

1: Ten of the best wicked uncles in literature | Books | The Guardian

Comment The next poem in this publication is 'Chorus from Oedipus at Colonus', previously published as part of Mahon's play Oedipus (based on the text of Sophocles' King Oedipus and Oedipus at Colonus).

Tom Kelly 02 September, Each difficult circumstance, crisis, disease or pain, inspires us; only against death do we strive in vain. It seemed a fitting tribute to mark the passing of Seamus Heaney, a man who with his plainness of speech and native intuition created for us through poetry, civilizations giving us shelter from wind and rain, crisis and pain. Heaney succumbed to death but not in vain, as his words are forever immortal. Like many of my generation it was Heaney, not Wordsworth or Hopkins that inspired a love for literature. Heaney set free a world of reluctant young learners from the yoke of memorising that hardy curriculum annual "A pageant of English verse". Heaney spoke to us in our own tongue. Being the son and grandson of carpenters I thought there may have been some latent instinctive talent for the craft. Leaving school was never going to be a serious option at that age as my father had invested too much time and effort in keeping me incarcerated in the care of the Irish Christian Brothers. One time, my father came home following a head injury at work whereby he required quite a few stitches. I was horrified by the accident. He asked, "Do you still want to leave school? In Digging like me, he recognised that he had "no spade to follow men like them, between my finger and thumb the squat pen rests, I will dig with that". I met the great man several times but some years ago had the privilege of having dinner with him in New York. I was in the company of a well-known Irish businessman and a very pompous Irish ambassador. The eatery was very upmarket many miles from the culinary delights of Bellaghy. Heaney was a charming raconteur without match reminiscing as he quaffed copious amounts of red wine. I was starstuck but I learned an important lesson that evening about the difference between self-awareness and self regard. The Irish diplomat was insufferable. He complained about the length of time we waited for a table, the position of the table, the food that was not available and his lobster thermidor - he even complained about the poor quality of the Muscat. Just in case Michael Noonan or Eamon Gilmore is about to go into apoplexy at the luxuriant tastes of their diplomatic corps this predated the economic turndown, Nama and Anglo-related indigestion. Our Kofi Annan was indignant. Throughout the dinner the Nobel laureate and Harvard professor smiled and said nothing. As we left the waiter thanked us and as Heaney walked by, the waiter recited two lines from Requiem for the Crop-pies - "The pockets of our grey coats full of barley - no kitchens on the run. Heaney the acclaimed and distinguished man of letters was humble, acutely self-aware but without the self-regard of our anonymous ambassador who was full of airs and no grace. It was a salutary lesson. His words cut across the avarice of the citizens in the Republic and the innate sectarianism of us northerners. It has not been lost on some that Heaney, a poet of the people, passed away on the eve of the th anniversary of the Dublin Lockout. Heaney more than most, understood the struggle and adversity of the ordinary man; even more so than Yeats. We owe Heaney much as he helped us escape our miseries through verse.

2: Ireland - just the place for classical tragedy | From the Observer | The Guardian

Allusion to Classical figure Oedipus, Jocasta, Creon, Ismene, Tiresias, Antigone, Theseus, Chorus of Citizens, etc. Allusion to classical place Thebes Relationship to Classical text Mahon notes in the Introduction that, since he has no knowledge of Greek, he is indebted to various literal translations of Sophocles.

Poetry Places like Kinsale, Rathlin and Donegal are idealised, but there is a subtext of cruelty associated with all three places because of history, climate, nature or commerce. Other places are depicted as void of human activity, lonesome, glum and abandoned by hope. The selection of poems on the course, influenced by Mahon, include two place names that span Ireland from North to South, Rathlin and Kinsale. You should compare the contexts by examining what the last line of both poems has to say about the future. An idealised rural, coastal beauty spot: Mahon evokes diverse human personalities and often empathises with various characters in his poetry: A quirky, on the go, mysterious, cautious and wily grandfather. Mahon deals with the theme of conflict in various guises: Subtle tensions in family life: The theme of the Future: Fear of the inevitability of death: In the same poem consonance, sibilance, line rhyme and cross-rhyme create a verbal music that matches meaning. Because the imagery is used to evoke a nightmare, the musical effects here are so dramatic they remind us of opera. Rhythm In some poems the rhythm is light while in others it is complex and orchestral. Grandfather – the rhythm is partly defined by the strict sonnet form, but Mahon gives it a natural feeling with his run on lines and simple everyday words. The poem feels like an anecdote, a spoken story, naturally addressed to the reader. Day trip to Donegal-the rhythm is musical with a varying beat pattern. After the Titanic- the rhythm has a natural feeling with the run on lines and simple everyday words. The poem feels like a cry from the heart naturally addressed to the reader. There is a dignity to the rhythm provided by the regular line lengths. Each pair of lines is a unit. The uneven lines have four beats while the even lines have six beats – some of which are hard to define. Antarctica- note the regular four beat lines with chorus or refrain. Here are some examples to add to your own favourites. A good example is the recurring sea imagery. References to the sea occur eleven times in the poems on the syllabus: Mahon communicates by direct statement as well as by imagery and symbol. Some poems depend a lot on our ability to interpret the figurative language. But some lines contain a statement or argument that points to the theme and help us understand the imagery. Many of the quotes for Themes above contain examples of such statements.

3: OEDIPUS : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive

"LEAVETAKINGS AND HOMECOMINGS": DEREK MAHON'S BELFAST TIM KENDALL derek mahon's reputation for being "culturally rootless,"1 inculcated with all the force of critical consensus, owes its authority to no one more than.

University of California, San Diego E-mail: It is noteworthy that three of these plays are based on Antigone, two on Medea, two on Trojan Women and none on Oedipus Tyrannos: All deal with the Irish question. There were six in the cast, five women and one man. They were all the chorus at first, and then differentiated themselves into Chorus, Odysseus, Neoptolemus, Philoctetes, Hercules and Merchant as needed. She, however, was misdirected, and in the acoustically challenged theatre the reverberations of her all too frequent screams caused as much pain for the audience as Philoctetes was suffering. The stage seemed to suffer from a low budget, which need not be a drawback if there is imagination to compensate, but that was lacking here. The floor was part wood, part smooth-surfaced, and covered in a fine layer of sand. Three white panels with gray shadows on them suggesting abstract mountains? The filthy ragged costumes and smudged faces made the travellers appear even more destitute than the castaway Philoctetes. The audience sat in two rows on each side of the rectangular stage, and there were only about forty seats. The lighting was crude, with the instruments visible to the audience; the sound system delivered vague suggestions of music from time to time, but most of it was as unintelligible as much of the dialogue. Even the poor sound quality could not disguise the Irish music at the end of the play. The merchant was given an Irish accent for no accountable reason, though the other members of the cast retained their native London intonation. Some actors knew their lines, and some did not, which resulted in a lot of improvisation. Heaney thoroughly deserved the Nobel prize he won, and his language, even muffled and misquoted, charmed the ear. Heaney shows how Philoctetes can resemble Northern Ireland by being obsessed with a wound, and the breakdown in the peace talks echoes poignantly in his text. But there is hope at the end: Would that there were a deus ex machina who could take over the peace process now, for short of that one sees very little hope. The real world clashes harshly with this poem to peace. One has to applaud the genius who wrote this adaptation by weaving modern heartache into ancient tragedy, and also the people who had the vision to perform it. Perhaps expertise will come to them with time; at least they had good taste in their choice of play.

4: SEAMUS HEANEY, RIP |

In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: "LEAVETAKINGS AND HOMECOMINGS": DEREK MAHON'S BELFAST TIM KENDALL derek mahon's reputation for being "culturally rootless,"¹ inculcated with all the force of critical consensus, owes its authority to no one more than to the poet himself.

Sean Mc Manus testifying at a Congressional Hearing in Monday, September 2, "WITH speech and intuitions born in the lightning brain we create civilizations, shelter from wind and rain. Each difficult circumstance, crisis, disease or pain, inspires us; only against death do we strive in vain. It seemed a fitting tribute to mark the passing of Seamus Heaney, a man who with his plainness of speech and native intuition created for us through poetry, civilizations giving us shelter from wind and rain, crisis and pain. Heaney succumbed to death but not in vain, as his words are forever immortal. Like many of my generation it was Heaney, not Wordsworth or Hopkins that inspired a love for literature. Heaney set free a world of reluctant young learners from the yoke of memorising that hardy curriculum annual "A pageant of English verse". Heaney spoke to us in our own tongue. Being the son and grandson of carpenters I thought there may have been some latent instinctive talent for the craft. Leaving school was never going to be a serious option at that age as my father had invested too much time and effort in keeping me incarcerated in the care of the Irish Christian Brothers. One time, my father came home following a head injury at work whereby he required quite a few stitches. I was horrified by the accident. He asked, "Do you still want to leave school? In Digging, like me, he recognised that he had "no spade to follow men like them, between my finger and thumb the squat pen rests, I will dig with that". I met the great man several times but some years ago had the privilege of having dinner with him in New York. I was in the company of a well-known Irish businessman and a very pompous Irish ambassador. The eatery was very upmarket many miles from the culinary delights of Bellaghy. Heaney was a charming raconteur without match reminiscing as he quaffed copious amounts of red wine. I was starstruck but I learned an important lesson that evening about the difference between self-awareness and self regard. The Irish diplomat was insufferable. He complained about the length of time we waited for a table, the position of the table, the food that was not available and his lobster thermidor - he even complained about the poor quality of the Muscat. Just in case Michael Noonan or Eamon Gilmore is about to go into apoplexy at the luxuriant tastes of their diplomatic corps this predated the economic turndown, Nama and Anglo-related indigestion. Our Kofi Annan was indignant. Throughout the dinner the Nobel laureate and Harvard professor smiled and said nothing. As we left the waiter thanked us and as Heaney walked by, the waiter recited two lines from Requiem for the Croppies - "The pockets of our grey coats full of barley - no kitchens on the run. Heaney the acclaimed and distinguished man of letters was humble, acutely self-aware but without the self-regard of our anonymous ambassador who was full of airs and no grace. It was a salutary lesson. His words cut across the avarice of the citizens in the Republic and the innate sectarianism of us northerners. It has not been lost on some that Heaney, a poet of the people, passed away on the eve of the th anniversary of the Dublin Lockout. Heaney more than most, understood the struggle and adversity of the ordinary man; even more so than Yeats. We owe Heaney much as he helped us escape our miseries through verse. Buy The Books Read Fr. Books One, 2 and 3.

5: Project MUSE - "Leavetakings and Homecomings": Derek Mahon's Belfast

Derek Mahon's relationship with the classics is informed both by an acute awareness of the work of his contemporaries, and by the complex meditation on home and belonging that runs through his poetry.

6: Derek Mahon Poetry - New York Essays

Search for items in the container list of Derek Mahon papers, circa only digital resources. "Chorus from Antigone," MS and TS and proof.

CHORUS FROM ANTIGONE DEREK MAHON pdf

7: Irish Rep to Stage Seamus Heaney's THE BURIAL AT THEBES

So wrote the Irish poet Derek Mahon in his chorus from Antigone. It seemed a fitting tribute to mark the passing of Seamus Heaney, a man who with his plainness of speech and native intuition created for us through poetry, civilizations giving us shelter from wind and rain, crisis and pain.

8: Didaskalia - The Journal for Ancient Performance

It is the law of the gods that Antigone must bury her brother's body. Ismene, Antigone's sister, though she recognises the imperative force of divine law, opposes Antigone's decision. (Tom Paulin, from the program).

9: Derek Mahon: Chorus from Antigone | Classical Receptions in Drama and Poetry in English from c

Get this from a library! Adaptations. [Derek Mahon].

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