

# ELA Packet

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## WHEN GOOD PEOPLE DO BAD THINGS

by Ann Trafton 2014

Rebecca Saxe, an associate professor of cognitive neuroscience at MIT, and her colleagues conducted an experiment to study the way people behave in groups. **As you read, take notes on Saxe's experiment and the conclusion she and her team reach.**



"Bullying- Vicky" by Twentyfour Students is licensed under CC BY-SA 2.0.

[1]

When people get together in groups, unusual things can happen — both good and bad. Groups create important social institutions that an individual could not achieve alone, but there can be a darker side to such alliances: Belonging to a group makes people more likely to harm others outside the group.

"Although humans exhibit strong preferences for equity and moral prohibitions against harm in many contexts, people's priorities change when there is an 'us' and a 'them,'" says Rebecca Saxe, an associate professor of cognitive neuroscience at MIT. "A group of people will often engage in actions that are contrary to the private moral standards of each individual in that group, sweeping otherwise decent individuals into 'mobs' that commit looting, vandalism, even physical brutality."

Several factors play into this transformation. When people are in a group, they feel more anonymous, and less likely to be caught doing something wrong. They may also feel a diminished sense of personal responsibility for collective actions.

Saxe and colleagues recently studied a third factor that cognitive scientists believe may be involved in this group dynamic: the hypothesis that when people are in groups, they “lose touch” with their own morals and beliefs, and become more likely to do things that they would normally believe are wrong.

[5]

In a study that recently went online in the journal *NeuroImage*, the researchers measured brain activity in a part of the brain involved in thinking about oneself. They found that in some people, this activity was reduced when the subjects participated in a competition as part of a group, compared with when they competed as individuals. Those people were more likely to harm their competitors than people who did not exhibit this decreased brain activity.

“This process alone does not account for intergroup conflict: Groups also promote anonymity, diminish personal responsibility, and encourage reframing harmful actions as ‘necessary for the greater good.’ Still, these results suggest that at least in some cases, explicitly reflecting on one’s own personal moral standards may help to attenuate the influence of ‘mob mentality,’”<sup>2</sup> says Mina Cikara, a former MIT postdoc and lead author of the *NeuroImage* paper.

## GROUP DYNAMICS

Cikara, who is now an assistant professor at Carnegie Mellon University, started this research project after experiencing the consequences of a “mob mentality”: During a visit to Yankee Stadium, her husband was ceaselessly heckled by Yankees fans for wearing a Red Sox cap. “What I decided to do was take the hat from him, thinking I would be a lesser target by virtue of the fact that I was a woman,” Cikara says. “I was so wrong. I have never been called names like that in my entire life.”

The harassment, which continued throughout the trip back to Manhattan, provoked a strong reaction in Cikara, who isn’t even a Red Sox fan.

“It was a really amazing experience because what I realized was I had gone from being an individual to being seen as a member of ‘Red Sox Nation.’ And the way that people responded to me, and the way I felt myself responding back, had changed, by virtue of this visual cue — the baseball hat,” she

says. "Once you start feeling attacked on behalf of your group, however arbitrary, it changes your psychology."

[10]

Cikara, then a third-year graduate student at Princeton University, started to investigate the neural mechanisms behind the group dynamics that produce bad behavior. In the new study, done at MIT, Cikara, Saxe (who is also an associate member of MIT's McGovern Institute for Brain Research), former Harvard University graduate student Anna Jenkins, and former MIT lab manager Nicholas Dufour focused on a part of the brain called the medial prefrontal cortex. When someone is reflecting on himself or herself, this part of the brain lights up in functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI) brain scans.

A couple of weeks before the study participants came in for the experiment, the researchers surveyed each of them about their social-media habits, as well as their moral beliefs and behavior. This allowed the researchers to create individualized statements for each subject that were true for that person — for example, "I have stolen food from shared refrigerators" or "I always apologize after bumping into someone."

When the subjects arrived at the lab, their brains were scanned as they played a game once on their own and once as part of a team. The purpose of the game was to press a button if they saw a statement related to social media, such as "I have more than 600 Facebook friends."

The subjects also saw their personalized moral statements mixed in with sentences about social media. Brain scans revealed that when subjects were playing for themselves, the medial prefrontal cortex lit up much more when they read moral statements about themselves than statements about others, consistent with previous findings. However, during the team competition, some people showed a much smaller difference in medial prefrontal cortex activation when they saw the moral statements about themselves compared to those about other people.

Those people also turned out to be much more likely to harm members of the competing group during a task performed after the game. Each subject was asked to select photos that would appear with the published study, from a set of four photos apiece of two teammates and two members of the opposing team. The subjects with suppressed medial prefrontal cortex activity chose the least flattering photos of the opposing team members, but not of their own teammates.

[15]

"This is a nice way of using neuroimaging to try to get insight into something that behaviorally has been really hard to explore," says David Rand, an assistant professor of psychology at Yale University who was not involved in the research. "It's been hard to get a direct handle on the extent to which people within a group are tapping into their own understanding of things versus the group's understanding."

## GETTING LOST

The researchers also found that after the game, people with reduced medial prefrontal cortex activity had more difficulty remembering the moral statements they had heard during the game.

"If you need to encode something with regard to the self and that ability is somehow undermined when you're competing with a group, then you should have poor memory associated with that reduction in medial prefrontal cortex signal, and that's exactly what we see," Cikara says.

Cikara hopes to follow up on these findings to investigate what makes some people more likely to become "lost" in a group than others. She is also interested in studying whether people are slower to recognize themselves or pick themselves out of a photo lineup after being absorbed in a group activity.

*The research was funded by the Eunice Kennedy Shriver National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, the Air Force Office of Scientific Research, and the Packard Foundation.*

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## Notes

All Definitions Footnotes

1. **Attenuate** (*verb*) : to reduce the force or effect of
2. Mob mentality, or herd mentality, refers to the phenomenon when people are influenced by their group to adopt certain behaviors. It can also lead to decentralized decision-making and decreased individualism.

1.

RI.2

**PART A: Which of the following best describes a central idea of the text?**

1. A.
2. Mob mentality only overtakes those who do not have a strong sense of self.
3. B.

4. Recent studies have shown that groups create a false sense of purpose and drive.
5. C.
6. Group inclusion can cause people to lose a sense of their morals and become more likely to do wrong.
7. D.
8. People can overcome their instincts to do harm to outsiders if they are reminded of the effects of mob mentality.

2.

RI.1

**PART B: Which of the following quotes best supports the answer to Part A?**

1. A.
2. "Groups create important social institutions that an individual could not achieve alone." ( Paragraph 1)
3. B.
4. "...when people are in groups, they 'lose touch' with their own morals and beliefs, and become more likely to do things that they would normally believe are wrong." ( Paragraph 4)
5. C.
6. "Those people were more likely to harm their competitors than people who did not exhibit this decreased brain activity." ( Paragraph 5)
7. D.
8. "When someone is reflecting on himself or herself, this part of the brain lights up in functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI) brain scans." ( Paragraph 10)

3.

**How did Cikara's experience in the baseball game inform her understanding of mob mentality?**

1. A.
2. Cikara realized that a few factors, such as being a woman, will save a person from the negative consequences of mob mentality.
3. B.
4. Cikara was harassed by Yankees fans for her husband's Rex Sox cap and learned that by removing the visual difference cue (i.e. the cap) she could effectively diffuse the mob mentality.
5. C.
6. Cikara discovered that passive resistance was the only way to take power from the mob mentality.
7. D.
8. Cikara experienced the "us versus them" part of mob mentality, eliciting a strong reaction despite the minor point of conflict (i.e. a baseball cap).

4.

**Summarize the experiment Saxe and her colleagues conducted on morals and social media habits in complete sentences, as well as the experiments correlation to the article's central**

ideas.

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5.

RI.4

**PART A: Which of the following best explains the concept of “getting lost” in a group?**

- A. “Getting lost” refers to an actual loss of memory experienced after being immersed in a group for too long.**
- B. “Getting lost” refers to the sense of emotional loss one experiences when no longer connected to a group.**
- C. “Getting lost” refers to the sensation of losing one’s self in a group and even after, shortly affecting memory and self-image.**
- D. “Getting lost” refers to the lack of direction one feels after participating in a mob.**

**PART B: Which phrase from the article best supports the answer to Part A?**

- "had more difficulty remembering the moral statements they had heard during the game" ( Paragraph 16)**
- B. "that ability is somehow undermined when you're competing with a group" ( Paragraph 17)**
- C. "should have poor memory associated with that reduction in medial prefrontal cortex signal" ( Paragraph 17)**
- D. "whether people are slower to recognize themselves or pick themselves out of a photo lineup after being absorbed in a group activity" ( Paragraph 18)**

# SOMEONE MIGHT BE WATCHING — AN INTRODUCTION TO DYSTOPIAN FICTION

by Shelby Ostergaard2017

Dystopian stories are commonplace in our society today. In this informational text, Shelby Ostergaard discusses the characteristics of dystopian fiction and how the genre comments on society. As you read, take notes on themes commonly found in dystopian fiction.



"One Nation Under CCTV" by Tom Blackwell is licensed under CC BY-NC 2.0.

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[1]

Walking through carnivals, we love to laugh at the versions of ourselves that appear in the funhouse mirror. We delight in taking selfies with filters that artificially bulge out our noses or shrink our mouths. But sometimes these distortions take on a deeper meaning and force us to notice things about ourselves. You don't notice that your nose is a little large until you take a picture with that filter and compare. The version of yourself in the mirror shows you things about yourself.

Dystopias are usually constructed through this type of magnification. But the subject matter goes far deeper than noses and lips. Authors take troubling aspects of their own society and imagine a world where they are taken to the extreme. The 21st century tendency to over-document through the use of technology becomes a compulsion<sup>2</sup> acted out through a literal recording of our memories. An invasive state becomes one that criminalizes thoughts. A love of reality television and a saturation<sup>3</sup> of violence becomes a society where teens are forced to fight to the death for entertainment. ~~Because of how they are constructed,~~ dystopias are often seen as a desperate warning sign. The truth is, dystopian fiction presents a funhouse mirror of our collective selves. It forces the audience to stare, transfixed,<sup>4</sup> at the small flaws which, in the mirror, have become pronounced enough to produce a monster.

## HISTORY OF DYSTOPIAS

The term dystopia stems from another word: utopia. The English word utopia comes from the Greek “ou-” (οὐ) meaning “not” and “topos” (τόπος) meaning “place.” It translates literally to ‘no place’, or nowhere. Thomas More coined the term in 1516 when he published a book that described a perfect fictional island society. He titled the book Utopia to emphasize that he was describing a made-up place that he considered perfect. The perfection that More, and other philosophers who wrote about utopias, imagined was never intended to be real. Philosophers from More to Plato understood that the perfection they wrote about did not exist in reality, it was ‘no place.’

If you think of dystopian literature as holding up a funhouse mirror to society, you can also think of utopian literature as retouching a photo of society. The overly perfected image is less concerned with reality than with showing us an ~~unobtainable perfection.~~ ~~unobtainable perfection.~~

[5]

But, by the 1900s, for the first time in human history, perfection like that seemed possible for society. Technological advances had spurred on the industrial revolution. Philosophers and politicians saw this automation<sup>5</sup> and, for the first time, a vision of a world without difficult, toiling, physical labor seemed not only possible, but likely. Economic theories envisioned a world without staggering class inequality or crippling poverty. At the turn of the century, the predominant view was that humanity constantly progressed. History was seen as one long forward march that would lead, inevitably, to perfection. However, throughout the 1900s, no

matter how much humanity progressed, perfection was never achieved. The promises of technology and sociopolitical theory only resulted in war, poverty, famine, and chaos.

As the century progressed, authors began to question the idea that societies should be attempting perfection at all by writing dystopian fiction. Dystopia stems from two Greek words that translate to 'bad place.' It describes a fictional setting that the author finds horrifying. But, unlike other genres, dystopias prod the audience into examining contemporary political and social structures. Dystopian authors argued that the pursuit of perfection will inevitably lead not to 'no place' but to a 'bad place', because of flaws within the system. And they made it their business to use fiction to hold up funhouse mirrors to magnify those flaws and force discussion about them.

## COMMON THEMES AND STYLISTIC CHOICES

Since two of the most famous dystopian novels, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and *Brave New World*, first gripped the world, their themes have been successfully reproduced in other wildly successful dystopias, like *The Handmaid's Tale* and *The Hunger Games*. The success of TV shows like *Black Mirror* and video games like *BioShock* reflect our continued fascination with the worst paths our society could take. Both famous and lesser known dystopian works of art have common themes and stylistic choices.

George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is arguably the best known dystopian novel. It was written in 1949 as a description of what the year 1984 could look like if totalitarianism were allowed to continue. Orwell describes a province of Oceania (formerly known as Great Britain) as an industrialized wasteland, dirty and rigidly controlled by a political regime known as the Party. He magnifies disturbing trends he saw in his own time, like surveillance, government control, and industrialization to show how negative they were. Despite the promise that people in his own time saw, Orwell pointed out the flaws these ideas had. *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, and other dystopias that examine surveillance, magnify how people act differently when someone is watching. As technology allows for the constant possibility that someone might always be watching you — whether it's the government, your friends, or your family — and that you might act differently in response to this. If it is possible to be under surveillance at any time, people act as if they are always under surveillance. Dystopias often magnify this idea to show how surveillance erodes freedom.

Another common theme in dystopian fiction revolves around the downside of human intervention in health and genetics. Throughout the entirety of history, humans have suffered from illness and poor health. Sometimes this occurs in huge bursts, such as the Spanish Influenza in 1918, which killed more people than WWI. More often it is a simple result of aging. However, scientists now believe that the first person who will live to 150 has already been born and that the eradication of diseases like cancer and influenza are within our reach. In addition, genetic research offers the possibility of eliminating killers like heart disease and chronic diseases like asthma. Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and the 1997 movie *Gattaca* explore the possibilities of this type of progress. Both examine themes around what happens to humanity when too many natural obstacles are removed, or when genetic engineering can eliminate flaws. *Brave New World*, and other dystopias that examine health and genetics, magnify what happens when humans don't face natural problems and when differences in genetics are treated as differences in destiny.

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Dystopian literature also often chooses to magnify the perils of misinformation. Characters in dystopias are often told incorrect information about history by their governments or their society. For example, most of the characters in *The Hunger Games* have an incorrect understanding of what life in the other Districts is like. Characters in dystopias are often given incorrect information and isolated from anyone they could confirm or discuss the information with. People in our world are also often given poor information and are too isolated to investigate the information. Dystopian literature highlights why this is a problem. Because of the information they are given, characters in dystopias act differently. They can be convinced to hate people they have things in common with or to be happy with the meager life they have because they are convinced it is far better than what existed in the past. In dystopian literature, misinformation helps to keep inefficient and unfair systems in place because characters are convinced that they are efficient and fair.

A final theme in dystopian literature is lack of individuality. One of the most striking images from *The Handmaid's Tale* is the dress code. Women are forced to wear outfits that correspond to their social status, and no one is given any choice. In some dystopias, the lack of choice is enforced by the government. In others, it is enforced by friends and social codes or enforced through a corporation, like in the 2008 movie *Wall-E*. Authors of dystopias who imagine a world without individuality are concerned with the idea that the wisdom of the crowd can stifle the wisdom of the individual. Authors often choose to magnify this trait by

emphasizing lack of choice in simple items, like clothing, food, or toothpaste. This showcases lack of choice and individuality in larger areas, like family structure or careers.

Dystopias tend to have common themes and styles because they reflect the society that we live in. Surveillance is frequently a theme in dystopian literature because we are continually worried about it. The dark side of too much health and genetics research is a common theme because technology furthers the possibilities of genetics and health research every day. Misinformation, totalitarianism, and lack of individuality are all problems that exist in the world that authors are writing in. Dystopias are the dark side of our dreams. There are common themes and stylistic choices because all of the distorted mirrors that authors are holding up are trying to show us the same things. They are trying to give us the same warnings — what the world might look like if we take our quest for perfection too far.

1.

RI.2

PART A: Which of the following identifies the author's main claim in the text?

1. A.
2. Dystopian fiction exaggerates existing problems in our reality to show readers what could happen if society continues down a certain path.
3. B.
4. Both utopian and dystopian fiction are used to warn readers about the risks of attempting to alter a society in any way.
5. C.
6. While dystopian fiction is entertaining to read, it doesn't reflect realistic concerns with our current society, or a possible future society.
7. D.
8. Both Utopian and dystopian fiction are used to distort reality to the point in which it is no longer recognizable or realistic.

2.

RI.1

PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?

1. A.
2. "Walking through carnivals, we love to laugh at the versions of ourselves that appear in the funhouse mirror." ( Paragraph 1)
3. B.
4. "The perfection that More, and other philosophers who wrote about utopias, imagined was never intended to be real." ( Paragraph 3)
5. C.
6. "Dystopian authors argued that the pursuit of perfection will inevitably lead not to 'no place' but to a 'bad place', because of flaws within the system." ( Paragraph 6)
7. D.
8. "Women are forced to wear outfits that correspond to their class, and no one is given any choice. In some dystopias, the lack of choice is enforced by the government." ( Paragraph 11)

3.

RI.5

How does the author's discussion of George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* contribute to the text (Paragraph 8)?

1. A.
2. It proves how unrealistically dystopian fiction portrays social and political issues.
3. B.
4. It gives examples of how dystopian fiction is based on what the author observed in reality.
5. C.
6. It shows how our society can avoid becoming the world depicted in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.
7. D.

8. It stresses how inevitable it is for our society to become the society depicted in Nineteen Eighty-Four.

4.

RI.3

How does the description of the 1900s in paragraphs 5-6 help us understand the qualities of dystopian literature?

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5.

RI.3

How does the author use the analogy of “funhouse mirrors” to help readers understand dystopian fiction?

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Have you ever read a dystopian novel, or seen a dystopian film? What about the book or film made it a form of dystopian fiction? How did it affect you and your perception of society?

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# WHY TEENS FIND THE END OF THE WORLD SO APPEALING

by Elissa Nadworny2017

Dystopian fiction has become an extremely popular genre amongst teenagers. This genre usually focuses on a world where life is unpleasant or bad because of certain social or political structures. **As you read, take notes on what teenagers like about dystopian fiction.**



"Girl reading book - where the world ends" by Annie Spratt is licensed under CC0.

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[1]

The plots of dystopian novels can be amazing. A group of teens in Holland, Mich., tells me about some of their favorites:

In *Delirium* by Lauren Oliver, Love is considered a disease. Characters get a vaccine for it. In Marissa Meyer's *Renegades*, the collapse of society has left only a small group of humans with extraordinary abilities. They work to establish justice and peace in their new world.

Scott Westerfeld's *Uglies* is on everyone's favorite list. The plot goes like this: Everyone wants to be pretty. And on their 16th birthday, they can be surgically altered to be a "pretty." During the surgery, however, lesions are put on their brains. These can cause illness, or hinder your thinking. If characters get an important enough job later on, they get those lesions removed.

The teens explaining these books are sitting around a table at the public library in the idyllic west Michigan town. Tonight the book club is meeting to talk about *House of The Scorpion* by Nancy Farmer — the gathering is part of the library's young adult programming.

Even though the flyer advertises this book as dystopian, there's some dissent<sup>4</sup> around that (at a dystopian book club, this distrust of "the adults and their flyers" is no surprise.)

After a brief plot description (there's a drug lord, clones and, of course, a rebellion against the status quo),<sup>4</sup> Taylor Gort, 17, starts things off: "It's a question of how many ethics rules are you willing to break," she says, referring to the book's main character, El Patrón. Amanda Heidema, the librarian leading the discussion, nods her head, "I mean, is making a clone ethical?"

There are a few beats of silence before Will Anderson shakes his head: "No, I don't think it is."

The conversation goes on for nearly an hour — flowing from clones, to whether or not manipulation is evil, to how screwed up adults are (*can you believe they think this book is dystopian? It's not.*).

That last one — how messed up grownups are — it's a hallmark of dystopia, especially in the young adult genre. When I ask the group why they think these types of books are so popular with teens, they tell me it has a lot to do with relatability.

"There tends to be a common teen-angst thing, like: 'Oh the whole world is against me, the whole world is so screwed up,'" Will explains.

Teenagers are cynical,<sup>5</sup> adds Aaron Yost, 16. And they should be: "To be fair, they were born into a world that their parents kind of really messed up."

Everyone here agrees: The plots in dystopia feel super familiar. That's kind of what makes the books scary — and really good.

Think of it like this: Teen readers themselves are characters in a strange land. Rules don't make sense. School doesn't always make sense. And they don't have a ton of power.

"Their parents impose curfews, and no one lets them drive unless they are ready or not," says Jon Ostenson, who studies young adult dystopian literature at Brigham Young University in Utah. He published a paper on the subject in 2013, for which he spent months reading YA dystopia. "I had to take a break for quite a while — unfortunately there's not a lot of utopian fiction to balance that out."

In dystopia, he says, "Teenagers see echoes of a world that they know."

These books don't always have a happy ending, and they're all about choices and consequences.

"The hallmark of moving from childhood to adulthood is that you start to recognize that things aren't black and white," says Ostenson, "and there's a whole bunch of ethical grey area out there."

"Which makes dystopian fiction perfect for the developing adolescent brain," says Laurence Steinberg, a psychologist at Temple University.

"Their brains are very responsive to emotionally arousing stimuli," he explains. During this time, there are so many new emotions and they are much stronger than those kids experienced when they were younger.

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"When teenagers feel sad, what they often do is put themselves in situations where they feel even sadder," Steinberg says. They listen to sad music — think emo! — they watch melodramatic TV shows. So dystopian novels fit right in, they have all that sadness plus big, emotional ideas: justice, fairness, loyalty and mortality.

This time in a kid's life is often defined by acting out, but, Steinberg says, that's a misguided interpretation of what's happening. "It isn't so much rebellion, but it is questioning."

As the brain develops, so does executive functioning. Teens start to understand argument, logical reasoning and hypotheticals.

"Kids are going through a stage in development when they are trying on different identities," he says, "flexing a muscle that they now have that wasn't very strong before."

The fact that these books offer a safety net, a place where kids can "flirt with those questions without getting into trouble," that's reason enough to keep teachers and parents buying them off the shelf.

**1. PART A: Which statement best expresses the central idea of the text?**

- A. Dystopian novels offer teenagers a fictional world that they can relate to, and they prompt strong emotional responses.
- B. Teenagers who read dystopian novels are more likely to have unhappy and distrustful relationships with others.
- C. Adults are not the intended audience of dystopian novels, as they usually occupy villainous roles in the genre.
- D. The ideas explored in dystopian novels often mislead teenagers to view the world in a more negative light.

**2. PART B: Which TWO details from the text best support the answer to Part A?**

- A. "Even though the flyer advertises this book as dystopian, there's some dissent around that" ( Paragraph 5)
- B. "Teenagers are cynical, adds Aaron Yost, 16. And they should be: 'To be fair, they were born into a world that their parents kind of really messed up.'" ( Paragraph 11)
- C. "Teen readers themselves are characters in a strange land. Rules don't make sense. School doesn't always make sense. And they don't have a ton of power." ( Paragraph 16)
- D. "The hallmark of moving from childhood to adulthood is that you start to recognize that things aren't black and white" ( Paragraph 17)

E. "So dystopian novels fit right in, they have all that sadness plus big, emotional ideas: justice, fairness, loyalty and mortality." ( Paragraph 20)

F. "As the brain develops, so does executive functioning. Teens start to understand argument, logical reasoning and hypotheticals." ( Paragraph 22)

**What is the author's main purpose in the article?**

- A. to encourage teenagers to read dystopian fiction
- B. to explore why dystopian fiction interests teenagers
- C. to discuss how dystopian fiction could be harming teenagers
- D. to explain why adults don't enjoy dystopian fiction

**How do paragraphs 1-3 contribute to the development of ideas in the text?**

- A. They provide examples of dystopian fiction in which parents are the villains.
- B. They show readers what teenagers relate to in dystopian fiction.
- C. They emphasize the variety of real-world problems that dystopian fiction explores.
- D. They help readers understand dystopian fiction through plot examples.

**What connection does the author create between the plots of dystopian novels and the realities of teenagers?**

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Period \_\_\_\_\_

### Literary Devices Pre-Assessment 11<sup>th</sup> Grade

**Directions:** This is an informal assessment to determine your understanding of common Literary Devices. Please select the best answer for each of the questions below – write your answers on the answer sheet provided.

1. "Polly Pocket picked a purple plant" is an example of:
  - A. alliteration
  - B. contrast
  - C. simile
  - D. personification
2. An extreme exaggeration is called a:
  - A. allusion
  - B. hyperbole
  - C. simile
  - D. oxymoron
3. Which is NOT a form of conflict?
  - A. man vs. man
  - B. man vs. himself
  - C. man vs. the supernatural
  - D. all of the above are examples of conflict
4. A well-painted mental image is called:
  - A. metaphor
  - B. oxymoron
  - C. hyperbole
  - D. imagery
5. The contrast between what is said and what is meant is called..
  - A. situational irony
  - B. dramatic irony
  - C. verbal irony
6. A contrast between what the character thinks to be true and what we (the reader) know to be true...
  - A. dramatic irony
  - B. situational irony
  - C. verbal irony
7. The contrast between what happens and what was expected.
  - A. situational irony
  - B. dramatic irony
  - C. verbal irony
8. A comparison between two objects without using "like" or "as"...
  - A. simile
  - B. metaphor
  - C. oxymoron
  - D. personification
9. The feeling the reader takes away with him or her after reading...
  - A. onomatopoeia
  - B. tone
  - C. theme
  - D. mood
10. Which of the following is a simile?
  - A. "She is an angel."
  - B. "jumbo shrimp"
  - C. "She is like an angel."
  - D. "The wind whistled through the trees."
11. The moral or message of the story is called the ...
  - A. theme
  - B. tone
  - C. voice
  - D. mood
12. "Buzz" and "BAM!" are examples of
  - A. allusions
  - B. allegories
  - C. onomatopoeia
  - D. similes
13. "Military intelligence" and "jumbo shrimp" are examples of:
  - A. similes
  - B. onomatopoeia
  - C. personification
  - D. oxymoron
14. The giving of human-like traits to inanimate objects is...
  - A. personification
  - B. irony
  - C. metaphor
  - D. metonymy
15. The use of "I", "me", "mine" in a point of view is...
  - A. first person
  - B. second person
  - C. third person
  - D. omniscient

16. The point of view where the narrator tells the story to another character using "you," so that the story is being told through the addressee's point of view?
- first person
  - second person
  - third person
  - omniscient
17. The point of view where the reader only knows the actions and saying of the characters is called...
- first person
  - second person
  - third person
  - omniscient
18. The reader knows what the characters are thinking, saying and doing. ("God-like")
- first person
  - second person
  - third person
  - omniscient
19. The author's feelings towards the subject or topic is called the...
- tone
  - mood
  - theme
  - none of the above
20. Links the objects, characters, and events of a story with meanings beyond the literal meaning of the story.
- cliché
  - personifications
  - metaphor
  - allegory
21. An overused phrase, such as "busy as a beaver" is called...
- euphemism
  - idiom
  - juxtaposition
  - cliché
22. A secondary or more emotional meaning for a word.
- connotative
  - denotative
  - dialogue
  - generalization
23. A factual, primary or less emotional description or word.
- simile
  - metaphor
  - denotative
  - personification
24. A mild or vague expression used instead of saying something more harsh.
- idiom
  - euphemism
  - metaphor
  - cliché
25. An expression that cannot be understood from the literal meaning of its words.
- denotative
  - juxtaposition
  - irony
  - idiom
26. Juxtaposition means...
- The arrangement of two or more ideas that are used to be compared or contrasted.
  - An expression that cannot be understood from the literal meaning of the words
  - A comparison
  - A more emotional meaning
27. The use of related words in place of what is really being talked about.
- metaphor
  - irony
  - metonymy

D. simile

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Period \_\_\_\_\_

**Answer Sheet – Please record your answers below.**

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

4. \_\_\_\_\_

5. \_\_\_\_\_

6. \_\_\_\_\_

7. \_\_\_\_\_

8. \_\_\_\_\_

9. \_\_\_\_\_

10. \_\_\_\_\_

11. \_\_\_\_\_

12. \_\_\_\_\_

13. \_\_\_\_\_

14. \_\_\_\_\_

15. \_\_\_\_\_

16. \_\_\_\_\_

17. \_\_\_\_\_

18. \_\_\_\_\_

19. \_\_\_\_\_

20. \_\_\_\_\_

21. \_\_\_\_\_

22. \_\_\_\_\_

23. \_\_\_\_\_

24. \_\_\_\_\_

25. \_\_\_\_\_

26. \_\_\_\_\_

27. \_\_\_\_\_

28. \_\_\_\_\_

RUBES by Leigh Rubin



**28. Extra points if you can identify the literary device alluded to in the cartoon to the left: \_\_\_\_\_**

"Yesireel Finished it in five minutes flat!"



Unit: Short Fiction

1) Decide whether the sentences are an example of foreshadowing or flashback.

a. Foreshadowing                      b. flashback

- a. the main people or animals in a story.
- b. the events that occur in a story.
- c. where the story takes place.
- d. who wrote the story.

- a. the problem in the story
- b. the sequence of events in the story
- c. the central message or idea about life
- d. the time, place, and duration in a story

Mary heard the bells ring in the distance. She thought about the time not too long ago when that sound would make her break into a sprint. Now it was that time again. She was running so that she would not be late for school. Oh, how she disliked the sound of bells.

a. Foreshadowing                      b. flashback

- plot
- ending
- setting
- beginning



Read the story below.

The guide held up his hand. He asked the hikers to walk slowly up the steep path. They had seen the yellow, brown, and orange leaves on the trees while hiking. Now they were tired from climbing. It was getting dark. Suddenly, in the clearing they saw a small lake. They had finally reached their campsite for the night.

6) In what season does the story take place?

- a. winter
- b. spring
- c. summer
- d. fall

7) Which type of character interacts with other characters in the story, but often the reader does not know very much about them?

- a. major character
- b. minor character

8) The \_\_\_\_\_ of a work shows the author's attitude toward his or her writing.

Read the story below.

The guide held up his hand. He asked the hikers to walk slowly up the steep path. They had seen the yellow, brown, and orange leaves on the trees while hiking. Now they were tired from climbing. It was getting dark. Suddenly, in the clearing they saw a small lake. They had finally reached their campsite for the night.

9) Where does the story take place?

- a. in a cave
- b. on a hill
- c. in the desert
- d. In a major city

10) An external conflict exists when a character struggles against some outside force.

- a. True
- b. False

Read the story below.



The guide held up his hand. He asked the hikers to walk slowly up the steep path. They had seen the yellow, brown, and orange leaves on the trees while hiking. Now they were tired from climbing. It was getting dark. Suddenly, in the clearing they saw a small lake. They had finally reached their campsite for the night.

11) When does the story take place?

- a. early in the morning
- b. late in the day

12) "I don't intend to take one more step toward anything to do with a Mr. Jaggery. Not for double gold. Not one more step." According to this passage, what does the author foreshadow?

- a. Captain Jaggery is misunderstood.
- b. Captain Jaggery is evil.
- c. Captain Jaggery is an excellent captain.
- d. Captain Jaggery is friendly.

13) The main conflict in the story is resolved when?

- a. Lautrec and his friends cut down a tree to please Mrs. Gretskey.
- b. Skyler offers an alternative place for the band to practice.
- c. Urbana suggests they switch to a new talent for the show.
- d. Lautrec says he will write a four-person play for the talent show.

14) The climax of the passage is when?

- a. Eddie and Cathie hear Mr. McAfree and their dad talk.
- b. Eddie, Cathie, and Marie notice Mr. King's pickup.
- c. Eddie, Cathie, and Marie encounter a large creature.
- d. Eddie and Cathie catch Bigfoot in their homemade trap.

Decide whether each group of sentences is an example of foreshadowing or flashback.

15) A long-forgotten memory came back to Peter as he drove through his old neighborhood. Mr. Smith's dog was chasing him down the street. He fell, and pain shot through his arm.

- a. Foreshadowing
- b. flashback



Find an example of foreshadowing in the following paragraph.

16. The heavy coins made his pockets sag, so Alex quickly emptied the change onto the table. He didn't need them for the bus since his mother was driving him to school. Later, he'd be sorry he'd done that.

- a. The heavy coins made his pockets sag, so Alex quickly emptied the change onto the table.
- b. He didn't need them for the bus since his mother was driving him to school.
- c. Later, he'd be sorry he'd done that.

17. The most exciting part of a drama that complications push toward is called the:

- a. exposition
- b. complications
- c. climax
- d. resolution

18. What is an internal conflict?

- a. A problem within yourself
- b. A problem with someone else

19. When and where a story takes place is?

- a. Style
- b. Plot
- c. Mood
- d. Setting

20. \_\_\_\_\_ is where conflict and tension reach a peak.

- a. Resolution
- b. Exposition
- c. Climax
- d. Rising Action

21. The main idea of a passage or story is what element of literature(reading)?

- a. Tone
- b. Characterization
- c. Style



d. Theme

22. The idea or feeling expressed in a work of literature is mood.

- a. True
- b. False

23. Foreshadowing is...

- a. the main story of a literary work
- b. a play about ridiculous and absurd situations
- c. a cutting and often ironic remark
- d. clues that hint at events that will occur later in the plot

24. The protagonist is the main character of the story.

- a. True
- b. False

25. The antagonist is the person or thing working against the protagonist, or hero of a story.

- a. True
- b. False

26. When a problem or struggle is resolved in a story this is known as what?

- a. Fictional solution
- b. Conflict resolution
- c. Setting
- d. Theme

27. The feeling a reader gets from a story is the?

- a. Style
- b. Conflict
- c. Plot
- d. Mood

28. The tragic hero in a drama is called the:

- a. antagonist
- b. author
- c. protagonist



d. Director

29. What is the difference between foreshadowing and a flashback?

30. The story of Billy's Santa Claus is told

- a. by Tommy.
- b. as a flashback.
- c. in the third person.
- d. with a lot of exaggeration.

31. The author's way of using language to write a story is his/her?

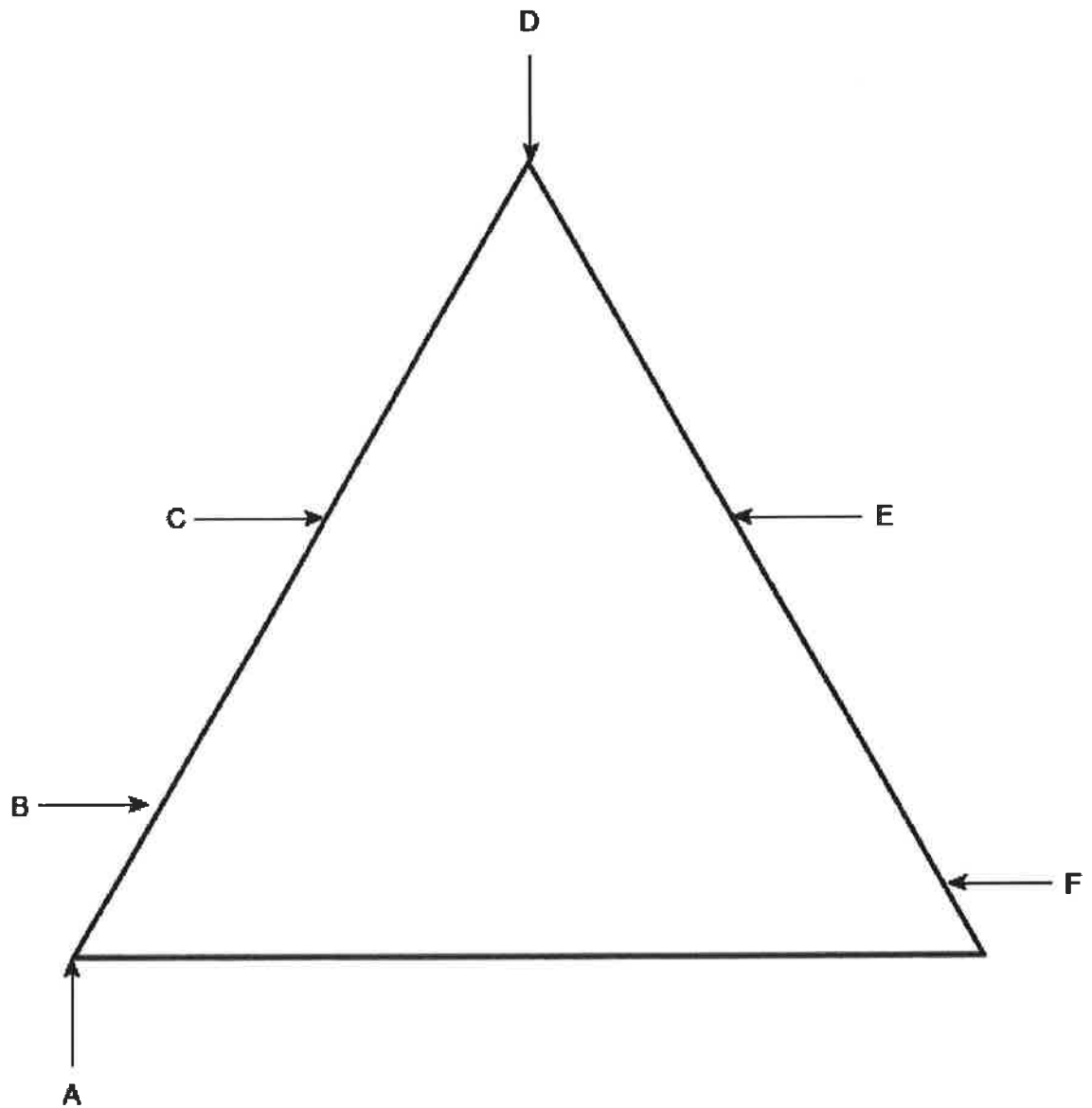
- a. Style
- b. Setting
- c. Theme
- d. Tone

Plot Elements Pyramid

Using the word bank provided, label the parts of the plot structure pyramid.

Climax,	Rising Action,	Resolution,	Inciting
Incident,	Falling Action,	Exposition	





32. A= \_\_\_\_\_  
33. B= \_\_\_\_\_  
34. C= \_\_\_\_\_  
35. D= \_\_\_\_\_  
36. E= \_\_\_\_\_  
37. F= \_\_\_\_\_

38. What are the four universal conflicts that are often portrayed in literature?

- a) \_\_\_\_\_ b) \_\_\_\_\_  
c) \_\_\_\_\_ d) \_\_\_\_\_



39. What is the anxiety or excitement about an outcome in a story?

- a. means
- b. suspect
- c. suspense
- d. motive

40. What is something that furnishes the proof of a crime?

- a. motive
- b. suspect
- c. alibi
- d. evidence

41. What is a false clue?

- a. means
- b. motive
- c. red herring
- d. evidence

42. What is the problem that must be solved in the book? \_\_\_\_\_



Read the passage. Then answer the questions.

## The Hydrosphere

### A World of Water

- 1 Water covers about 70% of Earth's surface. Most of this is ocean water. The rest exists in lakes, in rivers, and in other inland bodies of water; in frozen form as glaciers and ice caps; as groundwater; and as water vapor in the atmosphere.
- 2 All the water on and near Earth is known as the hydrosphere. Ocean water makes up the largest percentage of the hydrosphere (about 97.25%). That's approximately 326 million cubic miles (1.4 billion cubic kilometers) of water! Frozen water in glaciers and ice caps makes up the second largest percentage of the hydrosphere (about 2%), followed by groundwater (0.68%), lakes (0.01%), moisture in the soil (0.005%), water in the atmosphere (0.001%), and rivers (0.0001%). A minuscule percentage (0.00004%) of water is found in the biosphere. The biosphere is the thin part of Earth and its atmosphere that can support life.
- 3 The water in the hydrosphere moves and changes form in a process called the water cycle. In the water cycle, energy from the Sun causes the surface water on Earth to evaporate, or change from a liquid into a vapor. The water vapor in the air condenses, or changes from a vapor into a liquid, and falls back to Earth in the form of precipitation, such as rain or snow. Some of the precipitation that returns to Earth freezes into ice caps and glaciers. Some of the precipitation that falls on land is absorbed into the ground. Gravity causes some precipitation that falls on land to flow over the ground as runoff. Some runoff ends up in lakes, streams, and rivers; streams and rivers carry runoff to the ocean. Then the cycle begins again.
- 4 Most of the water in the hydrosphere is unsuitable for drinking. Earth's oceans are saline, which means that they contain high concentrations of dissolved salts. Consuming salt water can lead to many serious health problems and even death. Thus, humans and other living organisms must get their drinking water from the small amount of freshwater in the hydrosphere. Unlike ocean water, freshwater has a low concentration of dissolved salt.

- 5 The hydrosphere is essential for life on Earth. That's why it's important to reduce water pollution. Scientists have found that household chemicals poured down drains can contaminate water supplies. People can use this scientific knowledge to prevent this contamination. Instead of pouring household chemicals down drains, people should dispose of these chemicals at a community hazardous waste drop-off center. Actions such as these will help keep the hydrosphere healthy for years to come.

31. What causes surface water on Earth to evaporate?

- A energy from the ocean
- B the water cycle process
- C energy from the Sun
- D the force of gravity

32. Read the following sentence from paragraph 2 of the article.

"A minuscule percentage (0.00004%) of water is found in the biosphere."

What does the word **minuscule** most likely mean?

- A extremely large
- B extremely small
- C moderately small
- D medium-sized

33. Which of the following statements best describes a main idea of the article?

- A Most of Earth is covered by water, but only a small percentage of this water is drinkable.
- B Evaporation is the process by which water changes from a liquid into a vapor.

C Drinking salt water can cause many serious health problems.

D To protect the hydrosphere, people should dispose of household chemicals at hazardous waste drop-off centers.

34. Why is most of the water in the hydrosphere unsuitable for drinking?

- A because it is frozen
- B because it is saline
- C because it is low in salt
- D because it is polluted

35. Write numbers 1–5 on the lines to show where Earth's water is located, from the lowest percentage (1) of the hydrosphere to the highest percentage (5).

- \_\_\_\_\_ groundwater
- \_\_\_\_\_ atmosphere
- \_\_\_\_\_ ocean water
- \_\_\_\_\_ glaciers and icecaps
- \_\_\_\_\_ lakes



37. Summarize the water cycle, using at least six details from the article.

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38. Why must humans and other living organisms rely on the small amount of freshwater in the hydrosphere for their drinking water? Support your explanation with at least two details from the article.

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### Planning Page

You may use this space to plan your writing for question 39. Do NOT write your final answer to question 39 on this page. The notes on this page will NOT count as part of your answer to question 39.



**Stop**

The Crucible was first presented by Kermit Bloomgarden at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York City, January 22, 1953, with the following cast.

(in order of appearance)

Reverend Parris	Fred Stewart
Betty Parris	Janet Alexander
Tituba	Jacqueline Andre
Abigail Williams	Madeleine Sherwood
Susanna Walcott	Barbara Stanton
Mrs. Ann Putnam	Jane Hoffman
Thomas Putnam	Raymond Bramley
Mercy Lewis	Dorothy Joliffe
Mary Warren	Jennie Egan
John Proctor	Arthur Kennedy
Rebecca Nurse	Jean Adair
Giles Corey	Joseph Sweeney
Reverend John Hale	E. G. Marshall
Elizabeth Proctor	Beatrice Straight
Francis Nurse	Graham Velsey
Ezekiel Cheever	Don McHenry
Marshal Herrick	George Mitchell
Judge Hathorne	Philip Coolidge
Deputy Governor Danforth	Walter Hampden
Sarah Good	Adele Fortin
Hopkins	Donald Marye

Staged by Jed Harris

Settings by Boris Aronson

Costumes made and designed by Edith Lutyens

The play is set in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1692.

### Act One (An Overture)

Home of Rev. Samuel Parris.

### Act Two

John Proctor's house, eight days later.

### Act Three

Salem meeting house, serving as the General Court.

### Act Four

A cell in Salem jail, fall 1692.

## Act One

### (An Overture)

A small upper bedroom in the home of REVEREND SAMUEL PARRIS, Salem, Massachusetts, in the spring of the year 1692.

There is a narrow window at the left. Through its leaded panes the morning sunlight streams. A candle still burns near the bed, which is at the right. A chest, a chair, and a small table are the other furnishings. At the back a door opens on the landing of the stairway to the ground floor. The room gives off an air of clean spareness. The roof rafters are exposed, and the wood colors are raw and unmellowed.

As the curtain rises, REVEREND PARRIS is discovered kneeling beside the bed, evidently in prayer. His daughter, BETTY PARRIS, aged ten, is lying on the bed, inert.

At the time of these events Parris was in his middle forties. In history he cut a villainous path, and there is very little good to be said for him. He believed he was being persecuted wherever he went, despite his best efforts to win people and God to his side. In meeting, he felt insulted if someone rose to shut the door without first asking his permission. He was a widower with no interest in children, or talent with them. He regarded them as young adults, and until this strange crisis he, like the rest of Salem, never conceived that the children were anything but thankful for being permitted to walk straight, eyes slightly lowered, arms at the sides, and mouths shut until bidden to speak.

His house stood in the "town"—but we today would hardly call it a village. The meeting house was nearby, and from this point outward—toward the bay or inland—there were a few small-windowed, dark houses snuggling against the raw Massachusetts winter. Salem had been established hardly forty years before. To the European world the whole province was a barbaric frontier inhabited by a sect of fanatics who, nevertheless, were shipping out products of slowly increasing quantity and value.

No one can really know what their lives were like. They had no novelists—and would not have



permitted anyone to read a novel if one were handy. Their creed forbade anything resembling a theater or "vain enjoyment." They did not celebrate Christmas, and a holiday from work meant only that they must concentrate even more upon prayer.

Which is not to say that nothing broke into this strict and somber way of life. When a new farmhouse was built, friends assembled to "raise the roof," and there would be special foods cooked and probably some potent cider passed around. There was a good supply of ne'er-do-wells in Salem, who dallied at the shovelboard in Bridget Bishop's tavern. Probably more than the creed, hard work kept the morals of the place from spoiling, for the people were forced to fight the land like heroes for every grain of corn, and no man had very much time for fooling around.

That there were some jokers, however, is indicated by the practice of appointing a two-man patrol whose duty was to "walk forth in the time of God's worship to take notice of such as either lye about the meeting house, without attending to the word and ordinances, or that lye at home or in the fields without giving good account thereof, and to take the names of such persons, and to present them to the magistrates, whereby they may be accordingly proceeded against." This predilection for minding other people's business was time-honored among the people of Salem, and it undoubtedly created many of the suspicions which were to feed the coming madness. It was also, in my opinion, one of the things that a John Proctor would rebel against, for the time of the armed camp had almost passed, and since the country was reasonably—although not wholly—safe, the old disciplines were beginning to rankle. But, as in all such matters, the issue was not clear-cut, for danger was still a possibility, and in unity still lay the best promise of safety.

The edge of the wilderness was close by. The American continent stretched endlessly west, and it was full of mystery for them. It stood, dark and threatening, over their shoulders night and day, for out of it Indian tribes marauded from time to time, and Reverend Parris had parishioners who had lost relatives to these heathen.

The parochial snobbery of these people was partly responsible for their failure to convert the

Indians. Probably they also preferred to take land from heathens rather than from fellow Christians. At any rate, very few Indians were converted, and the Salem folk believed that the virgin forest was the Devil's last preserve, his home base and the citadel of his final stand. To the best of their knowledge the American forest was the last place on earth that was not paying homage to God.

For these reasons, among others, they carried about an air of innate resistance, even of persecution. Their fathers had, of course, been persecuted in England. So now they and their church found it necessary to deny any other sect its freedom, lest their New Jerusalem<sup>2</sup> be defiled and corrupted by wrong ways and deceitful ideas.

They believed, in short, that they held in their steady hands the candle that would light the world. We have inherited this belief, and it has helped and hurt us. It helped them with the discipline it gave them. They were a dedicated folk, by and large, and they had to be to survive the life they had chosen or been born into in this country.

The proof of their belief's value to them may be taken from the opposite character of the first Jamestown settlement, farther south, in Virginia. The Englishmen who landed there were motivated mainly by a hunt for profit. They had thought to pick off the wealth of the new country and then return rich to England. They were a band of individualists, and a much more ingratiating group than the Massachusetts men. But Virginia destroyed them. Massachusetts tried to kill off the Puritans, but they combined; they set up a communal society which, in the beginning, was little more than an armed camp with an autocratic and very devoted leadership. It was, however, an autocracy by consent, for they were united from top to bottom by a commonly held ideology whose perpetuation was the reason and justification for all their sufferings. So their self-denial, their purposefulness, their suspicion of all vain pursuits, their hard-handed justice were altogether perfect instruments for the conquest of this space so antagonistic to man.

But the people of Salem in 1692 were not quite the dedicated folk that arrived on the *Mayflower*.

2. **New Jerusalem:** in the Bible (Revelations 21), the holy city of heaven.



A vast differentiation had taken place, and in their own time a revolution had unseated the royal government and substituted a junta which was at this moment in power. The times, to their eyes, must have been out of joint, and to the common folk must have seemed as insoluble and complicated as do ours today. It is not hard to see how easily many could have been led to believe that the time of confusion had been brought upon them by deep and darkling forces. No hint of such speculation appears on the court record, but social disorder in any age breeds such mystical suspicions, and when, as in Salem, wonders are brought forth from below the social surface, it is too much to expect people to hold back very long from laying on the victims with all the force of their frustrations.

The Salem tragedy, which is about to begin in these pages, developed from a paradox. It is a paradox in whose grip we still live, and there is no prospect yet that we will discover its resolution. Simply, it was this: for good purposes, even high purposes, the people of Salem developed a theocracy, a combine of state and religious power whose function was to keep the community together, and to prevent any kind of disunity that might open it to destruction by material or ideological enemies. It was forged for a necessary purpose and accomplished that purpose. But all organization is and must be grounded on the idea of exclusion and prohibition, just as two objects cannot occupy the same space. Evidently the time came in New England when the repressions of order were heavier than seemed warranted by the dangers against which the order was organized. The witch-hunt was a perverse manifestation of the panic which set in among all classes when the balance began to turn toward greater individual freedom.

When one rises above the individual villainy displayed, one can only pity them all, just as we shall be pitied someday. It is still impossible for man to organize his social life without repressions, and the balance has yet to be struck between order and freedom.

The witch-hunt was not, however, a mere repression. It was also, and as importantly, a long overdue opportunity for everyone so inclined to express publicly his guilt and sins, under the cover of accusations against the victims. It suddenly be-

came possible—and patriotic and holy—for a man to say that Martha Corey had come into his bedroom at night, and that, while his wife was sleeping at his side, Martha laid herself down on his chest and “nearly suffocated him.” Of course it was her spirit only, but his satisfaction at confessing himself was no lighter than if it had been Martha herself. One could not ordinarily speak such things in public.

Long-held hatreds of neighbors could now be openly expressed, and vengeance taken, despite the Bible’s charitable injunctions. Land-lust, which had been expressed by constant bickering over boundaries and deeds, could now be elevated to the arena of morality; one could cry witch against one’s neighbor and feel perfectly justified in the bargain. Old scores could be settled on a plane of heavenly combat between Lucifer and the Lord; suspicions and the envy of the miserable toward the happy could and did burst out in the general revenge.

*REVEREND PARRIS is praying now, and, though we cannot hear his words, a sense of his confusion hangs about him. He mumbles, then seems about to weep; then he weeps, then prays again; but his daughter does not stir on the bed.*

*The door opens, and his Negro slave enters. TITUBA is in her forties. PARRIS brought her with him from Barbados, where he spent some years as a merchant before entering the ministry. She enters as one does who can no longer bear to be barred from the sight of her beloved, but she is also very frightened because her slave sense has warned her that, as always, trouble in this house eventually lands on her back.*

*Tituba, already taking a step backward: My Betty be hearty soon?*

*Parris: Out of here!*

*Tituba, backing to the door: My Betty not goin’ die . . .*

*Parris, scrambling to his feet in a fury: Out of my sight! She is gone. Out of my— He is overcome with sobs. He clamps his teeth against them and closes the door and leans against it, exhausted. Oh, my God! God help me! Quaking with fear, mumbling to himself through his sobs, he goes to the bed and gently takes BETTY’s hand.*



Betty. Child. Dear child. Will you wake, will you open up your eyes! Betty, little one . . .

*He is bending to kneel again when his niece, ABIGAIL WILLIAMS, seventeen, enters—a strikingly beautiful girl, an orphan, with an endless capacity for dissembling. Now she is all worry and apprehension and propriety.*

**Abigail:** Uncle? *He looks to her.* Susanna Walcott's here from Doctor Griggs.

**Parris:** Oh? Let her come, let her come.

**Abigail,** *leaning out the door to call to SUSANNA, who is down the hall a few steps:* Come in, Susanna.

SUSANNA WALCOTT, *a little younger than ABIGAIL, a nervous, hurried girl, enters.*

**Parris, eagerly:** What does the doctor say, child?

**Susanna, craning around PARRIS to get a look at BETTY:** He bid me come and tell you, reverend sir, that he cannot discover no medicine for it in his books.

**Parris:** Then he must search on.

**Susanna:** Aye, sir, he have been searchin' his books since he left you, sir. But he bid me tell you, that you might look to unnatural things for the cause of it.

**Parris, his eyes going wide:** No—no. There be no unnatural cause here. Tell him I have sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly, and Mr. Hale will surely confirm that. Let him look to medicine and put out all thought of unnatural causes here. There be none.

**Susanna:** Aye, sir. He bid me tell you. *She turns to go.*

**Abigail:** Speak nothin' of it in the village, Susanna.

**Parris:** Go directly home and speak nothing of unnatural causes.

**Susanna:** Aye, sir. I pray for her. *She goes out.*

**Abigail:** Uncle, the rumor of witchcraft is all about; I think you'd best go down and deny it yourself. The parlor's packed with people, sir. I'll sit with her.

**Parris, pressed, turns on her:** And what shall I say to them? That my daughter and my niece I discovered dancing like heathen in the forest?

**Abigail:** Uncle, we did dance; let you tell them I confessed it—and I'll be whipped if I must be. But they're speakin' of witchcraft. Betty's not witched.

**Parris:** Abigail, I cannot go before the congregation when I know you have not opened with me. What did you do with her in the forest?

**Abigail:** We did dance, uncle, and when you leaped out of the bush so suddenly, Betty was frightened and then she fainted. And there's the whole of it.

**Parris:** Child. Sit you down.

**Abigail, quavering, as she sits:** I would never hurt Betty. I love her dearly.

**Parris:** Now look you, child, your punishment will come in its time. But if you trafficked with spirits in the forest I must know it now, for surely my enemies will, and they will ruin me with it.

**Abigail:** But we never conjured spirits.

**Parris:** Then why can she not move herself since midnight? This child is desperate! **ABIGAIL lowers her eyes.** It must come out—my enemies will bring it out. Let me know what you done there. Abigail, do you understand that I have many enemies?

**Abigail:** I have heard of it, uncle.

**Parris:** There is a faction that is sworn to drive me from my pulpit. Do you understand that?

**Abigail:** I think so, sir.

**Parris:** Now then, in the midst of such disruption, my own household is discovered to be the very center of some obscene practice. Abominations are done in the forest—

**Abigail:** It were sport, uncle!

**Parris, pointing at BETTY:** You call this sport? *She lowers her eyes. He pleads:* Abigail, if you know something that may help the doctor, for God's sake tell it to me. *She is silent.* I saw Tituba waving her arms over the fire when I came on you. Why was she doing that? And I heard a screeching and gibberish coming from her mouth. She were swaying like a dumb beast over that fire!

**Abigail:** She always sings her Barbados songs, and we dance.

**Parris:** I cannot blink what I saw, Abigail, for my enemies will not blink it. I saw a dress lying on the grass.

**Abigail, innocently:** A dress?

**Parris—it is very hard to say:** Aye, a dress. And I thought I saw—someone naked running through the trees!

**Abigail, in terror:** No one was naked! You mistake yourself, uncle!



**Parris, with anger:** I saw it! *He moves from her.* Then, *resolved:* Now tell me true, Abigail. And I pray you feel the weight of truth upon you, for now my ministry's at stake, my ministry and perhaps your cousin's life. Whatever abomination you have done, give me all of it now, for I dare not be taken unaware when I go before them down there.

**Abigail:** There is nothin' more. I swear it, uncle.

**Parris, studies her, then nods, half convinced:** Abigail, I have fought here three long years to bend these stiff-necked people to me, and now, just now when some good respect is rising for me in the parish, you compromise my very character. I have given you a home, child, I have put clothes upon your back—now give me upright answer. Your name in the town—it is entirely white, is it not?

**Abigail, with an edge of resentment:** Why, I am sure it is, sir. There be no blush about my name.

**Parris, to the point:** Abigail, is there any other cause than you have told me, for your being discharged from Goody<sup>3</sup> Proctor's service? I have

heard it said, and I tell you as I heard it, that she comes so rarely to the church this year for she will not sit so close to something soiled. What signified that remark?

**Abigail:** She hates me, uncle, she must, for I would not be her slave. It's a bitter woman, a lying, cold, sniveling woman, and I will not work for such a woman!

**Parris:** She may be. And yet it has troubled me that you are now seven month out of their house, and in all this time no other family has ever called for your service.

**Abigail:** They want slaves, not such as I. Let them send to Barbados for that. I will not black my face for any of them! *With ill-concealed resentment at him:* Do you begrudge my bed, uncle?

**Parris:** No—no.

**Abigail, in a temper:** My name is good in the village! I will not have it said my name is soiled! Goody Proctor is a gossiping liar!

*Enter MRS. ANN PUTNAM. She is a twisted soul of forty-five, a death-ridden woman, haunted by dreams.*

**Parris, as soon as the door begins to open:** No—no, I cannot have anyone. *He sees her, and a certain deference springs into him, although his*

3. **Goody:** formerly a title (short for *goodwife*) for a woman, especially a housewife or older woman.

Thomas Putnam was a man with many grievances.



worry remains. Why, Goody Putnam, come in.

**Mrs. Putnam**, *full of breath, shiny-eyed*: It is a marvel. It is surely a stroke of hell upon you.

**Parris**: No, Goody Putnam, it is—

**Mrs. Putnam**, *glancing at BETTY*: How high did she fly, how high?

**Parris**: No, no, she never flew—

**Mrs. Putnam**, *very pleased with it*: Why, it's sure she did. Mr. Collins saw her goin' over Ingersoll's barn, and come down light as bird, he says!

**Parris**: Now, look you, Goody Putnam, she never— *Enter THOMAS PUTNAM, a well-to-do, hard-banded landowner, near fifty*. Oh, good morning, Mr. Putnam.

**Putnam**: It is a providence the thing is out now! It is a providence. *He goes directly to the bed.*

**Parris**: What's out, sir, what's—?

*MRS. PUTNAM goes to the bed.*

**Putnam**, *looking down at BETTY*: Why, her eyes is closed! Look you, Ann.

**Mrs. Putnam**: Why, that's strange. *To PARRIS*: Ours is open.

**Parris**, *shocked*: Your Ruth is sick?

**Mrs. Putnam**, *with vicious certainty*: I'd not call it sick; the Devil's touch is heavier than sick. It's death, y'know, it's death drivin' into them, forked and hoofed.

**Parris**: Oh, pray not! Why, how does Ruth ail?

**Mrs. Putnam**: She ails as she must—she never waked this morning, but her eyes open and she walks, and hears naught, sees naught, and cannot eat. Her soul is taken, surely.

*PARRIS is struck.*

**Putnam**, *as though for further details*: They say you've sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly?

**Parris**, *with dwindling conviction now*: A precaution only. He has much experience in all demonic arts, and I—

**Mrs. Putnam**: He has indeed; and found a witch in Beverly last year, and let you remember that.

**Parris**: Now, Goody Ann, they only thought that were a witch, and I am certain there be no element of witchcraft here.

**Putnam**: No witchcraft! Now look you, Mr. Parris—

**Parris**: Thomas, Thomas, I pray you, leap not to witchcraft. I know that you—you least of all,

Thomas, would ever wish so disastrous a charge laid upon me. We cannot leap to witchcraft. They will howl me out of Salem for such corruption in my house.

A word about Thomas Putnam. He was a man with many grievances, at least one of which appears justified. Some time before, his wife's brother-in-law, James Bayley, had been turned down as minister of Salem. Bayley had all the qualifications, and a two-thirds vote into the bargain, but a faction stopped his acceptance, for reasons that are not clear.

Thomas Putnam was the eldest son of the richest man in the village. He had fought the Indians at Narragansett, and was deeply interested in parish affairs. He undoubtedly felt it poor payment that the village should so blatantly disregard his candidate for one of its more important offices, especially since he regarded himself as the intellectual superior of most of the people around him.

His vindictive nature was demonstrated long before the witchcraft began. A former Salem minister, George Burroughs, had had to borrow money to pay for his wife's funeral, and, since the parish was remiss in his salary, he was soon bankrupt. Thomas and his brother John had Burroughs jailed for debts the man did not owe. The incident is important only in that Burroughs succeeded in becoming minister where Bayley, Thomas Putnam's brother-in-law, had been rejected; the motif of resentment is clear here. Thomas Putnam felt that his own name and the honor of his family had been smirched by the village, and he meant to right matters however he could.

Another reason to believe him a deeply embittered man was his attempt to break his father's will, which left a disproportionate amount to a stepbrother. As with every other public cause in which he tried to force his way, he failed in this.

So it is not surprising to find that so many accusations against people are in the handwriting of Thomas Putnam, or that his name is so often found as a witness corroborating the supernatural testimony, or that his daughter led the crying-out at the most opportune junctures of the trials, especially when—But we'll speak of that when we come to it.



**Putnam**—*at the moment he is intent upon getting PARRIS, for whom he has only contempt, to move toward the abyss:* Mr. Parris, I have taken your part in all contention here, and I would continue; but I cannot if you hold back in this. There are hurtful, vengeful spirits layin' hands on these children.

**Parris:** But, Thomas, you cannot—

**Putnam:** Ann! Tell Mr. Parris what you have done.

**Mrs. Putnam:** Reverend Parris, I have laid seven babies unbaptized in the earth. Believe me, sir, you never saw more hearty babies born. And yet, each would wither in my arms the very night of their birth. I have spoke nothin', but my heart has clamored intimations. And now, this year, my Ruth, my only—I see her turning strange. A secret child she has become this year, and shrivels like a sucking mouth were pullin' on her life too. And so I thought to send her to your Tituba—

**Parris:** To Tituba! What may Tituba—?

**Mrs. Putnam:** Tituba knows how to speak to the dead, Mr. Parris.

**Parris:** Goody Ann, it is a formidable sin to conjure up the dead!

**Mrs. Putnam:** I take it on my soul, but who else may surely tell us what person murdered my babies?

**Parris, horrified:** Woman!

**Mrs. Putnam:** They were murdered, Mr. Parris! And mark this proof! Mark it! Last night my Ruth were ever so close to their little spirits; I know it, sir. For how else is she struck dumb now except some power of darkness would stop her mouth? It is a marvelous sign, Mr. Parris!

**Putnam:** Don't you understand it, sir? There is a murdering witch among us, bound to keep herself in the dark. *PARRIS turns to BETTY, a frantic terror rising in him.* Let your enemies make of it what they will, you cannot blink it more.

**Parris, to ABIGAIL:** Then you were conjuring spirits last night.

**Abigail, whispering:** Not I, sir—Tituba and Ruth.

**Parris, turns now, with new fear, and goes to BETTY, looks down at her, and then, gazing off:** Oh, Abigail, what proper payment for my charity! Now I am undone.

**Putnam:** You are not undone! Let you take hold here. Wait for no one to charge you—declare it yourself. You have discovered witchcraft—

**Parris:** In my house? In my house, Thomas? They will topple me with this! They will make of it a—

*Enter MERCY LEWIS, the PUTNAMS' servant, a fat, sly, merciless girl of eighteen.*

**Mercy:** Your pardons. I only thought to see how Betty is.

**Putnam:** Why aren't you home? Who's with Ruth?

**Mercy:** Her grandma come. She's improved a little, I think—she give a powerful sneeze before.

**Mrs. Putnam:** Ah, there's a sign of life!

**Mercy:** I'd fear no more, Goody Putnam. It were a grand sneeze; another like it will shake her wits together, I'm sure. *She goes to the bed to look.*

**Parris:** Will you leave me now, Thomas? I would pray a while alone.

**Abigail:** Uncle, you've prayed since midnight. Why do you not go down and—

**Parris:** No—no. *To PUTNAM:* I have no answer for that crowd. I'll wait till Mr. Hale arrives. *To get MRS. PUTNAM to leave:* If you will, Goody Ann . . .

**Putnam:** Now look you, sir. Let you strike out against the Devil, and the village will bless you for it! Come down, speak to them—pray with them. They're thirsting for your word, Mister! Surely you'll pray with them.

**Parris, swayed:** I'll lead them in a psalm, but let you say nothing of witchcraft yet. I will not discuss it. The cause is yet unknown. I have had enough contention since I came; I want no more.

**Mrs. Putnam:** Mercy, you go home to Ruth, d'y'hear?

**Mercy:** Aye, mum.

*MRS. PUTNAM goes out.*

**Parris, to ABIGAIL:** If she starts for the window, cry for me at once.

**Abigail:** I will, uncle.

**Parris, to PUTNAM:** There is a terrible power in her arms today. *He goes out with PUTNAM.*

**Abigail, with bushed trepidation:** How is Ruth sick?

**Mercy:** It's weirdish, I know not—she seems to walk like a dead one since last night.

**Abigail, turns at once and goes to BETTY, and now, with fear in her voice:** Betty? BETTY *doesn't move.* *She shakes her.* Now stop this! Betty! Sit up now!

"Let either of you breathe a word about the other things, and I will bring a pointy reckoning that will shudder you."

BETTY *doesn't stir*. MERCY *comes over*.

**Mercy:** Have you tried beatin' her? I gave Ruth a good one and it waked her for a minute. Here, let me have her.

**Abigail, holding MERCY back:** No, he'll be comin' up. Listen, now; if they be questioning us, tell them we danced—I told him as much already.

**Mercy:** Aye. And what more?

**Abigail:** He knows Tituba conjured Ruth's sisters to come out of the grave.

**Mercy:** And what more?

**Abigail:** He saw you naked.

**Mercy, clapping her hands together with a frightened laugh:** Oh, Jesus!

*Enter MARY WARREN, breathless. She is seventeen, a subservient, naïve, lonely girl.*

**Mary Warren:** What'll we do? The village is out! I just come from the farm; the whole country's talkin' witchcraft! They'll be callin' us witches, Abby!

**Mercy, pointing and looking at MARY WARREN:** She means to tell, I know it.

**Mary Warren:** Abby, we've got to tell. Witchery's a hangin' error, a hangin' like they done in Boston two year ago! We must tell the truth, Abby! You'll only be whipped for dancin', and the other things!

**Abigail:** Oh, *we'll* be whipped!

**Mary Warren:** I never done none of it, Abby. I only looked!

**Mercy, moving menacingly toward MARY:** Oh, you're a great one for lookin', aren't you, Mary Warren? What a grand peeping courage you have!

BETTY, *on the bed, whimpers*. ABIGAIL *turns to her at once*.

**Abigail:** Betty? *She goes to BETTY*. Now, Betty, dear, wake up now. It's Abigail. *She sits BETTY up and furiously shakes her*. I'll beat you, Betty! BETTY *whimpers*. My, you seem improving. I talked to

your papa and I told him everything. So there's nothing to—

**Betty, darts off the bed, frightened of ABIGAIL, and flattens herself against the wall:** I want my mama!

**Abigail, with alarm, as she cautiously approaches BETTY:** What ails you, Betty? Your mama's dead and buried.

**Betty:** I'll fly to Mama. Let me fly! *She raises her arms as though to fly, and streaks for the window, gets one leg out*.

**Abigail, pulling her away from the window:** I told him everything; he knows now, he knows everything we—

**Betty:** You drank blood, Abby! You didn't tell him that!

**Abigail:** Betty, you never say that again! You will never—

**Betty:** You did, you did! You drank a charm to kill John Proctor's wife! You drank a charm to kill Goody Proctor!

**Abigail, smashes her across the face:** Shut it! Now shut it!

**Betty, collapsing on the bed:** Mama, Mama! *She dissolves into sobs*.

**Abigail:** Now look you. All of you. We danced. And Tituba conjured Ruth Putnam's dead sisters. And that is all. And mark this. Let either of you breathe a word, or the edge of a word, about the other things, and I will come to you in the black of some terrible night and I will bring a pointy reckoning that will shudder you. And you know I can do it; I saw Indians smash my dear parents' heads on the pillow next to mine, and I have seen some reddish work done at night, and I can make you wish you had never seen the sun go down! *She goes to BETTY and roughly sits her up*. Now, you—sit up and stop this!

*But BETTY collapses in her hands and lies inert on the bed.*

**Mary Warren, with hysterical fright:** What's got her? **ABIGAIL stares in fright at BETTY.** Abby, she's going to die! It's a sin to conjure, and we—  
**Abigail, starting for MARY:** I say shut it, Mary Warren!

*Enter JOHN PROCTOR. On seeing him, MARY WARREN leaps in fright.*

Proctor was a farmer in his middle thirties. He need not have been a partisan of any faction in the town, but there is evidence to suggest that he had a sharp and biting way with hypocrites. He was the kind of man—powerful of body, even-tempered, and not easily led—who cannot refuse support to partisans without drawing their deepest resentment. In Proctor's presence a fool felt his foolishness instantly—and a Proctor is always marked for calumny therefore.

But as we shall see, the steady manner he displays does not spring from an untroubled soul. He is a sinner, a sinner not only against the moral fashion of the time, but against his own vision of decent conduct. These people had no ritual for the washing away of sins. It is another trait we inherited from them, and it has helped to discipline us as well as to breed hypocrisy among us. Proctor, respected and even feared in Salem, has come to regard himself as a kind of fraud. But no hint of this has yet appeared on the surface, and as he enters from the crowded parlor below it is a man in his prime we see, with a quiet confidence and an unexpressed, hidden force. Mary Warren, his servant, can barely speak for embarrassment and fear.

**Mary Warren:** Oh! I'm just going home, Mr. Proctor.

**Proctor:** Be you foolish, Mary Warren? Be you deaf? I forbid you leave the house, did I not? Why shall I pay you? I am looking for you more often than my cows!

**Mary Warren:** I only come to see the great doings in the world.

**Proctor:** I'll show you a great doin' on your arse one of these days. Now get you home; my wife is waitin' with your work! *Trying to retain a shred of dignity, she goes slowly out.*

**Mercy Lewis, both afraid of him and strangely titillated:** I'd best be off. I have my Ruth to watch. Good morning, Mr. Proctor.

*MERCY sidles out. Since PROCTOR's entrance, ABIGAIL has stood as though on tiptoe, absorbing his presence, wide-eyed. He glances at her, then goes to BETTY on the bed.*

**Abigail:** Gah! I'd almost forgot how strong you are, John Proctor!

**Proctor, looking at ABIGAIL now, the faintest suggestion of a knowing smile on his face:** What's this mischief here?

**Abigail, with a nervous laugh:** Oh, she's only gone silly somehow.

**Proctor:** The road past my house is a pilgrimage to Salem all morning. The town's mumbling witchcraft.

**Abigail:** Oh, posh! *Winningly she comes a little closer, with a confidential, wicked air.* We were dancin' in the woods last night, and my uncle leaped in on us. She took fright, is all.

**Proctor, his smile widening:** Ah, you're wicked yet, aren't y'! *A trill of expectant laughter escapes her, and she dares come closer, feverishly looking into his eyes.* You'll be clapped in the stocks before you're twenty.

*He takes a step to go, and she springs into his path.*

**Abigail:** Give me a word, John. A soft word. *Her concentrated desire destroys his smile.*

**Proctor:** No, no, Abby. That's done with.

**Abigail, tauntingly:** You come five mile to see a silly girl fly? I know you better.

**Proctor, setting her firmly out of his path:** I come to see what mischief your uncle's brewin' now. *With final emphasis:* Put it out of mind, Abby.

**Abigail, grasping his hand before he can release her:** John—I am waitin' for you every night.

**Proctor:** Abby, I never give you hope to wait for me.

**Abigail, now beginning to anger—she can't believe it:** I have something better than hope, I think!

**Proctor:** Abby, you'll put it out of mind. I'll not be comin' for you more.

**Abigail:** You're surely sportin' with me.

**Proctor:** You know me better.

**Abigail:** I know how you clutched my back behind your house and sweated like a stallion when

**Parris:** A wide opinion's running in the parish that the Devil may be among us, and I would satisfy them that they are wrong.

**Proctor:** Then let you come out and call them wrong. Did you consult the wardens before you called this minister to look for devils?

**Parris:** He is not coming to look for devils!

**Proctor:** Then what's he coming for?

**Putnam:** There be children dyin' in the village, Mister!

**Proctor:** I seen none dyin'. This society will not be a bag to swing around your head, Mr. Putnam.  
*To PARRIS:* Did you call a meeting before you—?

**Putnam:** I am sick of meetings; cannot the man turn his head without he have a meeting?

**Proctor:** He may turn his head, but not to Hell!

**Rebecca:** Pray, John, be calm. *Pause. He defers to her.* Mr. Parris, I think you'd best send Reverend Hale back as soon as he come. This will set us all to arguin' again in the society, and we thought to have peace this year. I think we ought rely on the doctor now, and good prayer.

**Mrs. Putnam:** Rebecca, the doctor's baffled!

**Rebecca:** If so he is, then let us go to God for the cause of it. There is prodigious danger in the seeking of loose spirits. I fear it, I fear it. Let us rather blame ourselves and—

**Putnam:** How may we blame ourselves? I am one of nine sons; the Putnam seed have peopled this province. And yet I have but one child left of eight—and now she shrivels!

**Rebecca:** I cannot fathom that.

**Mrs. Putnam, with a growing edge of sarcasm:** But I must! You think it God's work you should never lose a child, nor grandchild either, and I bury all but one? There are wheels within wheels in this village, and fires within fires!

**Putnam, to PARRIS:** When Reverend Hale comes, you will proceed to look for signs of witchcraft here.

**Proctor, to PUTNAM:** You cannot command Mr. Parris. We vote by name in this society, not by acreage.

**Putnam:** I never heard you worried so on this society, Mr. Proctor. I do not think I saw you at Sabbath meeting since snow flew.

**Proctor:** I have trouble enough without I come five mile to hear him preach only hellfire and bloody damnation. Take it to heart, Mr. Parris.

There are many others who stay away from church these days because you hardly ever mention God any more.

**Parris, now aroused:** Why, that's a drastic charge!

**Rebecca:** It's somewhat true; there are many that quail to bring their children—

**Parris:** I do not preach for children, Rebecca. It is not the children who are unmindful of their obligations toward this ministry.

**Rebecca:** Are there really those unmindful?

**Parris:** I should say the better half of Salem village—

**Putnam:** And more than that!

**Parris:** Where is my wood? My contract provides I be supplied with all my firewood. I am waiting since November for a stick, and even in November I had to show my frostbitten hands like some London beggar!

**Giles:** You are allowed six pound a year to buy your wood, Mr. Parris.

**Parris:** I regard that six pound as part of my salary. I am paid little enough without I spend six pound on firewood.

**Proctor:** Sixty, plus six for firewood—

**Parris:** The salary is sixty-six pound, Mr. Proctor! I am not some preaching farmer with a book under my arm; I am a graduate of Harvard College.

**Giles:** Aye, and well instructed in arithmetic!

**Parris:** Mr. Corey, you will look far for a man of my kind at sixty pound a year! I am not used to this poverty; I left a thrifty business in the Barbados to serve the Lord. I do not fathom it, why am I persecuted here? I cannot offer one proposition but there be a howling riot of argument. I have often wondered if the Devil be in it somewhere; I cannot understand you people otherwise.

**Proctor:** Mr. Parris, you are the first minister ever did demand the deed to this house—

**Parris:** Man! Don't a minister deserve a house to live in?

**Proctor:** To live in, yes. But to ask ownership is like you shall own the meeting house itself; the last meeting I were at you spoke so long on deeds and mortgages I thought it were an auction.

**Parris:** I want a mark of confidence, is all! I am your third preacher in seven years. I do not wish to be put out like the cat whenever some majority feels the whim. You people seem not to comprehend that a minister is the Lord's man in the



ever I come near! Or did I dream that? It's she put me out, you cannot pretend it were you. I saw your face when she put me out, and you loved me then and you do now!

**Proctor:** Abby, that's a wild thing to say—

**Abigail:** A wild thing may say wild things. But not so wild, I think. I have seen you since she put me out; I have seen you nights.

**Proctor:** I have hardly stepped off my farm this sevenmonth.

**Abigail:** I have a sense for heat, John, and yours has drawn me to my window, and I have seen you looking up, burning in your loneliness. Do you tell me you've never looked up at my window?

**Proctor:** I may have looked up.

**Abigail, now softening:** And you must. You are no wintry man. I know you, John. I *know* you. *She is weeping.* I cannot sleep for dreamin'; I cannot dream but I wake and walk about the house as though I'd find you comin' through some door. *She clutches him desperately.*

**Proctor, gently pressing her from him, with great sympathy but firmly:** Child—

**Abigail, with a flash of anger:** How do you call me child!

**Proctor:** Abby, I may think of you softly from time to time. But I will cut off my hand before I'll ever reach for you again. Wipe it out of mind. We never touched, Abby.

**Abigail:** Aye, but we did.

**Proctor:** Aye, but we did not.

**Abigail, with a bitter anger:** Oh, I marvel how such a strong man may let such a sickly wife be—

**Proctor, angered—at himself as well:** You'll speak nothin' of Elizabeth!

**Abigail:** She is blackening my name in the village! She is telling lies about me! She is a cold, sniveling woman, and you bend to her! Let her turn you like a—

**Proctor, shaking her:** Do you look for whippin'?

*A psalm is heard being sung below.*

**Abigail, in tears:** I look for John Proctor that took me from my sleep and put knowledge in my heart! I never knew what pretense Salem was, I never knew the lying lessons I was taught by all these Christian women and their covenanted men! And now you bid me tear the light out of my eyes? I will not, I cannot! You loved me, John Proctor,



"We never touched, Abby."

and whatever sin it is, you love me yet! *He turns abruptly to go out. She rushes to him.* John, pity me, pity me!

*The words "going up to Jesus" are heard in the psalm, and BETTY claps her ears suddenly and whines loudly.*

**Abigail:** Betty? *She hurries to BETTY, who is now sitting up and screaming.* PROCTOR goes to BETTY as ABIGAIL is trying to pull her hands down, calling "Betty!"

**Proctor, growing unnerved:** What's she doing? Girl, what ails you? Stop that wailing!

*The singing has stopped in the midst of this, and now PARRIS rushes in.*

**Parris:** What happened? What are you doing to her? Betty! *He rushes to the bed, crying, "Betty, Betty!"* MRS. PUTNAM enters, feverish with curiosity, and with her THOMAS PUTNAM and MERCY LEWIS. PARRIS, at the bed, keeps lightly slapping BETTY's face, while she moans and tries to get up.

**Abigail:** She heard you singin' and suddenly she's up and screamin'.

**Mrs. Putnam:** The psalm! The psalm! She cannot bear to hear the Lord's name!

**Parris:** No, God forbid. Mercy, run to the doctor! Tell him what's happened here! MERCY LEWIS rushes out.

**Mrs. Putnam:** Mark it for a sign, mark it!

REBECCA NURSE, seventy-two, enters. *She is white-batred, leaning upon her walking-stick.*



**Putnam, pointing at the whimpering BETTY:** That is a notorious sign of witchcraft afoot, Goody Nurse, a prodigious sign!

**Mrs. Putnam:** My mother told me that! When they cannot bear to hear the name of—

**Parris, trembling:** Rebecca, Rebecca, go to her, we're lost. She suddenly cannot bear to hear the Lord's—

*GILES COREY, eighty-three, enters. He is knotted with muscle, canny, inquisitive, and still powerful.*

**Rebecca:** There is hard sickness here, Giles Corey, so please to keep the quiet.

**Giles:** I've not said a word. No one here can testify I've said a word. Is she going to fly again? I hear she flies.

**Putnam:** Man, be quiet now!

*Everything is quiet. REBECCA walks across the room to the bed. Gentleness exudes from her. BETTY is quietly whimpering, eyes shut. REBECCA simply stands over the child, who gradually quiets.*

And while they are so absorbed, we may put a word in for Rebecca. Rebecca was the wife of Francis Nurse, who, from all accounts, was one of those men for whom both sides of the argument had to have respect. He was called upon to arbitrate disputes as though he were an unofficial judge, and Rebecca also enjoyed the high opinion most people had for him. By the time of the delusion, they had three hundred acres, and their children were settled in separate homesteads within the same estate. However, Francis had originally rented the land, and one theory has it that, as he gradually paid for it and raised his social status, there were those who resented his rise.

Another suggestion to explain the systematic campaign against Rebecca, and inferentially against Francis, is the land war he fought with his neighbors, one of whom was a Putnam. This squabble grew to the proportions of a battle in the woods between partisans of both sides, and it is said to have lasted for two days. As for Rebecca herself, the general opinion of her character was so high that to explain how anyone dared cry her out for a witch—and more, how adults could bring themselves to lay hands on her—we must look to the fields and boundaries of that time.

As we have seen, Thomas Putnam's man for the Salem ministry was Bayley. The Nurse clan had been in the faction that prevented Bayley's taking office. In addition, certain families allied to the Nurses by blood or friendship, and whose farms were contiguous with the Nurse farm or close to it, combined to break away from the Salem town authority and set up Topsfield, a new and independent entity whose existence was resented by old Salemites.

That the guiding hand behind the outcry was Putnam's is indicated by the fact that, as soon as it began, this Topsfield-Nurse faction absented themselves from church in protest and disbelief. It was Edward and Jonathan Putnam who signed the first complaint against Rebecca; and Thomas Putnam's little daughter was the one who fell into a fit at the hearing and pointed to Rebecca as her attacker. To top it all, Mrs. Putnam—who is now staring at the bewitched child on the bed—soon accused Rebecca's spirit of "tempting her to iniquity," a charge that had more truth in it than Mrs. Putnam could know.

**Mrs. Putnam, astonished:** What have you done?

*REBECCA, in thought, now leaves the bedside and sits.*

**Parris, wondrous and relieved:** What do you make of it, Rebecca?

**Putnam, eagerly:** Goody Nurse, will you go to my Ruth and see if you can wake her?

**Rebecca, sitting:** I think she'll wake in time. Pray calm yourselves. I have eleven children, and I am twenty-six times a grandma, and I have seen them all through their silly seasons, and when it come on them they will run the Devil bowlegged keeping up with their mischief. I think she'll wake when she tires of it. A child's spirit is like a child, you can never catch it by running after it; you must stand still, and, for love, it will soon itself come back.

**Proctor:** Aye, that's the truth of it, Rebecca.

**Mrs. Putnam:** This is no silly season, Rebecca. My Ruth is bewildered, Rebecca; she cannot eat.

**Rebecca:** Perhaps she is not hungered yet. **To PARRIS:** I hope you are not decided to go in search of loose spirits, Mr. Parris. I've heard promise of that outside.

parish; a minister is not to be so lightly crossed and contradicted—

**Putnam:** Aye!

**Parris:** There is either obedience or the church will burn like Hell is burning!

**Proctor:** Can you speak one minute without we land in Hell again? I am sick of Hell!

**Parris:** It is not for you to say what is good for you to hear!

**Proctor:** I may speak my heart, I think!

**Parris, in a fury:** What, are we Quakers?<sup>4</sup> We are not Quakers here yet, Mr. Proctor. And you may tell that to your followers!

**Proctor:** My followers!

**Parris—now he's out with it:** There is a party in this church. I am not blind; there is a faction and a party.

**Proctor:** Against you?

**Putnam:** Against him and all authority!

**Proctor:** Why, then I must find it and join it.

*There is shock among the others.*

**Rebecca:** He does not mean that.

**Putnam:** He confessed it now!

**Proctor:** I mean it solemnly, Rebecca; I like not the smell of this "authority."

**Rebecca:** No, you cannot break charity with your minister. You are another kind, John. Clasp his hand, make your peace.

**Proctor:** I have a crop to sow and lumber to drag home. *He goes angrily to the door and turns to COREY with a smile.* What say you, Giles, let's find the party. He says there's a party.

**Giles:** I've changed my opinion of this man, John. Mr. Parris, I beg your pardon. I never thought you had so much iron in you.

**Parris, surprised:** Why, thank you, Giles!

**Giles:** It suggests to the mind what the trouble be among us all these years. *To all:* Think on it. Wherefore is everybody suing everybody else? Think on it now, it's a deep thing, and dark as a pit. I have been six time in court this year—

**Proctor, familiarly, with warmth, although he knows he is approaching the edge of GILES' tolerance with this:** Is it the Devil's fault that a man

cannot say you good morning without you clap him for defamation? You're old, Giles, and you're not hearin' so well as you did.

**Giles—be cannot be crossed:** John Proctor, I have only last month collected four pound damages for you publicly sayin' I burned the roof off your house, and I—

**Proctor, laughing:** I never said no such thing, but I've paid you for it, so I hope I can call you deaf without charge. Now come along, Giles, and help me drag my lumber home.

**Putnam:** A moment, Mr. Proctor. What lumber is that you're draggin', if I may ask you?

**Proctor:** My lumber. From out my forest by the riverside.

**Putnam:** Why, we are surely gone wild this year. What anarchy is this? That tract is in my bounds, it's in my bounds, Mr. Proctor.

**Proctor:** In your bounds! *Indicating REBECCA:* I bought that tract from Goody Nurse's husband five months ago.

**Putnam:** He had no right to sell it. It stands clear in my grandfather's will that all the land between the river and—

**Proctor:** Your grandfather had a habit of willing land that never belonged to him, if I may say it plain.

**Giles:** That's God's truth; he nearly willed away my north pasture but he knew I'd break his fingers before he'd set his name to it. Let's get your lumber home, John. I feel a sudden will to work coming on.

**Putnam:** You load one oak of mine and you'll fight to drag it home!

**Giles:** Aye, and we'll win too, Putnam—this fool and I. Come on! *He turns to PROCTOR and starts out.*

**Putnam:** I'll have my men on you, Corey! I'll clap a writ on you!

*Enter REVEREND JOHN HALE of Beverly.*

Mr. Hale is nearing forty, a tight-skinned, eager-eyed intellectual. This is a beloved errand for him; on being called here to ascertain witchcraft he felt the pride of the specialist whose unique knowledge has at last been publicly called for. Like almost all men of learning, he spent a good deal of his time pondering the invisible world, especially

4. **Quakers:** Most Quakers believe that no rite or formally trained priest is needed to commune with God; instead, divine truth can be found in one's "inner light."



since he had himself encountered a witch in his parish not long before. That woman, however, turned into a mere pest under his searching scrutiny, and the child she had allegedly been afflicting recovered her normal behavior after Hale had given her his kindness and a few days of rest in his own house. However, that experience never raised a doubt in his mind as to the reality of the underworld or the existence of Lucifer's many-faced lieutenants. And his belief is not to his discredit. Better minds than Hale's were—and still are—convinced that there is a society of spirits beyond our ken. One cannot help noting that one of his lines has never yet raised a laugh in any audience that has seen this play; it is his assurance that "We cannot look to superstition in this. The Devil is precise." Evidently we are not quite certain even now whether diabolism is holy and not to be scoffed at. And it is no accident that we should be so bemused.

Like Reverend Hale and the others on this stage, we conceive the Devil as a necessary part of a respectable view of cosmology. Ours is a divided empire in which certain ideas and emotions and actions are of God, and their opposites are of Lucifer. It is as impossible for most men to conceive of a morality without sin as of an earth without "sky." Since 1692 a great but superficial change has wiped out God's beard and the Devil's horns, but the world is still gripped between two diametrically opposed absolutes. The concept of unity, in which positive and negative are attributes of the same force, in which good and evil are relative, ever-changing, and always joined to the same phenomenon—such a concept is still reserved to the physical sciences and to the few who have grasped the history of ideas. When it is recalled that until the Christian era the underworld was never regarded as a hostile area, that all gods were useful and essentially friendly to man despite occasional lapses; when we see the steady and methodical inculcation into humanity of the idea of man's worthlessness—until redeemed—the necessity of the Devil may become evident as a weapon, a weapon designed and used time and time again in every age to whip men into a surrender to a particular church or church-state.

Our difficulty in believing the—for want of a better word—political inspiration of the Devil is

due in great part to the fact that he is called up and damned not only by our social antagonists but by our own side, whatever it may be. The Catholic Church, through its Inquisition,<sup>5</sup> is famous for cultivating Lucifer as the arch-fiend, but the Church's enemies relied no less upon the Old Boy to keep the human mind enthralled. Luther<sup>6</sup> was himself accused of alliance with Hell, and he in turn accused his enemies. To complicate matters further, he believed that he had had contact with the Devil, and had argued theology with him. I am not surprised at this, for at my own university a professor of history—a Lutheran, by the way—used to assemble his graduate students, draw the shades, and commune in the classroom with Erasmus.<sup>7</sup> He was never, to my knowledge, officially scoffed at for this, the reason being that the university officials, like most of us, are the children of a history which still sucks at the Devil's teats. At this writing, only England has held back before the temptations of contemporary diabolism. In the countries of the Communist ideology, all resistance of any import is linked to the totally malign capitalist succubi,<sup>8</sup> and in America any man who is not reactionary in his views is open to the charge of alliance with the Red hell. Political opposition, thereby, is given an inhumane overlay which then justifies the abrogation of all normally applied customs of civilized intercourse. A political policy is equated with moral right, and opposition to it with diabolical malevolence. Once such an equation is effectively made, society becomes a congerie of plots and counterplots, and the main role of government changes from that of the arbiter to that of the scourge of God.

The results of this process are no different now from what they ever were, except sometimes in the degree of cruelty inflicted, and not always

**5. Inquisition:** suppression and punishment, begun in the thirteenth century, by the Roman Catholic Church of people thought to hold heretical beliefs.

**6. Luther:** Martin Luther (1483–1546), a German theologian and leader of the Protestant Reformation.

**7. Erasmus** (i·raz'məs) (c. 1466–1536): Dutch scholar and humanist, who came into conflict with Luther over predestination. (Erasmus believed in free will.)

**8. succubi** (suk'yōō·bī): plural of *succubus*, a female evil spirit or demon thought in medieval times to have sexual intercourse with sleeping men.



even in that department. Normally the actions and deeds of a man were all that society felt comfortable in judging. The secret intent of an action was left to the ministers, priests, and rabbis to deal with. When diabolism rises, however, actions are the least important manifests of the true nature of a man. The Devil, as Reverend Hale said, is a wily one, and, until an hour before he fell, even God thought him beautiful in Heaven.

The analogy, however, seems to falter when one considers that, while there were no witches then, there are Communists and capitalists now, and in each camp there is certain proof that spies of each side are at work undermining the other. But this is a snobbish objection and not at all warranted by the facts. I have no doubt that people *were* communing with, and even worshipping, the Devil in Salem, and if the whole truth could be known in this case, as it is in others, we should discover a regular and conventionalized propitiation of the dark spirit. One certain evidence of this is the confession of Tituba, the slave of Reverend Parris, and another is the behavior of the children who were known to have indulged in sorceries with her.

There are accounts of similar *klatches* in Europe, where the daughters of the towns would assemble at night and, sometimes with fetishes, sometimes with a selected young man, give themselves to love, with some bastardly results. The Church, sharp-eyed as it must be when gods long dead are brought to life, condemned these orgies as witchcraft and interpreted them rightly, as a resurgence of the Dionysiac<sup>9</sup> forces it had crushed long before. Sex, sin, and the Devil were early linked, and so they continued to be in Salem, and are today. From all accounts there are no more puritanical mores in the world than those enforced by the Communists in Russia, where women's fashions, for instance, are as prudent and all-covering as any American Baptist would desire. The divorce laws lay a tremendous responsibility on the father for the care of his children. Even the laxity of divorce regulations in the early years of the revolution was undoubtedly a revulsion from the nineteenth-century Victorian immobility of

marriage and the consequent hypocrisy that developed from it. If for no other reasons, a state so powerful, so jealous of the uniformity of its citizens, cannot long tolerate the atomization of the family. And yet, in American eyes at least, there remains the conviction that the Russian attitude toward women is lascivious. It is the Devil working again, just as he is working within the Slav who is shocked at the very idea of a woman's disrobing herself in a burlesque show. Our opposites are always robed in sexual sin, and it is from this unconscious conviction that demonology gains both its attractive sensuality and its capacity to infuriate and frighten.

Coming into Salem now, Reverend Hale conceives of himself much as a young doctor on his first call. His painfully acquired armory of symptoms, catchwords, and diagnostic procedures is now to be put to use at last. The road from Beverly is unusually busy this morning, and he has passed a hundred rumors that make him smile at the ignorance of the yeomanry in this most precise science. He feels himself allied with the best minds of Europe—kings, philosophers, scientists, and ecclesiasts of all churches. His goal is light, goodness and its preservation, and he knows the exaltation of the blessed whose intelligence, sharpened by minute examinations of enormous tracts, is finally called upon to face what may be a bloody fight with the Fiend himself.

*He appears loaded down with half a dozen heavy books.*

**Hale:** Pray you, someone take these!

**Parris, delighted:** Mr. Hale! Oh! it's good to see you again! *Taking some books:* My, they're heavy!

**Hale, setting down his books:** They must be; they are weighted with authority.

**Parris, a little scared:** Well, you do come prepared!

**Hale:** We shall need hard study if it comes to tracking down the Old Boy. *Noticing REBECCA:* You cannot be Rebecca Nurse?

**Rebecca:** I am, sir. Do you know me?

**Hale:** It's strange how I knew you, but I suppose you look as such a good soul should. We have all heard of your great charities in Beverly.

**Parris:** Do you know this gentleman? Mr. Thomas Putnam. And his good wife Ann.

9. **Dionysiac** (dī'ə-nis'ē-ak): like Dionysius (dī'ə-nish'əs), the ancient Greek god of wine and revelry.



**Hale:** Putnam! I had not expected such distinguished company, sir.

**Putnam, pleased:** It does not seem to help us today, Mr. Hale. We look to you to come to our house and save our child.

**Hale:** Your child ails too?

**Mrs. Putnam:** Her soul, her soul seems flown away. She sleeps and yet she walks . . .

**Putnam:** She cannot eat.

**Hale:** Cannot eat! *Thinks on it. Then, to PROCTOR and GILES COREY:* Do you men have afflicted children?

**Parris:** No, no, these are farmers. John Proctor—  
**Giles Corey:** He don't believe in witches.

**Proctor, to HALE:** I never spoke on witches one way or the other. Will you come, Giles?

**Giles:** No—no, John, I think not. I have some few queer questions of my own to ask this fellow.

**Proctor:** I've heard you to be a sensible man, Mr. Hale. I hope you'll leave some of it in Salem.

PROCTOR goes. HALE stands embarrassed for an instant.

**Parris, quickly:** Will you look at my daughter, sir? *Leads HALE to the bed.* She has tried to leap out the window; we discovered her this morning on the highroad, waving her arms as though she'd fly.

**Hale, narrowing his eyes:** Tries to fly.

**Putnam:** She cannot bear to hear the Lord's name, Mr. Hale; that's a sure sign of witchcraft afloat.

**Hale, holding up his hands:** No, no. Now let me instruct you. We cannot look to superstition in this. The Devil is precise; the marks of his presence are definite as stone, and I must tell you all that I shall not proceed unless you are prepared to believe me if I should find no bruise of Hell upon her.

**Parris:** It is agreed, sir—it is agreed—we will abide by your judgment.

**Hale:** Good then. *He goes to the bed, looks down at BETTY. To PARRIS:* Now, sir, what were your first warning of this strangeness?

**Parris:** Why, sir—I discovered her—*indicating ABIGAIL*—and my niece and ten or twelve of the other girls, dancing in the forest last night.

**Hale, surprised:** You permit dancing?

**Parris:** No, no, it were secret—

**Mrs. Putnam, unable to wait:** Mr. Parris's slave has knowledge of conjuring, sir.

**Parris, to MRS. PUTNAM:** We cannot be sure of that, Goody Ann—

**Mrs. Putnam, frightened, very softly:** I know it, sir. I sent my child—she should learn from Tituba who murdered her sisters.

**Rebecca, horrified:** Goody Ann! You sent a child to conjure up the dead?

**Mrs. Putnam:** Let God blame me, not you, not you, Rebecca! I'll not have you judging me any more! *To HALE:* Is it a natural work to lose seven children before they live a day?

**Parris:** Sssh!

REBECCA, with great pain, turns her face away. *There is a pause.*

**Hale:** Seven dead in childbirth.

**Mrs. Putnam, softly:** Aye. *Her voice breaks; she looks up at him. Silence. HALE is impressed. PARRIS looks to him. He goes to his books, opens one, turns pages, then reads. All wait, avidly.*

**Parris, bushed:** What book is that?

**Mrs. Putnam:** What's there, sir?

**Hale, with a tasty love of intellectual pursuit:** Here is all the invisible world, caught, defined, and calculated. In these books the Devil stands stripped of all his brute disguises. Here are all your familiar spirits—your incubi and succubi; your witches that go by land, by air, and by sea; your wizards of the night and of the day. Have no fear now—we shall find him out if he has come among us, and I mean to crush him utterly if he has shown his face! *He starts for the bed.*

**Rebecca:** Will it hurt the child, sir?

**Hale:** I cannot tell. If she is truly in the Devil's grip we may have to rip and tear to get her free.

**Rebecca:** I think I'll go, then. I am too old for this. *She rises.*

**Parris, striving for conviction:** Why, Rebecca, we may open up the boil of all our troubles today!

**Rebecca:** Let us hope for that. I go to God for you, sir.

"I mean to crush him  
utterly . . ."

**Parris, with trepidation—and resentment:** I hope you do not mean we go to Satan here! *Slight pause.*

**Rebecca:** I wish I knew. *She goes out; they feel resentful of her note of moral superiority.*

**Putnam, abruptly:** Come, Mr. Hale, let's get on. Sit you here.

**Giles:** Mr. Hale, I have always wanted to ask a learned man—what signifies the readin' of strange books?

**Hale:** What books?

**Giles:** I cannot tell; she hides them.

**Hale:** Who does this?

**Giles:** Martha, my wife. I have waked at night many a time and found her in a corner, readin' of a book. Now what do you make of that?

**Hale:** Why, that's not necessarily—

**Giles:** It discomfits me! Last night—mark this—I tried and tried and could not say my prayers. And then she close her book and walks out of the house, and suddenly—mark this—I could pray again!

Old Giles must be spoken for, if only because his fate was to be so remarkable and so different from that of all the others. He was in his early eighties at this time, and was the most comical hero in the history. No man has ever been blamed for so much. If a cow was missed, the first thought was to look for her around Corey's house; a fire blazing up at night brought suspicion of arson to his door. He didn't give a hoot for public opinion, and only in his last years—after he had married Martha—did he bother much with the church. That she stopped his prayer is very probable, but he forgot to say that he'd only recently learned any prayers and it didn't take much to make him stumble over them. He was a crank and a nuisance, but withal a deeply innocent and brave man. In court, once, he was asked if it were true that he had been frightened by the strange behavior of a hog and had then said he knew it to be the Devil in an animal's shape. "What frightened you?" he was asked. He forgot everything but the word "frighted," and instantly replied, "I do not know that I ever spoke that word in my life."

**Hale:** Ah! The stoppage of prayer—that is strange. I'll speak further on that with you.

**Giles:** I'm not sayin' she's touched the Devil, now, but I'd admire to know what books she reads and why she hides them. She'll not answer me, y' see.

**Hale:** Aye, we'll discuss it. *To all:* Now mark me, if the Devil is in her you will witness some frightful wonders in this room, so please to keep your wits about you. Mr. Putnam, stand close in case she flies. Now, Betty, dear, will you sit up? *PUTNAM comes in closer, ready-handed. HALE sits BETTY up, but she hangs limp in his hands. Hmmm. He observes her carefully. The others watch breathlessly.* Can you hear me? I am John Hale, minister of Beverly. I have come to help you, dear. Do you remember my two little girls in Beverly? *She does not stir in his hands.*

**Parris, in fright:** How can it be the Devil? Why would he choose my house to strike? We have all manner of licentious people in the village!

**Hale:** What victory would the Devil have to win a soul already bad? It is the best the Devil wants, and who is better than the minister?

**Giles:** That's deep, Mr. Parris, deep, deep!

**Parris, with resolution now:** Betty! Answer Mr. Hale! Betty!

**Hale:** Does someone afflict you, child? It need not be a woman, mind you, or a man. Perhaps some bird invisible to others comes to you—perhaps a pig, a mouse, or any beast at all. Is there some figure bids you fly? *The child remains limp in his hands. In silence he lays her back on the pillow. Now, holding out his hands toward her, he intones:* In nomine Domini Sabaoth sui filii que ite ad infernos.<sup>10</sup> *She does not stir. He turns to ABIGAIL, his eyes narrowing.* Abigail, what sort of dancing were you doing with her in the forest?

**Abigail:** Why—common dancing is all.

**Parris:** I think I ought to say that I—I saw a kettle in the grass where they were dancing.

**Abigail:** That were only soup.

**Hale:** What sort of soup were in this kettle, Abigail?

**Abigail:** Why, it were beans—and lentils, I think, and—

**Hale:** Mr. Parris, you did not notice, did you, any living thing in the kettle? A mouse, perhaps, a spider, a frog—?

10. *In nomine Domini Sabaoth sui filii que ite ad infernos:* Latin for "In the name of the Lord of Hosts and his son, get thee to hell."



**Parris, fearfully:** I—do believe there were some movement—in the soup.

**Abigail:** That jumped in, we never put it in!

**Hale, quickly:** What jumped in?

**Abigail:** Why, a very little frog jumped—

**Parris:** A frog, Abby!

**Hale, grasping ABIGAIL:** Abigail, it may be your cousin is dying. Did you call the Devil last night?

**Abigail:** I never called him? Tituba, Tituba . . .

**Parris, blanched:** She called the Devil?

**Hale:** I should like to speak with Tituba.

**Parris:** Goody Ann, will you bring her up? MRS. PUTNAM exits.

**Hale:** How did she call him?

**Abigail:** I know not—she spoke Barbados.

**Hale:** Did you feel any strangeness when she called him? A sudden cold wind, perhaps? A trembling below the ground?

**Abigail:** I didn't see no Devil! *Shaking BETTY:* Betty! wake up. Betty! Betty!

**Hale:** You cannot evade me, Abigail. Did your cousin drink any of the brew in that kettle?

**Abigail:** She never drank it!

**Hale:** Did you drink it?

**Abigail:** No, sir!

**Hale:** Did Tituba ask you to drink it?

**Abigail:** She tried, but I refused.

**Hale:** Why are you concealing? Have you sold yourself to Lucifer?

**Abigail:** I never sold myself! I'm a good girl! I'm a proper girl!

MRS. PUTNAM enters with TITUBA, and instantly ABIGAIL points at TITUBA.

**Abigail:** She made me do it! She made Betty do it!

**Tituba, shocked and angry:** Abby!

**Abigail:** She makes me drink blood!

**Parris:** Blood!!

**Mrs. Putnam:** My baby's blood?

**Tituba:** No, no, chicken blood. I give she chicken blood!

**Hale:** Woman, have you enlisted these children for the Devil?

**Tituba:** No, no, sir, I don't truck with no Devil!

**Hale:** Why can she not wake? Are you silencing this child?

**Tituba:** I love me Betty!

**Hale:** You have sent your spirit out upon this

child, have you not? Are you gathering souls for the Devil?

**Abigail:** She sends her spirit on me in church; she makes me laugh at prayer!

**Parris:** She have often laughed at prayer!

**Abigail:** She comes to me every night to go and drink blood!

**Tituba:** You beg *me* to conjure! She beg *me* make charm—

**Abigail:** Don't lie! *To HALE:* She comes to me while I sleep; she's always making me dream corruptions!

**Tituba:** Why you say that, Abby?

**Abigail:** Sometimes I wake and find myself standing in the open doorway and not a stitch on my body! I always hear her laughing in my sleep. I hear her singing her Barbados songs and tempting me with—

**Tituba:** Mister Reverend, I never—

**Hale, resolved now:** Tituba, I want you to wake this child.

**Tituba:** I have no power on this child, sir.

**Hale:** You most certainly do, and you will free her from it now! When did you compact with the Devil?

**Tituba:** I don't compact with no Devil!

**Parris:** You will confess yourself or I will take you out and whip you to your death, Tituba!

**Putnam:** This woman must be hanged! She must be taken and hanged!

**Tituba, terrified, falls to her knees:** No, no, don't hang Tituba! I tell him I don't desire to work for him, sir.

**Parris:** The Devil?

**Hale:** Then you saw him! TITUBA weeps. Now Tituba, I know that when we bind ourselves to Hell it is very hard to break with it. We are going to help you tear yourself free—

**Tituba, frightened by the coming process:** Mister Reverend, I do believe somebody else be witchin' these children.

**Hale:** Who?

**Tituba:** I don't know, sir, but the Devil got him numerous witches.

**Hale:** Does he! *It is a clue.* Tituba, look into my eyes. Come, look into me. *She raises her eyes to his fearfully.* You would be a good Christian woman, would you not, Tituba?

**Tituba:** Aye, sir, a good Christian woman.



**Hale:** And you love these little children?

**Tituba:** Oh, yes, sir, I don't desire to hurt little children.

**Hale:** And you love God, Tituba?

**Tituba:** I love God with all my bein'!

**Hale:** Now, in God's holy name—

**Tituba:** Bless Him. Bless Him. *She is rocking on her knees, sobbing in terror.*

**Hale:** And to His glory—

**Tituba:** Eternal glory. Bless Him—bless God . . .

**Hale:** Open yourself, Tituba—open yourself and let God's holy light shine on you.

**Tituba:** Oh, bless the Lord.

**Hale:** When the Devil comes to you does he ever come—with another person? *She stares up into his face.* Perhaps another person in the village? Someone you know.

**Parris:** Who came with him?

**Putnam:** Sarah Good? Did you ever see Sarah Good with him? Or Osburn?

**Parris:** Was it man or woman came with him?

**Tituba:** Man or woman. Was—was woman.

**Parris:** What woman? A woman, you said. What woman?

**Tituba:** It was black dark, and I—

**Parris:** You could see him, why could you not see her?

**Tituba:** Well, they was always talking; they was always runnin' round and carryin' on—

**Parris:** You mean out of Salem? Salem witches?

**Tituba:** I believe so, yes, sir.

*NOW HALE takes her hand. She is surprised.*

**Hale:** Tituba. You must have no fear to tell us who they are, do you understand? We will protect you. The Devil can never overcome a minister. You know that, do you not?

**Tituba—she kisses HALE's hand:** Aye, sir, oh, I do.

**Hale:** You have confessed yourself to witchcraft, and that speaks a wish to come to Heaven's side. And we will bless you, Tituba.

**Tituba, deeply relieved:** Oh, God bless you, Mr. Hale!

**Hale, with rising exaltation:** You are God's instrument put in our hands to discover the Devil's agents among us. You are selected, Tituba, you are chosen to help us cleanse our village. So speak utterly, Tituba, turn your back on him and face God—face God, Tituba, and God will protect you.

**Tituba, joining with him:** Oh, God, protect Tituba!

**Hale, kindly:** Who came to you with the Devil? Two? Three? Four? How many?

*TITUBA pants and begins rocking back and forth again, staring ahead.*

**Tituba:** There was four. There was four.

**Parris, pressing in on her:** Who? Who? Their names, their names!

**Tituba, suddenly bursting out:** Oh, how many times he bid me kill you, Mr. Parris!

**Parris:** Kill me!

**Tituba, in a fury:** He say Mr. Parris must be kill! Mr. Parris no goodly man, Mr. Parris mean man and no gentle man, and he bid me rise out of my bed and cut your throat! *They gasp.* But I tell him "No! I don't hate that man. I don't want kill that man." But he say, "You work for me, Tituba, and I make you free! I give you pretty dress to wear, and put you way high up in the air, and you gone fly back to Barbados!" And I say, "You lie, Devil, you lie!" And then he come one stormy night to me, and he say, "Look! I have *white* people belong to me." And I look—and there was Goody Good.

**Parris:** Sarah Good!

**Tituba, rocking and weeping:** Aye, sir, and Goody Osburn.

**Mrs. Putnam:** I knew it! Goody Osburn were midwife to me three times. I begged you, Thomas, did I not? I begged him not to call Osburn because I feared her. My babies always shriveled in her hands!

**Hale:** Take courage, you must give us all their names. How can you bear to see this child suffering? Look at her, Tituba. *He is indicating BETTY on the bed.* Look at her God-given innocence; her soul is so tender; we must protect her, Tituba; the Devil is out and preying on her like a beast upon the flesh of the pure lamb. God will bless you for your help.

*ABIGAIL rises, staring as though inspired, and cries out.*

**Abigail:** I want to open myself! *They turn to her, startled. She is enraptured, as though in a pearly light.* I want the light of God, I want the sweet love of Jesus! I danced for the Devil; I saw him; I wrote in his book; I go back to Jesus; I kiss His

hand. I saw Sarah Good with the Devil! I saw Goody Osburn with the Devil! I saw Bridget Bishop with the Devil!

*As she is speaking, BETTY is rising from the bed, a fever in her eyes, and picks up the chant.*

**Betty, staring too:** I saw George Jacobs with the Devil! I saw Goody Howe with the Devil!

**Parris:** She speaks! *He rushes to embrace BETTY.* She speaks!

**Hale:** Glory to God! It is broken, they are free!

**Betty, calling out hysterically and with great relief:** I saw Martha Bellows with the Devil!

**Abigail:** I saw Goody Sibber with the Devil! *It is rising to a great glee.*

**Putnam:** The marshal, I'll call the marshal!

*PARRIS is shouting a prayer of thanksgiving.*

**Betty:** I saw Alice Barrow with the Devil!

*The curtain begins to fall.*

**Hale, as PUTNAM goes out:** Let the marshal bring irons!

**Abigail:** I saw Goody Hawkins with the Devil!

**Betty:** I saw Goody Bibber with the Devil!

**Abigail:** I saw Goody Booth with the Devil!

*On their ecstatic cries*

*The curtain falls*

## MAKING MEANINGS

### Act One


#### First Thoughts

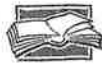
1. What do you think of Abigail, and what would you have said to her if you had been present at the end of Act One?

#### Reading Check

- a. When Abigail is alone with Proctor, what claim does she make?
- b. Whom has Parris invited to Salem?
- c. Why are both Mrs. Putnam and Abigail interested in Tituba's "conjuring"?

#### Shaping Interpretations

2. Why is Reverend Parris so terrified by the events in Salem? What possible result does he fear?
3. How would you explain the "illnesses" of Betty and Ruth?
4. Using your reading notes as a guide,  reread the background information that Miller provides about the history of Salem, in order to find out when important events occurred. Then make a **time line** that places in rough **chronological order** events such as the murder of Abigail's parents, the dispute over the election of the minister, the battle over Francis Nurse's land, and the death of Mrs. Putnam's babies.

5. How would you interpret Abigail's relationship to the other girls and her relationship to Proctor? Be sure to check your reading notes. 

6. Summarize Hale's view of his mission in Salem. What does he mean when he says the Devil is "precise"?

7. At the beginning of the act, Tituba enters Betty's bedroom in fright because she knows "trouble in this house eventually lands on her back." Are her fears justified? To what extent is Tituba a scapegoat for Abigail and the other girls, and to what extent does she share responsibility for the witch hunt?

8. At the end of the act, what do you think is Abigail's **motivation** to "open" herself and begin naming names?

9. A **static character** changes little or not at all during a story. A **dynamic character** changes in an important way as a result of the story's action. Among the characters introduced in Act One, which do you think have potential for change as the play progresses?

#### Connecting with the Text

10. When someone is accused of a crime today, do people still have a tendency to "jump on the bandwagon" with the accusers? Explain your answer.