric to the point of ridicule, but not to the point of persecution. He commands enough respect to avoid that. In fact, his leadership of the group was amazing. He started as Chiron, progressed to the oracle, then took the part of Pelias as well, placing Jason on a lower level and at a lower key

than one would usually expect. Clad in shirtsleeves and a pair of borrowed sheer tights over his trousers he excited great laughter to begin with then by the fact that he believed in what he was doing commanded everyone's respect.

HOME COMING OF ODYSSEUS

28.6.1977

OC1 - Mixed-ability class of 11-12 year olds, with below average general ability. A number of "difficult" boys, who find it difficult to cooperate with others.

(i) I told the story of Odysseus' Homecoming, Part I, from when Odysseus wakes up alone on Ithaca until with Eumaeus he sets out for the palace in the footsteps of his son.

<u>Characters</u>	(a) Odysseus	<u>Place</u>	(a) Ithaca
	(b) Athene		
	(c) Eumaeus		
	(d) Telemachus		

I deliberately limited the number of names (e.g. not including Penelope for this story - unnecessary).

Notes: (i) Beggar character a give away for kids. Automatic sympathy (Why?).

(ii) Notice my elaboration of certain points - deliberate, because I know my audience (12 year olds in 20th Century Britain) who appreciate certain things. This is essence of storytelling. Beauty is how little needs to be changed drastically. Homer is storytelling over many years refined to "spare" art form.

(ii) Drama - (a) This was suggested by the class. My telling of the tale led automatically to action on their part. They wanted to act the story out. (There were certain exceptions, but once

I acted firmly and cajoled, threatened them they all responded even if in a very limited fashion in some cases).

(b) Derivative of my telling, sometimes too much so, but as their confidence developed, more variation occurred. One class anticipated the logical outcome by showing a brief scene at the end where Odysseus as the beggar is put in the beggars' queue outside the palace. Interestingly, without my having said anything about it, they introduced the idea of a quarrel between the beggars about precedence in the queue (was it because they knew the story already?).

THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR

11.11.1977

Drama Lesson with AC2 - Mixed ability (less top few doing Latin)

1. Story: Theseus and the Minotaur

- (i) Theseus in solitary confinement waiting.  
A guard has put him there.
- (ii) Ariadne comes with ball of string to help Theseus. (In return she wants to go back with him to Athens.)
- (iii) Theseus is taken by the guard to the edge of the Labyrinth, which is pitch-black.
- (iv) He feels his way to the Minotaur and kills it.  
(He has let out the ball of string.)
- (v) He follows the ball of string back to the edge of the labyrinth. The guard is drunk.
- (vi) Ariadne escapes with him to the ship.

2. Characters: Theseus

Ariadne

Minotaur

Guard

### 3. Points

This is not an easy story on which to improvise, especially in limiting conditions. I was confined to a very bright classroom on a sunny morning. The classroom is roughly square, perhaps 25 ft from wall to wall. There are no traditional desks. Instead we have double tables with grey tops, sixteen in all.

Nor is it easy to improvise on this story anyway, even in better conditions. There is not much intellectual content to it, nothing like, for instance, the "ultimate" moral dialectic between Antigone and Ismene.

The improvisations were not outstanding. There seemed in the story a lack of points of character or moral argument from which it was possible to develop varied and meaningful work.

Perhaps, therefore, this story, unless it is presented in a different way, with enforced character-differences or moral conflicts, is more suitable for a younger age-group, for whom the simple unfolding of an adventure story is perhaps enough.

It is interesting to notice that the story of Theseus and the Labyrinth is often latched on to by "drama teachers" etc as a suitable myth, without their having properly assessed its potential as compared with more apparently "difficult" intellectual myths. For example, K.V. Moore gives a wishy-washy Jungian basis to his work on this story. I wonder how much such a story gives to children, certainly at secondary-school level. In fact the whole Theseus story lacks the structure of moral conflict unless one twists it out oneself. The best part of the story is that which contains Theseus' conflict with Medea (the attempted poisoning etc.). Is this because it approximates more closely to Aristotle's idea of Greek Tragedy - or simply because, the rest of the tale is not based from our modern, telling point of view on an actual extant Greek tragedy?

THE QUARREL BETWEEN AGAMEMNON AND ACHILLES

16.11.1977

AE1 - Mixed Ability 11-12 year olds

Drama enactments:

(i) Four remedial (and near remedial) girls, who were usually very quiet and found it difficult to understand what was required with written work, suddenly emerged. It was noticeable that one girl was forceful and a leader who was not in the least embarrassed to show to the rest of the class what the group had achieved. Her Agamemnon became apoplectic with rage. I could see myself coming out in caricature at times. I believe that the storyteller (O'Toole's "actor/teacher" - whatever that is) should present something in a sense to aim for; he should at least be uninhibited enough himself in his telling to sow the seeds of imitation response in the listeners.

One very useful tool is the ability to present the story on the children's level. For example, with this particular class I had Achilles as very relaxed at first but gradually worked up by Agamemnon's wild taunts and selfish demands into expression of a deep-seated resentment. He came out with the "drunken dog-faced, deer-hearted dastardly villain" line and in answer to Agamemnon's amazed disbelief repeated it, louder. Blows were nearly struck, Achilles had the sense to use a more effective weapon (withdrawal of his fighting services) - bluff, in fact, - and calmed himself until, when Agememnon actually took Briseis, he came out with the line "if you take B. I shall take all my men and all my ships and go to the other side of the bay, and shall not fight until you come crawling to me on your hands and knees in the dust and kiss my feet ... so, ner!!!"

The whole line starts softly, matter of fact, builds up to a crescendo of serious, vitriolic threat, then within the space of two short words pricks its own bubble of conceit, ridicules itself "... so, ner!" This is a very important addition, a subtlety I did not really hit upon until this the fourth of 4 tellings. It is so simple, yet so effective. It avoids excessive seriousness, it deflates in the way children love. It makes for a lighter note on which to end. It also shows the ultimate stupidity and silliness of quarrels. Children have great self-knowledge in some respects and are only too aware of their own immaturity and shortcomings. They also need to see how quarrels look from the outside. This is the great advantage of Greek Myth - it is outside them. The subtlety is that it is presented, acted out by the teller as real to them, very real, but at a key point (so .. ner!) is pricked and therefore seen from the outside. They must not identify with Achilles too closely. A sort of primitive alienation technique is necessary and quite natural.

(ii) 3 Boys - The quarrel took an extra dimension, just went on and on eyeball to eyeball until Agamemnon challenged Achilles to a duel, an interesting accretion. Also, Achilles had made up insults (instead of "dog-face" it was "pig-face", "bird-brain"),

(iii) 3 Boys - Agamemnon was a bumptious little loudmouth, Achilles a tall, cynical piece of mockery. This again took an extra dimension when they forgot the story as I told it and developed face to fact insults of their own.

The use of a deliberate "stock-line" (dog-faced, etc) on my part was very interesting. For, they all tried to remember it and on the whole succeeded easily, at least for the duration of the lesson. How far should something so precise be used? I'm not sure - yet!



JASON AND MEDEA: 3rd Year

17.11.1977

(b) Boys (Group of 3) - Here we had some interesting natural stylisation. (This is something, a propensity I have noticed in children before, particularly with the extreme emotions, with which they have difficulty coping (??)).

For a start they had no girls in the group. This, of course, served as a convenient point to indicate to the group as a whole that women's parts were invariably acted by men (in masks) in Greek theatre.

They enacted the wedding - stylised embraces. It is interesting to ponder on why this stylisation comes so naturally to them. They do not need to be told what to do. It seems almost paradoxical that (as in 1st group) there is a propensity to act out naturalistically in a reported scene, yet that there is also a propensity to stylise in certain situations - Perhaps I'm right in pointing to emotions and the difficulty in coping with and portraying them easily.

This group had some effective dialogue, which brought out strongly the reason (or one of them) why Creon was so anxious that not only should Medea leave but that her (and Jason's) children should leave with her. The lads had a good angle in so far as Jason was portrayed as being reluctant to have his children parted from him. He could accept the loss of Medea, but had to be convinced of the advantage to himself (power, the lads stressed) of his children going. They saw it, the dehumanisation of Jason embodied in his choice.

This again was something implicit in Euripides, yet only hinted at. Children spotted it at once.

The wedding, incidentally, was the one between Jason and Glauke - Glauke was portrayed in most of the children's dramas incidentally. It is a case, perhaps, of greater artistry than a child would possess to have Glauke merely reported on and never seen (as in Euripides).

This is not to say that the artistry of children is unsubtle. Children have a direct morality, a way of seeing things, which is perhaps clearer in drama than in any other activity. This is in some sense the value of drama, the practical enactment of a moral sense.

JASON AND MEDEA: 3rd Year (13-14) Top Band 17.11.1977

- (i) Jason background known (Fleece, etc.) and how Medea
  - (i) helped him (ii) was cruel.
- (ii) Read first scene of simplified "Medea" (McLeish): Prologue: conversation between Nurse and Tutor.
- (iii) Improvisations
  - (a) Boys (group of 5) took idea of statement of tutor of how he found out about Medea's plight (K. McLeish, 1970, p. 106)

TUTOR:

I was walking by the Fountain of Peirene,  
Where old men sit and throw dice in the sun,  
When I overheard them talking. They were saying -  
And it may be no more than idle talk -  
that Creon is planning to banish Medea  
And her children from Corinth for ever.

Without any suggestions from me they dramatised what in the "original" was reported action. This is a tendency I have noticed before, for instance in Antigone (the covering of Polynices' body by Antigone with dust), for children to act out what in a sophisticated drama (Greek) is spoken. This is, of course, true

of violent action (death of Jocasta) in particular due to the peculiar requirements of Greek Theatre.

They improvised a scene playing dice. This was oddly effective, because out of playing the game snippets of conversation about an issue of the time (Medea's fate) arose quite naturally. This is true of people, of education. Set a simple group task and conversation flows often more naturally than with the "Let's discuss" approach.

It's almost as though the Greek tragedians unconsciously realised what educational drama with children entailed, the enactment of a natural event. But, when you realise that the test "drama" perhaps arises out of ordinary situations, then you can see that e.g. Euripides will see the possibilities inherent in the picture (mental) of old men playing dice.

Interestingly, a modern director/playwright might start from playing dice and evolve a scene (this, from my evidence, is what children do quite spontaneously and naturally) that way, whereas the Greek tragedian, obeying the limiting conventions of his theatrical tradition, started from a "reported speech" angle.

Greek tragedy is to modern eyes very static and to children's eyes, perhaps doubly so. Children make action out of it. From the action they evolve the philosophical ideas. Greek theatre was forced to start from a more limiting point, at least in a sense.

The particular angle the boys took was that one of them kept winning. This gave the improvisation more than the quality of randomness. It had direction. They simply played, although because one character had to keep winning (which was scarcely likely by the random nature of chance in such a game) there was artifice involved. Then gradually other characters made points - "Have you heard the news about Medea?" "What?" "She's got to leave Corinth" "Serve her right, chopping people up like that", etc.

The scene finished and they went on to the actual pronouncement of banishment to Medea. This is again action that is reported. One interesting question from a girl in another group was "Who told Medea the news that she was to be banished?" I said that they were to decide for themselves. This is what e.g. Euripides would have had to do. It involves a decision on structure and dramatic effect. Solutions were various (e.g. one group had Jason telling Medea, another had Creon, etc.).

APPENDIX THREE

Examples of the Recreative Interpretations of Children Aged

Eleven to Thirteen

These take two forms, firstly transcripts of recreative interpretations that have been recorded on cassette-tapes, secondly photocopies of responses that have been written or drawn, usually in exercise-books. All the examples included are referred to in Chapter Six of the thesis. Some of them are quoted either in full or in part in the main body of the text. They are set out in order, according to the particular section of Chapter Six that each one illustrates. The numbering and lettering system used to refer to the tapes from which the transcripts have been made is explained below.

Explanation of Tape Reference System

There are four categories used for each recording, except where only one recording has been made of a particular grouping's work. See also (a) below. They are as follows.

1. A number to denote the particular story-sequence (e.g. Trojan Story).
- A. A capital letter to denote the particular sequence or short story within the whole sequence (e.g. Paris and Hector).
- (i) A number to denote the particular grouping that has been making the recording. This is followed by a date (e.g. AN1 78-9).
- (a) A letter to denote the particular group within the grouping making the recording (e.g. Group (a) ). This is only used in cases where analyses are made in Chapter Six.

This system is also used on the tapes themselves. The full classification runs as follows:-

Full Classification of Cassette-Recordings

1. The Trojan Story

A. Paris and Hector

(i) AN1 78-9 (Tape 5, Side B; Tape 6, Side B)

B. Menelaus and Agamemnon

(i) SC1 78-9 (Tape 3, Side B)

C. The Quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles

(i) SC1 78-9 (Tape 3, Sides A and B)

(ii) AN1 78-9 (Tape 5, Side A)

2. The Story of Odysseus

A. The Lotus Eaters

(i) AN1 77-8 (Tape 3, Side A)

B. Polyphemus

(i) Teacher's Storytelling to AN1 77-8 (Tape 2, Side 1)

(ii) AN1 77-8 (Tape 4, Side 1)

(iii) HE1 79-80 (a)(b)(c)(d)(e) and (f) (Tape 8, Side 1)

(iv) ON1 79-80 (Tape 8, Side 1)

C. The Bag of Winds

(i) AN1 85-6 (Tape 9, Side 1)

(ii) ON1 85-6 (Tape 10, Side 2)

(iii) HN1 85-6 (Tape 9, Side 2)

D. Circe

(i) SC1 77-8 (Tape 2, Side 2)

(ii) HN1 77-8 (Tape 4, Side 2)

(iii) AE1 77-8 (Tape 4, Side 1)

3. The Story of Theseus

A. Theseus and Aegeus

(i) HN2 78-9 (Tape 5, Side B)

4. The Story of Thebes

A. Oedipus Encounters the Crossroads and the Sphinx

(i) AC2 77-8 (Tape 1, Side 1)

(ii) HN/E2 80-1 (a)(b)(c)(d)(e) and (f) (Tape 2, Side 2)

(iii) AC/E2 85-6 (Tape 11, Side 2)

(iv) Teacher's Storytelling to ON/C2  
86-87 (Tape 12, Side 2)

B. The Plague

(i) OC2 77-8 (Tape 3, Side B)

C. Oedipus and Teiresias

(i) AN2 85-6 (Tape 10, Side 1)

D. The Seven Against Thebes

(i) AC2 77-8 (Tape 1, Side 1)

E. Antigone

(i) AC2 77-8 (Tape 1, Side 1)

(ii) OC2 77-8 (Tape 3, Side B)

(iii) AC/E2 85-6 (Tape 12, Side 1)

5. The Persians

A. (i) AC2 77-8 (Tape 4, Side 1)

6. The Story of Jason

A. Jason and Medea

(i) AW3 78-9 (Tape 6, Side A)

7. The Story of Prometheus

A. Prometheus Bound

(i) AW3 78-9 (Tape 7, Side 1)

(ii) HN3 78-9 (Tape 7, Side 2)

8. Peace

A. The Dung Beetle

(i) AW3 78-9 (Tape 7, Side 1)

(ii) HN3 78-9 (Tape 7, Side 2)

(iii) AE3 79-80 (Tape 8, Side 1)



(h) The Process of Storytelling and Dramatic Reenactments in  
the Classroom: A Nine Week Period of Work with HN/E2

Examples will be set out in the following order:-

Transcripts of Group Recreative Enactments (4A(ii)(a)-(f))

David's Work

Gail's Work

Jayne's Work

Christopher's Work

Transcripts

HE/N2 80-81: OEDIPUS AT THE CROSSROADS Cassette 2 Side 2

4A(ii)(a)

Narrator Oedipus asks his mother is she really is his mother.

Queen of Conrith Yes, of course I am your mother.  
Why do you ask?

Oedipus It doesn't matter. I think I'll go and see the oracle to make sure.

Queen No! Don't go!

Oedipus I must go.

Narrator Oedipus arrives at the oracle and goes in. He sees a woman breathing fumes, which make her speak to the gods.

Oracle Sh-h-h! What is your name?

Oedipus I am Oedipus.

Oracle Ah! Hah! Murder. You kill. Kill father. Marry mother. Ah!

Oedipus What is she saying? Please tell me! What is she saying?

Interpreter She says you will kill your father and marry your mother.

Oedipus No! They must be lying.

Interpreter No! Gods don't lie! Go away! Get out! I dare you ...

Oedipus Oh, sorry, sorry! Of course they don't!

Narrator Oedipus leaves and walks to the crossroads.

Oedipus I can't go back to Conrith because I might kill my father and marry my mother. I'm not going back to Delphi. I think I'll go to Thebes.

Narrator Oedipus sees a man coming at him on a chariot, when he is on his way to Thebes.

Oedipus Stop! Stop! I am not moving.

Narrator The man doesn't stop and when he goes past he whips Oedipus, but Oedipus jumps on the chariot and struggles with the man. The chariot goes into the ditch and the man and two slaves die, but one slave gets away.

Oedipus Oh, no! He's dead!

Oedipus walks on and faints in the heat. The people of Thebes find him.

Theban The gods have sent this man to kill the Sphinx, queen! Come and see him.

Queen? Strange man, will you please get rid of the Sphinx? Will you give ... we will give you anything.

Oedipus Of course I will.

Narrator Oedipus sets off and after a while he sees the Sphinx.

Sphinx Ahh! I am the Sphinx! I will tell you a riddle and if you answer it, I will lose my power, but if you don't I will eat you like everybody else. Ah-hah-hah-hah! What has four legs in the morning, two legs at noon and three legs at night and can go on land and water?

Oedipus Er..ehm...it might be a ... no it can't be one of them. It's a ... no, its a human!

Sphinx Ah-h! You got it right. Ah-h!

Narrator Oedipus goes back to Thebes and they celebrate for days.

Thebans Oedipus for King! Oedipus for King!

Theban What do you want?

Oedipus I want to be King.

Queen I did promise you anything, so the answer is yes.

Narrator Oedipus marries the queen. The end.

4A(ii)(b)

Oedipus I must go to the oracle to see what is to become of me and to find out whether my father and mother are my real parents. I'm so tired, I think I'll just sit down and rest on this signpost.

Narrator After a long walk Oedipus finally reaches the oracle. He has a long wait but he finally gets in.

Oedipus Dear priest, I have come to hel... I have come to help.  
(Whispers of "Oh you've got it wrong!!")

RESTART

Oedipus I must go to the oracle to see what is to become of me and to find out whether my father and mother are my real parents. I'm so tired, I think I'll just rest against this signpost.

Narrator After a long walk Oedipus finally reaches the oracle. He has a long wait but he finally gets in.

Oedipus Dear priest I have come for help. Can you help me? Tell me what is to become of me.

Oracle Of course I can help you. You are Oedipus, are you not?

Oedipus Yes, that's right. But how did you know?

Oracle Well, I know everything. The gods told me, you see.

Oedipus Can you tell me my fortune now?

Oracle Yes, yes! of course! Well... you ... will ...er ...er this is, well you will and then ...

Oedipus Yes, tell me more.

Oracle ... Well, you will ... kill..your... kill your father and then you will marry your mother.

Oedipus Oh really! Well I think you're lying. I would never kill anyone, least my father. And marry my mother, I think that's stupid.

Oracle You traitor, you are doubting the god's word. So you can get out of here and never come back again.

Oedipus Kill my father and marry my mother! It can't be! The gods must be lying. But no, they can't be lying. The gods always tell the truth.

Narrator Oedipu... Oedipus came to the crossroads again, wondering which way to go. One way said Delphi, then one said Conrith, and the other one said Thebes.

Oedipus Which direction can I go? I can't go back to Delphi or the gods will get angr... angry. I can't go to Conrith or I will kill my father and marry my mother. What's this place Thebes? Oh yes! I'll go there! I don't know anybody in Thebes.

Narrator Just as Oedipus was leaving the crossroads a chariot came, riding below down the road.

Oedipus I'd better move quickly before I get knocked over. But no, why should I move? After all I am the prince. I refuse to move for this chariot.

Narrator        The chariot drew closer and closer and a slight second each person had jumped up onto the chariot and was fighting with the driver. The chariot swerved and went into a ditch. Oedipus finally was thrown off and was alright. One of the slaves from the back of the chariot escaped. Oedipus ran after the slave but couldn't catch him, so Oedi... Oedipus came back to the chariot.

Oedipus         Oh, what have I done? I've killed this man. Hey, and he looks pretty important with all those jewels. He could even be a king. I better set off across the desert or I'll never reach Thebes before nightfall.

Narrator        Oedipus after many hours finally reached the... em... finally reached Thebes, where he's collapsed.

Creon            Hey De...hiy! Hey you are all right? Who are you? Where have you come from?

Oedipus         I'm Oedipus. I've just come through the desert. Why?

Creon            You have come through the... at last. You have come at last, have... have... been sent by the gods to save us from the Sphinx.

Oedipus         The Sphinx! What's this? I haven't been sent by the gods. What are you on about?

Creon            Well have you ... you just come through the desert? And into the desert is an animal called a Sphinx, who has the head of a woman, the body of a lion, a tail of a s..serpent and wings of an eagle and she waits in the desert for someone, someone to come and divide, divide them...

Oedipus         What's this got to do with me?

Creon            You have just come through the desert and you haven't been divided by the Sphinx, so we will want you to go and kill the Sphinx, Of course you will! You will be rewarded if you do. So...

Oedipus         Well... I don't really know, but... alright, I'll go.

Narrator        The crowd shouted "Hooray! Hooray!" for Oedipus. Oedipus sets off walking and finally reaches the desert, where he meets the Sphinx.

Sphinx          Hah! You have come at last... to face your death. If you can solve my riddle, I will let you go free, but if you don't I will kill you like the others.

Oedipus         Well, go on then. Tell me the riddle.

Sphinx Well! Now let me think. Ah, I have a riddle. What has four legs in the morning, two legs in midday and three legs in the night and can go equally well on land and sea? See if you can solve that riddle.

Oedipus Er... well... I don't really know about this. Is it...? Oh, no it can't be! Em... oh... what could it be?... I know! It's a man, a human being.

Sphinx A...a....ah! You have solved my riddle, Now... now... now... this means that I will die.

Narrator Oedipus goes back to Thebes where he meets Creon.

Oedipus Well I've done it! I've killed the Sphinx. And I've and I've solved the riddle.

Creon What riddle? I don't any, anything about a riddle.

Oedipus Well, I had to solve this riddle to, else the Sphinx would kill me, if I didn't.

Creon Well, go on! Tell us!

Oedipus Well, this is what he said... What has... four legs in the morning, two legs at midday and three legs at night and can go equally well on land as sea?

People Oh, go on! Tell us!

People A man!

Oedipus Yes...

People ... How

Oedipus He... when he's a baby he crawls on four legs. When he's older he can walk on two legs, and at the, at the end of his life he has to walk on three legs with his walking stick.

People Of course!

Narrator They go back to Thebes and feast.

People Oh, this dinner's lovely!  
Of course it is!  
Oedipus for King! Oedipus for King! Oedipus for King!

Announcer What do you want?

Oedipus Well, I don't know! I think I'd better do what the people of Thebes want. I think I shall become King.

Announcer Well you'll have to ask the queen about that.

Oedipus Dear queen, will you marry me?

Jocasta Of course I will.

Narrator The feast and they get married the next day.

People (Inarticulated singing of "Wedding March")

4A(ii)(c)

Oedipus I must go to the oracle to see who I really am.

Polybus)  
Merope ) Don't go, Oedipus! Please, don't! Don't go!

Oedipus I must, though, to see who I really am.

Polybus Please, don't go!...

Oedipus ...I must...

Merope ...Don't go, please!

Oedipus I will take a little money and some food and water.

Polybus Oh, do you want a chariot to get to the front of the queue?

Oedipus No, I will go alone!

Polybus Oh, alright then! Well, tarah!

Merope Tarah, come back!

Oedipus Yes, I'll come back in a bit.

PAUSE

Oedipus Can I see the oracle, please?

Guard 1 Yes...

Guard 2 ...You'll have to pay...

Guard 1 ...but...have you got any money?

Oedipus Yes, here you are.

Guard 1 Thank you, right! Go on, oracle!

Oracle           Abi...abi...umbachee...sh..sh..sh (CHANTED)  
Taca tacadeg...boing.

Guard 2           Well, it is very certain. He will... em... kill his  
father and marry his mother.

Oedipus           This must be a lie by the gods. They must be telling  
lies!

Guards 1  
and 2            The gods don't lie... get out, get out! Go on!  
Go away! The gods never lie! Go away!

(PAUSE SOUNDS OF OEDIPUS' HEAVY BREATHING)

Oedipus           I must not go back to... Thebes... or I will... I  
must not go back to Delphi or I will get kicked  
out again I can't go back to Corinth or I might kill  
my father and marry my mother. I know, I will go  
to Thebes.

(SOUNDS OF BANGING START)

Oedipus           There's a chariot coming!

Laius and  
Attendants        Out of my way! Out of my way! Get out of my way,  
you vagabond!

Oedipus           I'm not moving for you! Get out!

(BANGING CONTINUES WITH RIDE OF VALKYRIES HUMMED)

Attendants        Get out, go on! Move!

Oedipus           I'm not moving!

(SOUND OF CRIES)

SILENCE. PAUSE

Oedipus           Oh, no! I have killed them. What can I do now?  
One has broken his neck and the other two have been  
crushed. There's a slave getting away! (BANGING  
RESTARTS) Let me get him! Oh, he's too fast for me.

(PAUSE. SOUND OF HEAVY BREATHING)

Oedipus           Where am I? Where am I?

Thebans           Hey, look! Hey, look! There's someone come through  
the desert! Who...o...oo's this bloke? Come on,  
take him to our queen...

Oedipus           I have come through the desert! (Give me water ...

Theban 1         ... Come to our queen, come to our queen!

Theban 2         ... You can't come through the desert. There's a  
Sphinx out there. It'll get you!



Oedipus           What Sphinx? What are you talking about?

Theban 1           It will kill you! A monster!

Theban 2           That monster!

Theban 3           Lizard's tail monster. Woman's face. Witch.

Oedipus           I don't know of any such kind of a creature.

Theban 3           Couldn't you hear the screaming?

Oedipus           Take me to your queen!

Thebans           Go on, then. Alright!

Queen             Oh, hello-o! Who's this man?

Theban 3           He's... he's... he's come through the desert without  
the Sphinx getting him.

Queen             You don't say!

Theban 3           Yes!

Queen             Come from the desert, what?

Theban 3           Hey, he could kill it for us!

Queen             Hey, yes!

Theban 3           ... Send him out...

Queen             Yes, that's a jolly good idea! (PAUSE)  
Hm! Yes! Well! Would you go through the desert for us?

Oedipus           Yes, after I've had... after I've had some food and  
water and a little rest.

Queen             Yes, O.K. then!

Oedipus           Slaves, bring some food!

Queen             Here's your food, water.

Oedipus           Right, I will set out now.

Theban 3           Do you want any weapons?

Oedipus           No!

Theban 3           Oh, you'd better have a sword, just in case!

Oedipus           Right... er...

Sphinx            R... ow... ow... er... wa... wa... wa... Wah!

Oedipus           What's that sound? What's that noise?

Sphinx R... ow... ow... er... er... er... wah! You down there! You little human little grabbler! What are you doing down there, you grubble. Yes, well... little specimen! Solve this riddle or I shall kill you and eat you... like a cannibal, because I am not a human. What has ... em... four legs in the morning, two in the... midday and three in the afternoon ...

Oedipus ... What could it be? ...

Sphinx ... and goes in water as well as on land, amphibian kind of thing?

Oedipus What could it be? It can't be that. No... could it be a human being?

Sphinx A... h... h...h (THUD)

Theban 3 Hey, look! He's coming back! I wonder if he's killed him.

Oedipus I have killed the Sphinx.

Theban 2 Oh, great! We must celebrate! Take him to the queen quick.

Queen Oh, hello!

Oedipus I have killed the Sphinx by your order.

Queen Have you?

Oedipus Yes!

Queen Oh, jolly good. What would you want?

Oedipus Now... could I be King of Thebes?

Queen King! Yes, of course! I see everything's... You seem a quite muscly kind of person...

4A(ii)(d)

Narrator Oedipus has heard a drunken man saying that his father and mother are not his real father and mother.

Oedipus Father, I am going to Delphi to visit the oracle, and see... what there is... to see.

Polybus Son, please don't go! Please! What will your mother say? We have worked hard to bring you up.

Oedipus Father, I don't quite know how to ask you this, but ... are... are... you my real father?

Polybus Yes, son! What do you think we are?

Oedipus           And is my mother my real m... mother?

Polybus           Yes, son! What do you think we are ba...baby...  
kidnappers baby-stealers?

Oedipus           No, father! I am very sorry for asking. Father,  
I can't face my mother to tell her that I'm going,  
because she will be so upset. Goodbye, father, and  
please tell my mother that it can't... it isn't her  
fault... but...

Polybus           But..., but..., but... son, come back! Wait! Oh!

Narrator          Oedipus goes to the oracle in Delphi.

Oedipus           Well... er... I wanted to know... I waited in the  
queue, paid my money. So what does my father...  
future tell me! Em!

Oracle            Thing... thing... thing... thing...  
  
You will marry your mother and kill your father.

Oedipus           But, but I love my mo...father, and my mother, much  
too old for me to marry.

Official          Guards, take this man away. He dared to question  
the gods about, about... er... his future.

Narrator          Oedipus is taken from the oracle and out of Delphi.  
He gets to the crossroads be, between Delphi, Thebes  
and Corinth.

Oedipus           Now which... way... shall I go? Back to Delphi?  
No! They will only take me out again. Back to  
Corinth? No, my mother and father won't be very  
happy if I kill them. I will go to Thebes.

Narrator          Oedipus took the road to Thebes, and on the way  
he saw a well-dressed man speeding towards him on  
a chariot with plenty of slaves in the back.

Oedipus           Stop there young man!

King Laius        I shall not stop for you. You can move out of the  
way... for me. I am better than you.

Oedipus           You are not better than me! Or run over me.

Laius             Move out... move out of my way, you pheasant, or  
I shall run you down.

Oedipus           I shan't move.

Laius             Get off my chariot. Get off my chariot, slaves.  
Remove this man immediately.

4A(ii)(e)

Oedipus I must go to find out if you're my mother, no matter what you say.

Merope All right, my son. If your mind's made up, there is nothing we can do. So here's some food. Goodbye!

Oedipus Goodbye, mother!

Narrator The queen sighed. She knew only too much that she may never see her son again. Oedipus walked up the road... up to the priest.

Oedipus Could you, please, tell me what I am to do next?

Oracle You will kill your father and marry your mother.

Oedipus Never! The gods must be lying. I would never do such a thing! They lie!

Oracle You dare to judge the gods. Liar! Get out!

Narrator Oedipus quickly runs out of Delphi where he comes to the signpost.

Oedipus Oh, where shall I go? If I go to Delphi the priest will chase me out. If I go to Corinth, I might kill my father and marry my mother. I must go to Thebes. That is the only place left to go.

Narrator As Oedipus was walking down the road to Thebes, he heard the sound of ho... of horses' hooves on the ground. He saw a coach coming towards him at a fast pace.

Voices Move!  
Get out of the way!

Narrator Oedipus was just about to move, when a thought struck him. Why should he move? Why should he move for them? He was no worse than them. So he just stood there, but the coach did not stop. So in a wild attempt not to move into the side of the road he jumped onto the coach. The next minute he was getting u... up. He looked around him. A man was lying down, blood trickling down his head. He looked great impor... of great importance with his fine clothes and jewels. One of the servants was dead. Oedipus looked up only to see one of the servants running to Thebes.

Oedipus Oh, no! What have I done?

Narrator Oedipus went rushing towards the desert, when he heard a noise.

Sphinx A-a-ah... ah... ah-h-h!

Oedipus Oh, no! What's going on? It's hot. I can't bear it! I need water!

Narrator Then suddenly everything went black. Creon was strolling through Thebes when he saw a body tumble.

Creon Gosh! Who are you? Wake up!

Oedipus Oh... hello! I'm Oedipus. I've just come from the desert. It was so hot!

Creon The desert? How did you get through there?

Oedipus I don't know, really. I just sort of struggled and...

Creon ... come on...

Oedipus ... here I am...

Creon I will take you to the queen. Jocasta, Jocasta! We have got someone from the desert who is alive!

Jocasta You have? Bring him in.

Creon Come on, Oedipus.

Oedipus ...ah... ah...

Jocasta Would you be willing to go back into the desert to kill the Sphinx?

Oedipus The Sphinx? Who is... what is that?

Jocasta We don't know! It's some sort of a creature.

Jocasta Well, will you do it,

Oedipus Do what?

Jocasta Kill it?

Oedipus Well... alright, then!

Creon Good...

Jocasta Take him to the edge of the desert.

Creon Yes, Come on Oedipus. Goodbye! See you when you come back.

Jocasta Good luck!

Oedipus If I come back! Goodbye!

(PAUSE)

Sphinx Ah-h-a... a... ah-h-h! What have you come for? Have you come to kill me?

Oedipus Er... well... er... Yes!

Sphinx Well, there's only one thing that can kill me!  
Ah-h...a...ah! A riddle! If you get this right,  
I will shrivel up and die. What has two legs in the  
morning, three... er... two legs... four legs in...  
four legs in the morning, two legs at midday and  
three legs in the evening...

Oedipus ... er...

Sphinx ... and can go equally well on land or sea?

Oedipus ...er... er... er... er...

Sphinx Quick!

Oedipus ... er...

Sphinx Hurry up!

Oedipus ... A man!

Sphinx A... h...h! You have answered it right! I will  
die now..w!

Oedipus I'd better get back. I've killed him.

Creon Oedipus, have you killed the Sphinx?

Oedipus Yes!

Creon Ah...h! Great! We'll take you to the queen. Come  
on!

People Oedipus for King! Oedipus for King! Oedipus for King!

Queen Oedipus, being as you have killed the Sphinx, what  
would you like for your reward? Anything in the Kingdom.

Oedipus I think I will take the people's advice. I would like  
to be King.

Queen Very well.

(sounds of "Wedding March" hummed)

Narrator Soon after this they got married and lived happily  
ever after.

4A(ii)(f)

Oedipus has heard a drunken man saying that his father and mother are not his real father and mother.

Oedipus           Father, I'm going to Delphi to visit the oracle and see what the future holds for me. I may not return. I may make my life elsewhere.

Polybus           Please, son. Please, son, don't go! What do you think mother... me and your mother have done? We've tried to keep you happy and wealthy.

Oedipus           Father, I can't quite... know how to ask you this, but are you, well, are you my real father?

Polybus           Of course, I am son!

Oedipus           Is my mother my real mother?

Polybus           Of course she is, son! What do you think we are? Kidnappers? Baby-stealers?

Oedipus           No, father. I'm very sorry for asking. Father, I can't face my mother to tell her that I'm going. She'll be so upset. Goodbye, father, and please tell my mother that it wasn't her fault. It isn't yours either. Bye!

Polybus           But, but, son! Please, come back! Oh, it's no use. Now he's gone.

Narrator          Oedipus goes to the oracle in Delphi.

Oedipus           Well, I've waited in the queue, paid my money. So what does my future hold, then, oracle?

Oracle            You will kill your father and marry your mother.

Oedipus           But, but I love my father, and my mother and my mother is much too old to ... for me to marry her.

Oracle            Guard, take this man away! He's dared to question the gods.

Guards            Get off! Get out! Get him out.

Narrator          Oedipus is taken from the oracle and out of Delphi. He goes to the crossroads between Delphi, Thebes and Corinth.

Oedipus           Now which way shall I go? Back to Delphi? No, they will only kick me out. Back to Corinth? No, I might kill my father by accident and somehow marry my mother. What's that place? Thebes. Thebes. Yes, I'll... I've never heard of that place before. I'll go there.

Narrator Oedipus took the road to Thebes and along the way saw a well-dressed man speeding towards him on a chariot with quite a few slaves in it.

Oedipus Stop there, young man.

King Laius I shall not stop for you, 'cos I am better than you.

Oedipus You, no, you are no better than me. Or... if you don't stop, you must run over me.

Laius Well, I'm not going to stop, so I shall run over you.

Oedipus I shan't move.  
Hey up! I'm on your chariot now, old man.

Laius Get off my chariot. Slave, remove this man immediately!

Oedipus You're off! You too!

Narrator A long, horrific fight followed. The chariot went sliding into a ditch. Only two people survived it all, Oedipus and a slave, but Oedipus didn't know that the slave had survived.

Oedipus Water! I must have water! A town at last. Please give me water. I have come all the way through the desert.

Creon Here, man! Who are you? How did you get through the desert. Did you see the Sphinx?

Oedipus Thank you for the water! I am Oedipus and I have never heard of the Sphinx. Who are you? What is the Sphinx?

Creon I am Creon, and the queen of Thebes is my sister. The Sphinx is something that lives in the desert and kills everyone that passes by.

Oedipus What does the Sphinx look like?

Creon No-one knows, because no-one has ever come back safely.

Oedipus I shall go back into the desert, and not come back until the s... until it is dead.

Creon Be careful! Good luck! Bye!

Narrator Oedipus goes into the desert.

Oedipus Sphinx! Hey, Sphinx! Come forth and let me see what a... who you are. Or are you such a coward?

Sphinx I'm no coward! Answer me this riddle and you will be set free. If you don't you will die!



Oedipus I can answer any stupid riddle. Ask away!

Sphinx What has four legs in the morning, two legs at midday, three legs in the evening ... and... and can go equally, equally well on land and sea?

Oedipus Well its not other... it's a person!

Sphinx A-h-h-ah-ah-h-h!

Narrator Oedipus returns to Thebes.

Oedipus I have killed the Sphinx.

Creon What do you want for your reward?

Oedipus Could I rule Thebes, please?

Creon The only way you can rule Thebes is to ask the Queen to marry you.

Oedipus There, there's only one thing left to say. Jocasta, Queen of Thebes, will you marry me, please?

Jocasta Yes.

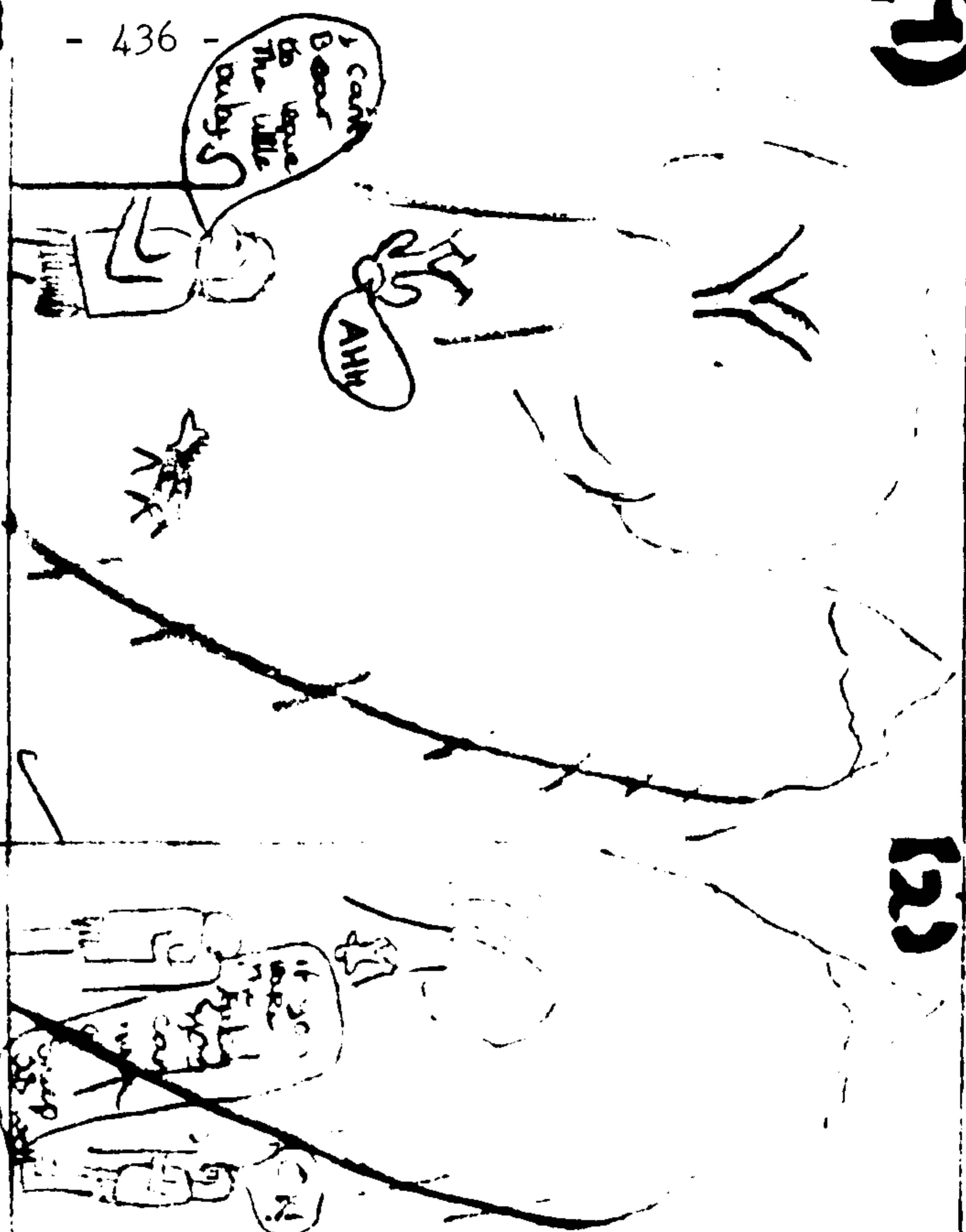
Narrator They married and Oedipus became King.

**TEXT BOUND INTO  
THE SPINE**

David's Work

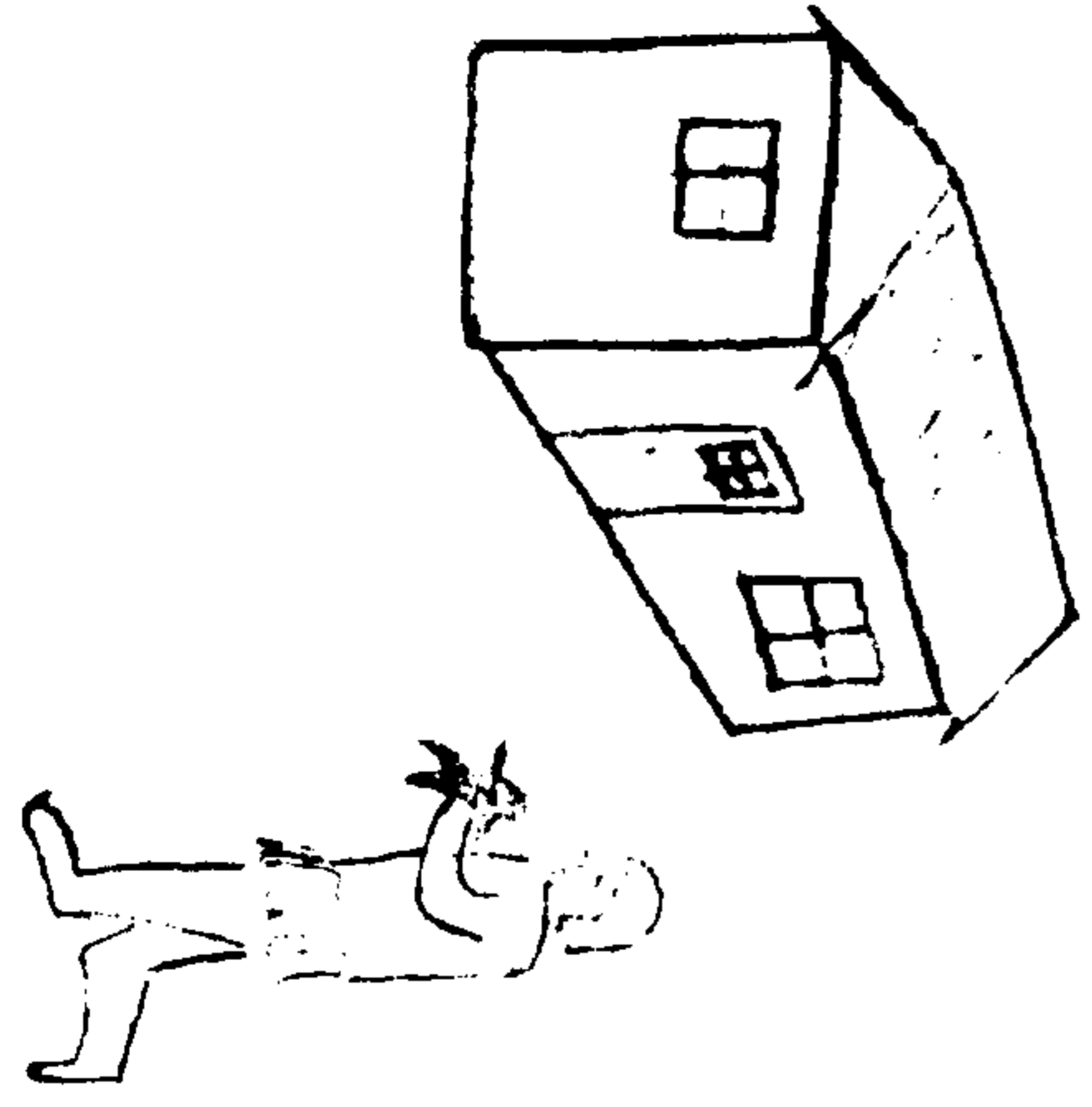
(1)

(2)



- 436 -

3



At Spindal

QJM

Q-2-1

King of Athens

Queen of Athens

King

Queen

King of Athens

Queen

King

Queen

King of Athens

Queen

King

Queen

Tifles

Grade

King of Athens was by once

his baby is going to kill his

the trial says but the king

to find out.

Now you can't have him.

I just got rid of him before

grows up.

Now you can't have him.

Shepherd came from.

Yes your wife said.

Shepherd said and get rid

He's?

You said something.

It's not to kill this baby, it

will be to the throne.

What are you doing to this

I'm not doing it to you or

to kill her.

to have my wife you can have

Shepard  
6  
King  
Shepard  
King  
Shepard.

'ok.  
Shepard I am here to help.  
well name you get rid of it.  
yes.  
hear you are here to help.  
Thank you for helping.

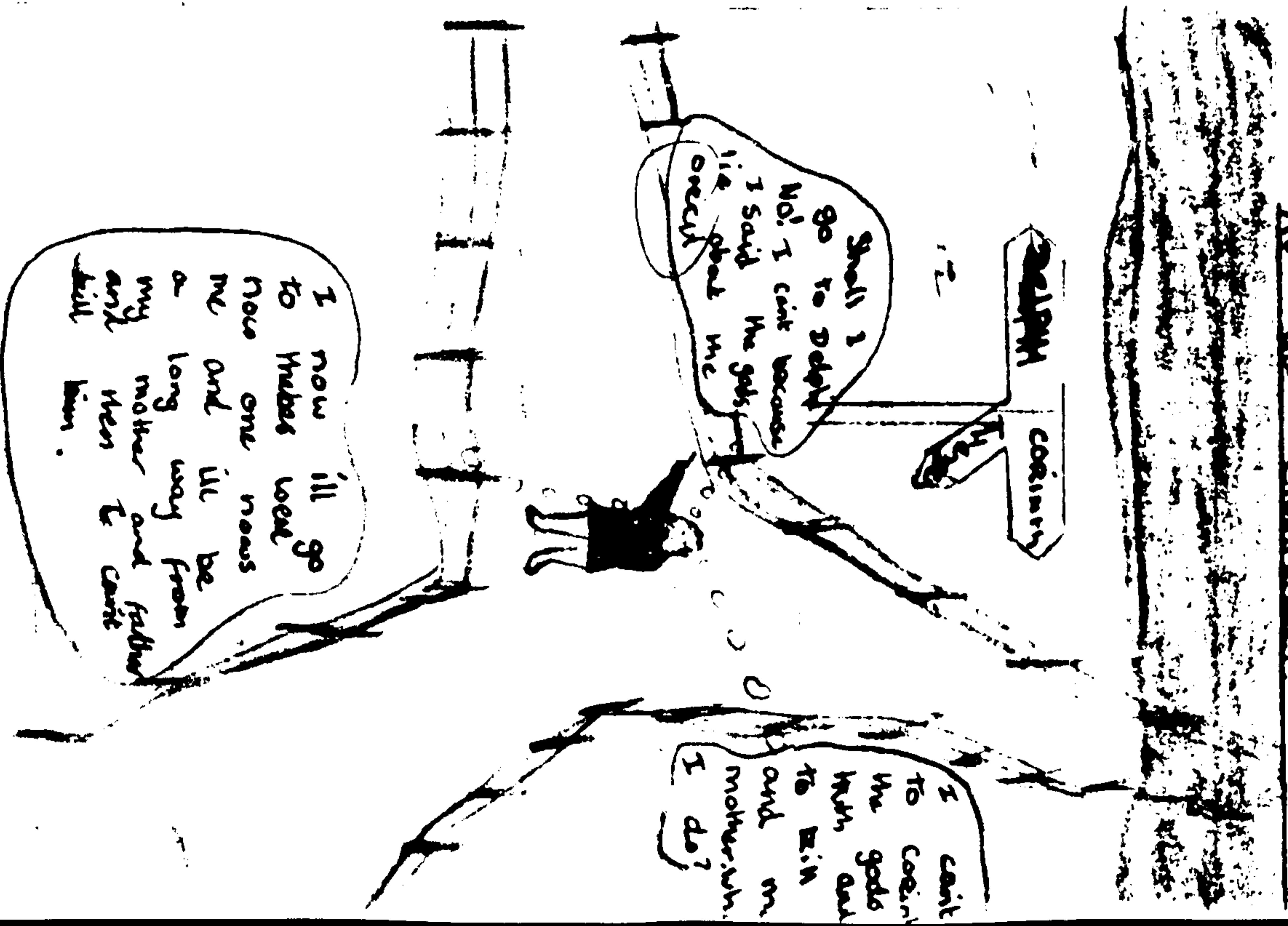
15  
20

Clue  
10-2-81

Oracle

14  
20

At the Crossroads



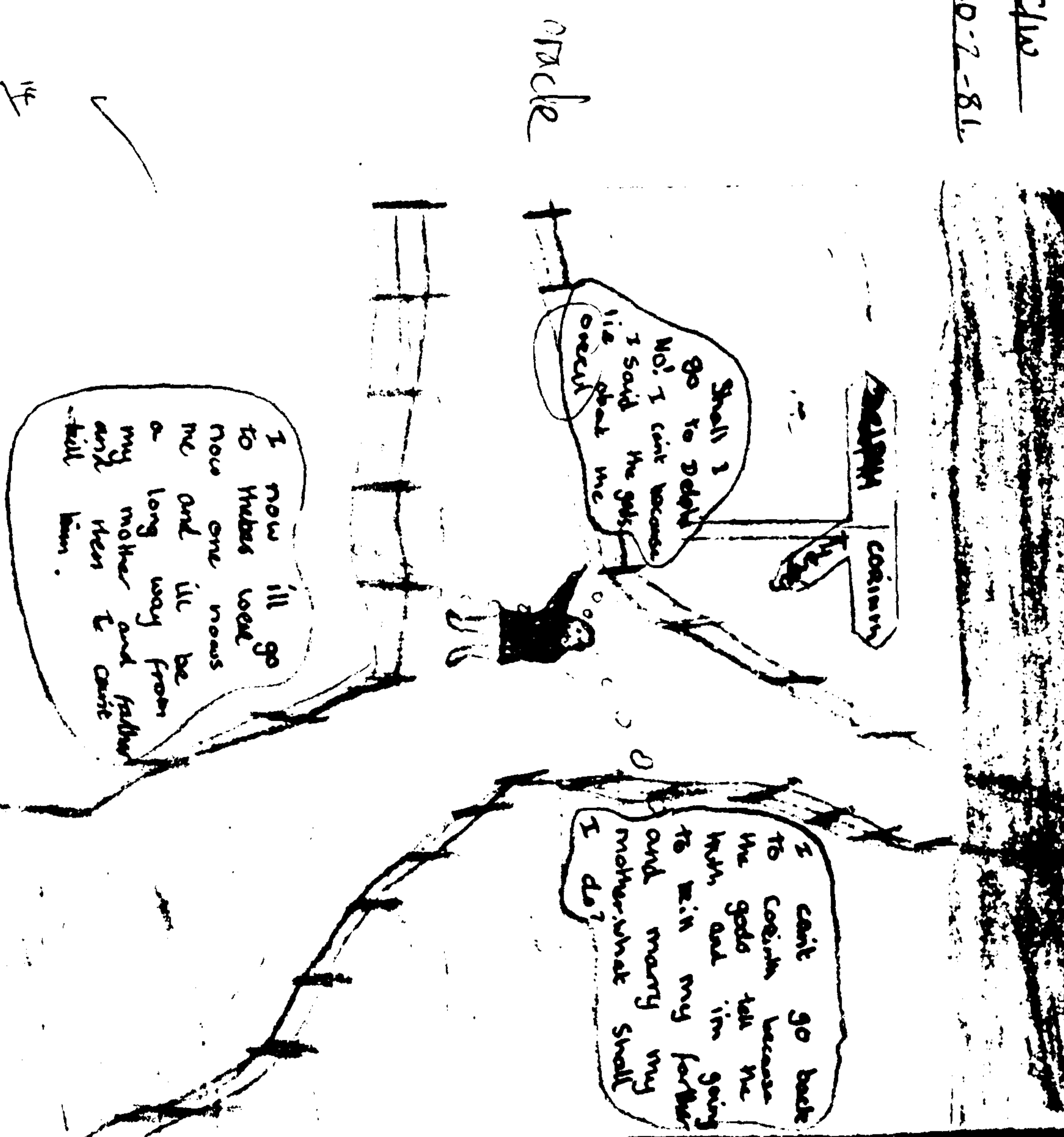
ok.  
I hope to see you back to place.  
I will have you get rid of it.  
I see you hear it's for reward.  
I will have you get rid of it.

15  
20

Clu

10-2-81

At the Crossroads



Oracle

14/20

# At the Crossroads.

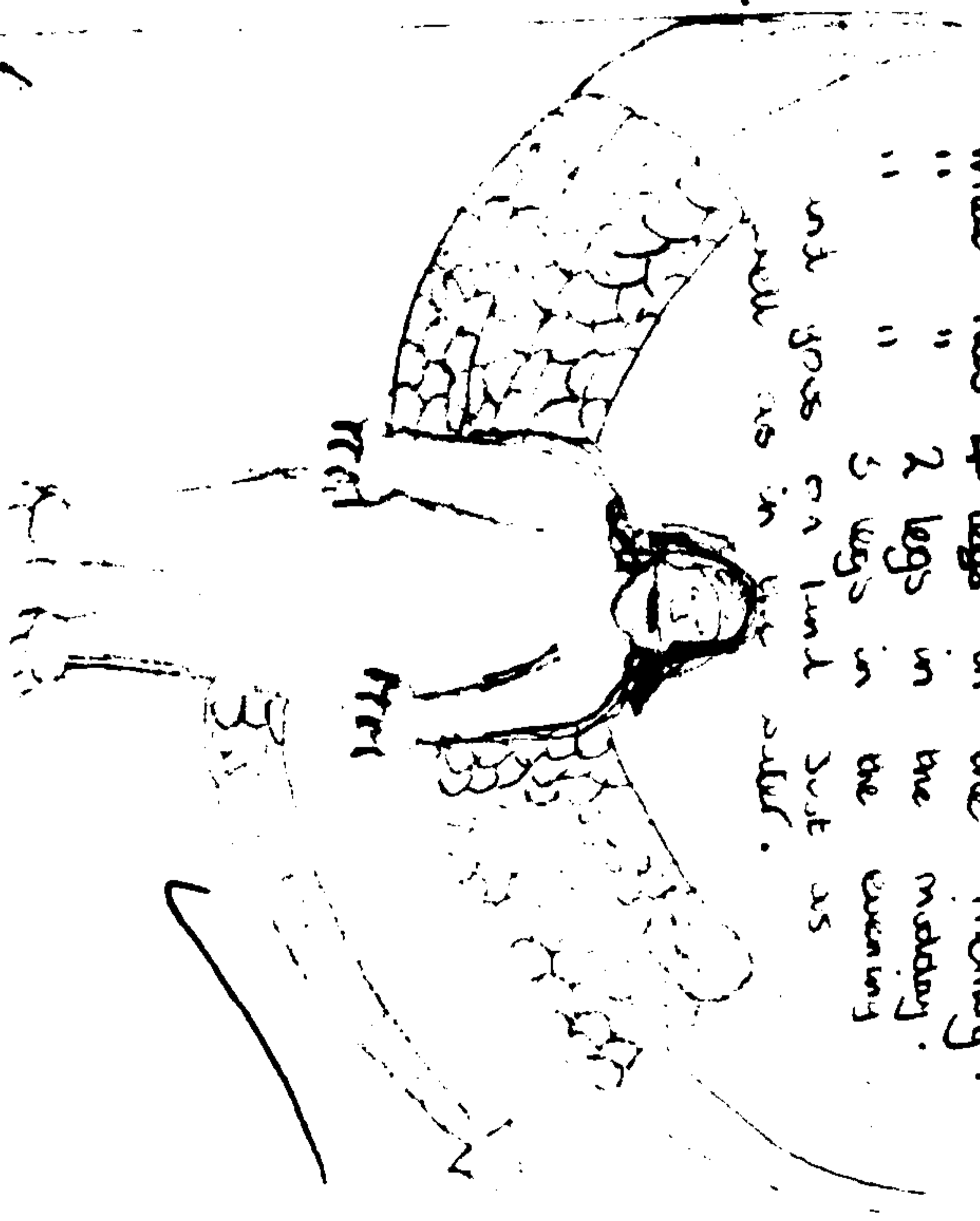
After Oedipus had been to the oracle and had been thrown out because he said that the gods were telling lies and not the least ~~truth~~ he began to walk home when he got to where the three roads met he sat down and had a think to him self. He didn't now whether to go back to Corinth and ask billing his father which he didn't want to do. He couldn't go back to the oracle either so he decided to go to Thebes. But as he set off walking he saw a man in a chariot coming towards him but he would not move so the man hit him with his whip on Oedipus's knee but Oedipus jumped onto the chariot and started to struggle with man then the chariot turned over and the horses were killed on impact and the man had broken his knee and ~~was~~ was of the stones were crushed and the

# The Sphinx

I was walking through the Desert not knowing where it was going there were ~~it~~ skulls and bones and I thought I could see a big boulder with a shadow behind it so I ran and after a bit as I sat down and collapsed. When I woke up these people all around me saying 'The Sphinx' and you to kill the Sphinx, I got up and said 'I am the Sphinx' it is a riddle in the words 'I have the gods' ~~inside~~ inside me to solve and then set off into the Desert I didn't know if the Sphinx was the same as the Sphinx in the story I had seen in my ~~my~~ my in the ~~my~~ my I saw a riddle with this huge Sphinx. I tried to solve it but I couldn't. The Sphinx said 'I will give you an answer if you can solve my riddle. My powers. The Sphinx told me the riddle and then I put my brain to work

will give out the answer. It is a  
 surprising and even if it is  
 the ground. The next thing is  
 the answer was the right one  
 because eating him is the only way  
 to get it. He is the only one  
 as my brother.

~~Green 16~~  
~~Good 20~~



What has 4 legs in the morning.  
 " " 2 legs in the middle.  
 " " 3 legs in the evening.  
 and goes on land just as  
 well as in the water.



Oedipus

HUNK

Oedipus Mother are you really my mother? man  
 Mother Of course I am. Oedipus  
 Oedipus Well I'm going to the oracle to see if man.  
 your telling the truth.  
 Mother Please don't go, don't you believe me.  
 Oedipus Well I must know, good bye. ✓  
 Mother. By the way where is the oracle? Oedipus  
 Oedipus At Delphi. Oracle  
 Oedipus Let's go to Delphi and see man  
 Oedipus Can you tell me where the oracle is please. Oedipus  
 man. No! go away.  
 Oedipus finds the oracle. Oracle  
 Oedipus Is this the way to go into the oracle. Oedipus  
 woman Yes you'll see a man sit.  
 Oedipus It is the way in here. ✓  
 Oedipus gets in.  
 man Look at the oracle and tell me what man  
 you hear. Oedipus  
 Oedipus At last the oracle. ✓  
 man What does it say?  
 Oedipus It says I'm going to kill my father and Oedipus

<p>See if me.</p>	<p>man Oedipus man.</p>	<p>every day mother. That's what you are going to do. No it's telling lies, The gods are wrong! Through this man out the gods are never wrong.</p>
<p>and wife is please.</p>	<p>Oedipus man Oedipus</p>	<p>Oedipus gets to crossroads and sets of to Thebes. There a man coming, I'll get a lift off of this. Get out of my way. NO.</p>
<p>de oncle.</p>	<p>Oedipus</p>	<p>Oedipus jumps on chariot. And it tips over. How now, their dead, but one's getting away.</p>
<p>the street and</p>	<p>man Oedipus man Oedipus</p>	<p>Oedipus walks into desert and Calaptes and wakes up in city. Who are you. I am Oedipus. You've been sent by the gods to put an end of the Sphinx. What are you Sphinx.</p>

man

A no-sister man with a wife and a son.

HWK

Z5-3-81

Oedipus

He is the son of his father and his mother.

Oedipus

He is the son of his father and his mother.

Sphinx

He is the daughter of his father and his mother.

Antigone

Oedipus

and what is it.

Sphinx

" " 2 legs at midday.

" " 3 legs in the evening.

and can go on water and on land.

Oedipus

I know, a person.

Oedipus kills the sphinx and

you have to know.

man

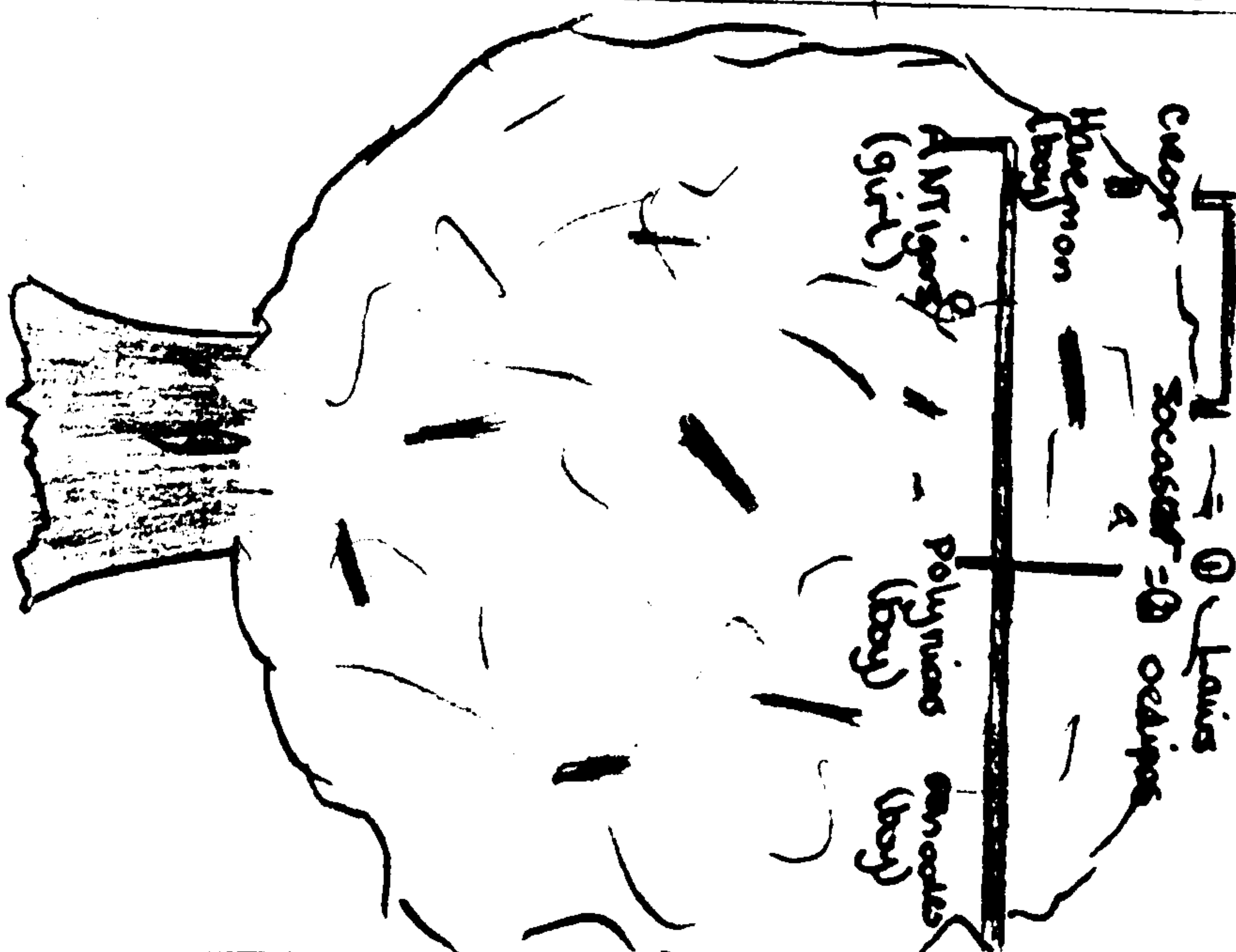
what do you want Oedipus anything

you want.

Oedipus

I want to be king.

Family Tree of Oedipus



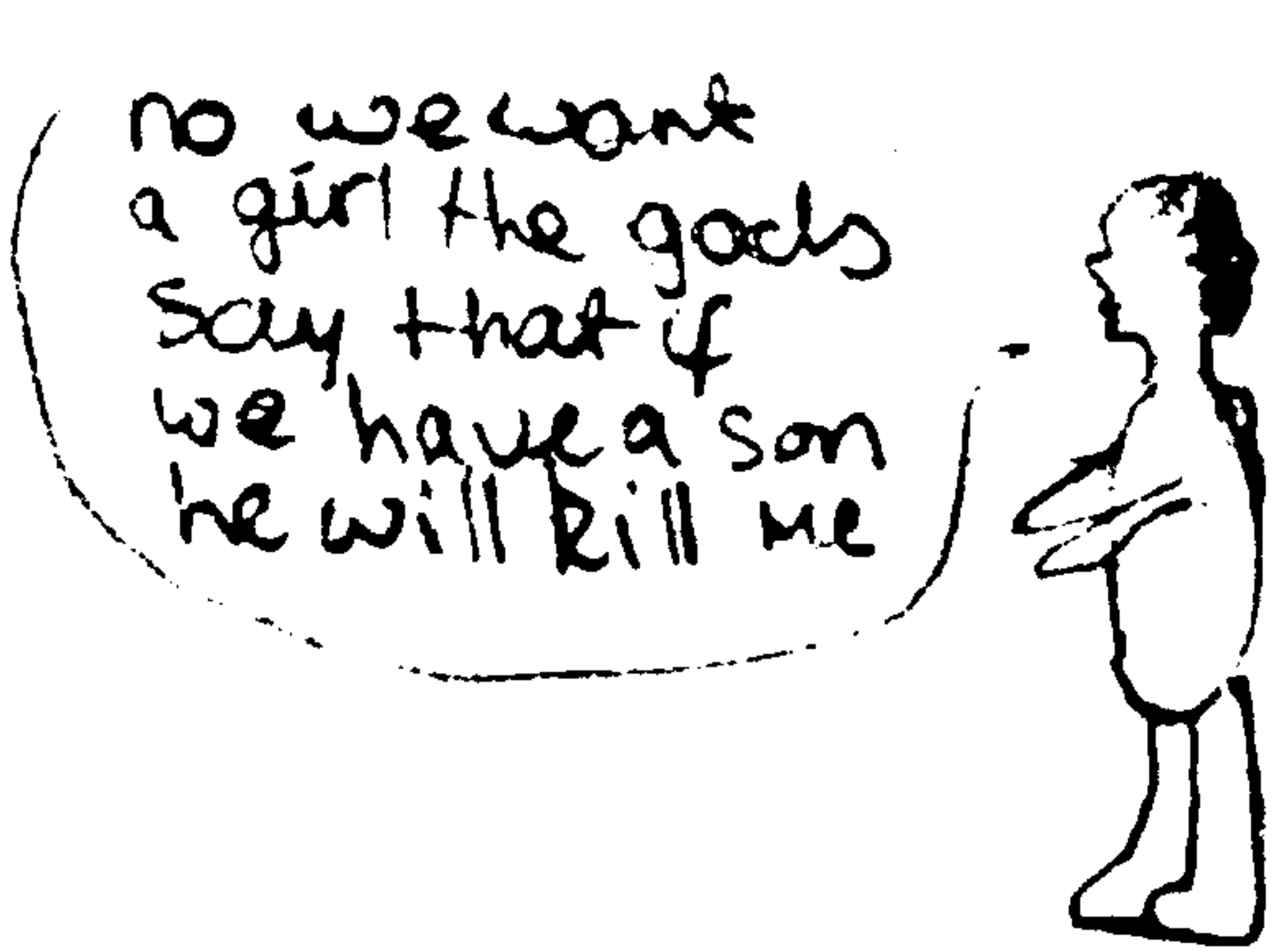
Antigone

Oedipus in the night he was blind because the king.

**TEXT BOUND INTO  
THE SPINE**

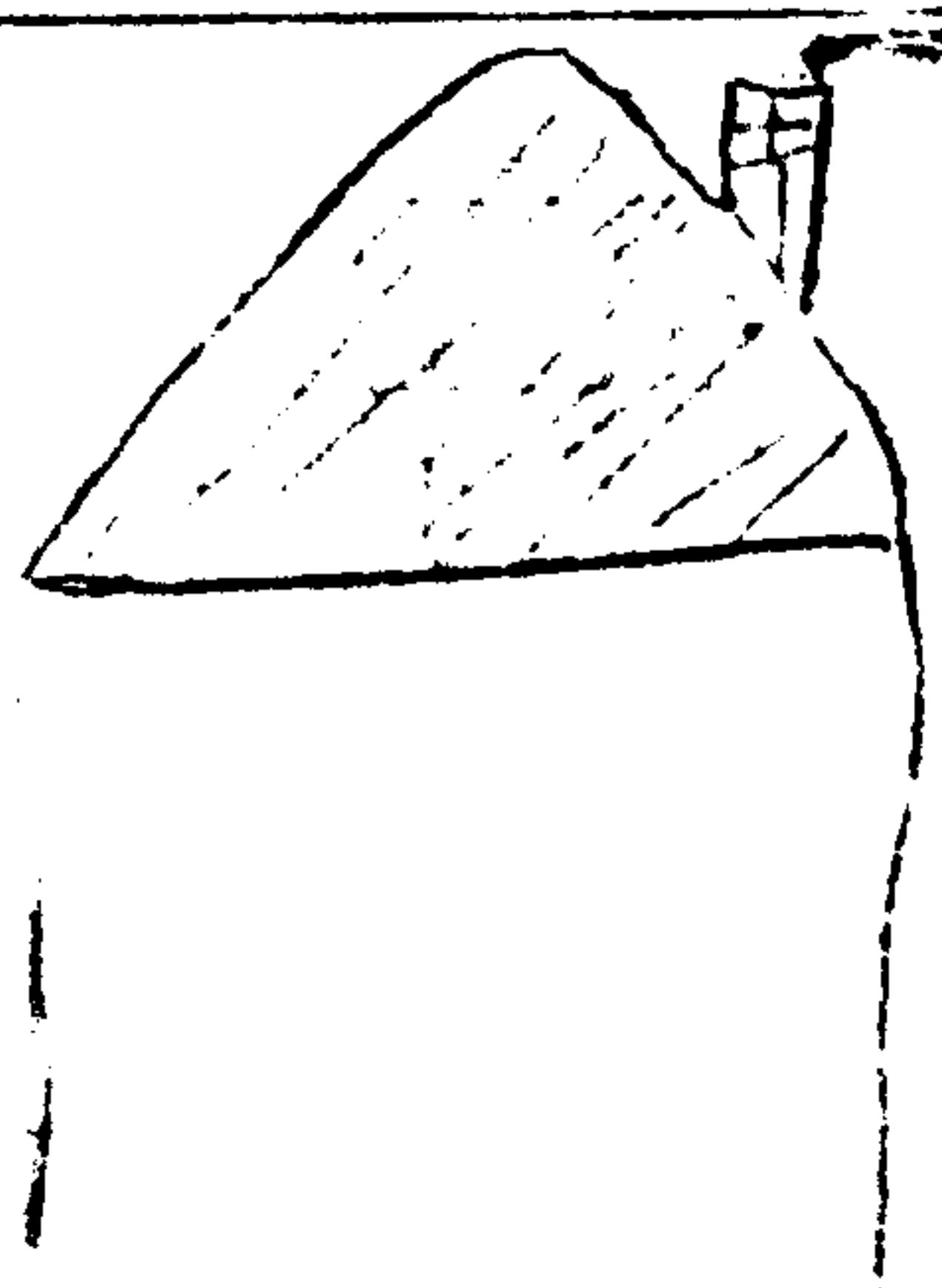
Gail's Work

# The Story of OEDIPUS Part 1



The king of Thebes and his wife want a baby boy. The king goes to the oracle to ask the gods for help. They tell him that his son will kill him so he gives his baby to a shepherd to kill it.

② The rails he t in Cor that



③ The Shepherd of Corinth takes the baby home to his wife and she cleans it up. They name the baby Oedipus which means swollen feet because of his swollen feet that he had been nailed to the tree with.

④ The child the soldi. They

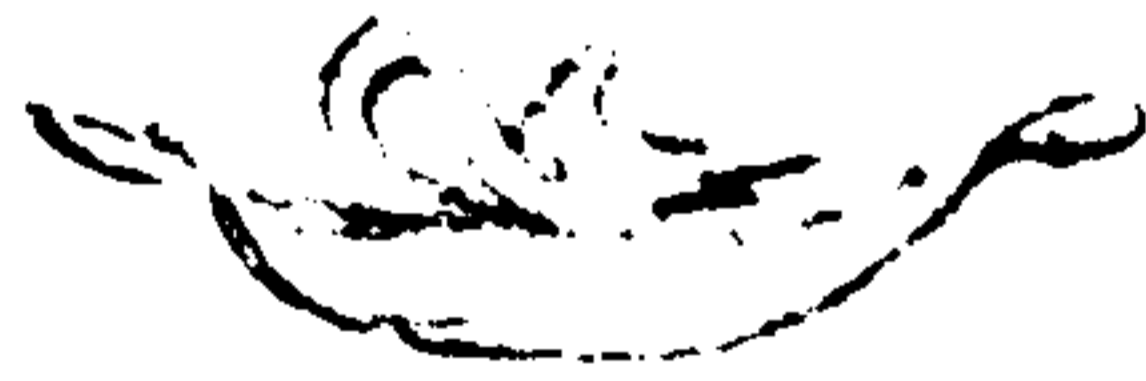
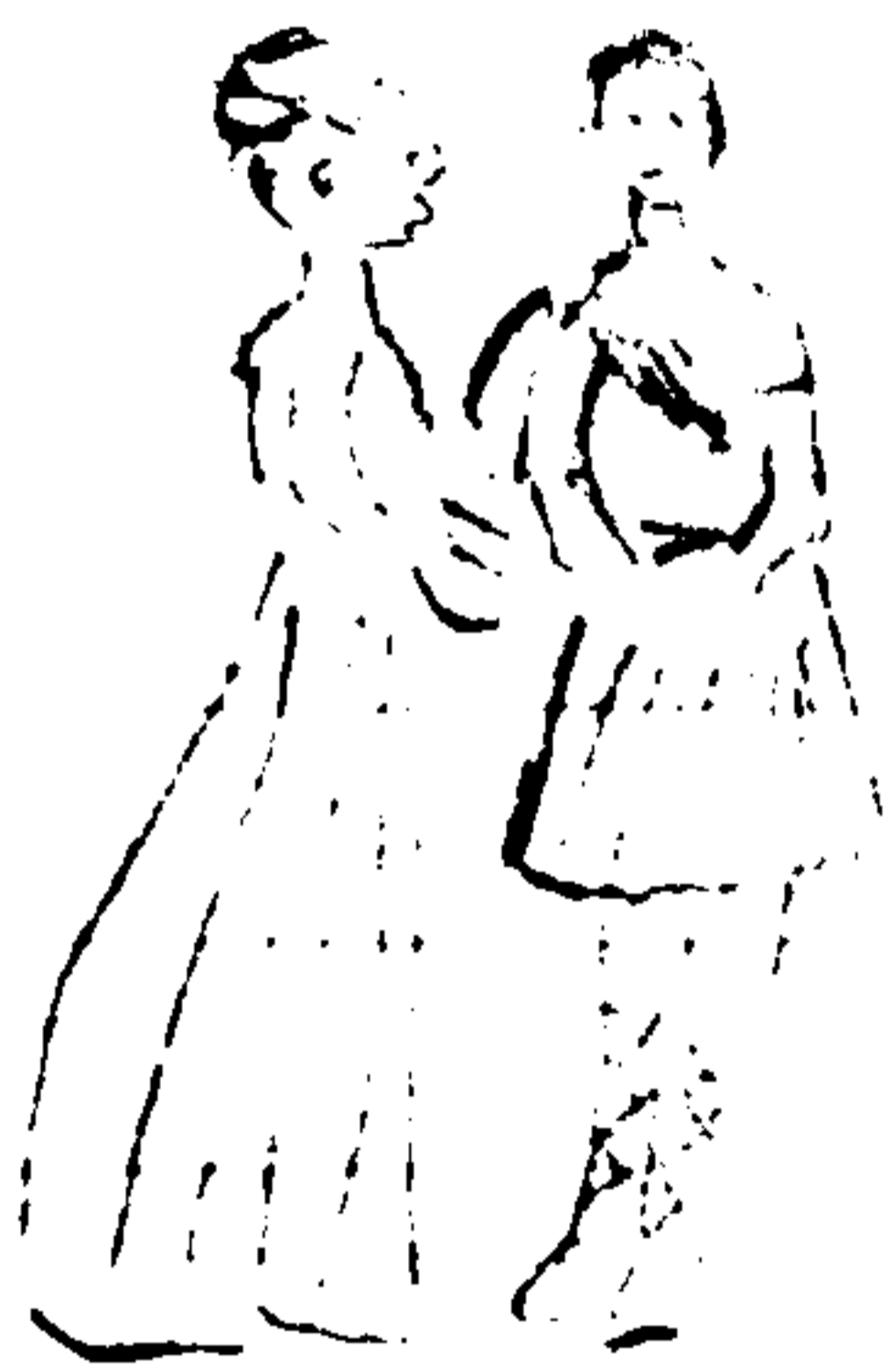
# Part One — Babyhood

①



The shepherd does not kill the baby but nails it to a tree by the feet. He then tells a second shepherd who lives in Corinth about the baby and suggests that he takes it but ~~doesn't~~ tell him who's it is.

②



The king and Queen of Corinth also can't have children so they send their soldiers round the houses to get them a son. The soldiers take Oedipus and ask no questions. They take Oedipus to the king and Queen of Corinth.

Cworth

3rd 28 A Hectic day in the life of  
Oedipus - the Swollen  
footed baby -

King of Thebes Wife I must dispose of  
That. The oracle says that  
when it grows up it will  
kill me.

Queen of My baby is not a that  
Thebes. of an it. It is my baby.  
You shall not dispose of  
my baby anyway.

King of Thebes It is not your baby it  
is our baby. That means  
that it is half mine and I  
am the king, so it shall be  
disposed of!

Queen of Very well you can dispose  
Thebes. of him but you know as  
well as I do that we can't  
have another one though  
don't you!?

King of Yes my dear. I do know. I also  
Thebes

Shepard  
of the  
King of  
Thebes  
Shepard  
Thebes

Shepard  
Corinth

Shepard  
Thebes



know that if I don't dispose of it... er... er... I mean him he will dispose of me!

Shepard out in fields ~~was~~ King of Thebes ~~country~~.....

Shepard  
of thebes  
King of  
Thebes  
Shepard of  
Thebes

Your Majesty don't that a beautiful baby. No. It ~~can't~~ Please dispose of it immediately.

Yes your Majesty.....

Oh your such a ~~quite~~ cute little baby I haven't got the heart to kill you on cold blood. I'll just nail you to the tree and....

Shepard of Corinth

What are you doing with that baby. You animal you you... I'll give you 3 sheep if you will give me that baby.

Shepard of Thebes

It's a deal. Give me the sheep and come and get the baby.

~~Shepherd~~  
~~of Corinth~~

The <sup>herd</sup> Shepherd of Corinth goes home.

Shepherd  
of Corinth  
Shepherd's  
wife

Hey wife look what I've got.

It's a little baby.

Oh where did you get it?

Look at its foot!

Is it a boy or a girl?

It's foot is all swollen!

Who's it?

✓ Haven't you ever heard of washing a cut?

Haven't you ever heard of bandages?

Well what do you say?

I can't tell you where it's from.

It's a boy.

I don't know who's it is.

I didn't have time to wash his foot.

I didn't have time to bandage it.

And if you want him he's yours.

✓ Wife washes the wound and bandages it.

Shepherd of Corinth

King of Corinth  
Shepherd's wife

Queen of Corinth  
Shepherd's wife

18  
20 U

The next day the King and Queen come wanting a baby. This is because they couldn't have any children themselves.

King of Corinth  
Shepard's wife

You are too old to have a baby. Where did you get it from?

~~Yes of course your Majesty~~

~~you~~ My husband found it for me, but I don't know where though.

Queen

Well then please could we have it? We will look after him very well.

King of Corinth  
Shepard's wife

Yes my husband called him Oedipus, because he has a swelling on one of his feet. Look after him won't you!? BYE.

18/20

U. Good.

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d

102.91

At The Crossroads

Clark

As Oedipus was walking up the road to Corinth he saw a chariot coming towards him. I'm just as good as anyone else! he thought. Why should I move? He stood in the middle of the road and the chariot came speeding towards him.

"STOP!!!!" he yelled, but the chariot came towards him.

"Move out of my way!" said the man driving the chariot who looked about middle aged. "Take that" the man continued as he whipped

Oedipus. Oedipus wasn't going to stand for that, he jumped up on to the man's chariot and struggled with him. The servants driving the chariot tried to defend the man and so no-one was left to drive the chariot. The chariot went haywire and trundled down the road freely. Oedipus threw the

me  
one  
bro  
Oed  
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for  
the  
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bar  
the  
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etc  
to  
the  
so  
etc  
are  
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sur  
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Work  
 the  
 chariot  
 as  
 right  
 stood  
 the  
 him.  
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man over the chariot side and  
 into a ditch. The mans neck was  
 broken and the man was dead.  
 Oedipus carried on the fight with  
 the mans servants. He fought  
 first one and then the others  
 He threw a servant over the  
 side of the chariot and he climbed  
 back up again. By this time  
 the chariot had gained a lot of  
 speed and was almost at the  
 crossroads. The chariot started  
 to tilt one way, and then  
 the next. Oedipus jumped off and  
 so did one servant. The chariot  
 shot into a ditch and the servants  
 were crushed under the chariot.  
 Only Oedipus and one servant  
 survived the whole horrifying  
 episode!

Well written!  $\frac{18}{20}$

At the Crossroads

Shall I go back to Delphi where the oracle says that I shall kill my father and marry my mother! Huh... how dare you say that. I love my father and my mother so much too old for me! My classmate can't go to Delphi. He's out for saying that his gods might be wrong!

Shall I go to Corinth where I was brought up. Or I can't go back here just in case I kill my father by mistake. Mind you I still wouldn't marry my mother. But no I can't go there just in case.

Hmmmm Thebes I've never heard of this place before. I wonder what it's like.

If I go to Thebes I won't be able to kill my father or

marry my mother. My mother might be cut off though but she will get over it!

The I go  
 knew  
 with  
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 by  
 that  
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 am  
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 for  
 and  
 All  
 from  
 riddle  
 Sphinx

All about  
 1/2  
 30

# How I killed The SPHINX

by Caelius

Well first of all I crossed the desert to Thebes and when I got there everyone was amazed because I had crossed the desert without harm from the SPHINX. Most people think that I was protected by the gods but personally I think that your silly Sphinx thing was frightened to come near me!

The being extremely brave like I am went back into the desert to kill this Sphinx.

I walked through the desert for a few hours and every now and then I would call "Sphinx..... Sphinx come out you coward!" All of a sudden it came out, appeared from nowhere.

"If you can answer my riddle you may go free!" said the Sphinx "If not ~~then~~ I will claw

My class  
my hat  
the

contin  
the  
tell my  
no secret  
case

All about  
is  
to

you to death with my lions talons." it continued.

The sphinx had the enormous body of a fearful lion, the lashing tail of a serpent, the gigantic, black wings of an eagle and the head of an angry woman.

To carry on with my story:

"You," I said, "claw me to death! huh! that's a laugh!"

"You either claw you to death or strangle you!" said the sphinx.

"Tell me your stupid riddle."

I said scornfully to her.

"What has four legs in the morning, 2 legs at midday and 3 legs in the evening, and can go on land as well as on sea?"

Asked the sphinx, obviously thinking that she'd beaten me.

"That's easy," I said "Why a human being of course - we

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✓ Good  
Walt

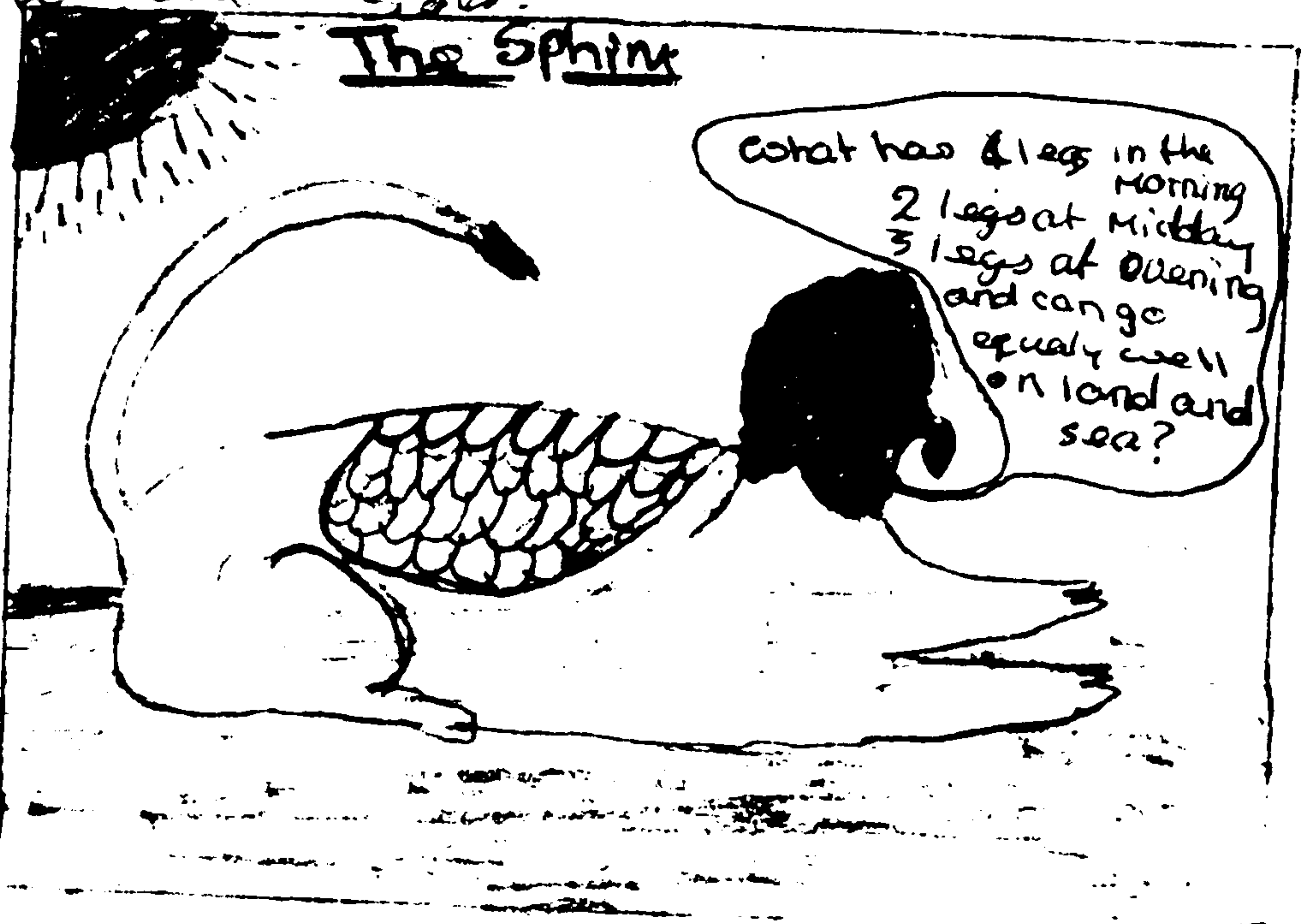
17  
/

20



crawl on four 'legs', two arms  
two legs, as babies, walk on two  
legs in middle-age and walk  
on two legs and a walking stick  
as old men and women."

The Sphinx let out a very  
high pitched scream and then  
fell onto a heap on the ground.  
With-out fear I kicked and  
thumped it and she disintegrated  
etc etc said!



V. Good  
Work  
17  
/  
20

PTA

Creon - the Queen of Thebes brother  
asked Oedipus what he wanted  
as a reward and Oedipus replied  
"I want to be king of Thebes."  
Theseus married Jueasta - queen  
of Thebes, and became king!

King of Corinth Oedipus  
Oedipus Is King of Corinth  
Oedipus Is King of Corinth  
Oedipus Is King of Corinth

10.3.81

Oedipus

Homework

Oedipus has heard a drunken man  
saying that his father and Mother  
are not his real father and Mother.  
Father, I am going to Delphi to  
visit the Oracle and see what the  
future holds for me. I may not  
return, I may make my life  
elsewhere.

✓  
I'm  
up  
be  
for  
you  
King of Corinth

King of Corinth Son, please don't go. Your mother and  
I have worked hard to bring you  
up well.

SD  
Oedipus  
Wel  
me  
hoi

Oedipus Father ..... I don't quite know  
how to ask you this but .....  
are you ..... well are you my .....  
my real father?

Translator of Oracle  
Oedipus  
an  
Be  
an

brother  
died  
ed,?  
en

King of Corinth Of course I am!!!

Oedipus Is -- is my mother my real mother?

King of Corinth Of course she is what do you think  
are you? kid nappers? baby stealers?

Oedipus No father, I'm very sorry for  
asking. father, I can't

face my mother so tell her that  
I'm going because she'll be so  
upset. Goodbye father and please  
tell my mother that it isn't her  
fault that I'm going and it's not  
yours either father. Bye!

King of Corinth But... But... son come back, --  
wait... OH!

S D Oedipus goes to the Oracle in  
Delphi.

Oedipus Well I've waited in a queue, paid my  
money so what does my father  
hold when Oracle?

Translator of Oracle You will tell your father  
and marry your mother.

Oedipus But... but I love my father  
and my mother but my mother's

homework

man  
Mother  
Mother.  
to  
at she  
not  
life

her and  
you

knew

my...

Much too old for me to marry.

Oedipus

Translator at Oracle

Guard take this man away he dare to question the gods. Never let him back in again.

Man in Chariot

SD

Oedipus is taken from the Oracle and out of Delphi. He gets to the crossroads between Delphi, Thebes and Corinth.

Oedipus

Oedipus

Now which way shall I go? ... Back to Delphi? No they will only kick me out again! Back to Corinth? No I might kill my father by accident and somehow marry my mother.

Man in Chariot

HMMMM what's that place? Thebes THEBES, yes I've <sup>never</sup> heard of that before, I'll go there.

Oedipus

SD

SD

Oedipus took the road to Thebes and on the way saw a well dressed man speeding towards him in a chariot with quite a few slaves in it.

Creon

Oedipus

Stop there you man

Man in Chariot

I shall not stop for you - You can move out of the way for

marry.  
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 for

Oedipus

me. I'm better than you.  
 You are no better than me stop  
 or run over me.

Man in Chariot

Move out of my way you mere  
 peasant or I **SHALL** run you down.

Oedipus

I shan't move ..... hup! .....  
 ..... I'm on your chariot now old  
 man!

Man in Chariot

Get off my chariot, slaves  
 Remove this man immediately.

Oedipus

Bop you off..... Wallop you Goo!.....

SD

A long horrific fight followed.

The chariot went sliding into a ditch.

Only two people survived it all... Oedipus

and a slave but Oedipus didn't

know that the slave had survived.

Water, I ~~must~~ have water. A town

at last. Please give me water

I've come all the way through

the deeps.

Creon

Here man, water. This ~~town~~ <sup>town</sup>

is called Thebes. Who are you?

How did you get through the

Oedipus desert? Didn't you see the sphinx?  
Thank you for the water. I am  
Oedipus and I have never  
heard of the sphinx. Who are  
you? What is the sphinx?

Creon I am Creon and the queen of  
Thebes is my ~~brother~~ sister. The  
sphinx is something that lives in  
the deserts and kills everyone  
that ventured in there. You must  
be protected by the Gods.

Oedipus What does the sphinx look like?

Creon No-one knows because no-one  
had ever survived after meeting  
it

Oedipus I shall go back into the  
desert and not come back until  
it is dead.

Creon Be careful ---- Good Luck -- Bye.

Oedipus Oedipus goes in to the deserts

Oedipus Sphinx ---- hey sphinx... Come  
forth and let me see you or  
are you such a coward that you

Sphinx I

Oedipus I

Sphinx W

Oedipus W

Sphinx S.D. C

Oedipus I

Creon W

Oedipus C

Creon T

Oedipus T

Excellent

Sphinx?  
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Sphinx

I am no coward answer my riddle or I shall kill you.

Oedipus

I can answer any stupid riddle. Ask away.

Sphinx

What has four legs in the morning, 2 legs at midday and three legs at midday, and can go equally well on land and sea?

Oedipus

Why it's a it's a person.

Sphinx

AAAAAA

SD.

Oedipus returns to Thebes

Oedipus

I have killed the Sphinx.

Creon

What do you want for a reward?

Oedipus

Could I rule Thebes please?

Creon

The only way you can do that is to marry the queen.

Oedipus

Then there's one thing left to say - Jocasta, Queen of Thebes will you marry me? Please.

Jocasta

YES!

They married and Oedipus became King!

Excellent

## The Unresolved Murder

### 11:30 81.1) The Plague.....

Oedipus, Oedipus please help us Oedipus. You killed the Sphinx for us and now why can you not cure our plague, please Oedipus help us!

Huh leave him, he's okay. He's in his big palace on the hill. His wife, brother-in-law and 4 kids aren't dying of the plague, ours are! He shouldn't have ever been made king.

He doesn't even come from Thebes does he? he's an outsider!

### 2) The message of the oracle.....

Ah, Creon. I'm so glad your home. What did the oracle have to say then? The oracle said that

we have a killer at large in Thebes Oedipus. An unpunished killer.

This killer is no ordinary killer

though he or she murdered

havin our king before

you Oedipus. You must find this

(killer or the people will rebel!)

Ismene (girl)

Creon



Tiresias, the Old Blind

you ask me who is the murderer?  
I tell you that the murderer  
is in this room, you and I are in  
this room alone. I am not the murderer!

I never lie!

I will tell you one more  
thing King Oedipus 'murderer'!

I may be blind but I know  
more than you do! You are  
the blind one in us two!

Just remember.... Your

'Wife' Socrates, The

Queen is closer to you than

you know!

Yes... Remember...

Sister - daughter

brother - son

mother - wife

Uncle - brother-in-law!

Remember my

Prophet Meets the "Murderer" Oedipus

Are you saying that I am the murderer  
That's a lie. You and Creon planned  
this together didn't you!?

Creon planned  
you didn't  
he? don't lie!

I am not blind! It is you who  
is blind, Tiresias!

What do you mean my wife is  
dearer than I think do you  
mean she is outside the door?  
and what are you rambling  
on about...

Sister - son

mother - brother-in-law

brother - daughter

uncle - wife?

no, I've got it wrong... did you

say

sister - daughter

brother - son

mother - wife

Uncle - brother-in-law!

oh I don't know what you said

it's all a load of rubbish

### Oedipus accuses Creon of

① You've been planning and plotting with Tiresias, haven't you. Don't try to fool me because I know that you know him!

② You know why you have schemed with him as well as I do? I don't lie to me. You want to be being don't you. With me out of the way you could be being couldn't you.

③ Don't think that you can lie to me. You've never liked me have you?

④ I still don't believe you. I shall tell Jocasta about your scheming and see what she thinks about her planning, scheming brother.

⑤ Yes I suppose you did but that doesn't excuse you from this. I am going to tell Jocasta.

### Scheming with Tiresias

① Of course I know him, who doesn't? But not for accusing me of scheming with him, why that's a lie if ever there was one! Why should I scheme with him?

② Why should I want to become king? I did 17 years ago but that's long before the plague. To be being would be too much responsibility and not enough pay.

③ No I have never liked you but I would still rather be in my present position than have all the responsibility of being king.

④ Tell Jocasta and she'll tell you that even if I don't like you I would never do that. I've always hated you haven't I? Didn't I go to the oracle for you? Well didn't I?

⑤ You go and tell her!

18.4.81.

Oedipus tells Jocaster his story.

Oedipus Oh! Jocaster! I hate Creon. He's been scheming with the blind Prophet against me.

Jocaster Now, now Oedipus calm down. Why are you in such a temper? You know you don't really hate Creon. And what's all this about scheming with Tiresias, the blind prophet? You know Creon wouldn't do that.

Oedipus Creon has bribed Tiresias to accuse me of murdering King ~~Laius~~<sup>Laius</sup>, your first husband, and it can't be true.

Jocaster Of course it can't be true but neither is your accusation against Creon, he wouldn't do that. The old blind prophet is just wrong. Do you know that according to the Gods a child, borne to Laius and me was going to kill ~~Laius~~<sup>Laius</sup> and marry me. The child was killed or given away or something.

Oedipus Just how did King ~~Laius~~<sup>Laius</sup> die?

Jocaster Well the last remaining servant,

Oedipus.

Jocaster.

Oedipus.

Jocaster.

Oedipus.

the one who didn't get killed says that at the crossroads between Thebes, Corinth, and Delphi, a gang of robbers attacked them and killed everyone but him and he escaped.

Oedipus. I once killed a man, but only once.

Jocaster. Never mind lots of soldiers kill men.

Oedipus. I wasn't a soldier, I never got the chance.

Jocaster. Well how did you come to kill a man then?

Oedipus. It was like this..... I was at the crossroads, the one between Corinth, Thebes and Delphi. I'd just been to the oracle and I was deciding whether to go back home or to come here. I'd never heard of Thebes before so I came here. Just as I was about to set off a rich looking, well dressed man came hurtling towards me in a chariot and he wouldn't stop so I stood in front of him, I jumped up onto his chariot and fought with

him. His chariot went into a ditch and everyone except me and one slave who ran off was killed.

5.5.91

Q1)

Jocasta: What's that got to do with Laius' death?

Q2)

Oedipus: Don't you see all the evidence is the same so it must be me, I must be the killer. I must condemn myself and.....

Q3)

Jocasta: Don't talk such utter rubbish in Laius killing a gang of robbers killed him. In your story only you killed the man. So your innocent!

Q4)

Q5)

Oedipus: Let's send for the escaped slave. If he sticks to his 'gang' story I'm innocent. If he says only 'one' person I'm guilty.

Q6)

Q7)

Q8)

Q9)

Excellent  $\frac{19}{2}$

Q10)

A1)

✓ took her brooch from her breast and  
✓ said that it is his wife's brooch and  
poked his eye out with it.

✓ (19) Oedipus asked Creon to look after his  
children for him.

✓ (20) for the rest of his life Oedipus wanders  
Greece with Antigone, his daughter.

9 V. G.  
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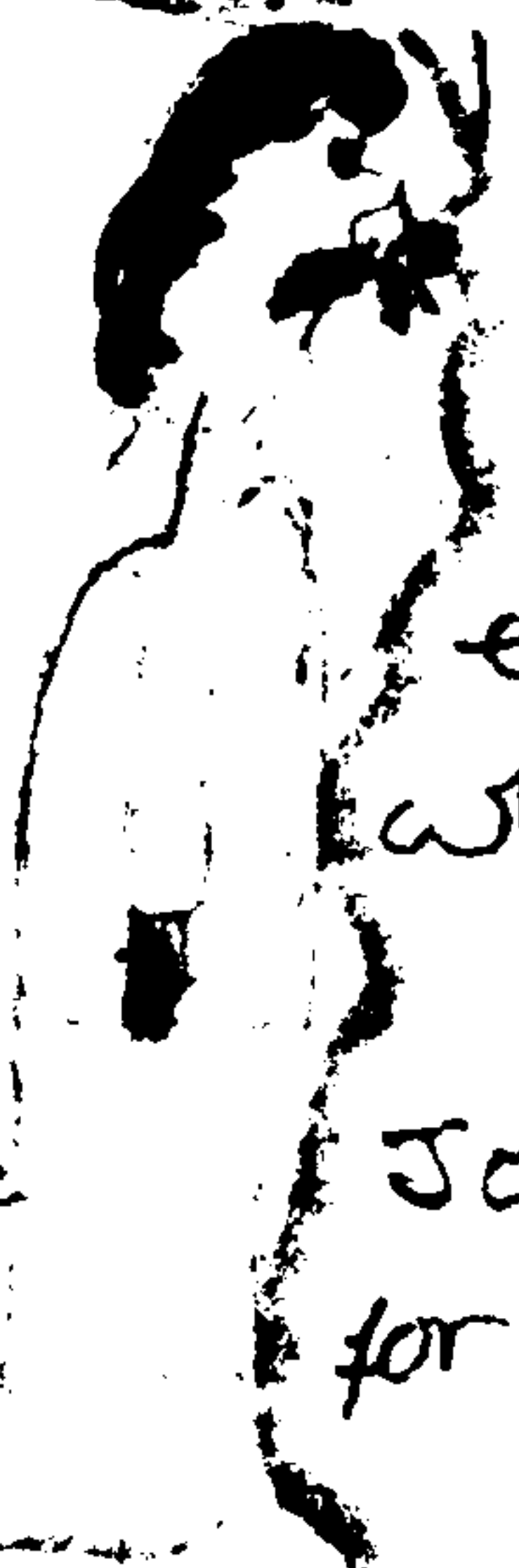
Oedipus blinds himself

Oh, Jocasta my Mother, my wife  
I'm so very very sorry. Now I know  
why the Blind Prophet told me that

I was blind and not him well from  
now on I shall be blinded, with your  
brooch pin in my eyes. How do I  
ever apologise enough to you Jocasta  
why did you do this?

Creon please look after my and  
Jocasta's children. I'm very very sorry  
for accusing you of scheming with Tiresias.

I'm sorry but now the plague  
shall go I have been  
punished. To have lost my Jocasta  
and my sight.



and  
killed  
his  
children  
and  
himself

In a way I do feel sorry for Oedipus because he didn't know that the man that he killed was his father and that the woman that he married was his mother. I also think that Jocasta killing herself was enough punishment for him without him blinding himself.

In another way I don't feel sorry for Oedipus because he shouldn't have killed anyone in the first place and he should have listened to the oracle.

Oedipus.

Jocasta

Oedipus

Jocasta

Oedipus

Jocasta

Oedipus.

S. D.

Messenger.

Oedipus

Jocasta

Oedipus

45.81.

S. D.

Oedipus life from the play onwards Homework

There's a plague and Oedipus is told by Creon, who has just been to the oracle, that the plague won't be cured until the ~~unpunished~~ unpunished murderer is punished.

Oedipus.

This murderer shall be banished ~~forever~~.  
Even if it is one of my family, even if it is me!!!

S. D.

Later on.

**TEXT BOUND INTO  
THE SPINE**



Jayne's Work

How I killed the "Phinx"

6/16

I had not yet recovered from the shock of the accident when I got out of walking towards the bus I was dazed and stunned and came to a desert not knowing it, I seemed to be walking for hours and hours on end eventually when I couldn't go any further I dropped down frustrated and scared. The next moment I felt a hand on my shoulder, I must have fainted because someone was saying "Hey you there who are you, are you alright?" I woke up. Then the people began to say "you are the chosen one you have been sent by the Gods to help us" "Help you what do you mean" I said. Then they explained to me about there being a creature in the desert the "PHINX" I did not know where was and so they told me they said the phinx was the head of a woman and body of a man and it was a serpent and the wings of an eagle. everyone someone goes into the

Desert the Sprites says a miracle for the  
 people to come if they don't believe it, the  
 Sprites devour them after some days <sup>and</sup>  
 torment their souls. Every time she kills  
 someone lets out a loud wailing  
 scream. "But not here, just come through  
 the desert and nothing happened to me"  
 I said. "Yes that's what I mean  
 you must have been protected by  
 the Gods, that's the only explanation  
 I can think of" the man said. "And why,  
 what's your name?" I asked him. He replied  
 "my name is Uren from the prince  
 of Heros." "Oh, yes and I don't know"  
 I said. "Well now you're here you can go  
 and defeat the Sprites" said Uren. "Well  
 yes, if I'm in all right I'll go and kill  
 the Sprites. If I can't I'll murmur under my  
 breath. I went out into the desert looking  
 for the Sprites hoping not to find it.  
 Unluckily for me I found the Sprite  
 it was incredible the Sprite had the  
 head of a woman (very ugly) the body

10

of a lion the tail of a serpent and  
the wings of an eagle, I was petrified  
by the sphinx. The sphinx said "Are you  
going to ~~try~~ to solve the riddle" before  
I kill you." Yes Yes of course I am  
I'll solve the riddle..... well, say  
the riddle then I replied. The sphinx  
began the riddle "What has four legs in the

morning two legs at midday, three  
legs at night and in the evening will  
not stand on any feet. This was a real  
brain teaser for me I thought to myself  
"I'll solve it in the morning" I then  
went to bed and fell asleep. I will  
not stand on any feet. I said to myself.

I was now beginning to get worried.  
"Would you repeat the riddle again  
please?" I asked. "Yes certainly" said  
the sphinx.

What has  
four legs in the morning  
two legs at midday

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showed with you. They all said that I  
was dead because they said the  
dream of the spirit. They asked  
me what the name was and I said,

The name was not we already see  
if you can guess the answer  
What is it

4 legs in the morning,  
2 legs at midday,  
3 legs at night,  
and you are equally well  
in the morning.

"Well I really don't know" said I  
"Well I'll tell you it's a man because  
he has four legs when he is a baby,  
two legs because he crawls on his hands  
and knees and three legs  
because when he grows older in the  
night of his life he needs a walking  
stick which is his third leg. I mean  
and the other men picked me up  
and carried me on their shoulders  
to the palace where they held a

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... for him ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 "Calipus for being Calipus for being"  
 ... the highest  
 authorities of the ...  
 what he would ...  
 for killing the ...  
 him ...  
 I have ...  
 ...  
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 ...  
 ...  
 I asked the queen to marry me  
 after I had got a million and she  
 said "yes" I became king and the  
 queen had a new name and king.

19  
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Excellent

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11/3/50

H/W

A play about OEDIPUS

OEDIPUS played by Jayne Butcher  
 JOCASTER played by Janet Kiernan  
 CREON played by Janice Clark  
 PRIEST played by Janet Kiernan  
 SPHINOX played by Janine Swift  
 KING played by Janine Swift

OEDIPUS  
 PRIEST  
 Oedipus  
 PRIEST

Oedipus

I must go to the oracle to see what is to become of me and to find out whether my mum and Dad are my real parents. I'm so <sup>tired</sup> tired I think I'll just sit down against this sign post my legs are so tired.

Oedipus

PRIEST

AFTER A LONG WALK OEDIPUS FINALLY REACHES THE ORACLE HE HAS A LONG WAIT BUT HE FINALLY GETS IN.

OEDIPUS

OEDIPUS Dear priest I have come for help can you tell me what is to become of me  
 PRIEST of course I can help you, you are Oedipus are you not

OEDIPUS Yes, that might but how did you know  
 PRIEST Well I know everything, the Gods'

to



me you see,

OEDIPUS Can you tell me my fortune now.

PRIEST Yes, yes of course well you will em er  
oh this is well you will and then

Oedipus Yes, yes tell me tell me.

PRIEST well you will ..... ki, er kill,  
kill your father and then well er then  
you will er em, ..... well you will  
marry your mother.

Oedipus oh really well I think your lying  
I would never kill anyone least of  
all my father. And as for marrying  
my mother I think that's obscene.

PRIEST YOU TRAITER, you are daughting the  
word of the gods so you can get out of  
here and never come here again.

OEDIPUS tell my father marry my mother the gods  
must be lying but no they can't be  
they allways tell the truth.

OEDIPUS CAME TO THE CROSSROADS AGAIN  
WANDERING WHICH WAY TO GO, ONE WAY  
SAID DELPHI THEN ONE SAID CORINTH  
AND THE OTHER ONE SAID THEBES.

Oedipus Which direction can I go in I can't go back to Delphi or the gods may get angry and send down a thunderbolt, I can't go to Corinth or I will kill my father and marry my mother. I'll go to this other place called Thebes oh Thebes there is a long fence separating Corinth and Thebes I remember now, yes I'll go to Thebes I don't know anyone there.

Just as OEDIPUS WAS LEAVING THE CROSSROADS A CHARIOT CAME ROARING DOWN THE ROAD.

OEDIPUS I'd better move quickly before I get knocked over. In fact no, why should I move after all I am the prince, I refuse to move for this charioteer.

THE CHARIOT DREW CLOSER AND CLOSER AND A SPLIT SECOND OEDIPUS HAD JUMPED UP ON TO THE CHARIOT AND WAS FIGHTING WITH THE DRIVER. THE CHARIOT SWERVED AND WENT INTO THE DITCH. OEDIPUS FORTUNATELY

Oedipus

Creon

Oedipus

Creon

Oedipus

Creon

WAS THROWN OFF AND WAS ALLRIGHT, ONE OF THE SLAVES FROM THE BACK OF THE CHARIOT ESCAPED OEDIPUS RAN AFTER THE SLAVE BUT COULDN'T CATCH HIM SO OEDIPUS CAME BACK TO THE CHARIOT.

OEDIPUS Oh what have I done I've killed a man 'naw he looks pretty important with all those jewels he look like a king. I'd better set off across the desert or I'll never get to Thebes by nightfall.

OEDIPUS, AFTER MANY HOURS (EVENTUALLY REACHED THE END OF THE DESERT WHERE HE COLLAPSED.)

CREON Hey you're you alright who are you where have you come from.

OEDIPUS I'm Oedipus I've just come through the desert why?

CREON You have come at last you have been sent by the Gods to save us from the Sphinx.

OEDIPUS The Sphinx what's this, I haven't been sent by the Gods. Hey what are you on about.

CREON Well you have just come out of the

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desert and in the desert is an animal called the sphinx who has the head of a woman the body of a lion the tail of a serpent and the wings of an eagle, and she waits in the desert for someone to come and then she devours them.

Oedipus Well what's this got to do with me?

Creon You have just come through the desert and you haven't been devoured by the sphinx.

Well would you tell me what will the sphinx say if you will be a really new creature?

Well I'll tell you what I'll tell you. I'll tell you what I'll tell you. I'll tell you what I'll tell you.

THE CHILD... AND FINALLY, REACHED THE... WOULD HE MET THE...

AND FINALLY, REACHED THE... WOULD HE MET THE...

Sphinx Ah you have come you have come to face your death. If you can

Oedipus  
Sphinx

Oedipus

Sphinx

Oedipus

So

solve my riddle I will let you go free but ..... if you don't I will kill you and eat you!

Oedipus Well..... go on tell me the riddle.

Sphinx Well now let me think ah I have it what has four legs in the morning  
2 legs at midday  
and 3 legs at night and can go equally well on land as sea. See if you can solve that riddle.

Oedipus Oh well er am or could it be oh no is it..... no it couldn't be ah I have the answer is it a human being a man.

Sphinx Ahhhhhahhh no you have solved the riddle no this means that I will die.

OEDIPUS GOES BACK TO THEES WHERE HE MEETS CREON.

Oedipus Well I've done it I've killed the sphinx and I've solved the riddle.

Creon What riddle? I didn't know anything about the riddle.

Oedipus Well I had to solve a riddle before I was set free if I didn't solve the riddle, I would be eaten.

People Well tell us the riddle and see if we are clever enough to solve it

Oedipus Well what has 4 legs in the morning 2 legs at midday and 3 legs at night

and can go equally well on land as sea.

People Well we don't know we've no idea.

Oedipus Well I'd tell you even the answer is a man.

People A man how could it be?

Oedipus Well a man has 4 legs in the morning as he crawls on all fours when he is old enough to walk and three legs at the night time of his life, and he can swim and walk.

People Oh yes oh ray oh ray

Handwritten notes in the right margin, including the word 'Oedipus' repeated vertically and other illegible characters.

Handwritten notes on the right side of the page, including 'H.A.', 'Oedipus', and '30 feet but'.

for Oedipus, Oedipus for king,  
Oedipus for king.

LATER THAT DAY THEY HELD A FIEST FOR  
OEDIUS WHICH LASTED FOR MANY DAYS.  
AFTER THE FIEST THE HIGH AUTHORITIES  
OF THESES CALLED HIM.

H.A. for you braveness of killing the  
sphinx we are prepared to give you  
anything you want from this kingdom.

Oedipus Well er am I only want what  
the people of Thebes want, so...

..... I WANT TO BECOME  
✓ KING OF THESES.

H.A. Well you'll have to ask the  
Queen about that.

Oedipus Dear queen will you.....  
will you marry me.

Queen Well I don't really.....  
I will marry you.

Oedipus Thankyou, we will be so  
happy together you'd see.

OEDIUS AND JOCASTER WERE  
TOGETHER. IN THE PALACE, THERE WAS A  
wedding of sorts!!

-19  
-20  
but  
bit

Jayne Butcher HN2

A play about OEDIPUS

Characters

OEDIPUS - The brave man - Jayne

JOCASER - The queen of Thebes Janet

CREON - The Queen's son Janice

PRIEST - At the oracle Janet

SPHINOX - Monster in the desert Janice

- King of Thebes Janice

Oedipus: I must go to the oracle to seek my fortune my legs are so tired I've walked all that way from Corinth I think I'll just sit down for a rest.

OEDIPUS FINALLY REACHES THE ORACLE

Oedipus: Oh dear Priest I have come to see if you can help me can you tell me my fortune.

Priest: Of course I can help you my son you are Oedipus are you not.

Oedipus: Yes that is right but how did you know

Priest: Well I know everything from the stars and from the Gods. Right know I will tell you your fortune..... Oh no ~~this result~~ ~~is~~ this is dreadful oh no.

Oedipus: what, what! what's going to happen to me is it something dreadful.

Priest: Yes you are going to.....

Oedipus: Go on please.

Priest: Well you are going to kill your father and marry your Mother.

Oedipus: This can't be your lying to me you are You THINK I'm lying it isn't me that ~~told~~ ~~you~~ this but the Gods and if you are daughting the word of the Gods you can get out go on go on you



are a disgrace to this land if you say that the Gods are lying.

*Oedipus* Oh no I am to marry my mother & kill my father oh no this just cannot be, it is disgraceful how could he say such a thing as that.

OEDIPUS CAME TO SOME CROSSROADS WONDER WHICH WAY TO GO.

*Oedipus* I can't go to Corinth or I'll marry my mother and kill my father. I can't go back to Delphi because of the oracle I must go to Thebes no one knows me at Thebes.

~~Oedipus~~ HE SETS OFF WALKING WHEN HE SEES A COACH COMING UP THE ROAD IN A GREAT RUSH.

*Oedipus* I better move out of the way in fact no in a prince why should I move away to the side of the road.

HE STOOD OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD THE CHARIOT NEARLY BUMPED INTO HIM. HE JUMPED ON A BEGAN TO FIGHT WITH THE DRIVER. THERE WERE SERVANTS IN THE BACK. THEY FOUGHT WITH OEDIPUS. THE CHARIOT SWERVED OEDIPUS AND ONE SLAVE JUMPED OFF. CHARIOT WENT INTO A DITCH ONE SLAVE ESCAPED.

~~Oedipus~~ Oedipus goes across the desert to get to Thebes. The people tell him he has to go and kill the sphinx. ~~sphinx in the desert~~ He finds the sphinx and solves the riddle and then returns to the people. They wanted him to become king for his bravery so he did.

**TEXT BOUND INTO  
THE SPINE**

Christopher's Work

①

Chris Dolly HNE (1980-1)

Homework

OEDIPUS

10.3.81

OEDIPUS ASKS HIS MOTHER IF SHE REALLY IS HIS HIS MOTHER.

Mother

Yes, of course I'm your mother. Why do you ask?

Oedipus

It doesn't matter. I think I'll go to the Oracle to be sure.

Mother

No, don't go.

Oedipus

I must go.

OEDIPUS ARRIVES AT THE ORACLE AND GOES IN; HE SEES A WOMAN BREATHING A FUMES WHICH MAKE HER SPEAK TO THE GODS.

woman

What is your name?

Oedipus

I'm Oedipus.

woman

Ah - Ah - murder! you kill - kill Father. Marry mother Ahhh

OEDIPUS TO MAN

What is she saying? Please tell me what she is saying.

MAN

She says you will kill your father and marry your mother.

(2)

Oedipus. No! They are lying!!  
MAN GO AWAY! GODS NEVER LIE!!  
HOW DARE YOU SAY THAT !!!

Oedipus No. sorry. sorry because the don't  
OEDIPUS LEAVES AND WALKS TO  
SOME CROSSROADS.

OEDIPUS.  
TO HIMSELF. I can't go back to Corinth  
because I might kill my father  
and marry my mother, and  
I'm not going back to Delphi.  
I think I'll go to Thebes.

OEDIPUS SEES A MAN COMING  
AT HIM ON A CHARIOT WHEN HE  
IS ON HIS WAY TO THEBES.

Oedipus. STOP STOP! I'M NOT MOVING!!

THE MAN DOESN'T STOP AND WHEN  
HE GOES PAST HE WHIPS OEDIPUS  
BUT OEDIPUS JUMPS ON THE CHARIOT  
AND AND STRUGGLES WITH THE  
MAN. THE CHARIOT GOES INTO  
THE DITCH AND THE MAN AND  
TWO SLAVES DIE. BUT ONE

(3)

SLAVE GETS AWAY .

OEDIPUS Oh no . he's dead .

OEDIPUS WALKS ON AND FAINTS  
IN THE HEAT . THE PEOPLE OF  
THEBES FIND HIM .

MAN The gods have sent him to kill  
the sphinx .

QUEEN STRANGE MAN . WILL YOU PLEASE GET  
RID OF THE SPHINX . We'll give you  
anything .

oedipus o.k ✓

OEDIPUS SETS OFF AND AFTER  
A WHILE HE SEE'S THE SPHINX

sphinx I am . the sphinx . If you answer  
this riddle i'll lose my power  
but if you dont i'll kill you .  
The riddle is :-

write a  
full

What has 4 legs in the morning  
" " 2 legs at noon  
" " 3 legs at night  
and can go on land and  
water .

Ⓟ

Oedipus Er him er its a HUMAN.

Sphinx Ahhh you answered it right

OEDIPUS GOES BACK TO THEBES  
AND THEY CELEBRATE FOR DAYS.

Queen What do you want

OEDIPUS I want to be king.

Queen I did promise you ~~every~~ <sup>anything</sup> thing

so the answer is YES.

OEDIPUS MARRIES THE  
QUEEN. IES

Good  
17/  
20

THE END.

(i) HEL GROUPING: ODYSSEUS AND POLYPHEMUS

Examples will be set out in the following order:-

Transcripts of Group Recreative Enactments (2B (iii) (a)-(f) )

Photocopy of the version of group (b)



TRANSCRIPTS

HE1 79-80: CYCLOPS

Cassette 8 Side 1

2b (iii) (a)

1. Come on. Let's go over there in that cave.  
Doesn't it look spookey!

2. Yes, it does.

Odysseus I wonder who lives here?

Look there's some cheese.

1. Let's have some.

Odysseus Yes, of course. I'm starving.  
We'll wait here and see who lives here.

Odysseus Hide! Someone's coming!

Cyclops Who are you and what are you doing here?

Odysseus We are here because our ship is shipwrecked.

Cyclops You have eaten some of my cheese.

Odysseus Yes, I know.

(Scream) Pause. Running feet.

2. Why did we have to wait?

Odysseus Don't panic we will get out of here as soon as  
we can.

2. I've got an idea. Let's give him some of that  
wine like blood.

Yes!

Odysseus It won't do. We haven't got enough.

Pause

Odysseus Why don't you have some of this wine like blood.

Cyclops Wine? Well, give me some.

Odysseus Pour some, quick.

Cyclops More! More!

What is your name?

Odysseus My name is Nobody (Pause)

Cyclops More! (weakly)

Odysseus Pour him some more! Come on! Don't waste time!

Pause.

Men Come on! Let's sharpen it!

Yes! Come on then! Quick! Before he wakes up.

In unison One! Two! Three! (sounds of movement)

Men We've done it!

Yes, I didn't think it would do it, though.

Cyclops Ah! Oh, where are you Nobody? What pain!

Odysseus We have fooled you, Cyclops! My name isn't Nobody!  
It is really Odysseus!

(Then when Cyclops prayed to the Sea God and this  
is what he said)

Cyclops Oh, please make Odysseus lose all his ships, please  
make all his men die!

Odysseus I'm sorry, but you don't believe what he says do you?

Cyclops Yes!

Odysseus Ha! ha! ha!

2B (iii)(b)

Odysseus Hey! Stop! Stop! You can't eat that cheese. It  
doesn't belong to us. Get off me! (sounds of  
struggling)

Stop! Stop!

Cyclops Who's in my cave? Come out, wherever you are.

(Sounds of sobbing)

Come out here this instant! What are you doing  
in my cave?

Odysseus We, we've come to make you a peace offering.  
We bring wine.

Cyclops Wine! Huh! I'll talk to you later ... I'm going  
to sleep.

Odysseus ... it tastes like blood, it tastes like blood...  
please, please, drink up.

Cyclops ... blood ...

Odysseus            Yes, blood!

Cyclops            Let me have some! ...

Odysseus            ... Quick, pour some more into a pail ...

Cyclops            ... More ... I want more. Come on!

                    What's your name?

Odysseus            My name? My name is Nobody.

Cyclops            Oh! I'm tired. More. More. More. (Faint-voiced)

Odysseus            What can I do? I know. I'll make a red-hot stick  
                    in the fire!

                    (Sounds of movement)

                    Quick, quick! Help me! Sharpen the ends off so  
                    that its sharp. We'll plonk his eye out with it  
                    now.

                    (Groan, Cry)

Cyclops            Nobody. You. Where are you? I'm blind. Nobody!

Odysseus            I'm here.

Cyclops            Where?

                    I'm here.

Cyclops            Where?

                    Here!

                    Come and get us if you can!

                    Here! I'm here!

Cyclops            Where

                    I'm over here! I'm over here, Cyclops.

                    (Sounds of movement)

                    Over here, Cyclops!

                    I'll leave you and let my sheep out then and I'll  
                    get you later.

                    (Sounds of movement)

Cyclops            I'll move the rock first.

Odysseus Move out of the way. I'll tie you up first.  
(Simultaneously)  
  
(Sounds of movement)

Cyclops Why are you last? You are usually first. My ...  
Nevermind, but you still must go out.  
  
(Sounds of movement)

Cyclops I'll put the rock back in place so you cannot get out.

2B (iii) (c)

Odysseus Cave! Cave! Cave!

Voices:- Jeez! Hey! look! Cave! Milk! Cheese! Milk! Cheese!  
of Odysseus Thirsty!  
and his men)  
  
(Sounds of whistling and stamping, as Cyclops approaches)

Voices: What the heck's that? Hey! Run! Quick. Hide underneath  
chair!

Cyclops Who's been eating my cheese?  
  
FALSE START.THEREFORE THE GROUP STARTED AGAIN

Odysseus Hey! A cave!

Voices: Cheese! Cheese! Milk! Mmm! Look! Mmm! I'm starving!  
  
(Sounds of whistling and stamping, as Cyclops approaches)

Voices: What's that? What's that? Quick! Hide!

Cyclops Who's been eating my cheese? (Pause) Who are you? (Pause)

Odysseus I have a peace offering. Wine!

Voices Wine! It tastes like blood! Blood! Wine! Blood! Blood!  
of Men Tastes like blood!  
  
(said as the Cyclops is offered the wine in mime)

Cyclops More!

Men There! There! There! (as more wine is offered)

Cyclops More!

Men Go on! (as more wine is offered)  
  
PAUSE (as Cyclops falls asleep)

Men                   What now? What do we do now?

Odysseus             Get a stick! Get a stick! ... and we'll black  
the stick ...

Man (together)     Burn it! Burn it! ... Black the stick ...

                      PAUSE (Sounds of hissing to imitate the stick  
  being manipulated and pushed into the  
  embers of the fire)

Odysseus             The next thing we've got to do...!

Men                   ONE! TWO! THREE! Y..a..argh! (as stick is pushed  
into Cyclops' eye)

                      PAUSE

Cyclops             (faintly) Arrgh! (Nervous giggles from men)

Odysseus             Get down!

                      (Sounds of movement from Cyclops)

Cyclops             Nobody! You have blinded me! (Pause) Argh!

                      (Sounds of Cyclops tripping up, stifled laughter  
  from men, who begin to whisper)

                      Where are you?

                      (Sounds of movement)

Odysseus             I'm here!

                      (Sounds of movement)

Odysseus             Cyclops! I'm here!

Man                   I'm here!

                      (Whispering, sounds of movement)

                      (Cyclops falls asleep, wakes, moans)

Cyclops             I'll let my sheep out.

                      (Sounds of movement as the Cyclops moves the  
  "boulder") Odysseus ties his men under the  
  "sheep" (chairs)

Man                   Not me! Not me! (as Odysseus continues to tie up  
his men)

Odysseus             Come on men! You move now! You go first!

(Sounds of movement. Groans from the men.  
The Cyclops feels the top of the "sheep",  
but the men slip by.)

Odysseus            Here I am! Yaa...ah! Fooled you, Cyclops!

Men                 Fooled you, Cyclops! Fooled you!

Odysseus            My name is Odysseus!

Sardis

Look look cheeses

Says NO you must not eat these they don't belong to us.

But I am starving Get off.

Says now that youve started I must give the owner some of our wine insteade come we must wait.

we dont know who or what the owner is like.

Says Never mind ~~as~~ must be honest!

~~Uh~~ Uh Uh Uh Uh Uh Uh!!!

Now look what writings done.

Says I will get us out never mind.

hurry up then.

Says Oh! Hey you who are you?

could you like some wine?

Says Uh me am Cyclops! Me just

want blood not wine. What is wine?

Says Wine ... wine is like blood.

Says like blood. Give me some wine.

Says here then.

Says more

Says here 'pour more wine

Says What is your name?

Says My name ... My ~~name~~ name is Rob'body.

Says Oh Rob'body you are my friend I will eat you last! Ch ... Ch ...

feel drowsy.

Says here have more wine.

oh this is the last barrell we have got.

Says oh I must go too Sleep.

Ulysses. Ino we will poke his eye out if we sharpen two sticks.

alright then 1, 2, 3, charge.

Ulysses. Oh, oh, oh, oh, nobody come here what have you done?

I am over here come and get me.

Ulysses. I must let my sheep out my ram you are usually first but you must still go.

Ulysses. We have tricked you my name is Ulysses.

Ulysses.

Cyclops may a curse be on you.



(j) Gail: Her Development Through Mythic Storylines

In this section examples from Gail's written responses will be included in the form of photocopies. There will be three examples from her output at the age of fourteen and one example from when she was seventeen.

82. What was a Homeric Hero?

Gail Tatum H&A.

Give Examples.

A Homeric hero had to have certain qualities, below are the necessary qualities in order of importance.

i. Aristocratic

Only people who had plenty of money, and were respected in society could even consider trying to become a hero. All heroes in Homer's stories were Aristocratic, for example Odysseus was a king of Ithaca

ii. Male

Even Aristocratic women couldn't be heroes in Homer's stories. All his heroes were male, an example would be Odysseus, but not Penelope

iii. Brave

A cowardly man couldn't be a hero, Heroes in Homer were always brave - some were brave to the point of 'stupidity' - looking like they were trying purposefully to kill themselves. An example of bravery from 'The Odyssey' would be when Odysseus took the lead in binding the Cyclops.

iv. Clever and Skillful

A Homeric hero obviously had to be clever enough to think of a good plan, and skillful enough to carry it out. An example from "The Odyssey" of Odysseus being clever and skillful would be from book IX 'The Cyclops' when Odysseus thought of the plan of getting the Cyclops drunk, and then binding him, and Odysseus and his men had the skill to carry it through.

v. Competitive

A Homeric Hero always had to be competitive in everything, especially in Athletics and in fighting (they used to fight one-to-one with other warriors). An example of competitiveness would be that it was said "Achilles, the ideal hero: always to be best and exceed other men"; this is from the Iliad book XI. He wanted to defeat Hector.

vi. Successful

A Homeric Hero always succeeded in what he did - Homer would never have a person always making a mess of things, and failing as a hero. Odysseus always succeeded in what he did in 'The Odyssey', an example would be his success in rescuing his friends from Circe in book X of 'The Odyssey'.

vii. Good at Talking

Homeric Heroes could always explain themselves out of situations, and could get what they wanted by 'sweet-talking' people. An example of Odysseus using his talking to get him out of a sticky situation would be from book VI where Odysseus (naked) talked Nausicaa into giving him clothes, and directions to her father's palace.

To conclude this essay I shall just say that the aforementioned qualities are what I consider Homer thought necessary for a hero to have.

B4+

Intelligent comments

83 What was the Homeric Greek attitude to violence, bloodshed, and cruelty? How is it different to modern attitudes?

The Homeric Greeks were not too bothered very much about violence, bloodshed, and cruelty, and took it very much as everyday happenings. The only time that they got very upset about was if it was one of their close friends, <sup>e.g. when Patroclus was</sup> or killed, <sup>or killed.</sup> blood family - if this was the case then revenge was usually sought to the death.

The Greeks seemed to enjoy inflicting cruelty on people in war, such as in the Iliad book II, where Agamemnon cut off Hippobolus' hands and neck, and he didn't need to be so cruel to kill a man. The Greeks also enjoyed degrading the dead body of an enemy, such as when Hector's body was dragged around the walls of Troy by Achilles in the Iliad, book XXIV.

The Greeks' idea about cruelty to animals was also different from ours; in the Iliad Achilles burned four horses, slit the throats of two of Patroclus' pet dogs and burned those, and also threw twelve of the Trojan noble men's sons on to the funeral pyre of Patroclus. If someone did this nowadays (not that any normal person would particularly want to, even if they had made a promise) then the R.S.P.C.A. would probably find out, and if they did the offender would get prosecuted.

The Greeks used to think that killing people was good, nowadays it is considered (in most parts) as a bad, and distasteful

thing to do, unless absolutely necessary, i.e. in self defence if you are about to get murdered yourself.

In Homeric times wealthy men considered themselves to be the natural betters of the poor commoners, and ordered them about etc. The rich men thought that they had the right to degrade the commoners if they felt like it; In book III of the Iliad Odysseus hit a man with his stick, called him a coward and a weakling, told him to wait to be told what to do by his betters, the Officers, and generally degraded him in front of all his comrades. Today this would not be allowed to happen in civilian society, (in a democratic society anyhow) where each man is supposedly considered his neighbour's equal. In the army the officers do give the lower ranks a fair amount of abuse (though as I have heard from people who have had experience in the 'foreas', not as much as is made out) but this is 'allowed', and any person joining may as well expect it as it is as good a way as any of disciplining people.

In Homeric Greece ugly people were taunted, and picked on; in book II of the Iliad Odysseus struck Thersites with his staff, and his comrades laughed at him, and congratulated Odysseus. Thersites was a lower-class trouble-maker, and was physically disformed, and ugly to look at. In today's society the ugly people still seem to get picked on a lot, although many people feel sorry for those who are really badly disfigured. At school you usually see the

183

Geil Takum Hel

Much overweight children (especially in the younger years) on their own, or surrounded by stupid, immature children who feel that the only way to prove to their so called friends how 'big' they are is to pick on an obvious target who they have something to torment them with that will hurt, i.e. their weight problem / greasy hair / spots, or what ever.

All in all I think that the attitude of the Homeric Greeks to cruelty, violence, and bloodshed was about as far removed from ours in most aspects as you could get, and that where they condoned most cruelty, our present day society condemns it.

Bt

Some very sensible points. It is a hard essay.

183 Imagine you are a bard.

Sail To Him Heh

Compose a story about a hero or god involved in a typical adventure.

Stalwart Odysseus and his sweet-mouthed bard were seated in the ornate megaron when Odysseus of the nimble-wits turned to his bard whose music the heavens themselves must surely have heard and said, "Bard, play to me sweet music, stories of the heavens, or of my own adventures."

To which the bard of many sweet words replied "Oh noble Odysseus, my lord and master, I shall sing to you of your adventures with the lotus eaters on their island."

To which royal Odysseus replied, "Very well bard, get singing then."

The quick-mouthed bard sang, and on, how he sang, "Long suffering Odysseus and his crew left Ithaca where they had followed triumph with defeat, and six brave warriors from each ship had been killed, and each warrior had been 3 times saluted. The curved ships encountered a terrible storm, and had to be rowed by hand after having their sails lowered in matters. Thus they strove forth for two days and nights. On the third day rosy-fingered dawn rose most beautifully, and the masts and white sails were once again risen.

Resourceful Odysseus, and his faithful crew would have reached their loving homeland of noble Ithaca if they had not been driven off course by the powerful North wind, the current and the swell combining against him and sending

him drifting past Cythera. ✓  
 For nine days noble Odysseus was blown around the wine-dark sea by the accursed winds, and on the tenth they landed on the country of the Lotus eaters, a people who survive solely on vegetable foods. ✓  
 Ever Odysseus and his hungry men disembarked from their ship to get water, and to eat. As soon as nimble-witted Odysseus, and his crew had eaten and drank thoughtful Odysseus sent two men and a third as messenger ashore to find out what type of people live on this land.

The entrusted threesome soon encountered the Lotus eaters, who never thought to kill them; the Lotus eaters gave Odysseus' three men Lotus to eat. As soon as noble Odysseus' men had eaten the sweet, honeyed fruit all thoughts of Ithaca, and of reporting back to waiting Odysseus vanished; they wanted only to stay and eat the Lotus.

Stalwart Odysseus had to employ force to take the non-sensical three back to the black ships, on the way there was much weeping from them too. Once back at the hollow ships Brave Odysseus left the three 'traitors' in irons under the benches. Nimble-witted Odysseus then commanded the rest of his loyal crew to embark on their well-found ships, and speedily sail off so that others were not tempted to eat the



occur'd fruit. They did as wise Odysseus instructed immediately, and the fleet set off for the ~~best~~ land, this was the land of the Cyclopes."

"Enough, I know all these stories of my adventures already, true, I do enjoy to hear them told to me by you, but one can have too much of a good thing; now - do you have any new compositions that I have not yet heard?" said the contented Odysseus.

"Yes, my noble and Royal Master, I do. I have one that will please you beyond belief, it tells of the powerful gods, and of how a clever Greek man called Janionus attempted to thwart them, one by one....."

A. V. Good. You recreate the atmosphere convincingly.

i) This passage comes from Iliad Book 1, and occurs when Agamemnon has been told that he should give up the girl Chryseis to appease Apollo. The god is angry and taking revenge on the Achaeans in answer to his priest, Chryseis's prayer when Agamemnon would not accept the ransom & give up his daughter, Chryseis.

Achilles has advised Agamemnon to give up the girl, Agamemnon has become angry & is here threatening to replace his girl with one of the other men. i.e. Briseis, Achilles' slave

ii) Agamemnon takes this attitude because his pride has been hurt; he refused to accept the ransom & so the slaughter of the Achaeans boils down to his stubbornness and he can't see the others realise this (he may even be feeling the slightest pang of guilt). To give up the girl now would be to admit his earlier mistake. Also, to give up his prize whilst the other men kept theirs would be against the heroic code of behaviour, as he is king of all and should get the best of the spoils. Agamemnon's sense of pride & honour would be severely bruised by giving up the girl without recompense, and this would go against the heroic code.

iii) Characterization is not the main important point in the Iliad, the importance is more on the story of how Achilles has the quarrel and eventually comes back into the battle and kills Hector. However, having said this, characterization and the values (or breaking of them) e.g. Heroic Code

on the Iliad is present, for example, we gain an insight into Achilles' character. Achilles offers sound advice to Agamemnon to give up. Is this his main characteristic?

use  
epithets  
adjectives  
describe  
characters  
off footed  
Achilles  
etc

good

ch.  
17

The girl, but when his advice is rejected by Agamemnon's anger and he loses Briseis, Achilles' pride and honour are hurt, and he refuses to fight. This shows him to have a sound head, but he definitely does bear a grudge - he refuses to fight now, and also in book 9 when he is offered a good indemnity and the girl back - yet he still refuses to fight, this shows that he is stubborn. Also, Achilles is a man who makes his own decisions - hence he does not quietly accept Agamemnon taking Briseis, but gets offended enough to refuse to fight for the Atridae any more. It is Achilles' character plus Agamemnon's character that, given the situation that they were in, caused the story to unfold. Agamemnon's pride and honour makes him feel the loss of Chryseis strongly, and his annoyance at Achilles' choice makes him take Briseis. Achilles' sensible ideas make him speak out in favour of the girl (Chryseis) going back to her father, and his sense of dignity and pride are hurt by Agamemnon's reaction, which makes him withdraw from the battle until he rejoins out of a wish to avenge Patroclus' death (a display of loyalty from Achilles). It is the clash of action that these characters cause that sets the story of the wrath of Achilles into progression. However, the characters are secondary to the storyline, and important largely because of the action that they cause them. For their own sake.

but is their character determined by their role?

on Hector's... it is... to Achilles to what extent

(k) AC2 Grouping: Thematic Variation on the Theban Story

In this section there is one transcript, comprising group-work on part of the story of Oedipus. The transcript covers only the part of the reenactment that is analysed in Chapter Six section (k).

Transcript

AC2 77-8: OEDIPUS AT THE CROSSROADS

Cassette 1, Side 1

4A (i)

Scene I - Theban Court

Theban Youth: My queen, I have come to tell you I am off to kill that creature.

Queen: Do you mean the Sphinx?

Theban Youth: Yes!

Queen: Well, go, then, and if you come back in two days I will give you a hundred golden coins.

Theban Youth: Yes, my queen!

Scene II - In the Desert

Theban Youth: Where are you, creature?

Sphinx: What do you want? Why do you disturb me?

Theban Youth: I want to answer the riddle.

Sphinx: Stupid boy! What has four legs at dawn, two legs at midday and three legs at sunset? ...

Theban Youth: ... Er! Let me just think ...

Sphinx: ... and walks better on two legs and is best on water as on land?

Theban Youth: Er ... Let me just think ...

Sphinx: Your time is up.

Theban Youth: Crabs ...

Sphinx: You must die!

Theban Youth: No! ..... a-a-argh!

Scene III - Somewhere at a signpost out in the desert. Oedipus chooses the way to go.

Oedipus: Oh... I don't know where to go! Shall I go to Corinth? No, I might kill my dad by accident. Can't go there, then. Shall I do to Delphi? No, I'm not going back to that thing. I know, I'll go to Thebes. Nobody knows me there. Ah, that's the way I go.

(A chariot approaches)

Stranger: Get up, boy! Get out of my way. (Shouting and struggling. The chariot crashes. The "stranger" and Oedipus size up to each other for single combat. Sounds of frantic struggling. Oedipus defeats the "stranger". These sounds are punctuated by Oedipus' cries of "Stop it! Stop it!").

Scene IV - Thebes

Theban I: Quick! Quick! There's a stranger!

Oedipus: Who are you? Am I at Thebes?

Theban I: Yes, this is Thebes.

Theban 2: How did you get through the desert? How did you do it?

Oedipus: Water! Water! (Incomprehensible sounds of suffering)

Theban 1: Go and get the queen!

Theban 2: Sh! Make sure he doesn't make a noise! He might wake up the queen!

Scene V - Queen's Apartment (enter Theban)

Theban: My queen, are you asleep?

Jocasta: (Yawning) What do you want?

Theban: There's a stranger in the village.

Jocasta: Stranger? Do you mean he's come from the desert?

Theban: Yes.

Jocasta: I shall come.

Scene VI - Thebes

Theban: Quick! Bow! It's the queen!

Oedipus: Oh, water! Please! Water!

Jocasta: Lower eyes!

Oedipus: Water

Jocasta: Quick! Fetch this man water! Quick!

(A Theban rushes to fetch water, returns and hands it to Oedipus)

Oedipus: Ah-h-h!

Jocasta:           Where have you come from?

Oedipus:           The desert.

Theban:            Here you are, my queen (offering water)

Oedipus:           ... the sun ... screaming ...

Jocasta:           Here!

Theban:            I'm doing my best.

Jocasta:           Here you are!

Oedipus:           The screaming ... oh ...

Jocasta:           Here! Come on!

Oedipus:           The screaming ...

Theban:            What's he on about?

Oedipus:           It were ... weird, high-pitched screaming.  
Can I have some food, please?

Jocasta:           Go and fetch him some food! Bring him some cheese!

Oedipus:           It nearly burst your eardrums.

Jocasta:           Here! Quick! Here! This man's starving.  
(Pause) What's your name?

Oedipus:           Oedipus.

All:                Oedipus! Oedipus! Oedipus!

APPENDIX FOUR

Classical Studies at Dinnington Comprehensive School: Aims and  
Story Outlines

This appendix will consist, firstly, of a summary of the AIMS, SYLLABUS, METHODS and RESOURCES which have served as the framework for the recreative responses analysed in this thesis and for the storytelling sessions that stimulated them and, secondly, of the four story outlines (Troy, Odysseus, Theseus and Jason) not given in Chapter Six. The story of Thebes will not be included in this appendix, as it has already been given in Chapter Six in the form of Story Outline (C).



AIMS: (SUMMARY)

- ① To comprehend and demonstrate comprehension of human situations presented in story form.
- ② To tolerate and sympathize with characters and behaviour which may at this stage be outside immediate experience.
- ③ To articulate opinions and emotions and to sustain sensible discussion.
- ④ To co-operate in the production of group assignments with children of different ability, temperament and background.
- ⑤ To adapt themselves to the available resources and to recognise their own strengths and weaknesses.
- ⑥ To use source material in an appropriate way for the purposes of imaginative response and evaluation.

SYLLABUS: (BRIEF OUTLINE)

{	<u>YEAR ONE</u>	(i) THE STORY OF TROY (ii) THE STORY OF ODYSSEUS	N.B. <u>LATIN</u> is taken by selected pupil from <u>YEAR TWO</u> towards GCSE courses in YEARS FOUR AND FIVE
	<u>YEAR TWO</u>	(i) THE STORY OF THESEUS (ii) THE STORY OF THEBES	
<u>YEAR THREE</u>	(i) THE STORY OF JASON AND MEDEA (ii) SELECTED THEMES FROM GREEK CIVILISATION AND LITERATURE, INCLUDING (a) GREEKS AND PERSIANS, (b) GREEK ART AND ARCHITECTURE, (c) GREEK FESTIVALS, (d) THE GREEK ALPHABET (e) GREEK SOCIAL AND POLITICAL LIFE (f) COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.		
<u>YEARS FOUR AND FIVE</u>	NEA GCSE COURSES IN CLASSICAL CIVILISATION AND GREEK CIVILISATION		
<u>YEARS SIX AND SEVEN</u>	JMB 'A' LEVEL COURSE IN CLASSICAL STUDIES		

METHODS:

- (i) IN YEARS ONE AND TWO ORAL STORYTELLING IS USED AS A STIMULUS. SHEETS ARE AVAILABLE AS BACK-UP. PUPILS' RESPONSE OCCURS THROUGH (a) WRITING AND DRAWING IN EXERCISE BOOKS ON TASK DESIGNED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE AIMS OF THE SYLLABUS, (b) GROUP ACTIVITIES (INCLUDING DRAMA AND ART-WORK PROJECTS) ALSO IN ACCORDANCE WITH AIMS.
- (ii) IN YEAR THREE METHODS ARE SIMILAR BUT WITH MORE RELIANCE ON TEXT BOOKS AND BACK-UP SHEETS. RESPONSE FROM PUPILS OCCURS THROUGH THE SAME MODES. IT IS MARKED FOR IMAGINATIVE AND EVALUATIVE QUALITIES, AS IN YEARS ONE AND TWO, BUT WITH MORE SPECIFIC REGARD FOR THE REQUIREMENTS OF GCSE COURSES IN YEARS FOUR AND FIVE.
- (iii) IN YEARS FOUR AND FIVE METHODS DEVELOPED IN YEAR THREE ARE USED FURTHER. PRESCRIBED READING FOR GCSE COURSES DICTATES APPROACHES TO SOME EXTENT, AS DO EXAM. REQUIREMENTS.
- (iv) IN YEARS SIX AND SEVEN TEACHER INPUT, TEXT BOOKS, DISCUSSION AND PERSONAL (DIRECTED) RESEARCH BY STUDENTS ARE USED.

RESOURCES:

AS REFERRED TO IN METHODS ABOVE. AUDIO-VISUAL RESOURCES ARE ALSO AVAILABLE.

The Story of Troy: Outline Version of Constituent Stories

Although other parts of the Trojan cycle, omitted here, could be included and some of them have been used to good effect in the classroom, the constituent stories outlined below are all commonly told. A particular ethical issue that can be seen to arise from each of these is included in a bracket after the story title. Other ethical issues might, and quite commonly do, arise from the manipulation of the structure of storyline by pupils, but the ones included here are the more obvious ones.

- (1) Eris throws the Golden Apple at the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, thus causing the quarrel between goddesses (Zeus's dilemma: How can he avoid bias with his wife involved?).
- (2) The Judgement of Paris (Paris's human dilemma: should he accept bribes, or not?).
- (3) The story of Paris. His seizure of Helen from Sparta (should Paris have done this?).
- (4) Menelaus persuades Agamemnon to help him to recover Helen from Troy. (Should Agamemnon get involved for a brother's sake?).
- (5) The Sacrifice of Iphigenia by Agamemnon at Aulis (Agamemnon's ambition and loyalty to the army set against his feelings and duty as a parent).
- (6) The Quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles (Pride: should or could either man have backed down? What about the feelings and wishes of Chryseis and Briseis?).
- (7) The Duel between Menelaus and Paris for Helen (Helen's dilemma, but her lack of autonomy).

- (8) Achilles refuses to fight for the Greeks. Patroclus, in Achilles' armour, rallies the Greeks and is killed by Hector. (Should or could Achilles have done anything to prevent Patroclus' death? Should Patroclus have listened to Achilles' warning?)
- (9) Achilles in new armour gains revenge by killing Hector and dishonouring his corpse. Priam recovers Hector's body from Achilles. (Is Achilles justified in doing what he did for the sake of friendship? Should Achilles have treated the old king, Priam, as he did?).
- (10) The Wooden Horse. How the Greeks take Troy. (Are the Greeks justified in their methods? Do the Trojans deserve their fate?)

The whole story is designed to last for one term and a half (about nineteen weeks), allowing approximately two weeks on average for each story to be transmitted and for follow-up work to be done. The whole scheme is flexible enough to allow variation in the number of weeks and in type of follow-up work for each constituent story.

The Story of Odysseus: Outline Version of Constituent Stories

The same comments on constituent stories and ethical issues made in relation to the story of Troy outline apply here.

- (1) The Lotus Eaters. (Were the men right to accept the fruit? Should Odysseus have behaved as he did?)
- (2) Polyphemus, the Cyclops (Was Odysseus justified in behaving cruelly towards Polyphemus in order to escape from the cave?).
- (3) Aeolus: The Bag of Winds (The question of trust. Is Odysseus to be blamed for breaking his trust? Or is it the fault of his men that, since they opened the bag, they cannot reach Ithaca?).
- (4) Circe: Odysseus rescues his men. (Does Odysseus deserve to be called a hero? Is Eurylochus a coward?)
- (5) The Underworld: Odysseus gains insights (Is Odysseus to be blamed for not having reached Ithaca before his mother died?).
- (6) The Sirens: Scylla and Charybdis: The Cattle of Hyperion. (Do Odysseus' men deserve what happens to them? Does Odysseus deserve to escape? What is it like having to rely on yourself alone in a desperate situation?)
- (7) Calypso: Odysseus trapped (Is Calypso to be blamed for Keeping Odysseus prisoner? Is Odysseus to be pitied? Does he deserve the help that Athene gives?).
- (8) The Phaeacians: Help for Odysseus (Is Odysseus right to withhold his name for so long? Does he behave honourably?).
- (9) Odysseus' Homecoming. Disguised as a beggar he reaches the hut of his faithful servant Eumaeus. He meets Telemachus, his son. (Is Odysseus right not to reveal his identity to Eumaeus? How does Telemachus feel now that he knows his father is back?)

- (10) Odysseus' Homecoming. He goes to the palace, not revealing his true identity until he has strung the bow and shot twelve arrows through the axeheads. He kills the suitors and is reunited with his wife, Penelope. (Is it right for a beggar to be treated in the way Odysseus is treated? Do the suitors deserve to be killed? What are Penelope's feelings towards Odysseus?)

The time-scale and flexibility of the storyline scheme are the same as for the story of Troy.

The Story of Theseus: Outline Version of Constituent Stories

The same comments on constituent stories and ethical issues made in relation to the story of Troy outline apply here.

- (1) Aegeus, king of Athens, meets Aethra at Troezen. They marry. When he leaves he hides his sword and sandals under a boulder for his son. (Is Aegeus right to leave? Does ambition come above feeling?)
- (2) Theseus, aged eighteen, moves the boulder, takes out the sword and sandals and leaves his mother for Athens (Does Aegeus deserve this devotion from Theseus? Is Theseus searching for identity? Is he right to leave his mother?)
- (3) Theseus defeats Periphetes, Sinis and Sciron on his way to Athens. (What qualities, e.g. bravery, does Theseus show in defeating these creatures? Do they deserve what happens to them?)
- (4) Theseus defeats Cercyon and Procrustes. He reaches Athens. (Does Theseus deserve to be called a hero? Should he become king?)
- (5) Theseus kills the Bull of Marathon. He drags it back to Athens. Aegeus, under Medea's influence, tries to poison Theseus, but recognises the sword and sandals. Medea escapes. (Can Aegeus be blamed for what nearly happened to Theseus? What should the attitude of father and son be towards one another?)
- (6) The Ship with Black Sails. Theseus sets out for Crete. (Is Theseus a hero to offer to go to Crete in place of one of the youths chosen?)

- (7) Theseus kills the Minotaur and finds his way out of the Labyrinth with the help of Ariadne, King Minos' daughter.  
(How brave is Theseus in facing his problems?)
- (8) Theseus escapes with Ariadne, but leaves her on the island of Naxos. (Was Theseus blameworthy in leaving Ariadne on Naxos? Were the gods responsible? Does Theseus seem to be callous and the "type" to take advantage of someone then abandon her?)
- (9) Theseus forgets to change the sails on his ship from black to white. Aegeus kills himself, thinking Theseus is dead.  
(Is this an incident that helps to show that no one, not even Theseus, is perfect? What could or should Theseus have done?)
- (10) Theseus becomes king. He unifies Attica. (What makes Theseus a successful leader? Are ideas of solidarity and friendship possible in politics?)

The time-scale and flexibility of the storyline scheme are the same as for the story of Troy.

The Story of Jason: Outline version of Constituent Stories

The same comments on constituent stories and ethical issues made in relation to the Story of Troy outline apply here.

- (1) Jason's early life, brought up by the centaur, Chiron. At eighteen he goes to Iolcus, but loses a sandal. Pelias, his uncle, warned by the oracle is terrified. (What should Jason do in this situation? Is Pelias culpable?)
- (2) Pelias tells Jason he will relinquish the kingship if he (Jason) can bring the Golden Fleece from Colchis. Jason gathers a crew of heroes. (Is Jason right to accept Pelias's challenge? Is Pelias right to make the challenge?)
- (3) Hypsipyle. Jason breaks the curse. (Does Jason take advantage of Hypsipyle?)
- (4) The Loss of Hylas and Hercules (Did Hercules do the right thing in abandoning the expedition in order to look for his friend? Did Jason do the right thing in abandoning both of them in order to continue on his quest for the Golden Fleece?)
- (5) The Defeat of Amycus by Polydeuces. The Cunning of Jason in ensuring that the Argonauts escape. (How did Jason effect the escape? What does this show about him?)
- (6) Jason and the Argonauts save Phineus from the Harpies. (To what extent does this show Jason to be compassionate? How does he gain from the situation?)
- (7) Jason and the Argonauts Pass Through the Clashing Rocks. (What would Jason's thoughts be in this situation? What are his responsibilities towards his men?)



- (8) Medea helps Jason to fulfil the tasks set by her father, King Aeetes, and to escape from Colchis with the Golden Fleece. (Who comes out of the murder of Medea's brother, Absyrtus, worse, Medea or Jason? Has he sacrificed everything for the sake of ambition? Is Medea a cruel witch?)
- (9) The return to Iolcus. Pelias refuses to give up the throne, even though Jason has returned with the Golden Fleece. Medea tricks Pelias' daughters into murdering him. (Should Pelias have given up the throne? Who was to blame for Pelias' murder?)
- (10) Jason and Medea flee to Corinth. Jason abandons Medea for the sake of marriage to King Creon's daughter. He pretends it is for the sake of his and Medea's two sons. Medea through scheming and witchcraft causes the deaths of Creon and his daughter. She escapes to sanctuary with King Aegeus in Athens. (Is Medea totally bad? Is Jason two-faced? Does he deserve sympathy?)

The time-scale and flexibility of the storyline scheme are the same as for the Story of Troy.