

Внеклассное мероприятие: «Поэтическое творчество Джозефа Редьярда Киплинга»

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Краткое описание работы: Данное мероприятие направлено на развитие интереса учащихся к творчеству Джозефа Редьярда Киплинга путём знакомства с основными этапами его жизни, декламации его поэтических произведений.

Форма проведения: литературная гостиная

Цели:

1) **Образовательная** — расширение представление учащихся о личности писателя, основных этапах его жизни и творчества, знакомство детей с поэтическими произведениями автора, формирование эмоционального восприятия стихотворений Джозефа Редьярда Киплинга, посредством творческой деятельности учащихся. 2) **Развивающая** — развитие интереса к личности и творчеству писателя, осмысление его творчества.

3) **Воспитательная** — воспитание чувства любви и уважения к произведениям и ценностям культуры страны изучаемого языка.

Методы: словесные, наглядные, практические, поисковые.

Форма: групповая, индивидуальная.

Оборудование: компьютер, проектор, фотографии Джозефа Редьярда Киплинга и его семьи, выставка произведений Джозефа Редьярда Киплинга.

Участники: учащиеся параллели 10-х классов.

Ход мероприятия:

Butterflies

*Eyes aloft, over dangerous places,
The children follow the butterflies,
And, in the sweat of their upturned faces,
Slash with a net at the empty skies.*

*So it goes they fall amid brambles,
And sting their toes on the nettle-tops,
Till, after a thousand scratches and scrambles,
They wipe their brows and the hunting stops.*

*Then to quiet them comes their father
And stills the riot of pain and grief,
Saying, "Little ones, go and gather
Out of my garden a cabbage-leaf.*

*"You will find on it whorls and clots of
Dull grey eggs that, properly fed,
Turn, by way of the worm, to lots of
Glorious butterflies raised from the dead." . . .*

*"Heaven is beautiful, Earth is ugly,"
The three-dimensional preacher saith;
So we must not look where the snail and the slug lie
For Psyche's birth. . . . And that is our death!*

1 ведущий: I think it's pretty clear that he is one of the competitors of our contest, dedicated to the poetry of Rudyard Kipling. Here, in Russia, we know him because of his prose, in particular - "The Jungle book", the collection of fables for children, classics of children's literature, but did you know that he is a world-famous poet? Kipling was one of the most popular writers in the United Kingdom, in both prose and verse, in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Today our goal is to familiarize all of you with Kipling's poetry and inspire you to learn more about it.

2 ведущий: I hope that everyone here will learn something new about Rudyard Kipling, would be able to see a different side of him. But, before heading forward into the competition, we should learn more about the man himself, since knowing a person's biography is crucial for understanding his works.

So, where does it all begin?

1 ведущий: Rudyard Kipling was born in 1865, in Bombay to the family of British immigrants. They had been so moved by the beauty of the Rudyard Lake area that when their first child was born they named him after it. His early years, filled with exotic landscapes and sounds of India, brought him a lot of happiness, but the most part of his life he lived in a different place. Complex issues of identity and national allegiance would become prominent in his fiction.

"The Lovers' Litany".

*Eyes of grey -- a sodden quay,
Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer wears to sea
In a parting storm of cheers.*

*Sing, for Faith and Hope are high --
None so true as you and I --
Sing the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"*

*Eyes of black -- a throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right;
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.
Cross that rules the Southern Sky!
Stars that sweep and wheel and fly,
Hear the Lovers' Litany:
Love like ours can never die!"*

*Eyes of brown -- a dusy plain
Split and parched with heat of June,
Flying hoof and tightened rein,
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.
Side by side the horses fly,
Frame we now the old reply
Of the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"*

*Eyes of blue -- the Simla Hills
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
Dies and echoes round Benmore.
"Mabel," "Officers," "Good-bye,"
Glamour, wine, and witchery --
On my soul's sincerity,*

"Love like ours can never die!"

*Maidens of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state.
Four times Cupid's debtor I --
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.
Yet, despite this evil case,
And a maiden showed me grace,
Four-and-forty times would I
Sing the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"*

2 ведущий: Kipling's life as a teenager was filled with loneliness and violence. In his autobiography, Kipling wonders if the combination of cruelty and neglect which he experienced might not have influenced his literary life.

"The explanation".

*Love and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life.
Called for wine, and threw -- alas! --
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!
Mingled arrows each one sheaved;
Death's dread armoury was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred;
Love's light quiver groaned beneath*

*Venom-headed darts of Death.
Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the Tavern long ago.
Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,
Old men love while young men die?*

1 ведущий: Kipling worked in British India for local newspapers such as the Civil and Military Gazette and The Pioneer. The Civil and Military Gazette was the newspaper which Kipling called "mistress and most true love", because he published his first collection of verse there. He poured his heart and soul into writing articles for it. Kipling continued being more and more productive as he published six collections of short stories. He sold the rights to the 6 of his creations and used this money for making his début in the London literary world—to great acclaim. Kipling then travelled through the United States, writing articles for The Pioneer that were later published in From Sea to Sea and Other Sketches, Letters of Travel.

“The walk through the wood”.

*They shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago.
Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a road through the woods
Before they planted the trees.
It is underneath the coppice and heath,
And the thin anemones.
Only the keeper sees*

*That, where the ring-dove broods,
And the badgers roll at ease,
There was once a road through the woods.*

*Yet, if you enter the woods
Of a summer evening late,
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools
Where the otter whistles his mate,
(They fear not men in the woods,
Because they see so few)
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods.
But there is no road through the woods.*

2 ведущий:

“The Miracles”.

*I sent a message to my dear --
A thousand leagues and more to Her --
The dumb sea-levels thrilled to hear,
And Lost Atlantis bore to Her.
Behind my message hard I came,
And nigh had found a grave for me;
But that I launched of steel and flame
Did war against the wave for me.*

*Uprose the deep, by gale on gale,
To bid me change my mind again --
He broke his teeth along my rail,
And, roaring, swung behind again.
I stayed the sun at noon to tell
My way across the waste of it;
I read the storm before it fell
And made the better haste of it.
Afar, I hailed the land at night --
The towers I built had heard of me --
And, ere my rocket reached its height,
Had flashed my Love the word of me.
Earth sold her chosen men of strength
(They lived and strove and died for me)
To drive my road a nation's length,
And toss the miles aside for me.
I snatched their toil to serve my needs --
Too slow their fleetest flew for me --
I tired twenty smoking steeds,
And bade them bait a new for me.
I sent the lightnings forth to see
Where hour by hour She waited me.
Among ten million one was She,
And surely all men hated me!
Dawn ran to meet me at my goal --
Ah, day no tongue shall tell again!
And little folk of little soul
Rose up to buy and sell again!*

At the beginning of the First World War, like many other writers, Kipling wrote pamphlets and poems which enthusiastically supported the UK's war aims. Kipling's stories were very popular with the British soldiers during the war. **“The Hyaenas”**.

*After the burial-parties leave
And the baffled kites have fled;
The wise hyaenas come out at eve
To take account of our dead.*

*How he died and why he died
Troubles them not a whit.
They snout the bushes and stones aside
And dig till they come to it.*

*They are only resolute they shall eat
That they and their mates may thrive,
And they know that the dead are safer meat
Than the weakest thing alive.*

*(For a goat may butt, and a worm may sting,
And a child will sometimes stand;
But a poor dead soldier of the King
Can never lift a hand.)*

*They whoop and halloo and scatter the dirt
Until their tushes white
Take good hold of the army shirt,
And tug the corpse to light,*

*And the pitiful face is shewn again
For an instant ere they close;
But it is not discovered to living men --
Only to God and to those*

*Who, being soulless, are free from shame,
Whatever meat they may find.
Nor do they defile the dead man's name --
That is reserved for his kind.*

1 ведущий: Kipling kept writing until the early 1930s, but at a slower pace and with much less success than before, perhaps this was influenced by the difficulties of life with which he was constantly faced. He died on 18 January 1936, at the age of 70. Kipling was cremated and his ashes were buried in Poets' Corner, next to the graves of Charles Dickens and Thomas Hardy.

“The Love Song of Har Dyal”.

*Alone upon the housetops to the North
I turn and watch the lightnings in the sky--
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die.*

*Below my feet the still bazar is laid--
Far, far below the weary camels lie--
The camels and the captives of thy raid.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!*

*My father's wife is old and harsh with years,
And drudge of all my father's house am I--
My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!*

2 ведущий: Prose is a very important part of Kipling's literary life.

Kipling wrote tales, short stories, and ballads encouraging young readers to think and self-educate because his stories are witty and instructive.

1 ведущий: In his poetry, Kipling talks about such things as poor treatment of soldiers, respect for the "other", courage and perseverance, the dangers of Empire, but his most popular poem can be viewed as a set of guidelines on how to live and act with integrity and right values such that one becomes the ideal human.

“If”

*If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,*

*If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;*

*If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,*

Or being hated, don't give way to hating,

And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;

If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster

And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

*Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:*

*If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'*

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!*

2 ведущий: Kipling had opened a new page in English poetry. He preferred simple words and shorter sentences and that made poetry understandable for the mass public. Every poet, who wanted to use similar technique, had to study under Kipling's lead. Rudyard Kipling thought, that not only content of the verse is important, but also the form of it.

“The month of September”

June

*No hope, no change! The clouds have shut us in,
And through the cloud the sullen Sun strikes down*

*Full on the bosom of the tortured Town,
Till Night falls heavy as remembered sin
That will not suffer sleep or thought of ease,
And, hour on hour, the dry-eyed Moon in spite
Glares through the haze and mocks with watery light
The torment of the uncomplaining trees.
Far off, the Thunder bellows her despair
To echoing Earth, thrice parched. The lightnings fly
In vain. No help the heaped-up clouds afford,
But wearier weight of burdened, burning air.
What truce with Dawn? Look, from the aching sky,
Day stalks, a tyrant with a flaming sword!*

September

*At dawn there was a murmur in the trees,
A ripple on the tank, and in the air
Presage of coming coolness -- everywhere
A voice of prophecy upon the breeze.
Up leapt the Sun and smote the dust to gold,
And strove to parch anew the heedless land,
All impotently, as a King grown old
Wars for the Empire crumbling 'neath his hand.
One after one the lotos-petals fell,
Beneath the onslaught of the rebel year,
In mutiny against a furious sky;
And far-off Winter whispered: -- "It is well!
"Hot Summer dies. Behold your help is near,
"For when men's need is sorest, then come I."*

1 ведущий: We hope you've learned a lot of new and interesting information from this event. It's truly heartwarming to see the legacy of Kipling, his heart and soul, his hard work and passion carrying on through the decades. We are certain, that another generation will be raised on his works.

“Fires”

*Men make them fires on the hearth
Each under his roof-tree,
And the Four Winds that rule the earth
They blow the smoke to me.*

*Across the high hills and the sea
And all the changeful skies,
The Four Winds blow the smoke to me
Till the tears are in my eyes.*

*Until the tears are in my eyes
And my heart is wellnigh broke
For thinking on old memories
That gather in the smoke.*

*With every shift of every wind
The homesick memories come,
From every quarter of mankind
Where I have made me a home.*

*Four times a fire against the cold
And a roof against the rain --
Sorrow fourfold and joy fourfold
The Four Winds bring again!*

*How can I answer which is best
Of all the fires that burn?
I have been too often host or guest
At every fire in turn.*

*How can I turn from any fire,
On any man's hearthstone?
I know the wonder and desire
That went to build my own!*

*How can I doubt man's joy or woe
Where'er his house-fires shine.
Since all that man must undergo
Will visit me at mine?*

*Oh, you Four Winds that blow so strong
And know that his is true,
Stoop for a little and carry my song
To all the men I knew!*

*Where there are fires against the cold,
Or roofs against the rain --
With love fourfold and joy fourfold,
Take them my songs again!*

2 ведущий: Now, when the competition is almost concluded, we would like to thank you all. We appreciate the audience for being attentive and encouraging. We want to thank the readers for their enthusiasm and hard work. And, of course, we would like to thank our juries for being unbiased and honest with us.

1 ведущий: Now, we should give our juries some time for making a decision. Meanwhile we encourage you to look around, take a look at Kipling's books over there or familiarize yourselves with our information display.

“The appeal”.

*It I have given you delight
By aught that I have done,
Let me lie quiet in that night
Which shall be yours anon:*

*And for the little, little, span
The dead are born in mind,
Seek not to question other than
The books I leave behind.*

Результативность: Проведение внеклассного мероприятия позволило углубить знания учащихся о жизни и творчестве Джозефа Редьярда Киплинга, способствовало развитию эстетического вкуса, творческих и коммуникативных способностей, повышению интереса к английской литературе.