

IB English 11 (HL) Summer Homework

Your summer homework has multiple parts. All work is due the first day of school. If you have questions you may contact Ms. McAnally by email (jeni.mcanally@vansd.org).

1. Read and annotate the article titled “The New Negro” by Alain Locke.
2. Read and annotate the **first four sections** of the Langston Hughes Poetry packet: *Let us Roam the Night Together*, *All Alone in this World*, *Life is Fine*, and *Or Does It Explode?* (pages 1-8). We will read the last section, *American Heartbreak*, when we come together in the fall.
 - a. Pay special attention to conventions of poetry like imagery, personification, sound devices (alliteration/assonance/consonance), symbolism, allusion, metaphor, simile, etc.
 - b. Pay special attention to diction, or word choice. Which words stand out as particularly meaningful in connotation or denotation?
 - c. Make note of structural choices of the author in terms of stanzas, line length, rhyme, italics, parentheses, use of dialogue, etc.
 - d. Decide on the style of each work. Is it lyrical? An ode? A Ballad? See the poetry styles sheet for a list to consider. How does the style of the work shape meaning?
3. Complete the **front side** of the “Tone Words” Assignment for the summer poems. A list of tone and mood words is attached. We will finish the back when we reconvene in the fall.
4. Select two poems and complete the Thesis Building graphic organizer for each. See McAnally before the end of the school year if you would like to see an example from this year’s poetry work in PB 10.
5. We will conduct a seminar on these poems in the first few days of school. To prepare, fill out the Seminar Prep sheet.

The booklist and syllabus for the year will be handed out on the first day of class.

What's the Difference between Tone and Mood?

You might think about the difference between mood and tone as follows: **Mood** as the attitude of the author toward the subject or setting, and **Tone** as the attitude of the author, character, or speaker toward the audience or another character. Usually.

Sometimes there is a fine line, and Tone can be an attitude toward the implied audience and subject both.

Mood is the feeling a piece of literature arouses in the reader: happy, sad, peaceful, etc. Mood is the overall feeling of the piece, or passage. It could be called the author's emotional or intellectual attitude toward the subject or setting.

By choosing certain words rather than others and by weaving their connotations together, an author can give whole settings and scenes a kind of personality, or mood. Note the difference if he/she describes a tall, thin tree as "erect like a steeple," "spiked like a witch's hat," "a leafy spear," or "rather inclining toward the slim." However, no single image can work alone; mood can only arise from a steady pressure in the language toward one major atmospheric effect. That effect should support the main purpose of the story.

Tone is the writer's, speaker's, or character's attitude toward the audience; a writer's tone can be serious, sarcastic, tongue-in-cheek, solemn, objective, satirical, solemn, wicked, etc. Tone is the author's (not necessarily your narrator's) overall outlook or attitude toward the given audience. Ironic, matter-of-fact, bemused, outraged, curiously respectful, disdainful - how does he/she feel about the fragment of life displayed in the story?

Just think of it this way: Your mom might ask you to watch your *tone* which could put you in a sour *mood*!

In your own writing about mood and tone, consider these lists of words:

POSITIVE MOOD WORDS		NEGATIVE MOOD WORDS	
amused	pleased	aggravated	intimidated
awed	refreshed	annoyed	irate
bouney	rejuvenated	anxious	irritated
calm	relaxed	apathetic	jealous
cheerful	relieved	apprehensive	lethargic
chipper	satiated	barren	lonely
confident	satisfied	brooding	melancholic
contemplative	sentimental	cold	merciless
content	silly	confining	moody
determined	surprised	confused	morose
dignified	sympathetic	cranky	nauseated
dreamy	thankful	crushed	nervous
ecstatic	thoughtful	cynical	nightmarish
empowered	touched	depressed	numb
energetic	trustful	desolate	overwhelmed
enlightened	vivacious	disappointed	painful
enthralled	warm	discontented	pensive
excited	welcoming	distressed	pessimistic
exhilarated		drained	predatory
flirty		dreary	rejected
giddy		embarrassed	restless
grateful		enraged	scared
harmonious		envious	serious
hopeful		exhausted	sick
hyper		fatalistic	somber
idyllic		foreboding	stressed
joyous		frustrated	suspenseful
jubilant		futile	tense
liberating		gloomy	terrifying
light-hearted		grumpy	threatening
loving		haunting	uncomfortable
mellow		heartbroken	vengeful
nostalgic		hopeless	violent
optimistic		hostile	worried
passionate		indifferent	
peaceful		infuriated	
playful		insidious	

POSITIVE TONE WORDS		NEUTRAL	NEGATIVE TONE WORDS	
admiring	placid	commanding	abhorring	hostile
adoring	playful	direct	acerbic	impatient
affectionate	poignant	impartial	ambiguous	incredulous
appreciative	proud	indirect	ambivalent	indifferent
approving	reassuring	meditative	angry	indignant
benused	reflective	objective	annoyed	inflammatory
benevolent	relaxed	questioning	antagonistic	insecure
blithe	respectful	speculative	anxious	insolent
calm	reverent	unambiguous	apathetic	irreverent
casual	romantic	unconcerned	apprehensive	lethargic
celebratory	sanguine	understated	belligerent	melancholy
cheerful	scholarly		bewildered	mischievous
comforting	self-assured		biting	miserable
comic	sentimental		bitter	mocking
compassionate	serene		blunt	mournful
complimentary	silly		bossy	nervous
conciliatory	sprightly		cold	ominous
confident	straightforward		conceited	outraged
contented	sympathetic		condescending	paranoid
delightful	tender		confused	pathetic
earnest	tranquil		contemptuous	patronizing
ebullient	whimsical		curt	pedantic
ecstatic	wistful		cynical	pensive
effusive	worshipful		demanding	pessimistic
elated	zealous		depressed	pretentious
empathetic			derisive	psychotic
encouraging			derogatory	resigned
euphoric			desolate	reticent
excited			despairing	sarcastic
exhilarated			desperate	sardonic
expectant			detached	scornful
facetious			diabolic	self-deprecating
fervent			disappointed	selfish
flippant			disliking	serious
forthright			disrespectful	severe
friendly			doubtful	sinister
funny			embarrassed	skeptical
gleeful			enraged	sly
gushy			evasive	solemn
happy			fatalistic	somber
hilarious			fearful	stern
hopeful			forceful	stolid
humorous			foreboding	stressful
interested			frantic	strident
introspective			frightened	suspicious
jovial			frustrated	tense
joyful			furious	threatening
laudatory			gloomy	tragic
light			grave	uncertain
lively			greedy	uneasy
mirthful			grim	unfriendly
modest			harsh	unsympathetic
nostalgic			haughty	upset
optimistic			holier-than-thou	violent
passionate			hopeless	wry

Poetry Styles

Acrostic

A poem in which the first letter of each line spells out a word, name, or phrase when read vertically.

Ballad

A popular narrative song passed down orally. In the English tradition, it usually follows a form of rhymed (abcb) quatrains alternating four-stress and three-stress lines. Folk (or traditional) ballads are anonymous and recount tragic, comic, or heroic stories with emphasis on a central dramatic event

Carol

A hymn or poem often sung by a group, with an individual taking the changing stanzas and the group taking the burden or refrain. Many traditional Christmas songs are carols, such as "I Saw Three Ships" and "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

Concrete poetry

Verse that emphasizes nonlinguistic elements in its meaning, such as a typeface that creates a visual image of the topic.

Couplet

A pair of successive rhyming lines, usually of the same length. A couplet is "closed" when the lines form a bounded grammatical unit like a sentence

Didactic poetry

Poetry that instructs, either in terms of morals or by providing knowledge of philosophy, religion, arts, science, or skills. Although some poets believe that all poetry is inherently instructional, didactic poetry separately refers to poems that contain a clear moral or message or purpose to convey to its readers.

Dirge

A brief hymn or song of lamentation and grief; it was typically composed to be performed at a funeral. In lyric poetry, a dirge tends to be shorter and less meditative than an elegy.

Elegy

In traditional English poetry, it is often a melancholy poem that laments its subject's death but ends in consolation.

Epic

A long narrative poem in which a heroic protagonist engages in an action of great mythic or historical significance.

Epistle

A letter in verse, usually addressed to a person close to the writer. Its themes may be moral and philosophical, or intimate and sentimental.

Found poem

A prose text or texts reshaped by a poet into quasi-metrical lines. Fragments of found poetry may appear within an original poem as well.

Free verse

Nonmetrical, nonrhyming lines that closely follow the natural rhythms of speech. A regular pattern of sound or rhythm may emerge in free-verse lines, but the poet does not adhere to a metrical plan in their composition.

Hymn

A poem praising God or the divine, often sung. In English, the most popular hymns were written between the 17th and 19th centuries.

Lament

Any poem expressing deep grief, usually at the death of a loved one or some other loss.

Light verse

Whimsical poems taking forms such as limericks, nonsense poems, and double dactyls.

Limerick

A fixed light-verse form of five generally anapestic lines rhyming AABBA. Limericks are traditionally bawdy or just irreverent.

Lyric

Originally a composition meant for musical accompaniment. The term refers to a short poem in which the poet, the poet's persona, or another speaker expresses personal feelings.

Octave

An eight-line stanza or poem. The first eight lines of an Italian or Petrarchan sonnet are also called an octave.

Ode

A formal, often ceremonious lyric poem that addresses and often celebrates a person, place, thing, or idea. The odes of the English Romantic poets vary in stanza form. They often address an intense emotion at the onset of a personal crisis or celebrate an object or image that leads to revelation

Prose poem

A prose composition that, while not broken into verse lines, demonstrates other traits such as symbols, metaphors, and other figures of speech common to poetry.

Quatrain

A four-line stanza, rhyming: -ABAC or ABCB (known as *unbounded* or ballad quatrain), -AABB (a double couplet), -ABAB (known as *interlaced*, *alternate*, or *heroic*), -ABBA (known as *envelope* or *enclosed*), -AABA.

Refrain

A phrase or line repeated at intervals within a poem, especially at the end of a stanza.

Romance

French in origin, a genre of long narrative poetry about medieval courtly culture and secret love. It triumphed in English with tales of chivalry such as *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* and Geoffrey Chaucer's "The Knight's Tale."

Sestet

A six-line stanza, or the final six lines of a 14-line Italian or Petrarchan sonnet. A sestet refers only to the final portion of a sonnet, otherwise the six-line stanza is known as a sexain.

Slam


A competitive poetry performance in which selected audience members score performers, and winners are determined by total points. Slam is a composite genre that combines elements of poetry, theater, performance, and storytelling.

Sonnet

A 14-line poem with a variable rhyme scheme originating in Italy and brought to England. Literally a "little song," the sonnet traditionally reflects upon a single sentiment, with a clarification or "turn" of thought in its concluding lines. There are many different types of sonnets.

Villanelle

A French verse form consisting of five three-line stanzas and a final quatrain, with the first and third lines of the first stanza repeating alternately in the following stanzas. These two refrain lines form the final couplet in the quatrain. See "Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night" by Dylan Thomas, Elizabeth Bishop's "One Art," and Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The House on the Hill."



THE NEW NEGRO

ALVIN LOCKER

In the last decade something beyond the watch and guard of statistics has happened in the life of the American Negro and the three norms who have traditionally presided over the Negro problem have a changeling in their laps. The Sociologist, the Philanthropist, the Race-leader are not unaware of the New Negro, but they are at a loss to account for him. He simply cannot be swathed in their formulae. For the younger generation is vibrant with a new psychology; the new spirit is awake in the masses, and under the very eyes of the professional observers is transforming what has been a perennial problem into the progressive phases of contemporary Negro life.

Could such a metamorphosis have taken place as suddenly as it has appeared to? The answer is no; not because the New Negro is not here, but because the Old Negro had long become more of a myth than a man. The Old Negro, we must remember, was a creature of moral debate and historical controversy. His has been a stock figure perpetuated as an historical fiction partly in innocent sentimentalism, partly in deliberate reactionism. The Negro himself has contributed his share to this through a sort of protective social mimicry forced upon him by the adverse circumstances of dependence. So for generations in the mind of America, the Negro has been more of a formula than a human being—a something to be argued about, condemned or defended, to be "kept down," or "in his place," or "helped up," to be worried with or worried over, harassed or patronized, a social bogy or a social burden. The thinking Negro even has been induced to share this same general attitude,

to focus his attention on controversial issues; to see himself in the distorted perspective of a social problem. His shadow, so to speak, has been more real to him than his personality. Through having had to appeal from the unjust stereotypes of his oppressors and traducers to those of his liberators, friends and benefactors he has had to subscribe to the traditional positions from which his case has been viewed. Little true social or self-understanding has or could come from such a situation.

But while the minds of most of us, black and white, have thus burrowed in the trenches of the Civil War and Reconstruction, the actual march of development has simply flanked these positions, necessitating a sudden reorientation of view. We have not been watching in the right direction; set North and South on a sectional axis, we have not noticed the East till the sun has us blinking.

Recall how suddenly the Negro spirituals revealed themselves; suppressed for generations under the stereotypes of Wesleyan hymn harmony, secretive, half-ashamed, until the courage of being natural brought them out—and behold, there was folk-music. Similarly the mind of the Negro seems suddenly to have slipped from under the tyranny of social intimidation and to be shaking off the psychology of imitation and implied inferiority. By shedding the old crusts of the Negro problem we are achieving something like a spiritual emancipation. Until recently, lacking self-understanding, we have been almost as much of a problem to ourselves as we still are to others. But the decade that found us with a problem has left us with only a task. The multitude perhaps feels as yet only a strange relief and a new vague urge, but the thinking few know that in the reaction the vital inner grip of prejudice has been broken.

With this renewed self-respect and self-dependence, the life of the Negro community is bound to enter a new dynamic phase, the buoyancy from within compensating for whatever pressure there may be of conditions from without. The migrant masses, shifting from countryside to city, hurdle several generations of experience at a leap, but more important, the same thing happens spiritually in the life-attitudes and

self-expression of the Young Negro, in his poetry, his art, his education and his new outlook, with the additional advantage, of course, of the poise and greater certainty of knowing what it is all about. From this comes the promise and warrant of a new leadership. As one of them has discerningly put it:

We have tomorrow
Bright before us
Like a flame.

Yesterday, a night-gone thing

A sun-down name

And dawn today

Broad arch above the road we came,

We march!

This is what, even more than any "most creditable record of fifty years of freedom," requires that the Negro of to-day be seen through other than the dusty spectacles of past controversy. The day of "nannies," "uncles" and "magnifies" is equally gone. Uncle Tom and Sambo have passed on, and even the "Colonel" and "George" play barnstorm roles from which they escape with relief when the public spotlight is off. The popular melodrama has about played itself out, and it is time to scrap the fictions, gartret the bogeys and settle down to a realistic facing of facts.

First we must observe some of the changes which since the traditional lines of opinion were drawn have rendered these quite obsolete. A main change has been, of course, that shifting of the Negro population which has made the Negro problem no longer exclusively or even predominantly Southern. Why should our minds remain sectionalized, when the problem itself no longer is? Then the trend of migration has not only been toward the North and the Central Midwest, but city-ward and to the great centers of industry—the problems of adjustment are new, practical, local and not peculiarly racial. Rather they are an integral part of the large industrial and social problems of our present-day democracy. And finally, with the Negro rapidly in process

of class differentiation, if it ever was warrantable to regard and treat the Negro *en masse* it is becoming with every day less possible, more unjust and more ridiculous.

In the very process of being transplanted, the Negro is becoming transformed.

The tide of Negro migration, northward and city-ward, is not to be fully explained as a blind flood started by the demands of war industry coupled with the shutting off of foreign migration, or by the pressure of poor crops coupled with increased social terrorism in certain sections of the South and Southwest. Neither labor demand, the boll-weevil nor the Ku Klux Klan is a basic factor, however contributory any or all of them may have been. The wash and rush of this human tide on the beach line of the northern city centers is to be explained primarily in terms of a new vision of opportunity, of social and economic freedom, of a spirit to seize, even in the face of an exorbitant and heavy toll, a chance for the improvement of conditions. With each successive wave of it, the movement of the Negro becomes more and more a mass movement toward the larger and the more democratic chance—in the Negro's case a deliberate flight not only from countryside to city, but from medieval America to modern.

Take Harlem as an instance of this. Here in Manhattan is not merely the largest Negro community in the world, but the first concentration in history of so many diverse elements of Negro life. It has attracted the African, the West Indian, the Negro American; has brought together the Negro of the North and the Negro of the South; the man from the city and the man from the town and village; the peasant, the student, the business man, the professional man, artist, poet, musician, adventurer and worker, preacher and criminal, exploiter and social outcast. Each group has come with its own separate motives and for its own special ends, but their greatest experience has been the finding of one another. Prescription and prejudice have thrown these dissimilar elements into a common area of contact and interaction. Within this area, race sympathy and unity have determined a further fusing of sentiment

and experience. So what began in terms of segregation becomes more and more, as its elements mix and react, the laboratory of a great race-welding. Hitherto, it must be admitted that American Negroes have been a race more in name than in fact, or to be exact, more in sentiment than in experience. The chief bond between them has been that of a common condition rather than a common consciousness; a problem in common rather than a life in common. In Harlem, Negro life is seizing upon its first chances for group expression and self-determination. It is—or promises at least to be—a race capital. That is why our comparison is taken with those nascent centers of folk-expression and self-determination which are playing a creative part in the world to-day. Without pretense to their political significance, Harlem has the same rôle to play for the New Negro as Dublin has had for the New Ireland or Prague for the New Czechoslovakia.

Harlem, I grant you, isn't typical—but it is significant, it is prophetic. No sane observer, however sympathetic to the new trend, would contend that the great masses are articulate as yet, but they stir, they move, they are more than physically restless. The challenge of the new intellectuals among them is clear enough—the "race radicals" and realists who have broken with the old epoch of philanthropic guidance, sentimental appeal and protest. But are we after all only reading into the stirrings of a sleeping giant the dreams of an agitator? The answer is in the migrating peasant. It is the "man farthest down" who is most active in getting up. One of the most characteristic symptoms of this is the professional man, himself migrating to recapture his constituency after a vain effort to maintain in some Southern corner what for years back seemed an established living and clientele. The clergyman following his errant flock, the physician or lawyer trailing his clients, supply the true clues. In a real sense it is the rank and file who are leading, and the leaders who are following. A transformed and transforming psychology permeates the masses.

When the racial leaders of twenty years ago spoke of developing race-pride and stimulating race-consciousness, and of the desirability of race solidarity, they could not in any accurate

degree have anticipated the abrupt feeling that has surged up and now pervades the awakened centers. Some of the reorganized Negro leaders and a powerful section of white opinion identified with "race work" of the older order have indeed attempted to discount this feeling as a "passing phase," an attack of "race nerves" so to speak; an "aftermath of the war," and the like. It has not abated, however, if we are to gauge by the present tone and temper of the Negro press, or by the shift in popular support from the officially recognized and orthodox spokesmen to those of the independent, popular, and often radical type who are unmistakable symptoms of a new order. It is a social disservice to blurt the fact that the Negro of the Northern centers has reached a stage where titelags, even of the most interested and well-intentioned sort, must give place to new relationships, where positive self-direction must be reckoned with in ever increasing measure. The American mind must reckon with a fundamentally changed Negro.

The Negro too, for his part, has idols of the tribe to smash. If on the one hand the white man has erred in making the Negro appear to be that which would excuse or extenuate his treatment of him, the Negro, in turn, has too often unnecessarily excused himself because of the way he has been treated. The intelligent Negro of to-day is resolved not to make discrimination an extenuation for his shortcomings in performance, individual or collective; he is trying to hold himself at par, neither inflated by sentimental allowances nor depreciated by current social discounts. For this he must know himself and be known for precisely what he is, and for that reason he welcomes the new scientific rather than the old sentimental interest. Sentimental interest in the Negro has ebbed. We used to lament this as the falling off of our friends; now we rejoice and pray to be delivered both from self-gift and condescension. The mind of each racial group has had a bitter weaning, apathy or hatred on one side matching disillusionment or resentment on the other; but they face each other to-day with the possibility at least of entirely new mutual attitudes.

It does not follow that if the Negro were better known, he would be better liked or better treated. But mutual under-

standing is basic for any subsequent cooperation and adjustment. The effort toward this will at least have the effect of remedying in large part what has been the most unsatisfactory feature of our present stage of race relationships in America, namely the fact that the more intelligent and representative elements of the two race groups have at so many points got quite out of vital touch with one another.

The fiction is that the life of the races is separate, and increasingly so. The fact is that they have touched too closely at the unfavorable and too highly at the favorable levels.

While inter-racial councils have sprung up in the South, drawing on forward elements of both races, in the Northern cities manual laborers may brush elbows in their everyday work, but the community and business leaders have experienced no such interplay or far too little of it. These segments must achieve contact or the race situation in America becomes desperate. Fortunately this is happening. There is a growing realization that in social effort the co-operative basis must supplant long-distance philanthropy, and that the only safeguard for mass relations in the future must be provided in the carefully maintained contacts of the enlightened minorities of both race groups. In the intellectual realm a renewed and keen curiosity is replacing the recent apathy; the Negro is being carefully studied, not just talked about and discussed. In art and letters, instead of being wholly caricatured, he is being seriously portrayed and painted.

To all of this the New Negro is keenly responsive as an augury of a new democracy in American culture. He is contributing his share to the new social understanding. But the desire to be understood would never in itself have been sufficient to have opened so completely the protectively closed portals of the thinking Negro's mind. There is still too much possibility of being snubbed or patronized for that. It was rather the necessity for fuller, truer self-expression, the realization of the unwisdom of allowing social discrimination to segregate him mentally, and a counter-attitude to cramp and fetter his own living—and so the "split-wall" that the intellectuals built over the "color-line" has happily been taken

down. Much of this reopening of intellectual contacts has centered in New York and has been richly fruitful not merely in the enlarging of personal experience, but in the definite enrichment of American art and letters and in the clarifying of our common vision of the social tasks ahead.

The particular significance in the re-establishment of contact between the more advanced and representative classes is that it promises to offset some of the unfavorable reactions of the past, or at least to re-surface race contacts somewhat for the future. Subtly the conditions that are molding a New Negro are molding a new American attitude.

However, this new phase of things is delicate; it will call for less charity but more justice; less help, but infinitely closer understanding. This is indeed a critical stage of race relationships because of the likelihood, if the new temper is not understood, of engendering sharp group animosities and a second crop of more calculated prejudice. In some quarters, it has already done so. Having weaned the Negro, public opinion cannot continue to paternalize. The Negro to-day is inevitably moving forward under the control largely of his own objectives. What are these objectives? Those of his outer life are happily already well and finally formulated, for they are none other than the ideals of American institutions and democracy. Those of his inner life are yet in process of formation, for the new psychology at present is more of a consensus of feeling than of opinion, of attitude rather than of program. Still some points seem to have crystallized.

Up to the present one may adequately describe the Negro's "inner objectives" as an attempt to repair a damaged group psychology and reshape a warped social perspective. Their realization has required a new mentality for the American Negro. And as it matures we begin to see its effects; at first, negative, iconoclastic, and then positive and constructive. In this new group psychology we note the lapse of sentimental appeal, then the development of a more positive, self-respect and self-reliance; the repudiation of social dependence, and then the gradual recovery from hyper-sensitiveness and "touchy" nerves, the repudiation of the double standard of

judgment with its special philanthropic allowances and then the sturdier desire for objective and scientific appraisal; and finally the rise from social disillusionment to race pride, from the sense of social debt to the responsibilities of social contribution, and offsetting the necessary working and commonsense acceptance of restricted conditions, the belief in ultimate esteem and recognition. Therefore the Negro to-day wishes to be known for what he is, even in his faults and shortcomings, and secures a craven and precarious survival at the price of seeming to be what he is not. He resents being spoken of as a social ward or minor, even by his own, and to being regarded a chronic patient for the sociological clinic, the sick man of American Democracy. For the same reasons, he himself is through with those social nostrums and panaceas, the so-called "solutions" of his "problem," with which he and the country have been so liberally dosed in the past. Religion, freedom, education, money—in turn, he has ardently hoped for and peculiarly trusted these things; he still believes in them, but not in blind trust that they alone will solve his life-problem.

Each generation, however, will have its creed, and that of the present is the belief in the efficacy of collective effort, in race co-operation. This deep feeling of race is at present the mainspring of Negro life. It seems to be the outcome of the reaction to proscription and prejudice; an attempt, fairly successful on the whole, to convert a defensive into an offensive position, a handicap into an incentive. It is radical in tone, but not in purpose and only the most stupid forms of opposition, misunderstanding or persecution could make it otherwise. Of course, the thinking Negro has shifted a little toward the left with the world-trend, and there is an increasing group who affiliate with radical and liberal movements. But fundamentally for the present the Negro is radical on race matters, conservative on others, in other words, a "forced radical," a social protestant rather than a genuine radical. Yet under further pressure and injustice iconoclastic thought and motives will inevitably increase. Harlem's quixotic radicalisms call for their ounce of democracy to-day lest to-morrow they be beyond cure. The Negro mind reaches out as yet to nothing but American

wants, American ideas. But this forced attempt to build his Americanism on race values is a unique social experiment, and its ultimate success is impossible except through the fullest sharing of American culture and institutions. There should be no delusion about this. American nerves in sections unstrung with race hysteria are often fed the opiate that the trend of Negro advance is wholly separatist, and that the effect of its operation will be to encyst the Negro as a benign foreign body in the body politic. This cannot be—even if it were desirable. The racialism of the Negro is no limitation or reservation with respect to American life; it is only a constructive effort to build the obstructions in the stream of his progress into an efficient dam of social energy and power. Democracy itself is obstructed and stagnated to the extent that any of its channels are closed. Indeed they cannot be selectively closed. So the choice is not between one way for the Negro and another way for the rest, but between American institutions frustrated on the one hand and American ideals progressively fulfilled and realized on the other.

There is, of course, a paralytically comfortable feeling in being on the right side of the country's professed ideals. We realize that we cannot be undone without America's undoing. It is within the garrit of this attitude that the thinking Negro faces America, but with variations of mood that are if anything more significant than the attitude itself. Sometimes we have it taken with the defiant ironic challenge of McKay:

Mine is the future grinding down to-day
Like a great landslide moving to the sea,
Bearing its freight of debris far away
Where the green hungry waters restlessly
Have maimed pyramids, and break and rear
Their eerie challenge to the crumpling shore!

Sometimes, perhaps more frequently as yet, it is taken in the fervent and almost filial appeal and counsel of Weldon Johnson's:

O Southland, dear Southland!
Then why do you still cling
To an idle age and a rusty page,
To a dead and useless thing?

But between defiance and appeal, midway almost between cynicism and hope, the prevailing mood stands in the mood of the same author's *To America*, an attitude of sober query and social challenge:

How would you have us, as we are?
Or sinking 'neath the load we bear,
Our eyes fixed forward on a star,
Or gazing empty at despair?
Rising or falling? Men or things?
With dragging pace or footsteps fleet?
Strong, willing sinners in your wings,
Or tightening chains about your feet?

More and more, however, an intelligent realization of the great discrepancy between the American social creed and the American social practice forces upon the Negro the taking of the moral advantage that is his. Only the steady and sobering effect of a truly characteristic gentleness of spirit prevents the rapid rise of a definite cynicism and counter-hate and a defiant superiority feeling. Human as this reaction would be, the majority still deprecate its advent, and would gladly see it forestalled by the speedy amelioration of its cause. We wish our race pride to be a healthier, more positive achievement than a feeling based upon a realization of the shortcomings of others. But all paths toward the attainment of a sound social attitude have been difficult; only a relatively few enlightened minds have been able as the phrase puts it "to rise above" prejudice. The ordinary man has had until recently only a hard choice between the alternatives of sly and humiliating submission and stimulating but hurtful counter-prejudice. Fortunately from some inner, desperate resourcefulness has recently sprung up the simple expedient of fighting prejudice by mental passive resistance, in other words by trying to ignore it. For the few, this *manana* may perhaps be effective, but the masses cannot thrive upon it.

Fortunately there are constructive channels opening out into

which the balked social feelings of the American Negro can flow freely.

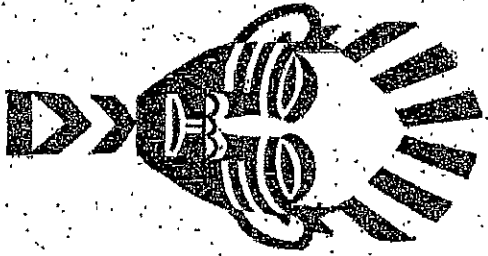
Without them there would be much more pressure and danger than there is. These compensating interests are racial but in a new and enlarged way. One is the consciousness of acting as the advance-guard of the African peoples in their contact with Twentieth Century civilization; the other, the sense of a mission of rehabilitating the race in world esteem from that loss of prestige for which the fate and conditions of slavery have so largely been responsible. Harlem, as we shall see, is the center of both these movements; she is the home of the Negro's "Zionism." The pulse of the Negro world has begun to beat in Harlem. A Negro newspaper carrying news material in English, French and Spanish, gathered from all quarters of America, the West Indies and Africa has maintained itself in Harlem for over five years. Two important magazines, both edited from New York, maintain their news and circulation consistently on a cosmopolitan scale. Under American auspices and backing, three pan-African congresses have been held abroad for the discussion of common interests, colonial questions and the future co-operative development of Africa. In terms of the race question as a world problem, the Negro mind has leapt, so to speak, upon the parapets of prejudice and extended its cramped horizons. In so doing it has linked up with the growing group consciousness of the dark-peoples and is gradually learning their common interests. As one of our writers has recently put it: "It is imperative that we understand the white world in its relations to the non-white world." As with the Jew, persecution is making the Negro international.

As a world phenomenon this wider race consciousness is a different thing from the much asserted rising tide of color. Its inevitable causes are not of our making. The consequences are not necessarily damaging to the best interests of civilization. Whether it actually brings into being new Armadas of conflict or argosies of cultural exchange and enlightenment can only be decided by the attitude of the dominant races in an era of critical change. With the American Negro, his new inter-

nationalism is primarily an effort to recapture contact with the scattered peoples of African derivation. Garveyism may be a transient, if spectacular, phenomenon, but the possible rôle of the American Negro in the future development of Africa is one of the most constructive and universally helpful missions that any modern people can lay claim to.

Constructive participation in such causes cannot help giving the Negro valuable group incentives, as well as increased prestige at home and abroad. Our greatest rehabilitation may possibly come through such channels, but for the present, more immediate hope rests in the revaluation by white and black alike of the Negro in terms of his artistic endowments and cultural contributions, past and prospective. It must be increasingly recognized that the Negro has already made very substantial contributions, not only in his folk-art, music especially, which has always found appreciation, but in larger, though humbler and less acknowledged ways. For generations the Negro has been the peasant matrix of that section of America which has most undervalued him, and here he has contributed not only materially in labor and in social patience, but spiritually as well. The South has unconsciously absorbed the gift of his folk-temperament. In less than half a generation it will be easier to recognize this, but the fact remains that a heaven of humor, sentiment, imagination and tropic nonchalance has gone into the making of the South from a humble, unacknowledged source. A second crop of the Negro's gifts promises still more largely. He now becomes a conscious contributor and lays aside the status of a beneficiary and ward for that of a collaborator and participant in American civilization. The great social gain in this is the releasing of our talented group from the arid fields of controversy and debate to the productive fields of creative expression. The especially cultural recognition they win should in turn prove the key to that revaluation of the Negro which must precede or accompany any considerable further betterment of race relationships. But whatever the general effect, the present generation will have added the motives of self-expression and spiritual development to the old and still unfinished task of making material

headway and progress. No one who understandingly faces the situation with its substantial accomplishment or views the new scene with its still more abundant promise can be entirely without hope. And certainly, if in our lifetime the Negro should not be able to celebrate his full initiation into American democracy, he can at least, on the warrant of these things, celebrate the attainment of a significant and satisfying new phase of group development, and with it a spiritual Conning of Age.



NEGRO ART AND AMERICA

Langston Hughes Poetry Packet
IB Junior English - McAnally

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**Let Us Roam the Night
Together:
Music and Harlem Nights**

Harlem Night Song

Come,
Let us roam the night together
Singing.

I love you.

Across
The Harlem rooftops
Moon is shining.
Night sky is blue,
Stars are great drops
Of golden dew.

Down the street
A band is playing.

I love you.

Come,
Let us roam the night together
Singing.

Trumpet Player

The Negro
With the trumpet at his lips
Has dark moons of weariness
Beneath his eyes
Where the smoldering memory
Of slave ships
Blazed to the crack of whips
About his thighs.

The Negro
With the trumpet at his lips
Has a head of vibrant hair
Tamed down,
Patent-leathered now
Until it gleams
Like jet—
Were jet a crown.

The music
From the trumpet at his lips
Is honey
Mixed with liquid fire.
The rhythm
From the trumpet at his lips
Is ecstasy
Distilled from old desire—

Desire
That is longing for the moon
Where the moonlight's but a spotlight
In his eyes,
Desire
That is longing for the sea

Where the sea's a bar-glass
Sucker size.

The Negro
With the trumpet at his lips
Whose jacket
Has a fine one-button roll,
Does not know
Upon what rife the music slips
Its hypodermic needle
To his soul—

But softly
As the tune comes from his throat
Trouble
Melts to a golden note.

All Alone in this World: Love and Loss

Widow Woman

Oh, that last long ride is a
Ride everybody must take.
Yes, that last long ride's a
Ride everybody must take.
And that final stop is a
Stop everybody must make.

When they put you in the ground and
They throw dirt in your face,
I say put you in the ground and
Throw dirt in your face,
That's one time, pretty papa,
You'll sure stay in your place.

You was a mighty lover and you
Ruled me many years.
A mighty lover, baby, cause you
Ruled me many years—
If I live to be a thousand
I'll never dry these tears.

I don't want nobody else and
Don't nobody else want me.
I say don't want nobody else
And don't nobody else want me—

*Yet you never can tell when a
Woman like me is free!*

Ballad of the Man Who's Gone

No money to bury him.
The relief gave Forty-Four.
The undertaker told 'em,
You'll need Sixty more

For a first-class funeral,
A hearse and two cars—
And maybe your friends'll
Send some flowers.

His wife took a paper
And went around.
Everybody that gave something
She put 'em down.

She raked up a Hundred
For her man that was dead.
His buddies brought flowers.
A funeral was had.

A minister preached—
And charged Five
To bless him dead
And praise him alive.

Now that he's buried—
God rest his soul—
Reckon there's no charge
For graveyard mold.

*I wonder what makes
A funeral so high?
A poor man ain't got
No business to die.*

Life is Fine: And Other Celebrations

My People

The night is beautiful,
So the faces of my people.

The stars are beautiful,
So the eyes of my people.

Beautiful, also, is the sun.
Beautiful, also, are the souls of my people.

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the
flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy
bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

Daybreak in Alabama

When I get to be a composer
I'm gonna write me some music about
Daybreak in Alabama
And I'm gonna put the purfist songs in it
Rising out of the ground like a swampy mist
And falling out of heaved like soft dew,
I'm gonna put some tall tall trees in it
And the scent of pine needles
And the smell of red clay after rain
And long red necks
And poppy colored faces
And big brown arms
And the field daisy eyes
Of black and white black white black people
And I'm gonna put white hands
And black hands and brown and yellow hands
And red clay earth hands in it
Touching everybody with kind fingers
And touching each other natural as dew
In that dawn of music when I
Get to be a composer
And write about daybreak
In Alabama.

Or Does It Explode?: Trouble and Pain

Troubled Woman

She stands
In the quiet darkness,
This troubled woman
Bowed by
Weariness and pain
Like an
Autumn flower
In the frozen rain,
Like a
Wind-blown autumn flower
That never lifts its head
Again.

Ruby Brown

She was young and beautiful
And golden like the sunshine
That warmed her body,
And because she was colored
Mayville had no place to offer her,
Nor fuel for the clean flame of joy
That tried to burn within her soul.

One day,
Sitting on old Mrs. Latham's back porch
Polishing the silver,
She asked herself two questions
And they ran something like this:
What can a colored girl do
On the money from a white woman's kitchen?
And ain't there any joy in this town?

Now the streets down by the river
Know more about this pretty Ruby Brown,
And the sinister shuttered houses of the bottoms
Hold a yellow girl
Seeking an answer to her questions.
The good church folk do not mention
Her name any more.

But the white men,
Habitués of the high shuttered houses,
Pay more money to her now
Than they ever did before,
When she worked in their kitchens.

Mother to Son

Well, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair,
It's had tacks in it,
And splinters,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor—
Bare.
But all the time
I'se been a-climbin' on,
And reachin' landin's,
And turnin' corners,
And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.
So boy, don't you turn back.
Don't you set down on the steps
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.
Don't you fall now—
For I'se still goin', honey,
For I'se still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

Harlem

What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up
Like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore—
And then run?
Does it sink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over—
Like a syrupy sweet?
Maybe it just sags
Like a heavy load.
Or does it explode?

As I Grew Older

It was a long time ago,
I have almost forgotten my dream.
But it was there then,
In front of me,
Bright like a sun—
My dream.

And then the wall rose,
Rose slowly,
Slowly,
Between me and my dream.
Rose slowly, slowly,
Dawning,
Hiding,
The light of my dream.
Rose until it touched the sky—
The wall.

Shadow,
I am black.

I lie down in the shadow.
No longer the light of my dream before me,
Above me,
Only the thick wall.
Only the shadow.

My hands!
My dark hands!
Break through the wall!
Find my dream!
Help me to shatter this darkness,
To smash this night,

To break this shadow
Into a thousand lights of sun,
Into a thousand whirling dreams
Of sun!

American Heartbreak: Race and Conflict

Song for a Dark Girl

Way Down South in Dixie
(Break the heart of me)
They hung my black young lover
To a cross roads tree.

Way Down South in Dixie
(Bruised body high in air)
I asked the white Lord Jesus
What was the use of prayer.

Way Down South in Dixie
(Break the heart of me)
Love is a naked shadow
On a grafted and naked tree.

The South

The lazy, laughing South
With blood on its mouth.
The sunny-faced South,
Beast-strong,

Idiot-brained.

The child-minded South
Scatching in the dead fire's ashes
For a Negro's bones.

Cotton and the moon,
Warmth, earth, warmth,

The sky, the sun, the stars,

The magnolia-scented South.

Beautiful, like a woman,
Seductive as a dark-eyed whore,
Passionate, cruel,

Honey-lipped, syphilitic—
That is the South.

And I, who am black, would love her
But she spits in my face.

And I, who am black,

Would give her many rare gifts

But she turns her back upon me.

So now I seek the North—

The cold-faced North,

For she, they say,

Is a kinder mistress,

And in her house my children

May escape the spell of the South.

The Negro Mother

Children, I come back today
To tell you a story of the long dark way
That I had to climb, that I had to know
In order that the race might live and grow.
Look at my face—dark as the night—
Yet shining like the sun with love's true light.
I am the child they stole from the sand
Three hundred years ago in Africa's land.
I am the dark girl who crossed the wide sea
Carrying in my body the seed of the free.
I am the woman who worked in the field
Bringing the cotton and the corn to yield.
I am the one who labored as a slave,
Beaten and mistreated for the work that I gave—
Children sold away from me, husband sold, too.
No safety, no love, no respect was I due.
Three hundred years in the deepest South:
But God put a song and a prayer in my mouth.
God put a dream like steel in my soul.
Now, through my children, I'm reaching the goal.
Now, through my children, young and free,
I realize the blessings denied to me.
I couldn't read then. I couldn't write.
I had nothing back there in the night.
Sometimes, the valley was filled with tears,
But I kept trudging on through the lonely years.
Sometimes, the road was hot with sun,
But I had to keep on till my work was done:
I had to keep on! No stopping for me—
I was the seed of the coming free.
I nourished the dream that nothing could smother
Deep in my breast—the Negro mother.
I had only hope then, but now through you,

Dark ones of today, my dreams must come true:
All you dark children in the world out there,
Remember my sweat, my pain, my despair.
Remember my years, heavy with sorrow—
And make of those years a torch for tomorrow.
Make of my past a road to the light
Out of the darkness, the ignorance, the night.
Lift high my banner out of the dust.
Stand like free men supporting my trust.
Believe in the night, let none push you back.
Remember the whip and the slaver's track.
Remember how the strong in struggle and strife
Still bar you the way, and deny you life—
But march ever forward, breaking down bars.
Look ever upward at the sun and the stars.
Oh, my dark children, may my dreams and my prayers
Impel you forever up the great stairs—
For I will be with you till no white brother
Dares keep down the children of the Negro mother.

Puzzled

Here on the edge of hell
Stands Harlem—
Remembering the old lies,
The old kicks in the back,
The old, *Be patient*,
They told us before.

Sure, we remember
Now, when the man at the corner store
Says sugar's gone up another two cents,
And bread one,
And there's a new tax on cigarettes—
We remember the job we never had,
Never could get,
And can't have now
Because we're colored.

So we stand here
On the edge of hell
In Harlem
And look out on the world
And wonder
What we're gonna do
In the face of
What we remember.

Negro

I am a Negro:
Black as the night is black,
Black like the depths of my Africa.

I've been a slave:
Caesar told me to keep his door-steps clean.
I brushed the boots of Washington.

I've been a worker:
Under my hand the pyramids arose.
I made mortar for the Woolworth Building.

I've been a singer:
All the way from Africa to Georgia
I carried my sorrow songs.
I made ragtime.

I've been a victim:
The Belgians cut off my hands in the Congo.
They lynch me still in Mississippi.

I am a Negro:
Black as the night is black,
Black like the depths of my Africa.

American Heartbreak

I am the American heartbreak—
Rock on which Freedom
Stumps its toe—
The great mistake
That Jamestown
Made long ago.

Who But the Lord?

I looked and I saw
That man they call the Law.
He was coming
Down the street at me!
I had visions in my head
Of being laid out cold and dead,
Or else murdered
By the third degree.

I said, *O, Lord, if you can,*
Save me from that man!
Don't let him make a pulp out of me!
But the Lord he was not quick.
The Law raised up his stick
And beat the living hell
Out of me!

Now, I do not understand
Why God don't protect a man
From police brutality—
Being poor and black.
I've no weapon to strike back
So who but the Lord
Can protect me?

Ku Klux

They took me out
To some lonesome place.
They said, "Do you believe
In the great white race?"

I said, "Mister,
To tell you the truth,
I'd believe in anything
If you'd just hum me loose."

The white man said, "Boy,
Can it be
You're a standin' there
A-assassin' me?"

They hit me in the head
And knocked me down.
And then they kicked me
On the ground.

A Klansman said, "Nigger,
Look me in the face—
And tell me you believe in
The great white race."

Mahlatto

I am your son, white man!

Georgia dusk
And the turpentine woods.
One of the pillars of the temple fell.

*You are my son!
Like hell!*

The moon over the turpentine woods.
The Southern night
Full of stars,
Great big yellow stars.

*What's a body but a toy?
Juicy bodies
Of nigger wenchies
Blue black
Against black fences.
O, you little bastard boy,*

*What's a body but a toy?
The scent of pine wood stings the soft night air.
What's the body of your mother?
Silver moonlight everywhere.
What's the body of your mother?
Sharp pine scent in the evening air.*

*A nigger night,
A nigger joy,
A little yellow
Bastard boy.*

*Now, you ain't my brother.
Niggers ain't my brother.*

*Not ever.
Niggers ain't my brother.*

The Southern night is full of stars,
Great big yellow stars.
O, sweet as earth,
Dusk dark bodies
Gave sweet birth
To little yellow bastard boys.

*Get on back there in the night,
You ain't white.*

The bright stars scatter everywhere.
Pine wood scent in the evening air.
A nigger night,
A nigger joy.

*I am your son, white man!
A little yellow
Bastard boy.*

Silhouette

Southern gentle lady,
Do not swoon.
They've just hung a black man
In the dark of the moon.

They've hung a black man
To a roadside tree
In the dark of the moon
For the world to see
How Dixie protests
Its white womanhood.

Southern gentle lady,
Be good!
Be good!

I Hear America Singing

by Walt Whitman

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand
singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or
at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of
the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows,
robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

15

10

I, Too

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother,
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—
I, too, am America.

Democracy

Democracy will not come
Today, this year
Nor ever
Through compromise and fear.

I have as much right
As the other fellow has
To stand
On my two feet
And own the land.

I like so of hearing people say,
Let things take their course,
Tomorrow is another day,
I do not need my freedom when I'm dead.
I cannot live on tomorrow's bread.

Freedom
Is a strong seed
Planted
In a great need.
I live here, too.
I want freedom
Just as you.

.

.

.....

Langston Hughes Tone Assignment

Directions: For each poem, determine the tone (or tones) of the poem. Write the tone/s under the poem's title. In the right column, list which words, literary devices, or technical/structural choices Hughes uses in order to establish such a tone. Highlight the "tone words" on the original poem in whatever color you are using for tone, and next to those words, write the tone you wrote on this organizer.

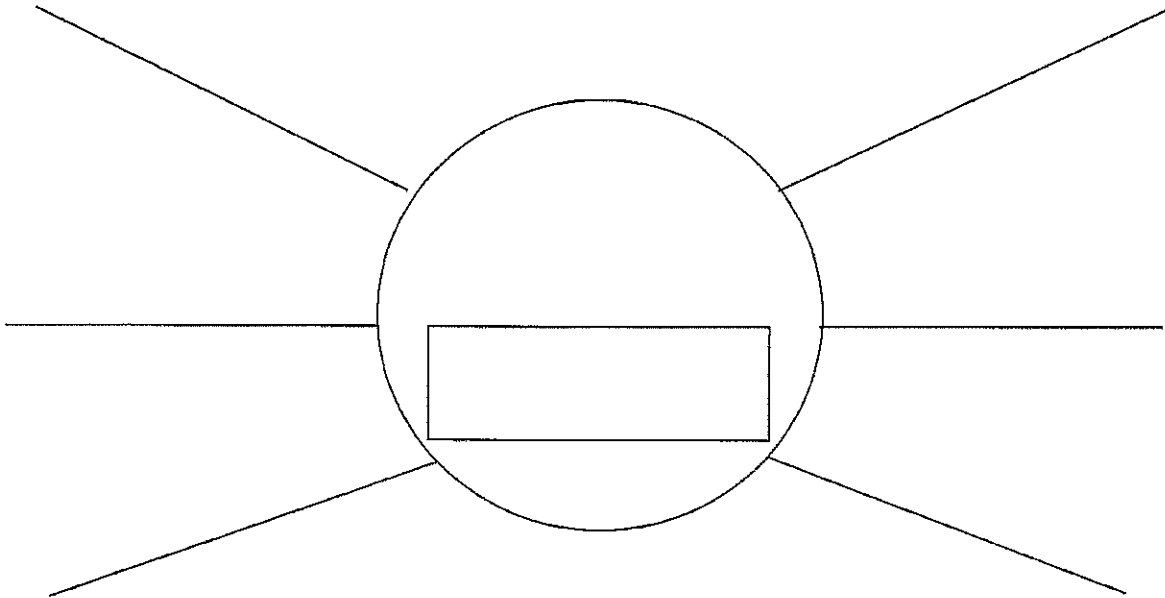
Poem Title and Tone	Tone words, literary devices, or technical / structural choices that establish tone
Harlem Night Song	
Trumpet Player	
Widow Woman	
Ballad of the Man Who's Gone	
My People	
The Negro Speaks of Rivers	
Daybreak in Alabama	
Troubled Woman	
Ruby Brown	
Mother to Son	
Harlem	
As I Grew Older	

Song for a Dark Girl	
The South	
The Negro Mother	
Puzzled	
Negro	
American Heartbreak	
Who But the Lord?	
Ku Klux	
Mulatto	
Silhouette	
I, Too	
Democracy	

Steps for Determining the Effect and Writing a Thesis for Poetry

1. Read the poem twice.
2. At the bottom of the poem, write a literal restatement of the message / content of the poem
3. Use your individualized annotation system to mark the poem.
4. Write your "gut feeling" emotional or intellectual response to the poem in a circle in the middle of your paper (i.e., makes me feel somber, rebellious, angry, inspired, lonely...).
5. Inside that circle, draw a box and inside it write a message, moral, theme, or main idea that can be derived from the poem (i.e., losing a loved one can have a profound impact on a child, justice will always prevail, an apology isn't always adequate to make amends for a wrongdoing).
6. Look back at your annotations. On the mind-map lines write the stylistic or language choices the author used that might have contributed to this response (literary devices, author's choices).
7. Working backwards now, write a thesis statement that combines the literary devices, the purpose served by those choices, and the effect of those choices on the meaning of the text for us, the readers. While language may (and should) vary, the basic template is:

In _____ (poem), _____ (Author) uses
_____ (techniques) in order to _____
_____ (purpose). As a result, readers can appreciate / feel /
understand: _____ (effect).



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The diagram consists of a central circle with a smaller rectangle inside it. Six lines radiate from the circle to the edges of the page, serving as a template for writing. Below the diagram are several horizontal lines for additional notes.

Name: _____ Reading Selection: _____

Seminar Preparation Notes -- Poetry

Complete the guide below to prepare for the Socratic Seminar. You will be using this sheet as a reference during the discussion. The more thorough your preparation, the more you will have to say during seminar.

1. List major themes or motifs of the poem/s that you read for the seminar:

Questions I want to ask the group:	Words or phrases that emphasize tone in the poem (and the effect on the reader)
Write discussion-generating questions: 1 2 3 4	Include poem title (in the case of a multiple-poem study) and line number 1 2 3 4
Parts of the text with which I can make a connection:	Author's stylistic choices that bear on meaning and emotional or intellectual response for the reader
This reminds me of when... I can connect with this because... I once read something that reminds me of this... 1 2 3 4	Include poem title (in the case of a multiple-poem study) and line number 1 2 3 4