

Allusion vs. Illusion

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings
introduction

A series of horizontal stripes in various colors (yellow, green, blue, purple, orange, red, white, green) running across the bottom of the slide.

Allusion:

An indirect reference; a casual mention.

“They were like Romeo and Juliet.”



Illusion:

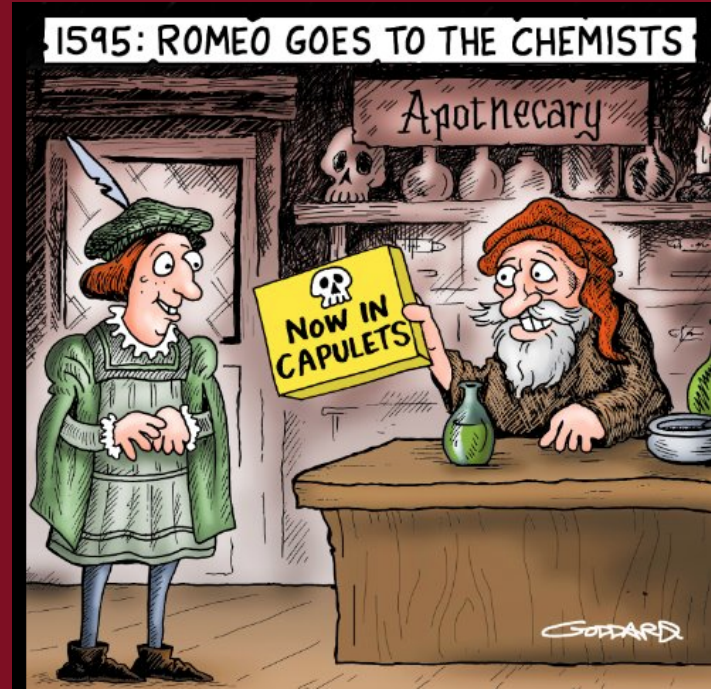
Something that looks or seems different from what it is.

“The magician made the illusion of cutting someone in half.”



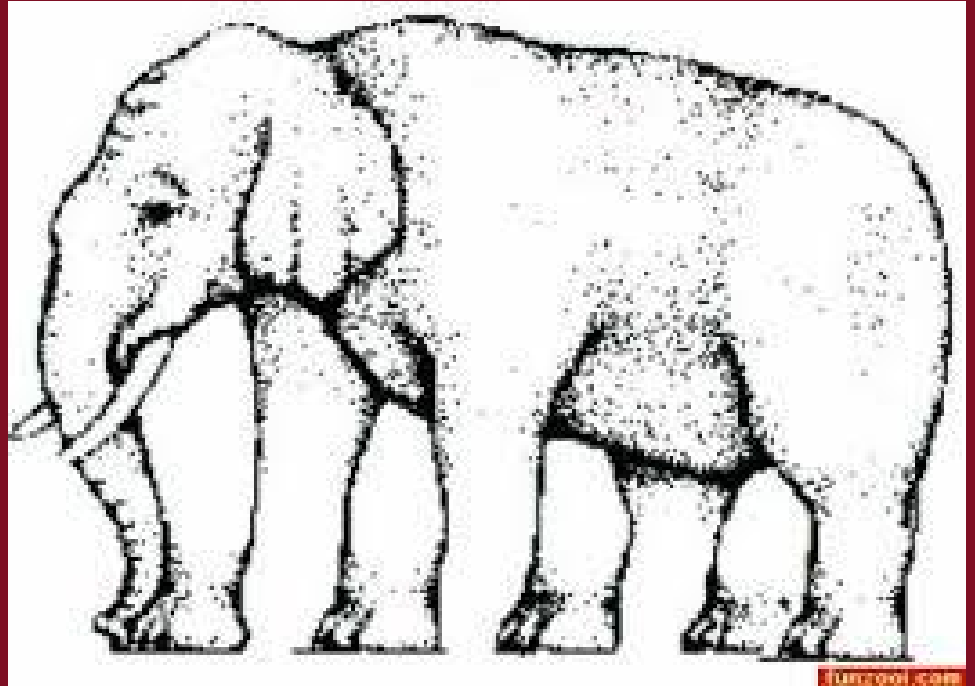
Allusion

Allusion is a reference to something most people are familiar with. They require background knowledge.



Illusion

An Illusion is a trick. Magicians trick us and our eyes trick us when we look at an optical illusion.





-Thought of changing my name

-Oh, what's in a name?

Why use allusions?

Can help avoid clichés and strengthens word choices:

- Cold as ice vs. Colder than Darth Vader
- Mean vs. Meaner than Dolores Umbridge as Headmistress

Always know your audience

Depending on who your audience is, certain allusions will not make sense.

Tone

The attitude a work's style implies.

“Here's much to do with hate, but more with love” (*Romeo & Juliet*, Shakespeare)

- Sets up a romantic, yet somber tone for the play.

Tone & Diction

Tone and diction often go hand in hand.

Diction=word choice.

“It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness. it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair.”

Dickens uses repetition of certain diction to get his point across.

How does this **DICTION** create its **TONE**?

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain -- and back in rain.
I have out walked the furthest city light.
I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.
I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,
But not to call me back or say good-bye;
And further still at an unearthly height,
A luminary clock against the sky
Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.

- Acquainted With The Night, *Robert Frost*