



Welcome to

TALKING TO PEOPLE
Inquiry-based and Cooperative Learning
Methodology
Trinity College Dublin - 2018

<u>Tuesday</u>

- 09:00 Language Focus / Workshop: Irish Literature.
- 10:30 Coffee Break
- 11:00 Time for practice: Inquiry-based Learning Projects (IBLp) – Planning
- **12:30** Lunch Time
- 14:00 *Time for practice:* Inquiry-based Learning Projects (IBLp) Interviews.
 - Interviews will take place from 14:00 to 14:30

<u>Wednesday</u>

- 09:00 Language Focus / Workshop: Irish Music.
- 10:30 Coffee Break
- 11:00 Interview Presentations
- 12:30 Lunch Time
- 13:30 Workshop: Understanding the Book of Kells (Preparation for the visit).
- 14:00 *Field Project:* The Book of Kells (Contexts4Content)

Language Focus / Workshop: Irish Literature

Edward Lear's "St. Kiven [Kevin] and the Gentle Kathleen" Illustrations of verses of Thomas Moore's "By That Lake, Whose Gloomy Shore", from vol. 4 of his *Irish Melodies*, c. 1830.



Joseph Peacock (Irish 1783-1837), The Pattern at Glendalough, Co. Wicklow, 1813, oil on canvas, Ulster Museum.

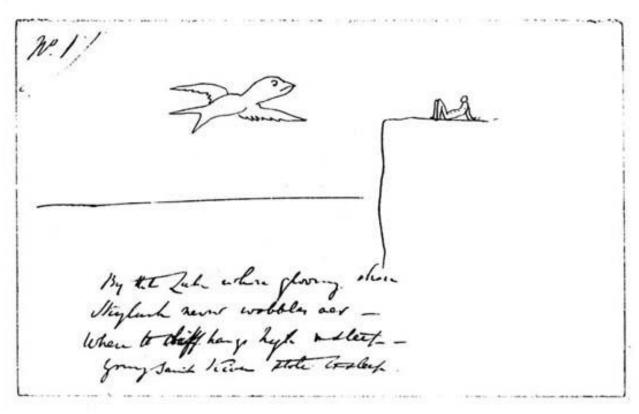
'Erin' from *Irish Melodies*by Thomas Moore;
illustrated by Daniel
Maclise,
Published: London, 1845



Edward Lear's "St. Kiven [Kevin] and the Gentle Kathleen" Illustrations of verses of Thomas Moore's "By That Lake, Whose Gloomy Shore", from vol. 4 of his *Irish Melodies*, c. 1830.



Joseph Peacock (Irish 1783-1837), The Pattern at Glendalough, Co. Wicklow, 1813, oil on canvas, Ulster Museum.



No. 1

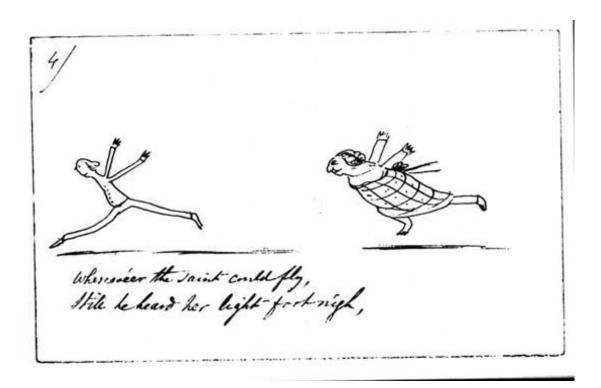
By the lake whose gloomy shore Skylark never wobbles oer— Where the cliffs hang high & steep— Young Saint Kiven stole to sleep.



No. 2
Here at least, he calmly said
Woman ne'er shall find my bed
Ah! the good saint little knew,
What that wily sex can do.—

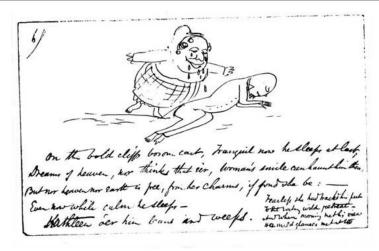


No. 3
Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue,
She had loved him well & long—
Wished him hers, nor thought it wrong.



No. 4 Wheresoe'ever the saint could fly, Still he heard her light foot nigh,

No. 5
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eves before him burn'd.



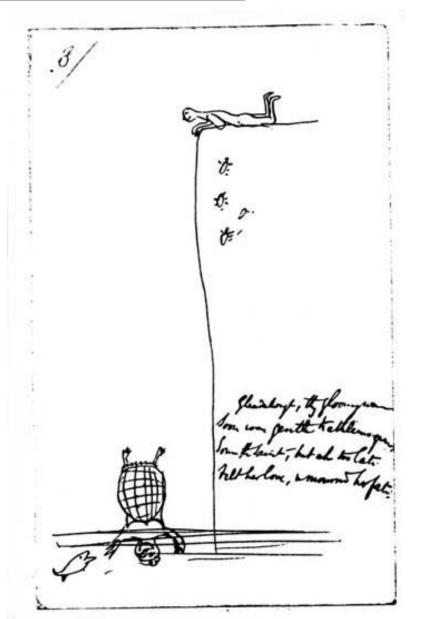
No. 6

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er,
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free,
From her power, if fond she be:—
Even now, while calm he sleeps—
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.
Fearless she had tracked his feet
To that rocky wild retreat—
And when morning met his view
Her mild glances met it too.

No. 7
Ah! yes saints have cruel hearts—
Sternly from his bed he darts
& with rude repulsive shock
Hurls her down the beetling rock.



No. 8
Glendalough, thy gloomy
wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's
grave,
Soon the Saint, but ah too
late
Felt her love, & mourn'd her
fate;



'Saint Kevin and the Blackbird' (1996) by Seamus Heaney (1939-2013)

And then there was St Kevin and the blackbird. The saint is kneeling, arms stretched out, inside His cell, but the cell is narrow, so

One turned-up palm is out the window, stiff As a crossbeam, when a blackbird lands And lays in it and settles down to nest.

Kevin feels the warm eggs, the small breast, the tucked Neat head and claws and, finding himself linked Into the network of eternal life,

Is moved to pity: now he must hold his hand Like a branch out in the sun and rain for weeks Until the young are hatched and fledged and flown.

*

And since the whole thing's imagined anyhow, Imagine being Kevin. Which is he? Self-forgetful or in agony all the time

From the neck on out down through his hurting forearms? Are his fingers sleeping? Does he still feel his knees? Or has the shut-eyed blank of underearth

Crept up through him? Is there distance in his head? Alone and mirrored clear in love's deep river, 'To labour and not to seek reward,' he prays,

A prayer his body makes entirely For he has forgotten self, forgotten bird And on the riverbank forgotten the river's name.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wKGmQcSFbMc



A limerick by Edward Lear

There was an Old Man with a beard,

Who said, "It is just as I feared!—

Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,

Have all built their nests in my beard.

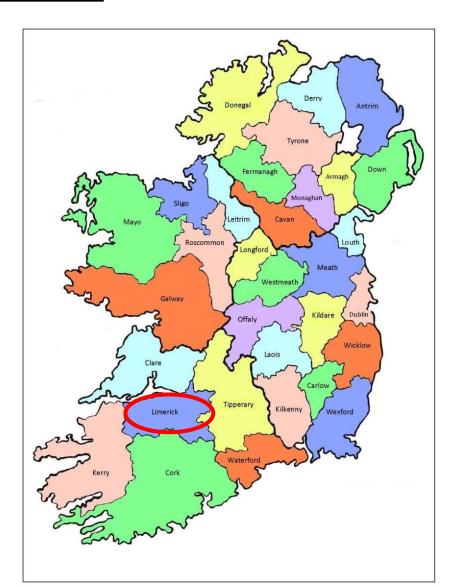


<u>A Limerick</u>

Definition: A limerick is a humorous poem consisting of five lines.

The first, second, and fifth lines must have seven to ten syllables while rhyming and having the same verbal rhythm. The third and fourth lines only have to have five to seven syllables, and have to rhyme with each other and have the same rhythm.

Believed to be named after Limerick county or city in Ireland and the nonsense poems popular there.



Example of a limerick about limericks!

The limerick packs laughs anatomical Into space that is quite economical.

But the good ones I've seen

So seldom are clean

And the clean ones so seldom are comical.

In pairs (or groups of three) write a limerick.

Oscar Wilde (1854-1900) Playwright, Poet and Novelist

In pairs (or groups of three) pick your favour quote. Give reasons for your answer.

- I can resist everything except temptation.
- We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.
- Always forgive your enemies nothing annoys them so much.
- Experience is simply the name we give our mistakes.
- Too many people today know the price of everything and the value of nothing.
- To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that is all.
- There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.
- Be yourself; everyone else is already taken
- To love oneself is the beginning of a lifelong romance.

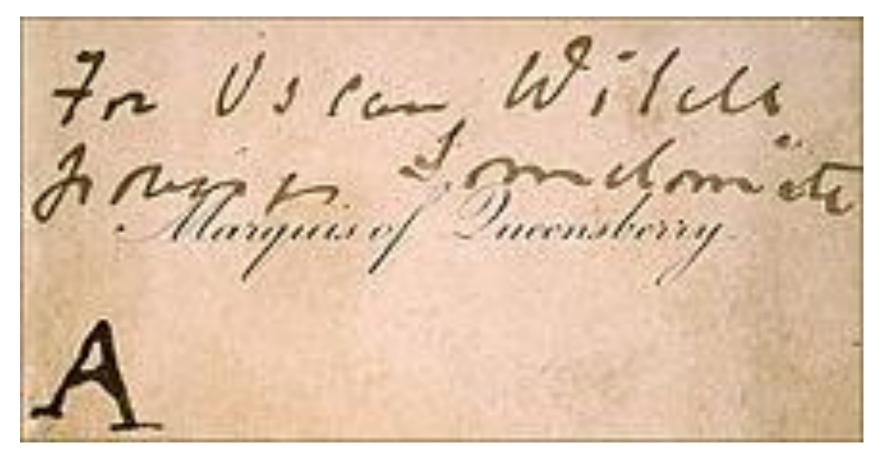


Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901), Portrait of Oscar Wilde, 1895, 58.5 x 48 cm, Private Collection.



The Marquess of Queensberry'scalling card "For Oscar Wilde posing Somdomite [sic]".

The card was marked as exhibit 'A' in Wilde's libel action.



Wilde had the Marquess of Queensberry prosecuted for criminal libel. The Marquess was the father of Wilde's lover, Lord Alfred Douglas.

Sir John Lavery (Belfast 1856-1941 Co. Kilkenny)

Portrait of Edward Carson (1854-1935), 1916, Oil on canvas, 76.2 x 63.6 cm, Hugh Lane Gallery

Irish Unionist Party Leader (1910 – 1921)



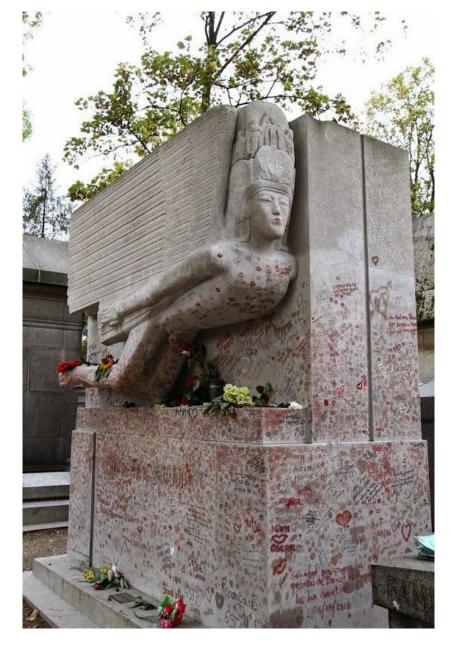
The libel trial unearthed evidence that caused Wilde to drop his charges and led to his own arrest and trial for gross indecency with men.

He was convicted and imprisoned for two years' hard labour (1895-97), the maximum penalty.

Upon his release he left immediately for France, never to return to Ireland or Britain.

He died in Paris in 1900 aged 46.

Apparently his dying words were: 'Either the drapes go or I do!'



Oscar Wilde's grave in Père Lachaise Cemetery, Paris.

'No Second Troy' (1916)

by William Butler Yeats

Why should I blame her that she filled my days

With misery, or that she would of late Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways,

Or hurled the little streets upon the great,

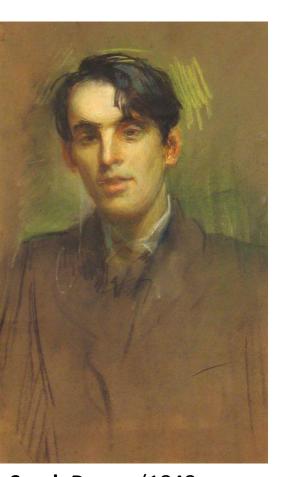
Had they but courage equal to desire? What could have made her peaceful with a mind

That nobleness made simple as a fire, With beauty like a tightened bow, a kind That is not natural in an age like this, Being high and solitary and most stern? Why, what could she have done, being what she is?

Was there another Troy for her to burn?



Sarah Purser (1848 – 1943), Portrait of Miss Maud Gonne, 1898, Pastel on paper, 43 x 27 cm, Hugh Lane Gallery.



Sarah Purser (1848 – 1943), Portrait of William Butler Yeats, 1909, Pastel on paper, 43 x 25.4 cm, Hugh Lane Gallery

'The Municipal Gallery Revisited'* by W.B. Yeats

AROUND me the images of thirty years: An ambush; pilgrims at the water-side; Casement upon trial, half hidden by the bars, Guarded; Griffith staring in hysterical pride; Kevin O'Higgins' countenance that wears A gentle questioning look that cannot hide A soul incapable of remorse or rest; A revolutionary soldier kneeling to be blessed; An Abbot or Archbishop with an upraised hand Blessing the Tricolour. 'This is not,' I say, 'The dead Ireland of my youth, but an Ireland The poets have imagined, terrible and gay.' Before a woman's portrait suddenly I stand, Beautiful and gentle in her Venetian way. I met her all but fifty years ago For twenty minutes in some studio.

*The Municipal
Gallery is now
known as the Hugh
Lane Gallery

Ш

Heart-smitten with emotion I Sink down, My heart recovering with covered eyes; Wherever I had looked I had looked upon My permanent or impermanent images: Augusta Gregory's son; her sister's son, Hugh Lane, 'onlie begetter' of all these; Hazel Lavery living and dying, that tale As though some ballad-singer had sung it all; Mancini's portrait of Augusta Gregory, 'Greatest since Rembrandt,' according to John Synge;

A great ebullient portrait certainly;
But where is the brush that could show anything
Of all that pride and that humility?
And I am in despair that time may bring
Approved patterns of women or of men
But not that selfsame excellence again.
My mediaeval knees lack health until they bend,
But in that woman, in that household where
Honour had lived so long, all lacking found.
Childless I thought, 'My children may find here
Deep-rooted things,' but never foresaw its end,
And now that end has come I have not wept;
No fox can foul the lair the badger swept --

VI

(An image out of Spenser and the common tongue).

John Synge, I and Augusta Gregory, thought All that we did, all that we said or sang Must come from contact with the soil, from that

Contact everything Antaeus-like grew strong. We three alone in modern times had brought Everything down to that sole test again, Dream of the noble and the beggar-man.

\/II

And here's John Synge himself, that rooted man,

'Forgetting human words,' a grave deep face. You that would judge me, do not judge alone This book or that, come to this hallowed place

Where my friends' portraits hang and look thereon:

Ireland's history in their lineaments trace; Think where man's glory most begins and ends.

And say my glory was I had such friends.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jw1Jpi-d0Yo

James Joyce (1882-1941)

- A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery.
- Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age.
- Think you're escaping and run into yourself. Longest way round is the shortest way home.
- Shakespeare is the happy hunting ground of all minds that have lost their balance.
- Mistakes are the portals of discovery.
- Your battles inspired me not the obvious material battles but those that were fought and won behind your forehead.
- History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.
- I am tomorrow, or some future day, what I establish today. I am today what I established yesterday or some previous day.
- Writing in English is the most ingenious torture ever devised for sins committed in previous lives. The English reading public explains the reason why.
- Christopher Columbus, as everyone knows, is honoured by posterity because he was the last to discover America.



He was an Irish novelist, short story writer, and poet. He contributed to the modernist avant-garde and is regarded as one of the most influential and important authors of the 20th century.

Joyce is best known for *Ulysses* (1922), a landmark work in which the episodes of Homer's *Odyssey* are paralleled in a variety of literary styles, perhaps most prominently stream of consciousness. Other well-known works are the short-story collection *Dubliners* (1914), and the novels *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916) and *Finnegans Wake* (1939).

James Joyce (1882-1941)

"For myself, I always write about Dublin, because if I can get to the heart of Dublin I can get to the heart of all the cities of the world. In the particular is contained the universal."

He was born in Dublin but spent most of his adult life in Continental Europe including Trieste, Italy, Paris and Zürich, Switzerland where he died.



The statue in Earl Street, Dublin was sculpted by Marjorie Fitzgibbon and unveiled in 1990.

Coffee Break

10:30-11:00

Part 1:

In your group:

Imagine you are interviewing a person to work as a teacher, write five <u>open-ended questions</u> that will help you decide if the person is right for the job.

Part 2:

Each person pairs up with someone from a different group.

Using the questions your group came up with from Part 1 take turns to interview each other. Make note of the answers.

Part 3:

Return to your group:

Compare the results of your interviews. Discuss which questions worked, or not, and comment on the questions you were asked by the member of another group.

Class Discussion:

What did you learn about interviewing and being interviewed?

Groups

- 1. Cinzia, Alida, Ana, Elitza
- 2. Maria Luisa, Agnieszka, Eugenija, Lucrezia
- 3. Leo, Annegret, Rosa Rita

Cinzia, Alida, Ana, Elitza

Richard

Secondary school teacher of music, musician, composer

- Teaching Music
- The Irish Education System
- Recent changes to the curriculum
- Irish Composers Collective

Maria Luisa, Agnieszka, Eugenija, Lucrezia

<u>Jona</u>

Writer, artist, musican,

- The literary scene in Dublin
- Music in Ireland
- Travelling the world
- Differences between Ireland and Canada

Leo, Annegret, Rosa Rita

<u>Pauline</u>

Manager of a Community Centre in Glendalough, Co. Wicklow

- Life in rural Ireland pros and cons
- Community Projects different age groups, funding
- Local politics
- Future of rural villages
- Glendalough and tourism

Be prepared.

- Decide in advance:
 - what area of the interests/expertise of your subject are you most interested in exploring
 - what do you want to know specifically
 - which group member will ask each question or will one person be responsible for keeping notes etc.
 - how long to give to each question

Important Information:

- 1. Do not record the person
 - No filming or voice recording
- 2. Ask permission to take photographs.
 - Only use these photographs for projects related to this course or your own teaching practise.

Do not post photographs online without the person's permission.

By the way the above also applies for me. Please ask me before you post anything online. Thank you.

Post-interview Project

- Create a slide/s detailing what you learnt including comments on what interested you most and if you were surprised by any of the answers.
- Each group will present their slide/s tomorrow after the coffee break.

Time for practice: Inquirybased Learning Projects (IBLp) – Planning

Meet back here at 1.45 pm
Interviews will take place from 14:00 to 14:30

Lunch Time

Time for practice: Inquirybased Learning Projects (IBLp) – Interviews.

Cinzia, Alida, Ana, Elitza

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Time for practice: Inquirybased Learning Projects (IBLp) – Interviews.

Return at 2.30 pm