## Theme:

## Building and Expressing Yourself and/or Travels

### Key question: To what extent. Does chaos lead to rebuilding oneself?

# Requirements

At least 2 literary documents.

At least 2 visual documents.

At least 1 document seen in class.

At least 1 non-literary document.

# Used Documents:

The lost Cafe Schindler – Meriel Schindler

The Joker – Todd Phillips

The handmaids Tale – Margaret Atwood

Red Sparrow – Francis Lawrence

" I know this much is true " – Wally Lamb

Still I rise – Maya Angelou

# The lost Cafe Schindler

#### Meriel Schindler

Hörhager picks up Kurt’s toboggan, which is propped up against a wall in the hall. He holds the woven seat and lifts it high above his head, then brings it down hard on Hugo’s head. One of the iron strips that is nailed to the hooped runners to protect the wood, cuts a deep vertical gash down Hugo's forehead, and blood drips down his face and into his eyes. […]

In all, the whole episode lasts no more than twenty minutes. As they leave, one of the men shouts at Hugo: ‘You had no mercy on us, when we were unemployed for years!’ […]

When the men left Hugo, the group split up. Three went home, and Hörhager, Schneider and Ebner walk to the railway station bar to report to Squadron Leader Mayerbrucker, who is waiting for them. Ebner describes carefully what they have done, noting by name who has been cooperative and who has been less helpful. […]

Back at the flat, Sofie Freiger is trying to wake up Dr Biendl, who lives on the third floor. He is out at his mother’s house but returned a short while later.

According to his witness statement, Dr Biendl entered the Schindler flat and found the bedroom in chaos. Furniture was broken and there were splashes of blood everywhere. Biendl describes how shocked he was at Hugo’s state. He has a 10 cm gash on his head that was bleeding heavily and was deep enough to reveal his skull. His arm and leg were also injured. Just as Dr Biendl is bandaging Hugo up, three members of the Gestapo arrive in the flat. Upon seeing the doctor, they scream at him, ‘What are you doing here?!’

Dr Biendl responded, ‘As a doctor, I am obliged to provide medical help.’

The Gestapo then apparently looked around the room, note the broken furniture and, seemingly satisfied, left a few minutes later. In his statement, Dr Biendl describes Hugo as being utterly deranged. Hugo was very lucky indeed to have the doctor as a neighbour, not only because of the medical treatment he received but also because the Gestapo might otherwise have arrested him and taken him into 'protective custody', as they did many other Jews that evening.

After the Gestapo leave, Dr Biendl moves Hugo to a local sanatorium, where he stitches up the wound himself under local anaesthetic. He decides against getting Hugo X-rayed as that would mean a trip to the X-ray room and others would then know he is in the sanatorium. Instead he uses cold compresses to bring down the swelling. In his witness statement, he does not recall any fractures and only remembers using bandages to treat Hugo.

Four days later Hugo leaves the sanatorium. He has no time to convalesce as he is determined to get himself and the rest of his family out of Austria. Sofie, who at eighty-one is still a formidable force, has no desire to leave Innsbruck, but even she can see that the Tyrol is no longer tenable.

The decision is made for them. In December 1938, Sofie, Hugo and Erich are ordered to move to Vienna as part of Hofer’s last sweep of the Jews in western Austria. As far as I can reconstruct, Erich escaped the violence of Innsbruck's pogrom as he was in a clinic in Germany for his heart condition.

# The Joker

#### Todd Phillips

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# The handmaids Tale (The escape)

#### Margaret Atwood

We have almost nothing with us, we don't want to look as if we're going anywhere far or permanent. We have the forged passports, guaranteed, worth the price. We couldn't pay in money, of course, or put it on the Compucount: we used other things, some jewellery that was my grandmother's, a stamp collection Luke inherited from his uncle. Such things can be exchanged, for money, in other countries. When we get to the border, we'll pretend we're just going over on a day trip; the fake visas are for a day. Before that I'll give her [their daughter] a sleeping pill so she'll be asleep when we cross. That way she won't betray us. You can't expect a child to lie convincingly. And I don't want her to feel frightened, to feel the fear that is now tightening my muscles, tensing my spine, pulling me so taut that I'm certain I would break if touched. Every stoplight is an ordeal. We'll spend the night at a motel, or, better, sleeping in the car on a side road so there will be no suspicious questions. We'll cross in the morning, drive over the bridge, easily, just like driving to the supermarket. We turn onto the freeway, head north, flowing with not much traffic. Since the war started, gas is expensive and in short supply. Outside the city we pass the first checkpoint. All they want is a look at the license, Luke does it well. The license matches the passport: we thought of that. Back on the road, he squeezes my hand, glances over at me. You're white as a sheet, he says. That is how I feel: white, flat, thin. I feel transparent. Surely, they will be able to see through me. Worse, how will 1 be able to hold on to Luke, to her, when I'm so flat, so while? I feel as if there's not much left of me; they will slip through my arms, as if I'm made of smoke, as if I'm a mirage, fading before their eyes. […]Here is what I believe.

I believe Luke is lying face down in a thicket, a tangle of bracken, the brown fronds from last year under the green ones just unrolled, or ground hemlock perhaps, although it's too early for the red berries. What is left of him: his hair, the bones, the plaid wool shirt, green and black, the leather belt, the work boots. I know exactly what he was wearing. I can see his clothes in my mind, bright as a lithograph or a full-color advertisement, from an ancient magazine, though not his face, not so well. His face is beginning to fade, possibly because it wasn't always the same: his face had different expressions, his clothes did not. I pray that the hole, or two or three, there was more than one shot, they were close together, I pray that at least one hole is neatly, quickly, and finally through the skull, through the place where all the pictures were, so that there would have been only the one flash, of darkness or pain, dull I hope, like the word thud, only the one and then silence. (p73-89)

# Red Sparrow

#### Francis Lawrence

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 1 | Afficher l’image source |  | 2 |
| 3 | Afficher l’image source |  | 4 |

# I know this much is true.

#### Wally Lamb

“We came by steerage on a steamship in a very dark place that smelt dreadfully. There were hundreds of other people packed with us, men, women and children, and almost all of them were sick. It took us 12 days to cross the sea, and we thought we should die but at last the voyage was over, and we came up and saw the beautiful bay and the big woman with the spikes on her head and the lamp that is lighted at night in her hand.”

In other first-hand accounts of arriving at Ellis Island, a 79-year-old German man said of seeing the statue, “I thought she was one of the seven wonders of the world.”

A man from Poland gushed, “The bigness of Mrs. Liberty overcame us. No one spoke a word for she was like a goddess and we know she represented the big powerful country which was to be our future home.”

# Still I rise

#### Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history

With your bitter, twisted lies,

You may trod me in the very dirt

But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?

Why are you beset with gloom?

’Cause I walk like I've got oil wells

Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,

With the certainty of tides,

Just like hopes springing high,

Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?

Bowed head and lowered eyes?

Shoulders falling down like teardrops,

Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?

Don't you take it awful hard

’Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines

Diggin’ in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,

You may cut me with your eyes,

You may kill me with your hatefulness,

But still, like air, I’ll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?

Does it come as a surprise

That I dance like I've got diamonds

At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history’s shame

I rise

Up from a past that’s rooted in pain

I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,

Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear

I rise

Into a daybreak that’s wondrously clear

I rise

Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,

I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise

I rise

I rise.

# Credits:

#### The Joker

The Joker going up the Stairs:

<https://youtu.be/OoTx1cYC5u8?t=18>

The Joker Going down the stair:

<https://img.republicworld.com/republic-prod/stories/promolarge/xxhdpi/mnhowa4mxuncu9x2_1574239813.jpeg>

#### The handmaid’s Tale

Text: <https://docs.google.com/viewer?a=v&pid=sites&srcid=ZGVmYXVsdGRvbWFpbnxkb25uYWx1dGplbnN8Z3g6NWNlZjc3NjM5ODFhY2I0NQ>

#### Red Sparrow:

Image 1 The ballet: <https://tse3.mm.bing.net/th/id/OIP.KYD7mV6u2BXECDipsiXMPgAAAA?pid=ImgDet&rs=1>

Image 2 The horse School: <https://th.bing.com/th/id/R906148c3e14a8e05be6d95454ca2eb1a>

Image 3 The torture: <https://th.bing.com/th/id/R197e60bd75209edd589ea0a5513dc537>

Image 4 The mole:

<https://youtu.be/WVOQrgHcKDA?t=99>

#### Still I rise

Poem: <https://owlcation.com/humanities/Analysis-Of-Still-I-Rise-By-Maya-Angelou>

Intro:

Evolution and humans have survived due to their capacities to adapt and hence rebuild yourself.

Globally, yes, it depends on the degree of the chaos and therefore the necessity to adapt.

1. One can rebuild. Oneself in an unexpected way
2. Joker

1 J was pivoting, trying to keep a balance.

2 J’s mother was delusional

3 J zas living in a bubble, finding out the truth about his ;other exploded his bubble in which he was surviving.

4 chaos breeds chaos

5 chaos

6 disruption, instability

1. chaos forced oneself to be somebody they are not, and therefore create an exterior appearance to reflect that.
2. create and exterior façade to pretend to be somebody they are not (A mask/take on a persona that not theirs) (HT,RP) (“wear your mask long enough and you won’t remember who you really are”)

III Organised chaos has forced people to transpose their identity.

A L SK

B R Sparrow

C TTAmerica EI : sometimes it is due to nature.

D HT

Plan:

Key question: To what extent. Does chaos inevitably lead to rebuilding oneself?

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