

Name: _____ Period: _____ Date: _____

The passage below is a draft, and every sentence is numbered. Read it like it's your writing and you intend to improve it before turning it in. Then, colorcode its line of reasoning (yellow=claim, blue=reason(s), green=evidence, orange=source/citation, pink=commentary, purple=context). Make three notes in the margin about improvements that need to be made to make it a more effective piece of writing.

(1) There is probably no better-known writer in the world than William Shakespeare, who was born in England's Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564 and died in 1616. (2) His plays have been translated into every major language and are performed continually, and he is widely considered the greatest dramatist who ever lived. (3) Does any other writer even come close?

(4) This question, as strange as it may seem, started being asked in earnest during the Victorian era of mid-nineteenth-century England (and persists to this day). (5) How, the Anti-Stratfordians (the name for those who challenge Shakespeare's authorship) wondered, could such wonderful works, displaying such a broad education, aristocratic sensibility, and familiarity with the royal courts, have been written by someone with Shakespeare's background?

(6) According to these skeptics, Shakespeare's humble origins—he was the son of a glove maker and raised in a small market town—meant he could not have attained the education or social connections necessary to have been the author of these works. (7) The real author, they asserted, must have been a well-educated and well-connected aristocrat who needed to shield his or her true identity for some reason (there have been approximately 80 potential candidates proposed since the mid-nineteenth century). (8) Among the most popular candidates were philosopher Sir Francis Bacon; Edward de Vere, the 17th Earl of Oxford; and poet and playwright Christopher Marlowe.

(9) This argument, like others made by the Anti-Stratfordians (for example, their claim that Shakespeare's authorship is discredited by irregularities in the spelling of his name that were quite common at the time) is completely unconvincing. (10) For one thing, there was an excellent grammar school near Shakespeare's home, where he would have had access to an outstanding free education in Latin, the classics, and rhetoric. (11) Still, because Shakespeare's father was both a prosperous merchant and the town bailiff, it is almost certain that Shakespeare would have attended this school. (12) Moreover, once Shakespeare moved to London as a young man, he would have been exposed to a wealth of ideas and knowledge, which, good for us, he used to create some of the greatest works of literature the world has ever known.

The passage below comes from some excerpts from an essay published back in the 1940s. Please SPACE-CAT it by colorcoding the text (with one color for each element of SPACE-CAT) and making annotations in the margin answering the guiding SPACE-CAT questions.

It is the fate of actors to leave only picture postcards behind them. Every night when the curtain goes down the beautiful coloured canvas is rubbed out. What Line remains is at best only a wavering, insubstantial phantom—a verbal life on the lips of the living. Ellen Terry was well aware of it. She tried herself, overcome by the greatness of Irving as Hamlet and indignant at the caricatures of his detractors, to describe what she remembered. It was in vain. She dropped her pen in despair. “Oh God, that I were a writer!” she cried. “Surely a *writer* could not string words together about Henry Irving’s Hamlet and say *nothing, nothing*.” It never struck her, humble as she was, and obsessed by her lack of book learning, that she was, among other things, a writer. It never occurred to her when she wrote her autobiography, or scribbled page after page to Bernard Shaw late at night, dead tired after a rehearsal, that she was “writing.” The words in her beautiful rapid hand bubbled off her pen. With dashes and notes of exclamation she tried to give them the very tone and stress of the spoken word. It is true, she could not build a house with words, one room opening out of another, and a staircase connecting the whole. But whatever she took up became in her warm, sensitive grasp a tool. If it was a rolling-pin, she made perfect pastry. If it was a carving knife, perfect slices fell from the leg of mutton. If it were a pen, words peeled off, some broken, some suspended in mid-air, but all far more expressive than the tappings of the professional typewriter.

With her pen then at odds and ends of time she has painted a self-portrait. It is not an Academy portrait, glazed, framed, complete. It is rather a bundle of loose leaves upon each of which she has dashed off a sketch for a portrait—here a nose, here an arm, here a foot, and there a mere scribble in the margin. The sketches done in different moods, from different angles, sometimes contradict each other.

Which, then, of all these women is the real Ellen Terry? How are we to put the scattered sketches together? Is she mother, wife, cook, critic, actress, or should she have been, after all, a painter? Each part seems the right part until she throws it aside and plays another. Something of Ellen Terry it seems overflowed every part and remained unacted. Shakespeare could not fit her; not Ibsen; nor Shaw. The stage could not hold her; nor the nursery. But there is, after all, a greater dramatist than Shakespeare, Ibsen, or Shaw. There is Nature. Hers is so vast a stage, and so innumerable a company of actors, that for the most part she fobs them off with a tag or two. They come on and they go off without breaking the ranks. But now and again Nature creates a new part, an original part. The actors who act that part always defy our attempts to name them. They will not act the stock parts—they forget the words, they improvise others of their own. But when they come on the stage falls like a pack of cards and the limelights are extinguished. That was Ellen Terry’s fate—to act a new part. And thus while other actors are remembered because they were Hamlet, Phèdre, or Cleopatra, Ellen Terry is remembered because she was Ellen Terry.