

Maddening Madness

art and power / diversity and inclusion: There is no great genius without some touch of Madness - Aristotle

Is madness just a matter of fiction or reality made genius?

At the end of the Unit, I will	write a story with some given obligation
What vocabulary will I need ?	love madness giving my opinion
What grammatical structure will I need ?	past used to + V / used to + V-ing expressing my opinion
What documents will be used ?	<p>1- Madness, a health issue 1a- Who's there? (Illustration) 1b- The tell-tale heart, Edgard Allan Poe</p> <p>2- Madness, a societal issue 2a- The kiss, Edward Klint 2b- Madness Gif 2c- Once Upon a time, Nadine Gardimer 2d- Movie Trailer, Black Swan movie by Darren Aronofsky, 2011</p> <p>3- Madness, A God Complex The making of a monster, <i>Frankenstein</i>, Mary Sheller, January 1, 1818 chapter 5</p> <p>4- Madness Illustrated Shutter Island, movie by Martin Scorsese, 2010</p>
What will I learn about ?	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - know more about the treatment of mad people - The consequences of men on their environment how one can be driven to madness - the different layers of madness - have read two short stories and seen a movie
Final Task	You will illustrate the concept of madness through a picture or a quote and you will make a story out of it.

Instructions for your Final Task:

1- you need to bring a picture on D-day

2- you will have an hour full to write a story

based on it 3- You are not entitled to any

notes on D-Day

4- You will know more about it on D-day

1- Madness, a health issue

1a- Who's there? (Illustration)

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travail de repérage autour du doc 1A

rédaction d'une histoire avec éléments imposés au hasard

character: man - woman - child- bird - ghost

feeling: despair - hatred- loneliness- hunger -tiredness

place : asylum - bedroom - cellar - forest - castle

sound : silence- tapping dropping- wailing- whooshing

action : murder -departure - mystery- encountering- surprise me

+ mots de vocab imposés

écriture en classe, anonymée: l'histoire doit être courte mais précise

- partage des élèves en groupes de 4/ 5 au hasard, distribution des histoires au hasard. Chaque groupe prépare une lecture à voix haute => voix, sons, narrateur.

1b- The tell-tale heart, Edgar Allan Poe

lecture partie 1 puis partie 2, explication en classe, partage autour de mots clés avant rédaction d'une trace écrite.

Insister sur :

-Who are the two main characters (age, link, physical description)

- Places where the story takes place

- Time line

- Reason why the narrator wants to tell us this story

What is revealed about the narrator, from the opening lines of the story?

How does Poe use zoomorphism to convey the narrator's feeling about the old man's eye?

How does Poe engage the sense of hearing and what is the effect on the reader?

The two main symbols in the story are the heart and the eye: what do they represent?

2- Madness, a societal issue

2a- The kiss, Edward Kliment

travail sur la description - interprétation

2b-Madness Gif:

travail sur la description puis dialogue double voix: reality vs thoughts

2c- Once Upon a time, Nadine Gardimer: travail sur la nouvelle en 3 parties => prévoir des reading circles pour chaque partie

conclure en 3 mots clés à chaque fois

Chaque groupe doit nommer un porte parole pour faire la conclusion

mise en communication

2d- Movie Trailer, Black Swan movie by Darren Aronofsky, 2011

en pair work: un élève regarde pendant que son binôme se concentre sur ce qu'il entend.

Echange entre eux: celui qui était dos tourné doit donner son ressenti, expliquer ce qu'il pense avoir compris.

Puis celui qui a vu le trailer raconte ce dont il était question.

L'ensemble de la classe regarde, mise en commun : what drives the ballerina into madness?

TE au tableau

3- Madness, A God Complex

The making of a Monster, Frankenstein, Mary Sheller, chapter 5

travail sur le texte: repérage des différents champs lexicaux: proposition par les élèves, faites au tableau
explication des choix au fur et à mesure

explication God Complex, parallèle entre la lumière, l'électricité, la vie, le désir de réussite et l'horreur de la réussite, les raisons de ce dégoût (TE au tableau)

4- Madness Illustrated

Shutter Island, movie by Martin Scorsese, 2010

étude du film: folie des hommes => personnages, lieu, histoire

folie de la guerre => PTSD

folie de la réussite => docteur qui veut sauver à tout prix, réussite de l'expérience vs liberté de choix du personnage principale

THE TELL-TALE HEART-part 1

Abridged from Edgar Alan Poe

True! - nervous - very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses - not destroyed - not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily - how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded - with what caution I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it - oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. I moved it slowly so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! - would a madman have been so wise as this? And

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Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out - 'Who's there?' I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening; - just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. I knew the sound well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions: but he had found all in vain. All in vain; because Death, in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim.

And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses? - now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

I held the lantern motionless. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! - do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. The beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me - the sound would be

heard by a neighbour! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once - once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead.

Abridged from Edgar Allan Poe, January 1943

THE TELL-TALE HEART-part 2

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned; and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

Then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye - not even his - could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out - no stain of any kind - no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all - ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labours, it was four o'clock - still dark as midnight. A the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, - for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbour during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, - for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search - search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They say, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: - it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definiteness - until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; - but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased - and what could I do? I was a low, dull, quick sound - much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath - and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly - more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased.

Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men - but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed - I raved - I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder - louder - louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! - no, no! They heard! - they suspected! - they knew! - they were making a mockery of my horror! - this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! and now - again! - hark! louder! louder! louder! Louder!

'Villains!' I shrieked, 'dissemble no more! I admit the deed! - tear up the planks! here, here! - it is the beating of his hideous heart!'

Abridged from Edgar Allan Poe, January 1943

DST:

'Joker' Reveals a Reflection of Madness

The enigma that is "The Joker" is the fundamental reason audiences love him. A symbol of the anarchy that revels in the freedom of madness. As often as the character of the Joker has been played in cinema, there has always been a mystery to his beginning, and that mystery seemed to be the strength of the character's charm. Despite attempts made through animated movies like DC's film adaptation of *Batman: The Killing Joke*, we did not want to know why he was crazy. We just wanted to watch nonsensical anarchy plow through Gotham as Batman raced against the clock to save the citizens... until now.

Todd Phillips has brought to the screen the story that no one thought they wanted, until they were drawn into the life of a simple man, Arthur Fleck. Driven to create a persona that would allow him to survive in a world where no one cared, the audience watched through unassuming eyes as Arthur made us uncomfortable in all the ways that matter.

From physical beatings to mental manipulation, Arthur reflected back at us each time we may not have been the best person to others, as well as the moments in our own lives when others misinterpreted our own behavior. Joaquin Phoenix's portrayal of Arthur is transformative on screen, in a performance so palpable and disturbing you are not sure if it is stagecraft or years personal psychic trauma being bled from his soul.

Physically, Joaquin is not only excruciatingly thin, but he moves in slow rhythmic motions with slight ticks that are just noticeable enough to make the whole thing seem like a slight case of Tourettes syndrome. However, as Arthur evolves into the persona of The Joker, these physical manifestations do not just disappear—they evolve with him. Todd Phillips and Joaquin Phoenix have brought to life a classic villain in a very true to life fashion. You will find no vats of chemicals here. Arthur is real. His pain and suffering are tangible and reflected accurately in the world around us.

From overwork, underpaid, and underfunded mental health programs to the pitiless way we judge each other, reflecting our worst selves, the mirror that is held up to the viewer is not rose tinted in any fashion.

At the end of this reprehensible vision of the world, a metamorphosis has taken place. And the audience understands how a gentle and compassionate person can be moved to madness.

In the end this is a story about a man taking back his personal power that the trials and tribulations of an apathetic world stole from him. However, in his quest Arthur had to give over what defined him and ceased to exist.

Instead, a legend was born from his actions and the Clown Prince of Gotham took his first steps into the light.

posted by Erica Frisby, Oct 14, 2019 on www.gritdaily.com

The Making of the Monster

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain; I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her, but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed; when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

Oh! No mortal could support the horror of that countenance.

Document 3 : The Scream, Edvard Munch, 1893

