



Identification of the educational scenario

1.1 Title of the scenario

RIGHT TO MULTICULTURALISM

Equality of rights and cultural possibilities in contemporary societies

1.2 Creator

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Scuola: Università di Firenze

1.3 Topics or courses involved

Pedagogy, Literature, History

1.4 Educational level

Secondary school: x 13-15 years old

1.5 Learning outcomes of the scenario

Based on the Council of Europe Framework, at the end of the course/ scenario, students are expected to have acquired the skills that will enable them to:

- **Openness to cultural otherness and to other beliefs, world views and practices**
- **Knowledge and critical understanding of language and communication**
- **Analytical and critical thinking skills**
- **Skills of listening and observing**
- **Valuing cultural diversity**

1.6 Time-duration

Class time: 6 hours (3 sessions)

Outdoor preparation: 3 hours

How many hours to be used in total: 9 hours



Development of the educational scenario

2.1 General description

1. Warm up

The following questions aim to open up reflections in the students on the word ***culture*** and on the general sense of building a ***culture*** within a multicultural society

Questions to introduce and explore the topic

What does equality mean?

What does diversity mean (or be different)?

Culture s. f. [from lat.cultura, der. Of colĕre «to cultivate», part. Pass. cultus; in the sign. 2, due to the influence of the ted.

Kultur]. – 1.a.The set of intellectual knowledge that a person has acquired through study and experience, further processing them with a personal and profound rethinking so as to convert

the notions from simple erudition into a constitutive element of his moral personality, of his spirituality and its aesthetic taste, and, in short, in awareness of oneself and one's world.
(Treccani Dictionary)

What does the word culture refer to a society, what does it include?

How do you think a culture is born in a society?

Have you ever felt part of a cultural minority?

Are civil rights related to a country's culture?

2. Discussion

The facilitators share with the students the reading of Melville's third chapter of the novel *Moby Dick* (worksheet 1)

3 Exploration of binary opposition

Binary opposition 1:

From a legal point of view, "every citizen is equal before the law" but as individuals, do we have the same needs and capabilities? Do minorities have the right / duty to be "contaminated" by the dominant culture as well as to "contaminate" it?

3a. Discussion

The facilitators propose a collective discussion through the use of questions. (worksheet 2)

Division into small groups. (worksheet 2)

Collective sharing. (worksheet 2)

3b. Theater

Before representing the meeting between Ismael and Queequeg to the students, the facilitator proposes two preparatory exercises for the staging. In the first exercise, the class group is arranged in a circle with closed eyes. The goal is to count in progressive order up to 30 without deciding any order: every single member of the group can say a number even more than once. If two people say the same number together, the count is stopped and the group starts again.

In the second exercise the class group is arranged in two rows facing each other in opposite points of space. Each member of a row will refer to the member of the row that is in front of him. The game starts with the couples who, looking each other in the eyes, begin to get closer. The goal is for all couples to get to the center of the space without laughing: every time a couple laughs they come back. The couples who remain serious wait in the center of the space, continuing to look at each other.

At the end of the second exercise, the student couples stage the meeting between Ismael and Queequeg. In this theatrical performance, students participate exclusively on a voluntary basis and the participation of the entire class group is therefore not mandatory.

The two students on stage must retrace the moment of the meeting between Ismael and Queequeg, mimicking all the actions and movements without using words: only the gestures and movements described in the passage by Melville (Worksheet 3)

In addition to this specific staging, the teacher can choose if and when along the entire learning path to offer students specific short-lasting theatrical games (Worksheet 4) to facilitate mutual knowledge and interpersonal relationships.

3c Debriefing

The pupils who face this staging will need a collective moment of elaboration and sharing. (worksheet 5)

3d. Dialectical Discussion to explore

The facilitators lead the discussion to bring the participants' attention to the different points of view that are expressed, always underlining in positive terms the parts of the discussion that can lead to a synthesis. (worksheet 6)

3e. Personalization and action plan

Participants at the end of the activity are asked to reflect on the contents and rework them in a more personal and biographical way, as well as to speculate an action plan about the right to multiculturalism in their context (worksheet 7)

2.2 Worksheets & Resources

Worksheet 1_ Chapter 3 and 4 of *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville

Worksheet 2: Structure of the discussion activity with materials to be produced and

questions.

Worksheet 3: Context, materials and setting indications on theatrical improvisation.

Worksheet 4: Theatrical games

Worksheet 5: debriefing questions

Worksheet 6: questions for the dialectical discussion

Worksheet 7: materials for personal processing

WORKSHEET 1

Chapter 3 and 4 of *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville

Chapter 3

Wall,' said the landlord, fetching a long breath, 'that's a purty long sarmon for a chap that rips a little now and then. But be easy, be easy, this here harpooneer I have been tellin' you of has just arrived from the south seas, where he bought up a lot of 'balmed New Zealand heads (great curios, you know), and he's sold all on 'em but one, and that one he's trying to sell to-night, cause to-morrow's Sunday, and it would not do to be sellin' human heads about the streets when folks is goin' to churches. He wanted to, last Sunday, but I stopped him just as he was goin' out of the door with four heads strung on a string, for all the airth like a string of inions.' This account cleared up the otherwise unaccountable mystery, and showed that the landlord, after all, had had no idea of fooling me—but at the same time what could I think of a harpooneer who stayed out of a Saturday night clean into the holy Sabbath, engaged in such a cannibal business as selling the heads of dead idolators? 'Depend upon it, landlord, that harpooneer is a dangerous man.' 'He pays reg'lar,' was the rejoinder. 'But come, it's getting dreadful late, you had better be turning flukes—it's a nice bed; Sal and me slept in that ere bed the night we were spliced. There's plenty of room for two to kick about in that bed; it's an almighty big bed that. Why, afore we give Free eBooks at Planet eBook.com 47 it up, Sal used to put our Sam and little Johnny in the foot of it. But I got a dreaming and sprawling about one night, and somehow, Sam got pitched on the floor, and came near breaking his arm. Arter that, Sal said it wouldn't do. Come along here, I'll give ye a glim in a jiffy;' and so saying he lighted a candle and held it towards me, offering to lead the way. But I stood irresolute; when looking at a clock in the corner, he exclaimed 'I vum it's Sunday—you won't see that harpooneer to-night; he's come to anchor somewhere— come along then; DO come; WON'T ye come?' I considered the matter a moment, and then up stairs we went, and I was ushered into a small room, cold as a clam, and furnished, sure enough, with a prodigious bed, almost big enough indeed for any four harpooneers to sleep abreast. 'There,' said the landlord, placing the candle on a crazy old sea chest that did double duty as a wash-stand and centre table; 'there, make yourself comfortable now, and good night to ye.' I turned round from eyeing the bed, but he had disappeared. Folding back the counterpane, I stooped over the bed. Though none of the most elegant, it yet stood the scrutiny tolerably well. I then glanced round the room; and besides the bedstead and centre table, could see no other furniture belonging to the place, but a rude shelf,

the four walls, and a papered fireboard representing a man striking a whale. Of things not properly belonging to the room, there was a hammock lashed up, and thrown upon the floor in one corner; also a large seaman's bag, containing the harpooneer's wardrobe, no doubt in lieu of a land trunk. Likewise, there was a parcel of outlandish bone fish hooks on the shelf over the fire-place, and a tall harpoon standing at the head of the bed. But what is this on the chest? I took it up, and held it close to the light, and felt it, and smelt it, and tried every way possible to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion concerning it. I can compare it to nothing but a large door mat, ornamented at the edges with little tinkling tags something like the stained porcupine quills round an Indian moccasin. There was a hole or slit in the middle of this mat, as you see the same in South American ponchos. But could it be possible that any sober harpooneer would get into a door mat, and parade the streets of any Christian town in that sort of guise? I put it on, to try it, and it weighed me down like a hamper, being uncommonly shaggy and thick, and I thought a little damp, as though this mysterious harpooneer had been wearing it of a rainy day. I went up in it to a bit of glass stuck against the wall, and I never saw such a sight in my life. I tore myself out of it in such a hurry that I gave myself a kink in the neck. I sat down on the side of the bed, and commenced thinking about this head-peddling harpooneer, and his door mat. After thinking some time on the bed-side, I got up and took off my monkey jacket, and then stood in the middle of the room thinking. I then took off my coat, and thought a little more in my shirt sleeves. But beginning to feel very cold now, half undressed as I was, and remembering what the landlord said about the harpooneer's not coming home all that night, it being so very late, I made no more ado, but jumped out of my pantaloons and boots, and then blowing out the light tumbled into bed, and commended myself to the care of heaven. Whether that mattress was stuffed with corn-cobs or broken crockery, there is no telling, but I rolled about a good deal, and could not sleep for a long time. At last I slid off into a light doze, and had pretty nearly made a good offing towards the land of Nod, when I heard a heavy footfall in the passage, and saw a glimmer of light come into the room from under the door. Lord save me, thinks I, that must be the harpooneer, the infernal head-peddler. But I lay perfectly still, and resolved not to say a word till spoken to. Holding a light in one hand, and that identical New Zealand head in the other, the stranger entered the room, and without looking towards the bed, placed his candle a good way off from me on the floor in one corner, and then began working away at the knotted cords of the large bag I before spoke of as being in the room. I was all eagerness to see his face, but he kept it averted for some time while employed in unlacing the bag's mouth. This accomplished, however, he turned round—when, good heavens! what a sight! Such a face! It was of a dark, purplish, yellow colour, here and there stuck over with large blackish looking squares. Yes, it's just as I thought, he's a terrible bedfellow; he's been in a fight, got dreadfully cut, and here he is, just from the surgeon. But at that moment he chanced to turn his face so towards the light, that I plainly saw they could not be sticking-plasters at all, those black squares on his cheeks. They were stains of some sort or other. At first I knew not what to make of this; but soon an inkling of the truth occurred to me. I remembered a story of a white man—a whaleman too—who, falling among the cannibals, had been tattooed by them. I concluded that this harpooneer, in the course of his distant voyages, must have met with a similar adventure. And what is it, thought I, after all! It's only his outside; a man can be honest in any sort of skin. But then, what

to make of his unearthly complexion, that part of it, I mean, lying round about, and completely independent of the squares of tattooing. To be sure, it might be nothing but a good coat of tropical tanning; but I never heard of a hot sun's tanning a white man into a purplish yellow one. However, I had never been in the South Seas; and perhaps the sun there produced these extraordinary effects upon the skin. Now, while all these ideas were passing through me like lightning, this harpooneer never noticed me at all. But, after some difficulty having opened his bag, he commenced fumbling in it, and presently pulled out a sort of tomahawk, and a seal-skin wallet with the hair on. Placing these on the old chest in the middle of the room, he then took the New Zealand head—a ghastly thing enough—and crammed it down into the bag. He now took off his hat—a new beaver hat—when I came nigh singing out with fresh surprise. There was no hair on his head—none to speak of at least—nothing but a small scalp-knot twisted up on his forehead. His bald purplish head now looked for all the world like a mildewed skull. Had not the stranger stood between me and the door, I would have bolted out of it quicker Free eBooks at Planet eBook.com 51 than ever I bolted a dinner. Even as it was, I thought something of slipping out of the window, but it was the second floor back. I am no coward, but what to make of this head-peddling purple rascal altogether passed my comprehension. Ignorance is the parent of fear, and being completely nonplussed and confounded about the stranger, I confess I was now as much afraid of him as if it was the devil himself who had thus broken into my room at the dead of night. In fact, I was so afraid of him that I was not game enough just then to address him, and demand a satisfactory answer concerning what seemed inexplicable in him. Meanwhile, he continued the business of undressing, and at last showed his chest and arms. As I live, these covered parts of him were checkered with the same squares as his face; his back, too, was all over the same dark squares; he seemed to have been in a Thirty Years' War, and just escaped from it with a sticking-plaster shirt. Still more, his very legs were marked, as if a parcel of dark green frogs were running up the trunks of young palms. It was now quite plain that he must be some abominable savage or other shipped aboard of a whaleman in the South Seas, and so landed in this Christian country. I quaked to think of it. A peddler of heads too—perhaps the heads of his own brothers. He might take a fancy to mine—heavens! look at that tomahawk! But there was no time for shuddering, for now the savage went about something that completely fascinated my attention, and convinced me that he must indeed be a hea then. Going to his heavy grego, or wrapall, or dreadnaught, which he had previously hung on a chair, he fumbled in the pockets, and produced at length a curious little deformed image with a hunch on its back, and exactly the colour of a three days' old Congo baby. Remembering the embalmed head, at first I almost thought that this black manikin was a real baby preserved in some similar manner. But seeing that it was not at all limber, and that it glistened a good deal like polished ebony, I concluded that it must be nothing but a wooden idol, which indeed it proved to be. For now the savage goes up to the empty fire-place, and removing the papered fire-board, sets up this little hunch-backed image, like a tenpin, between the andirons. The chimney jambs and all the bricks inside were very sooty, so that I thought this fire-place made a very appropriate little shrine or chapel for his Congo idol. I now screwed my eyes hard towards the half hidden image, feeling but ill at ease meantime—to see what was next to follow. First he takes about a double handful of shavings out of his grego pocket, and places them carefully before the idol;

then laying a bit of ship biscuit on top and applying the flame from the lamp, he kindled the shavings into a sacrificial blaze. Presently, after many hasty snatches into the fire, and still hastier withdrawals of his fingers (whereby he seemed to be scorching them badly), he at last succeeded in drawing out the biscuit; then blowing off the heat and ashes a little, he made a polite offer of it to the little negro. But the little devil did not seem to fancy such dry sort of fare at all; he never moved his lips. All these strange antics Free eBooks at Planet eBook.com 53 were accompanied by still stranger guttural noises from the devotee, who seemed to be praying in a sing-song or else singing some pagan psalmody or other, during which his face twitched about in the most unnatural manner. At last extinguishing the fire, he took the idol up very unceremoniously, and bagged it again in his greggo pocket as carelessly as if he were a sportsman bagging a dead woodcock. All these queer proceedings increased my uncomfortableness, and seeing him now exhibiting strong symptoms of concluding his business operations, and jumping into bed with me, I thought it was high time, now or never, before the light was put out, to break the spell in which I had so long been bound. But the interval I spent in deliberating what to say, was a fatal one. Taking up his tomahawk from the table, he examined the head of it for an instant, and then holding it to the light, with his mouth at the handle, he puffed out great clouds of tobacco smoke. The next moment the light was extinguished, and this wild cannibal, tomahawk between his teeth, sprang into bed with me. I sang out, I could not help it now; and giving a sudden grunt of astonishment he began feeling me. Stammering out something, I knew not what, I rolled away from him against the wall, and then conjured him, whoever or whatever he might be, to keep quiet, and let me get up and light the lamp again. But his guttural responses satisfied me at once that he but ill comprehended my meaning. 'Who-e debel you?'—he at last said—'you no speak-e, dam-me, I kill-e.' And so saying the lighted tomahawk began flourishing about me in the dark. 'Landlord, for God's sake, Peter Coffin!' shouted I. 'Landlord! Watch! Coffin! Angels! save me!' 'Speak-e! tell-ee me who-ee be, or dam-me, I kill-e!' again growled the cannibal, while his horrid flourishings of the tomahawk scattered the hot tobacco ashes about me till I thought my linen would get on fire. But thank heaven, at that moment the landlord came into the room light in hand, and leaping from the bed I ran up to him. 'Don't be afraid now,' said he, grinning again, 'Queequeg here wouldn't harm a hair of your head.' 'Stop your grinning,' shouted I, 'and why didn't you tell me that that infernal harpooneer was a cannibal?' 'I thought ye know'd it;—didn't I tell ye, he was a peddlin' heads around town?—but turn flukes again and go to sleep. Queequeg, look here—you sabbee me, I sabbee—you this man sleepe you—you sabbee?' 'Me sabbee plenty'—grunted Queequeg, puffing away at his pipe and sitting up in bed. 'You gettee in,' he added, motioning to me with his tomahawk, and throwing the clothes to one side. He really did this in not only a civil but a really kind and charitable way. I stood looking at him a moment. For all his tattooings he was on the whole a clean, comely looking cannibal. What's all this fuss I have been making about, thought I to myself— the man's a human being just as I am: he has just as much reason to fear me, as I have to be afraid of him. Better sleep with a sober cannibal than a drunken Christian. Free eBooks at Planet eBook.com 55 'Landlord,' said I, 'tell him to stash his tomahawk there, or pipe, or whatever you call it; tell him to stop smoking, in short, and I will turn in with him. But I don't fancy having a man smoking in bed with me. It's dangerous. Besides, I ain't insured.' This being told to Queequeg,

he at once complied, and again politely motioned me to get into bed—rolling over to one side as much as to say—I won't touch a leg of ye.' 'Good night, landlord,' said I, 'you may go.' I turned in, and never slept better in my life.

Chapter 4

Upon waking next morning about daylight, I found Queequeg's arm thrown over me in the most loving and affectionate manner. You had almost thought I had been his wife. The counterpane was of patchwork, full of odd little parti-coloured squares and triangles; and this arm of his tattooed all over with an interminable Cretan labyrinth of a figure, no two parts of which were of one precise shade—owing I suppose to his keeping his arm at sea unmethodically in sun and shade, his shirt sleeves irregularly rolled up at various times—this same arm of his, I say, looked for all the world like a strip of that same patchwork quilt. Indeed, partly lying on it as the arm did when I first awoke, I could hardly tell it from the quilt, they so blended their hues together; and it was only by the sense of weight and pressure that I could tell that Queequeg was hugging me. My sensations were strange. Let me try to explain them. When I was a child, I well remember a somewhat similar circumstance that befell me; whether it was a reality or a dream, I never could entirely settle. The circumstance was this. I had been cutting up some caper or other—I think it was trying to crawl up the chimney, as I had seen a lit- Free eBooks at Planet eBook.com 57 tle sweep do a few days previous; and my stepmother who, somehow or other, was all the time whipping me, or sending me to bed supperless,—my mother dragged me by the legs out of the chimney and packed me off to bed, though it was only two o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st June, the longest day in the year in our hemisphere. I felt dreadfully. But there was no help for it, so up stairs I went to my little room in the third floor, undressed myself as slowly as possible so as to kill time, and with a bitter sigh got between the sheets. I lay there dismally calculating that sixteen entire hours must elapse before I could hope for a resurrection. Sixteen hours in bed! the small of my back ached to think of it. And it was so light too; the sun shining in at the window, and a great rattling of coaches in the streets, and the sound of gay voices all over the house. I felt worse and worse—at last I got up, dressed, and softly going down in my stockinged feet, sought out my stepmother, and suddenly threw myself at her feet, beseeching her as a particular favour to give me a good slipping for my misbehaviour; anything indeed but condemning me to lie abed such an unendurable length of time. But she was the best and most conscientious of stepmothers, and back I had to go to my room. For several hours I lay there broad awake, feeling a great deal worse than I have ever done since, even from the greatest subsequent misfortunes. At last I must have fallen into a troubled nightmare of a doze; and slowly waking from it— half steeped in dreams—I opened my eyes, and the before sun-lit room was now wrapped in outer darkness. Instantly I felt a shock running through all my frame; nothing was to be seen, and nothing was to be heard; but a supernatural hand seemed placed in mine. My arm hung over the counterpane, and the nameless, unimaginable, silent form or phantom, to which the hand belonged, seemed closely seated by my bed-side. For what seemed ages piled on ages, I lay there, frozen with the most awful fears, not daring to drag away my hand; yet ever thinking that if I could but stir it one single inch, the horrid spell would be broken. I knew not how this consciousness at last glided away from me;

but waking in the morning, I shudderingly remembered it all, and for days and weeks and months afterwards I lost myself in confounding attempts to explain the mystery. Nay, to this very hour, I often puzzle myself with it. Now, take away the awful fear, and my sensations at feeling the supernatural hand in mine were very similar, in their strangeness, to those which I experienced on waking up and seeing Queequeg's pagan arm thrown round me. But at length all the past night's events soberly recurred, one by one, in fixed reality, and then I lay only alive to the comical predicament. For though I tried to move his arm— unlock his bridegroom clasp—yet, sleeping as he was, he still hugged me tightly, as though naught but death should part us twain. I now strove to rouse him—'Queequeg!'—but his only answer was a snore. I then rolled over, my neck feeling as if it were in a horse-collar; and suddenly felt a slight scratch. Throwing aside the counterpane, there lay the tomahawk sleeping by the savage's side, as if it were a hatchet-faced baby. A pretty pickle, truly, thought I; abed Free eBooks at Planet eBook.com 59 here in a strange house in the broad day, with a cannibal and a tomahawk! 'Queequeg!—in the name of goodness, Queequeg, wake!' At length, by dint of much wriggling, and loud and incessant expostulations upon the unbecomingness of his hugging a fellow male in that matrimonial sort of style, I succeeded in extracting a grunt; and presently, he drew back his arm, shook himself all over like a Newfoundland dog just from the water, and sat up in bed, stiff as a pike-staff, looking at me, and rubbing his eyes as if he did not altogether remember how I came to be there, though a dim consciousness of knowing something about me seemed slowly dawning over him. Meanwhile, I lay quietly eyeing him, having no serious misgivings now, and bent upon narrowly observing so curious a creature. When, at last, his mind seemed made up touching the character of his bedfellow, and he became, as it were, reconciled to the fact; he jumped out upon the floor, and by certain signs and sounds gave me to understand that, if it pleased me, he would dress first and then leave me to dress afterwards, leaving the whole apartment to myself. Thinks I, Queequeg, under the circumstances, this is a very civilized overture; but, the truth is, these savages have an innate sense of delicacy, say what you will; it is marvellous how essentially polite they are. I pay this particular compliment to Queequeg, because he treated me with so much civility and consideration, while I was guilty of great rudeness; staring at him from the bed, and watching all his toilette motions; for the time my curiosity getting the better of my breeding. Nevertheless, a man like Queequeg you don't see every day, he and his ways were well worth unusual regarding. He commenced dressing at top by donning his beaver hat, a very tall one, by the by, and then—still minus his trowsers—he hunted up his boots. What under the heavens he did it for, I cannot tell, but his next movement was to crush himself—boots in hand, and hat on—under the bed; when, from sundry violent gaspings and strainings, I inferred he was hard at work booting himself; though by no law of propriety that I ever heard of, is any man required to be private when putting on his boots. But Queequeg, do you see, was a creature in the transition stage—neither caterpillar nor butterfly. He was just enough civilized to show off his outlandishness in the strangest possible manners. His education was not yet completed. He was an undergraduate. If he had not been a small degree civilized, he very probably would not have troubled himself with boots at all; but then, if he had not been still a savage, he never would have dreamt of getting under the bed to put them on. At last, he emerged with his hat very much dented and crushed down over his eyes, and began

creaking and limping about the room, as if, not being much accustomed to boots, his pair of damp, wrinkled cowhide ones—probably not made to order either—rather pinched and tormented him at the first go off of a bitter cold morning.

Worksheet 2

Attention is drawn to the crude description of the meeting between Queequeg and Ismael:

- How would you define the language used by Ismael to describe the cannibal in the story?
- In your opinion, did the owner of the inn want to make Ismael afraid?
- That it is all this noise that I have done, I say to myself: he is a human being just like me, and he has as much reason to fear me as I do to fear him. What do you think of this sentence?
- Would you have stopped to sleep with a stranger?
- Look for an adjective for Queequeg's behaviors.
- Instinctively, for the reaction in the meeting, who do you identify with in the two?
- Do you think Queequeg's aesthetic habits isolate him in the sailor community?
- Would you define Ismael racist?
- Would you define the owner of the racist inn?
- Do you think Ismael and the owner of the inn would agree to be contaminated by customs brought by the cannibal even if they found them right?

Suggestions for work settings

- In this phase it is important to build a non-frontal setting. The optimum would be to place students in a circle, a spatiality that facilitates confrontation and discussion, and places boys and girls in a freer dimension.
- To have an active participation it is essential to clarify that this activity does not fall within the usual evaluation process taking place at school.
- If the activity takes place with the co-presence of both teachers and assistant, it is desirable that one of the two leads the activity and the other chooses whether to observe or actively participate. Of course, this decision must be taken in advance, in the planning phase.
- It is very important, in conducting the activity, to leave as much space as possible to the responses and interventions of boys and girls, accepting any observation without any form of judgment.

Small group discussion

Pupils must imagine a world where only Queequeg and Ismael exist. The aim is to describe a society made up of the rules / laws / customs of both. Describe the culture, laws, customs of a world made only by the two of them.

Plenary sharing of group work

Collective sharing of the description of the fantastic societies born from the meeting between Queequeg and Ismael.

Worksheet 3

The space must be well delineated with a clear division between the place dedicated to the scenic action and the place that will be destined to the public (just simply a line drawn on the ground with chalk).

Worksheet 4

Along the learning path, facilitators, at their discretion, can propose one or more of the following theatrical games:

1. Introductory game of knowledge among the participants

Circle of chairs with participants seated. Just an empty chair. Whoever has the free chair on their right starts the game: moving on it will say "I'm

sitting". The partner who is in the empty chair on the right again will move saying "on the grass", the next one will say "With my friend" and the last one, moving, will have to say the name of one of the participants who are in the circle who will rush to the empty chair. Now a new participant will have the empty chair on the right and will restart the game with a fast pace.

2. Game of knowledge and improvisation

In circle. The first participant takes a static position at will. The classmate on his right asks, "what are you doing?". The first responds, in total freedom, to an action without any connection with the position taken. Given the answer, the first melts from the position, while the second takes on the pose of the action indicated by the first. The next participant will formulate the same question and position himself according to the indications. And so on.

Variant: in addition to the question "what are you doing?" It is interesting to add "what are you feeling?", so that you can also take an emotional expression to the static action.

3. Improvisation game

Given a clear delimitation of the stage space, the game begins with a volunteer who enters the stage and takes a static pose by declaring out loud who or what he is and what he is doing. The other participants are added to the first one, who always insert themselves in the "picture" with a fixed pose by declaring who / what they are, what they are doing and in the second phase also what they are feeling. Obviously anyone who takes part will have to bond with what others are already doing. This exercise can be carried out freely or themed on various generic and specific topics.

The children will be asked to prepare a poster with the answers that most impressed them and that seem to them to be more correct. They will be asked to summarize the experience with a word. The words will be written on another billboard. It is important that the materials remain in the classroom. To reflect on the activity, the questions and the highlighted words will be followed.

Worksheet 5

What does it mean to meet?

Was it easy on stage, looking at each other, getting closer, meeting as strangers? If yes why, if not why.

Who did you prefer to play Queequeg or Ismael? Why?

To interpret the characters did you use stereotypes, which are physical posture, expression, interpretation?

Worksheet 6

We suggest some questions:

- Is meeting someone (not virtually) easy?
- What does the (non-virtual) encounter with another person generate on the level of feelings and emotions?
- What does stereotype mean?
- When you meet someone who has aesthetic characteristics (in clothing for example) attributable to a culture different from yours, do you feel comfortable?
- Do you feel free of prejudices (negative or positive) when you meet someone with a strong connotation of cultural belonging?
- Looking into the eyes what does this involve on a more emotional level?
- Did you feel free to use all the words to describe the other?
- Do you think that the encounter with the other is conditioned by stereotypes?
- Are there any similarities between the experience and the reality of when you met someone you didn't know?

Worksheet 7

At the end of the activity the participants will be asked to tell a meeting that was not in harmony that led to a positive bond.



2.3 Infrastructure & Materials needed

Cardboard, paper, markers. A space collected, but free from the desks or with the possibility of being freed, a sound system for listening to audio materials, the possibility of using the internet connection.

2.4 Versions-adaptations

2.5 Challenges

During the first part of the activity tensions could be generated that risk deviating reflection and turning it into a debate. It will be important that the facilitators who act as guides and mediators have a conciliatory approach, trying to give space to the different possibilities and guiding the class group's gaze on the different interpretations.

2.6. Further reading

Evaluation of the educational scenario

Students are asked to complete the following sentences on a sheet of paper.

I learned that...

I still can't understand...

If I were a teacher...