

#flo #ret #disorganized #incomplete

Instructions:

For this assignment, you will be producing a project that shows your understanding and close reading of

Using any medium (suggestions below), create a piece of art or an artistic representation that captures

- Make a TV news story on an aspect of the book with which you also hand in a script.
- Create a copy of the Ayemenem local newspaper for a) a notable day from the story or b) a mundane day.
- Prepare a funeral for a character who dies that (perhaps) doubles as a social justice call to action.
- Create a video in which you act out/interpret a scene in *The God of Small Things* (this option lends itself to a video diary).
- Make a day-in-the-life of Rahel film.
- Create a Spotify playlist as a soundtrack for the text and include explanations (liner notes) for songs.
- Create a visual art option with written component that includes close reading.
- Write a pastiche of *The God of Small Things* and include written explanation/analysis.
- Write a long poem out of fragments of the book (this is a kind of pastiche)--describe how you used fragments.
- You may also suggest your own creative project
- You may also write a traditional close reading or literary essay.

With the creative options above, you must include an expository writing piece of two pages (double-spaced).

****Timeline:****

By 2/11: Receive project prompt

February Break: No homework, but you are welcomed to start brainstorming project ideas

Week of 2/22: In-class work periods for project

Week of 3/1: Project due

****Goals**:**

It is your job to make sure you demonstrate the following template items, no matter the

format you choose for the assignment:

(https://archive.org/stream/in.ernet.dli.2015.201707/2015.201707.The-God_djvu.txt)

1. Understanding Literature
2. Close Reading
3. Structure & Mechanics
4. Writer's Voice
5. Responsibility

close reading on wrist watch? model wrist watch in blender?

0.1 | **appearance:**

cheap plastic, ten to two. under grass buried in the ground.

0.2 | route bin:

"The Waiting filled Rahel until she was ready to burst. She looked at her watch. It was ten to two. She thought of Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer kissing each other sideways so that their noses didn't collide. She wondered whether people always kissed each other sideways. She tried to think of whom to ask."

"Rahel's toy wristwatch had the time painted on it. Ten to two. One of her ambitions was to own a watch on which she could change the time whenever she wanted to (which according to her was what Time was meant for in the first place)."

"From the way Ammu held her head, Rahel could tell that she was still angry. Rahel looked at her watch. Ten to two. Still no train. She put her chin on the window sill. She could feel the grey gristle of the felt that cushioned the window glass pressing into her chinskin. She took off her sunglasses to get a better look at the dead frog squashed on the road. It was so dead and squashed so flat that it looked more like a frog-shaped stain on the road than a frog. Rahel wondered if Miss Mitten had been squashed into a Miss Mitten-shaped stain by the milk truck that killed her."

"Rahel liked all this. Holding the handbag. Everyone pissing in front of everyone. Like friends. She knew nothing then, of how precious a feeling this was. Like friends. They would never be together like this again. Ammu, Baby Kochamma and she. When Baby Kochamma finished, Rahel looked at her watch. 'So long you took, Baby Kochamma,' she said. 'It's ten to two.'"

"The back verandah of the History House (where a posse of Touchable policemen converged, where an inflatable goose was burst) had been enclosed and converted into the air>^ hotel kitchen. Nothing worse than kebabs and caramel custard hap- pened there now. The Terror was past. Overcome by the smell of food. Silenced by the humming of cooks. The cheerful chop- chop-chopping of ginger and garlic. The disembowelling of lesser mammals ~ pigs, goats. The dicing of meat. The scaling of fish.

Something lay buried in the ground. Under grass. Under twenty- three years of June rain.

A small forgotten thing.

Nothing that the world would miss.

A child's plastic wristwatch with the time painted on it.

Ten to two it said."

"The Q^ntas koala they took for their children.

And the pens and socks Police children with multi-coloured toes

They burst the goose with a cigarette Bang. And buncd the rubber scraps

Yooseless goose Too recognizable

The gasses one of them wore. The others laughed so he kept them on for a while. The watch they all forgot It stayed behind in the History House. In the back verandah A faulty record of the time. Ten to two.

They left

Six princes, their pockets stuffed with toys

A pair of two-egg twins.

And the God of Loss.

He couldn't walk. So they dragged him

Nobody saw them.

Bats, of course, are blind"

"The Past Isn't Dead. It Isn't Even Past" - william falkner

0.3 | **analysis:**

about frozen time?

twins are stuck in time?

book plays with time.

rahel talks about being able to change the time whenever she wants, roy does just that

time is representation

time, like frog, is dead? does not move, according to watch.

the book is frozen in time, in the sense that it doesn't progress centered around where the watch it left

frozen time -> oxymoron

people are frozen, stuck in the past.

passage of time means nothing?

two interpretations

time does not pass, and past stays with us.

the past vs past, time vs Time

grass has grown, time has passed.

ten too two, could be ten two two when time is frozen, it becomes meaningless.

she only mentions it in the point when she is waiting! what does that mean

waiting is the only place where we are aware of time?

second definition, aware of time, but still unable to move past.

0.4 | **here we are, outlining.**

rahels watch has drawn on hands.

time is frozen.

frozen can be two ways:

unable to be changed, and unable to escape the past.

unable to be changed. represented by the unchanging discarded watch.

caste system, not escaped even in communist ranks.

baby kochamma and her love

always leaking pickle jars

"the past isn't dead. it isn't even past." faulker

the past traps us. estha cannot move on. everyone's lives are forever changed.