

ASSIGNMENT	DR. BY _____	RA
UNIT 8	CH. BY _____	

2. LANGUAGE IS A TOOL, LETS EXPRESS OURSELVES





In this resource we offer several examples of linguistic expression. Theater, a sample of a play by Federico García Lorca, Yerma (1934), a sample of a Poem of Luminita Mihai Cioaba (2012) God Himself Has Told Us Thus “Poems of yesterday and today”, and a sample of narrative text, an interview.

We present these didactic resources and materials that can be used in the language and communication session
“LANGAUAGE IS A TOOL, LET'S EXPRESS OURSELVESS!”



SAMPLE OF A THEATRE PLAY (YERMA)

YERMA (1934) Federico García Lorca.

Cast List:

Yerma
Maria
Juan
Victor
Old Pagan Woman
Dolores
First Washer-Woman
Second Washer-Woman
Third Washer-Woman
Fourth Washer-Woman
Fifth Washer-Woman
Sixth Washer-Woman
First Young Girl
Second Young Girl
Female Mask
Male Mask
First Sister-in-Law
Second Sister-in-Law
First Woman
Second Woman
Child
First Man
Second Man
Third Man



Act I Scene 1

(When the curtain rises Yerma is asleep with an embroidery frame at her feet. A strange dreamy light fills the stage. A shepherd enters on tiptoe, gazing fixedly at Yerma. He leads a child dressed in white by the hand. The clock sounds. The shepherd leaves and the bluish light becomes the bright light of a spring morning. Yerma wakes.)

Voice singing(within)

For a cradle, cradle, cradle
for a cradle we will make
a little cabin in the meadow
and then shelter there'll we take.

Yerma Juan. Do you hear me? Juan.

Juan I'm on my way.

Yerma It's time.

Juan Have the oxen gone by?

Yerma They've already gone.

Juan See you later. (He prepares to leave)

Yerma You won't take a glass of milk?

Juan What for?

Yerma You work hard and you're not made for work.

Juan When men are thin they're strong, like steel.

Yerma Not you, though. When we married you were different. Now you're white-faced as if the sun never shines on you. I'd like to see you swim in the river, or climb on the roof when the rain is beating on our house. We've been married twenty months, and your face gets sadder, thinner, as if you were shrinking.



Juan Have you done?

Yerma (Rising) Don't take it amiss. If I were ill I'd want you to take care of me. 'My wife's ill: I'll slaughter this lamb and make her a good meat stew. My wife's sick: I'll keep this chicken-fat to ease her chest; I'll take this sheepskin to protect her feet from the cold.' That's how I am. That's why I take care of you.

Juan And I'm grateful for it.

Yerma But you don't let me.

Juan Because there's nothing the matter with me. It's just your imagination. I work hard. Every year I grow a little older.

Yerma Every year...You and I will stay on here year after year...

Juan (Smiling) Naturally. And peacefully, too. The work is going well, we've no children to worry about.

Yerma No children....Juan!

Juan What is it?

Yerma Is it because I don't love you enough?

Juan You love me.

Yerma I know girls who've trembled and wept before they climbed into bed with their husbands. Did I cry the first time I slept with you? Didn't I sing as I turned back the fine linen? Didn't I say: 'What a scent of apples these sheets hold?'

Juan That's what you said!

Yerma My mother wept because I wasn't sorry to leave her. And it was true! No one was ever happier at being married. And yet...

Juan Hush.

Yerma will hush. And yet...

JuanIt's too much, having to listen to it all the time...

YermaNo. Don't tell me what they say. I see with my own eyes it's not true...the force of the rain falling on stone makes it crumble to soil, and weeds grow that people say are fit for nothing. Weeds may be fit for nothing, yet I still see their yellow flowers blowing in the breeze.

JuanWe must hope!

Yerma Yes, and love each other! (Yerma , taking the initiative, kisses and embraces her husband)

Juan If you need anything tell me and I'll get it for you. You know I don't like you going out.

Yerma I never go out.

Juan You're better off here.

Yerma Yes.

Juan The streets are for idlers.

Yerma(Darkly) Of course.

(The husband leaves and Yerma goes back to her sewing. She passes her hand over her belly, lifts her arms in a beautiful sigh, and sits down to sew.)



Yerma Where do you come from, my child?

'From heights that are icy cold.'

(She threads the needle)

What do you need, my love?

'The warm feel of your robe.'

Let branches stir in the light
and fountains leap in the air!

(As if she is speaking to her child)

A dog barks in the yard,

a breeze sings in the trees.

The ox lows for the herdsman
and the moon ruffles my hair.

What do you wish, child, far away?

(She pauses)

'The white hills of your breast'

Let branches stir in the light
and fountains leap in the air!

(Sewing)

I can only say yes, my child.

I'll be broken and torn for you.

What a grief it is to me now,
your first cradle, this womb!

When, my child, will you come?

(Pause)

'When it smells of jasmine, your flesh.'

Let branches stir in the light
and fountains leap in the air!

(Yerma continues singing. Maria enters through the doorway carrying a bundle of clothes.)

Where have you come from?



Maria From the store.

Yerma From the store, so early?

Maria I'd have waited at the door till they opened to get what I wanted.
Can you guess what I bought?

Yerma I'd imagine coffee for breakfast, sugar, bread.

Maria No. I bought lace, three lengths of cloth, ribbons and coloured wool to make tassels. My husband had money and he gave it to me.

Yerma You're going to make a blouse.

Maria No, it's for....you know?

Yerma What?

Maria Because it's arrived! (She lowers her head)

(**Yerma** rises and looks at her admiringly.)

Yerma In only five months!

Maria Yes!

Yerma You can tell it's there?

Maria Of course.

Yerma (With curiosity) And how do you feel?

Maria I don't know. (Pause) Worried.

Yerma Worried. (She takes hold of her) But...when did it come? Tell me...
You weren't expecting it?

Maria No, I wasn't...

Yerma You could have been singing, couldn't you? I'm singing. You must...tell me about it...

Maria Don't ask. Have you ever held a live bird cupped in your hands?

Yerma Yes.

Maria It's the same...but deep inside you.

Yerma How beautiful! (She gazes at her, at a loss)

Maria I'm anxious. I don't know a thing.

Yerma About what?

Maria About what I should do. I'll ask my mother.

Yerma Why her? She's old and she's forgotten about all that. Don't walk too much, and when you breathe, breathe as softly as if you had a rose between your teeth.

Maria Listen, they say that later he kicks you gently with his little legs.

Yerma And that makes you love him more, when you can say 'My son!'

Maria In the midst of it all I feel embarrassed.

Yerma What did your husband say?

Maria Nothing.

Yerma He loves you deeply?

Maria He doesn't say, but he clasps me and his eyelids quiver like green leaves.

Yerma Did he know that....?

Maria Yes.

Yerma And how did he know?

Maria I don't know. But on our wedding night he kept saying it to me with his mouth pressed against my cheek, so my child seems like a dove of light he set free in my ear.

Yerma What joy!

Maria But you know more about this than I do.

Yerma What use is it to me?

Maria It's true! Why that should be? Of all the brides of your year you are the only one...

Yerma That's how it is. Of course there's still time. Helena took three years, and others in my mother's day even longer, but five years and twenty days, like me, is too long to wait. I don't think it is right for me to wear away my life here. Many a night I go out in the yard barefoot to walk about, I don't know why. If I go on like this, I'll end badly.

Maria See here, you foolish creature! You're talking like an old woman. What are you saying! No one should worry about these things. One of my mother's sisters had one after fourteen years, and you should have seen how beautiful a child it was!

Yerma (Eagerly) What was he like?

Maria He bellowed like a little bull, with the energy of a thousand cicadas all buzzing at once, and he peed on us, and tugged our plaits, and when he was four months old he covered our faces with scratches.

Yerma (Laughing) But it doesn't hurt.

Maria I tell you...

Yerma Bah! I've seen my sister feed her child, and her breasts covered with scratches, and it hurt a lot, but it was a new pain, a good one, essential to health.

Maria They say you suffer a lot with children.

Yerma It's a lie. That's what weak, complaining mothers say. Why do they have them? Having a child is no bouquet of roses. We must suffer if they're to grow. I sometimes think we must give half our blood to them. But that's good; healthy, beautiful. Every woman has enough blood for four or five children, and when she doesn't have them it sours her, as it shall me.

Maria I don't know what's wrong with me.

Yerma I've heard the first time always makes you fearful.

Maria (Timidly) We'll see....How well you sew...

Yerma (Taking her bundle) Give that to me. I'll cut you out two little dresses. And this?

Maria For diapers.

Yerma Good. (She sits down)

Maria Well then...till later.
(As she comes near Yerma presses her belly lovingly)

Yerma Don't go running over the cobblestones.

Maria Bye. (She kisses her and exits)

Yerma Come again soon.

(Yerma is in the same position as at the start of the scene. She takes her scissors and begins cutting out. Victor enters.)
Hello Victor.

Victor(He has depth and a solid gravitas about him) Where's Juan?

Yerma Out in the fields.

Victor What's that you're sewing?

Yerma I'm sewing diapers.

Victor (Smiling) Bravo!

Yerma (Laughing) I'm going to trim them with lace.

Victor If it's a girl, name her after yourself.

Yerma (Trembling) What?

Victor I'm happy for you.

Yerma (Almost choking) No...they're not mine! They're for Maria's baby.

Victor Fine, let's see if her example encourages you. This house needs a child.

Yerma (With anguish) Needs one!

Victor You can do it. Tell your husband to think about work less. He wants to make money and he will, but who will he leave it to when he dies? I'm going out to my sheep. Tell Juan to take the two he brought from me. And about the other thing...try harder! (He exits, smiling)

Yerma (Passionately) That's it: try harder!

(Yerma who has risen, in thought, goes to the place where Victor stood and breathes deeply as if she were breathing mountain air. Then she goes to the other side of the room as if seeking something, and then sits down and takes up the sewing again. She begins to sew and remains there with fixed gaze)

Curtain



SAMPLE OF A POEM. GOD HIMSELF HAS TOLD US THUS

Luminita Mihai Cioaba (from the book "poems of yesterday
and today")

God Himself Has Told Us Thus

God Almighty gave to us
All the Earth in all its breadth
Road without horses there cannot be
Flowers without spring
Woods without anyone singing
And a land without romas.
Where I in this wide world
Nothing at all would i have known
But there is no life without love
Neither day without its night
Man without his heart
Neither Roma without gold.
O, green leaf with its twenty -two buds,
Everywhere there is a Roma or two,
But God has given us mighty gifts
This our heart so full of songs
So to walk all over the Earth
Everywhere we'll ever be.

Luminița Mihai Cioabă
Poems of yesterday and today



Sibiu
2012

SAMPLE OF A NARRATIVE TEXT

Philomena Franz

<https://www.roma-sinti-holocaust-memorial-day.eu/statements/statements-2021/philomea-franz/>

A portrait of an elderly woman, Philomena Franz, with dark hair pulled back, wearing a black and white patterned top. She has a serious expression. Overlaid on the left side of her face is a piece of yellow paper with handwritten text in blue ink. The text is partially cut off on the right side.

... strongly
the moment
letter at y
men, you'll
more to learn
out...

