

OAKLAND CUSD #5

ENGLISH IV
APRIL 13-17, 2020

SABRINA KILE

Week of April 13-17, 2020

English IV- Sabrina Kile

Hello English IV! Please choose two assignments for this week from the 6 choices listed below. Please email me your completed assignments no later than Monday 4/20 at 12 pm. Please feel free to email me at any time with questions you may have. I will have office hours, where I am available to reply to emails immediately, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday weekly from 1-3 pm. I will email your comments on your assignments as I receive them. You should not need any materials, other than paper and a pencil. Any worksheets that you choose to do can be done on notebook paper or emailed to me. Everyone also has the option to pick up and turn in assignments in the foyer at the front of Lake Crest (see Mr. Landeck's message on Facebook or the school website). I would encourage you to continue to work on your research papers! I want you to be experts on this before you start college in the fall! Hang in there and stay home and stay safe! Miss you all! ---Mrs. Kile

Class	Choice 1	Choice 2	Choice 3	Choice 4	Choice 5	Choice 6 (Enrichment)
English IV	Submit page 2 of your research paper.	Submit your works cited page for your research paper. (if you have already done this, submit another page of your paper)	Submit your outline for your research paper. (if you have already done this, submit another page of your paper)	Read "Excerpts from 'Song of Myself' 1,2, 6, 52" and answer the questions that follow.	Read the 4 essays from "This I Believe" and write a 1 paragraph reflection on each one and answer the following questions: 1. Did you enjoy the essay? 2. Why do you think the author wrote this essay? 3. What can you learn from this essay? 4. How can you relate to this essay?	Have a better idea? Email me for approval.

Name: _____ Class: _____

Excerpts from 'Song of Myself': 1, 2, 6, 52

By Walt Whitman
1855

Walt Whitman (1819-1892) was an American poet, essayist, and journalist. Whitman is considered one of the most influential poets of his time and also recognized as the father of free verse. His epic, "Song of Myself" contains 52 verses and is regarded as one of the greatest depictions of the American experience. The poem was written in a time of unrest within America right before the Civil War, and also has strong influence from the transcendental movement. As you read, keep this in mind and pay attention to the themes and ideas that emerge.

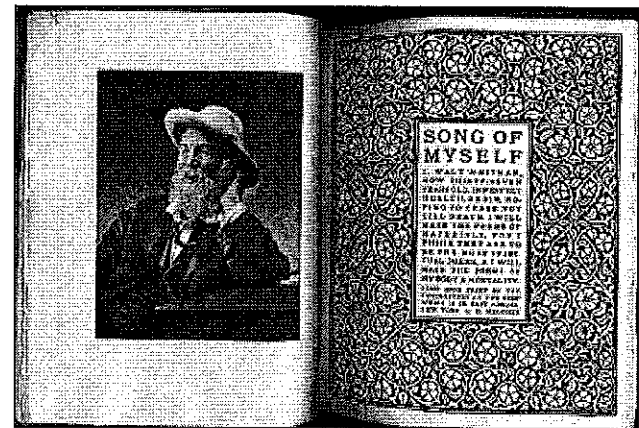
1

[1] I Celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume¹ you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs
to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of
summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from
this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the
same, and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools² in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor³ for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.



"Song of Myself by Walt Whitman, Roycroft 1906" by William Creswell is licensed under CC BY 2.0.

2

Houses and rooms are full of perfumes.... the shelves are crowded with perfumes,
I breathe the fragrance myself, and know it and like it,
The distillation⁴ would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

1. **Assume (verb):** to believe; to take on (character, quality, mode of life, beliefs)
2. Creeds and schools refer to the formal institutions in society, such as religion, law, politics etc.
3. **Harbor (verb):** to contain
4. purification; extraction of essential or important aspects of something

The atmosphere is not a perfume.... it has no taste of the distillation.... it is odorless,
It is for my mouth forever.... I am in love with it,
I will go to the bank by the wood and become undisguised and naked,
I am mad⁵ for it to be in contact with me.

The smoke of my own breath,
Echoes, ripples, and buzzed whispers.... loveroot, silkthread, crotch and vine,⁶
My respiration and inspiration.... the beating of my heart.... the passing of blood and air through my
lungs,
The sniff of green leaves and dry leaves, and of the shore and dark-colored sea-rocks, and of hay in the
barn,
The sound of the belched words of my voice.... words loosed to the eddies⁷ of the wind,

A few light kisses.... a few embraces.... reaching around of arms,
The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs⁸ wag,
The delight alone or in the rush of the streets, or along the fields and hill-sides,
The feeling of health.... the full-noon trill⁹.... the song of me rising from bed and meeting the sun.

Have you reckoned¹⁰ a thousand acres much? Have you reckoned the earth much?
Have you practiced so long to learn to read?
Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?

Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun.... there are millions of suns left,
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand.... nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor
feed on the spectres¹¹ in books,
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from yourself.

6

A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer¹² designedly¹³ dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say *Whose?*

-
5. overcome by desire; excessively fond
 6. The speaker is conveying his overwhelming need to physically connect with nature.
 7. circular movements; swirls
 8. tree branches
 9. vibrating sound, such as laughter or birdsong
 10. **Reckon (verb):** to think of or consider
 11. ghosts or spirits
 12. one who is tasked with reminding or chronicling

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegetation.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,
Growing among black folks as among white,
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive then the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you curling grass,
It may be you transpire¹⁴ from the breasts of young men,
It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken,
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them, soon out of their mother's laps,
And here you are the mothers' laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers,
Darker than the colorless beards of old men,
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.

O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues,
And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths for nothing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women,
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon out of their laps.
What do you think has become of the young and old men?
And what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest¹⁵ it,
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

52

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains of my gab¹⁶ and my loitering.

I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp¹⁷ over the roofs of the world.

13. deliberate for a specific purpose or effect

14. **Transpire (verb):** to occur

15. **Arrest (verb):** to stop

16. chatter

17. harsh cry

The last scud¹⁸ of day holds back for me,
It flings my likeness after the rest and true as any on the shadow'd wilds,
It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk.

I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,
I effuse¹⁹ my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.

I bequeath²⁰ myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre²¹ your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you.

Excerpts from 'Song of Myself': 1, 2, 6, 52 by Walt Whitman is in the public domain.

18. flash; swift movement

19. **Effuse** (*verb*): to pour or flow

20. **Bequeath** (*verb*): to hand down

21. As a noun, fibre is matter or material; it also means an essential character or quality.

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following best identifies one of the themes of the poem?
 - A. One must abandon all material objects to truly enjoy life.
 - B. All things and people are interconnected.
 - C. Real knowledge is gained from books and formal education.
 - D. Formal institutions such as religion and law have no purpose in society.

2. PART B: Which of the following quotes best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you." (Stanza 1)
 - B. "Creeds and schools in abeyance, / Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten" (Stanza 4)
 - C. "Nature without check with original energy." (Stanza 4)
 - D. "I will go to the bank by the wood and become undisguised and naked" (Stanza 6)

3. PART A: What does the word "loafe" mean as it is used in stanza 2?
 - A. to begin
 - B. to sing
 - C. to relax
 - D. to examine

4. PART B: Which phrase best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "I Celebrate myself, and sing myself" (Stanza 1)
 - B. "invite my soul" (Stanza 2)
 - C. "at my ease" (Stanza 2)
 - D. "observing a spear of summer grass" (Stanza 2)

5. PART A: How does the symbol of grass develop the theme of section 6?
 - A. It reveals that God is in everything, whether that thing is aware of God's existence.
 - B. It reveals that life and death are cyclical and connect everything.
 - C. It reveals that nature is resilient and indifferent to mankind.
 - D. It reveals that unlearned children understand the universe better than learned adults.



6. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
- A. "A child said What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands; / How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he." (Stanza 11)
 - B. "Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord, / A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt" (Stanza 13)
 - C. "What do you think has become of the young and old men? / And what do you think has become of the women and children?" (Stanza 20)
 - D. "They are alive and well somewhere, / The smallest sprout shows there is really no death, / And if ever there was it led forward life" (Stanza 21)
7. What is the author's likely purpose in having the speaker address "you" throughout the poem?
- A. to urge the reader to learn with and identify with the speaker
 - B. to depart from the more traditional approach of speaking about one's own life
 - C. to reveal that the speaker and the reader are born with shared knowledge
 - D. to allow the speaker to brag about their knowledge to the reader
8. How does the author use imagery from section 52 to develop the poem's themes? Cite evidence from multiple sections of the poem in your response.

An Ideal of Service to Our Fellow Man

ALBERT EINSTEIN,
AS FEATURED IN THE 1950S SERIES

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING WE CAN EXPERIENCE is the mysterious—the knowledge of the existence of something unfathomable to us, the manifestation of the most profound reason coupled with the most brilliant beauty. I cannot imagine a god who rewards and punishes the objects of his creation, or who has a will of the kind we experience in ourselves. I am satisfied with the mystery of life's eternity and with the awareness of—and glimpse into—the marvelous construction of the existing world together with the steadfast determination to comprehend a portion, be it ever

ALBERT EINSTEIN

so tiny, of the reason that manifests itself in nature. This is the basis of cosmic religiosity, and it appears to me that the most important function of art and science is to awaken this feeling among the receptive and keep it alive.

I sense that it is not the State that has intrinsic value in the machinery of humankind, but rather the creative, feeling individual, the personality alone that creates the noble and sublime.

Man's ethical behavior should be effectively grounded on compassion, nurture, and social bonds. What is moral is not of the divine, but rather a purely human matter, albeit the most important of all human matters. In the course of history, the ideals pertaining to human beings' behavior toward each other and pertaining to the preferred organization of their communities have been espoused and taught by enlightened individuals. These ideals and convictions—results of historical experience, empathy, and the need for beauty and harmony—have usually been willingly recognized by human beings, at least in theory.

The highest principles for our aspirations and judgments are given to us westerners in the Jewish-Christian religious tradition. It is a very high goal: free and responsible development of the individual, so that he may place his powers freely and gladly in the service of all mankind.

Kite - Eng IV 4/13 - 4/17 page 1 (choice 5)

THIS I BELIEVE

The pursuit of recognition for its own sake, an almost fanatical love of justice, and the quest for personal independence form the traditional themes of the Jewish people, of which I am a member.

But if one holds these high principles clearly before one's eyes and compares them with the life and spirit of our times, then it is glaringly apparent that mankind finds itself at present in grave danger. I see the nature of the current crises in the juxtaposition of the individual to society. The individual feels more than ever dependent on society, but he feels this dependence not in the positive sense, cradled, connected as part of an organic whole; he sees it as a threat to his natural rights, and even his economic existence. His position in society, then, is such that that which drives his ego is encouraged and developed, and that which would drive him toward other men—a weak impulse to begin with—is left to atrophy.

It is my belief that there is only one way to eliminate these evils, namely, the establishment of a planned economy coupled with an education geared toward social goals. Alongside the development of individual abilities, the education of the individual aspires to revive an ideal that is geared toward the service of our fellow man, and that needs to take the place of the glorification of power and outer success.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

ALBERT EINSTEIN published his general theory of relativity in 1916, profoundly affecting the study of physics and cosmology for years. He won the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1921 for his work on the photoelectric effect. Einstein taught for many years at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton.

Kite - Eng. IV 4/13 - 4/17 page 2 (choice 5)

Kile-Eng II
4/13-4/17 page 3 (choice 5)

The Power and Mystery of Naming Things

EVE ENSLER

I BELIEVE IN THE POWER AND MYSTERY of naming things. Language has the capacity to transform our cells, rearrange our learned patterns of behavior, and redirect our thinking. I believe in naming what's right in front of us because that is often what is most invisible.

Think about the word "vagina." I believe that by saying it 128 times each show, night after night, naming my shame, exorcising my secrets, revealing my longing, was how I came back into my self, into my body. By saying it often enough and loud enough in places where it was not supposed to be said, the saying of it became both political and mystical and

EVE ENSLER

gave birth to a worldwide movement to end violence against women. The public utterance of a banished word, which represented a buried, neglected, dishonored part of the body was a door opening, an energy exploding, a story unraveling.

When I was finally able as an adult to sit with my mother and name the specific sexual and physical violence my father had perpetrated on me as a child, it was an impossible moment. It was the naming, the saying of what had actually happened in her presence, that lifted my twenty-year depression. By remaining silent, I had muted my experience, denied it, pushed it down. This had flattened my entire life. I believe it was this moment of naming that allowed both my mother and me to eventually face our deepest demons and deceptions and become free.

I think of women naming the atrocities committed against them by the Taliban in Afghanistan or women telling of the systematic rapes during the Bosnian war or just recently in Sri Lanka after the tsunami—women lining up in refugee camps to name their nightmares and losses and needs. I have traveled through this world and listened as woman after woman tells of being date-raped, or acid burned, genitally mutilated, beaten by her boyfriend, or molested by her stepfather.

Of course the stories are incredibly painful. But I believe as each woman tells her story for the first time, she

THIS I BELIEVE

breaks the silence, and by doing so breaks her isolation, begins to melt her shame and guilt, making her experience real, lifting her pain.

I believe one person's declaration sparks another and then another. Helen Caldicott naming the consequences of an escalating nuclear arms race gave rise to an antinuclear movement. The brave soldier who came forward and named the abuses at Abu Ghraib Prison was responsible for a sweeping investigation.

Naming things, breaking through taboos and denial is the most dangerous, terrifying, and crucial work. This has to happen in spite of political climates or coercions, in spite of careers being won or lost, in spite of the fear of being criticized, outcast, or disliked. I believe freedom begins with naming things. Humanity is preserved by it.

EVE ENSLER is a writer and activist living in New York. Her play *The Vagina Monologues* has been translated into thirty-five languages and was performed more than two thousand times in 2004 alone. Enslar is founder of *V-Day*, an organization supporting efforts to end violence against women and girls worldwide.

Kite- Eng IV 4/13-4/17 page 4 (choice 5)

A Goal of Service to Humankind

ANTHONY FAUCI

I BELIEVE I HAVE A PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY to make a positive impact on society. I've tried to accomplish this goal by choosing a life of public service. I am a physician and a scientist confronting the challenge of infectious diseases. I consider my job a gift. It allows me to try and help alleviate the suffering of humankind.

I have three guiding principles that anchor my life, and I think about them every day.

First, I have an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. Knowledge goes hand-in-hand with truth—something I learned with a bit of tough love from my Jesuit education,

Kite - Eng-IV 4/13 - 4/17 page 5 (choice 5)

first at Regis High School in New York City and then at Holy Cross College in Worcester, Massachusetts. I consider myself a perpetual student. You seek and learn every day: from an experiment in the lab, from reading a scientific journal, from taking care of a patient. Because of this, I rarely get bored.

Second, I believe in striving for excellence. I sweat the big and the small stuff! I do not apologize for this. One of the by-products of being a perfectionist and constantly trying to improve myself are sobering feelings of low-grade anxiety and a nagging sense of inadequacy. But this is not anxiety without a purpose. No, this anxiety keeps me humble. It creates a healthy tension that serves as the catalyst that drives me to fulfill my limited potential.

This has made me a better physician and scientist. Without this tension, I wouldn't be as focused.

I have accepted that I will never know or understand as much as I want. This is what keeps the quest for knowledge exciting! And it is one of the reasons I would do my job even if I did not get paid to come to work every day.

Third, I believe that as a physician my goal is to serve humankind.

I have spent all of my professional life in public service, most of it involved in research, care of patients, and public health policy concerning the HIV-AIDS epidemic. When I

chose to concentrate on AIDS in the 1980s, many of my colleagues thought I was misguided to be focusing all of my attention on what was then considered "just a gay man's disease." But I felt that this was my destiny and was perfectly matched to my training. I knew deep down that this was going to become a public health catastrophe. I am committed to confronting the enormity of this global public health catastrophe and its potential for even greater devastation.

Failure to contain it cannot be an option. I believe that to be even marginally successful in working to contain this terrible disease, I must be guided by these principles. I must continually thirst for knowledge, accept nothing short of excellence, and know that the good of the global society is more important and larger than I am.

As a boy, DR. ANTHONY FAUCI delivered prescriptions by bicycle for his father's drugstore. Currently director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, his research focuses on HIV/AIDS, asthma, allergies, and other ailments. He advises the government on the global AIDS crisis and threats related to bioterrorism.

Kile - Eng IV - 4/13 - 4/17 page 6 (choice 5)

The God Who Embraced Me

JOHN W. FOUNTAIN

I BELIEVE IN GOD. Not that cosmic, intangible spirit-in-the-sky that Mama told me as a little boy "always was and always will be." But the God who embraced me when Daddy disappeared from our lives—from my life at age four—the night police led him away from our front door, down the stairs in handcuffs.

The God who warmed me when we could see our breath inside our freezing apartment, where the gas was disconnected in the dead of another wind-whipped Chicago winter, and there was no food, little hope, and no hot water.

The God who held my hand when I witnessed boys in

JOHN W. FOUNTAIN

my 'hood swallowed by the elements, by death, and by hopelessness; who claimed me when I felt like "no-man's son," amid the absence of any man to wrap his arms around me and tell me, "everything's going to be okay," to speak proudly of me, to call me son.

I believe in God, God the Father, embodied in his Son Jesus Christ. The God who allowed me to feel His presence—whether by the warmth that filled my belly like hot chocolate on a cold afternoon, or that voice, whenever I found myself in the tempest of life's storms, telling me (even when I was told I was "nothing") that I was *something*, that I was *His*; and that even amid the desertion of the man who gave me his name and his DNA and little else, I might find in Him sustenance.

I believe in God, the God who I have come to know as father; as Abba—Daddy. I always envied boys I saw walking hand-in-hand with their fathers. I thirsted for the conversations fathers and sons have about the birds and the bees, or about nothing at all—simply feeling his breath, heartbeat, presence. As a boy, I used to sit on the front porch watching the cars roll by, imagining that one day one would park and the man getting out would be *my daddy*. But it never happened.

When I was eighteen, I could find no tears that Alabama winter's evening in January 1979 as I stood finally—

Kite - Eng II 4/13-4/17 pg. 7 (choice 6)

THIS I BELIEVE

face-to-face—with my father lying cold in a casket, his eyes sealed, his heart no longer beating, his breath forever stilled. Killed in a car accident, he died drunk, leaving me hobbled by the sorrow of years of fatherless-ness.

By then, it had been years since Mama had summoned the police to our apartment that night, fearing that Daddy might hurt her—hit her—again. Finally his alcoholism consumed what good there was of him until it swallowed him whole.

It wasn't until many years later, standing over my father's grave for a long overdue conversation, that my tears flowed. I told him about the man I had become. I told him about how much I wished he had been in my life. And I realized fully that in his absence, I had found another. Or that *He—God, the Father, God, my Father—* had found me.

JOHN W. FOUNTAIN is a professor of journalism at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. He has been a reporter for the Chicago Tribune and the Washington Post, and a national correspondent for the New York Times. Fountain wrote *True Vine: A Young Black Man's Journey of Faith, Hope, and Clarity*.

Unleash

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A
in my belief that the
make the world a better

For as long as I
things and solving pro
puter for the first time
was a clunky old file
anything compared to
changed my life.

When my friend

Kite- Eng-IV
4/13-4/17 pg. 7 (Choice 5)