**Review for Quiz**

1. What is the “Divine Right of Kings?” Why does this concept matter in relation to *MacBeth*? Find proof. How are the ideas in “The Great Chain of Being” reinforced in Act 1?

2. What is a soliloquy? How does it differ from an aside and a monologue?

3. Be prepared to complete and close read of a soliloquy (we practiced with the Lady Macbeth example shown below).

4. What is iambic pentameter? Trochaic tetrameter? What purpose do they serve in Macbeth?

5. How are juxtapositions and ambiguities used in Macbeth?

**Macbeth and Lady Macbeth’s Soliloquies**

1. Identify the imagery that is used (words that appeal to the senses). How does this enhance your understanding of the speech?
2. What language devices are used? (ambiguities, juxtaposition, personification.)
3. Comment on the sound devices that are used and how they impact the delivery and effect of the speech. Consider the use of rhetorical questions and repetition (anaphora – a form of repetition whereby more than two lines or sentences begin with a repeating word/phrase).
4. What is the mood of the speech?
5. Listen closely. How does the actor use his/her voice as a performance tool?
6. Watch closely. What else does the actor do to add meaning and emotion to these words? For example, how does she or he use gestures, facial expressions, and movement to enrich the words?
7. How do camera shots, angles, lighting, setting, and/or special effects contribute to the interpretation of this scene?

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| **Macbeth Act 1, Scene 3, lines 137-152** | **Lady Macbeth** **Act 1, Scene 5, lines 39-62** |
|  Two truths are told,As happy prologues to the swelling actOf the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—This supernatural soliciting 140Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,Why hath it given me earnest of success,Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:If good, why do I yield to that suggestionWhose horrid image doth unfix my hair 145And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,Against the use of nature? Present fearsAre less than horrible imaginings:My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,Shakes my single state of man that functionI smother’d in surmise; and nothing isBut what is not. |  Give him tending;He brings great news.  The raven himself is hoarseThat croaks the fatal entrance of DuncanUnder my battlements. Come, you spiritsThat tend on my mortal thoughts, unsex me here,And fill me, from crown to the toe, top-full 45Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,Stop up the access and passage to remorse,That no compunctious visitings of natureShake my fell purpose, nor keep peace betweenThe effect and it! Come to my woman’s breasts, 50And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,Wherever in your sightless substancesYou wait on nature’s mischief! Come, thick night,And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,That my keen knife see not the wound it makes, Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,To cry, “Hold, hold!” 57 |