

## **English 11 Summer Reading 2017-2018**

The summer reading for English 11 is designed to prompt thinking about how different texts in American culture work together to represent life in America in both historical moments and current day.

You will read and study four pieces that all relate to a theme in American literature: Family and Identity. What role does family play in Americans' lives? Who does God call us to be?

### Required Four Pieces:

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|---------------------|---|
| Drama:              | <i>The Glass Menagerie</i> by Tennessee Williams<br>[Students responsible for obtaining physical or electronic copy on own] |
| Poem:               | “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” by T.S. Eliot<br>[Electronic copy provided below]                                     |
| Art:                | <i>The Potato Eaters</i> by Vincent Van Gogh<br>[Electronic copy provided below]  |
| Informational Text: | “Hate your family?” by John W. Martens from <i>America</i> magazine   |

## **Assignment**

**1st** Read, study, and annotate all four pieces in regards to the theme of family and identity.

**2nd** After studying and annotating each piece, answer these questions in a document (answer the questions for EACH of the four pieces):

- What does the piece say about the role of family in America?
- How does the piece say this? Provide at least one specific example.
- How does the piece draw a comparison between family and what God calls us to be? Provide at least one specific example.

Type your responses in a document and **BRING THE ELECTRONIC VERSION TO THE FIRST DAY OF CLASS.** [Google Drive, email to yourself, or flash drive]

**3rd** After completing the questions for all four pieces, complete the graphic organizer on the next page. Bring this with you on the first day of class. [You may bring in a print out of the completed graphic organizer OR create an electronic copy and create the organizer.]

An example graphic organizer is included in this document.

**English 11 Summer Reading Graphic Organizer  
Due on First Day of Class**

Student Name:

After you annotate each piece, use this graphic organizer to compare and contrast each document. Your completed work should be very detailed, and you should pay close attention to theme.

<i>The Glass Menagerie</i> by Tennessee Williams	"The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock" by T.S. Eliot
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Similarities in Collection

<i>The Potato Eaters</i> by Van Gogh	"Hate your family?" by John W. Martens
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So What? Write a thesis statement based on your comparison.

**English 11 Summer Reading Graphic Organizer**  
**Due on First Day of Class**

Student Name: **SAMPLE STUDENT**

After you annotate each piece, use this graphic organizer to compare and contrast each document. Your completed work should be very detailed, and you should pay close attention to theme.

“I Hear America Singing” by Walt Whitman

- *Praise of the working class Americans*
- *Whitman celebrates the people singing their praises (hard work - what is given back to this country)*

“I, too” by Langston Hughes

- *Hughes expands Whitman’s view of America and Americans by recognizing a race/culture that was unrepresented in Whitman’s poem - The African American people.*

Similarities in Collection

- *Pride for Americans and the celebration of cultures*
- *A future that celebrates individuals, culture, hard work - an idea to all “sing” work together to express America that is the “melting pot”*

“To Walt Whitman” by Angela DeHoyas

- *Hoyas attacks Whitman for only focusing on “his” culture.*
- *She asks for “her” people to be heard as well.*
- *The Native Americans*

“Mandolin” by Ros Ibarra

- *Represents the music the Native Americans brought to our country.*
- *Picture is a female and brings the lost gender in from the 1st two poets*

So What? Write a thesis statement based on your comparison.

*To celebrate all that is America, we must recognize the individual talents and cultures that work together to better our country.*

**“The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock”**

**By T.S. Eliot**

*S’io credesse che mia risposta fosse*

*A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,  
Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.  
Ma percioche giammai di questo fondo  
Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,  
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.*

Let us go then, you and I,  
When the evening is spread out against the sky  
Like a patient etherized upon a table;  
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  
The muttering retreats  
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  
Streets that follow like a tedious argument  
Of insidious intent  
To lead you to an overwhelming question ...  
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"  
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,  
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,  
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,  
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,  
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,  
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,  
And seeing that it was a soft October night,  
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time  
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,  
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;  
There will be time, there will be time  
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;  
There will be time to murder and create,  
And time for all the works and days of hands  
That lift and drop a question on your plate;  
Time for you and time for me,  
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,  
And for a hundred visions and revisions,  
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time  
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"  
Time to turn back and descend the stair,  
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair —  
(They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")

My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,  
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin —  
(They will say: “But how his arms and legs are thin!”)  
Do I dare  
Disturb the universe?  
In a minute there is time  
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;  
I know the voices dying with a dying fall  
Beneath the music from a farther room.  
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—  
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,  
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,  
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,  
Then how should I begin  
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?  
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—  
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare  
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)  
Is it perfume from a dress  
That makes me so digress?  
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.  
And should I then presume?  
And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets  
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes  
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? ...

I should have been a pair of ragged claws  
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!  
Smoothed by long fingers,  
Asleep ... tired ... or it malingers,  
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.  
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,  
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?  
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,  
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,  
I am no prophet — and here's no great matter;  
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,  
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,  
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,  
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,  
Would it have been worth while,  
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,  
To have squeezed the universe into a ball  
To roll it towards some overwhelming question,  
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,  
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"—  
If one, settling a pillow by her head  
Should say: "That is not what I meant at all;  
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
Would it have been worth while,  
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,  
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor—  
And this, and so much more?—  
It is impossible to say just what I mean!  
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:  
Would it have been worth while  
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,  
And turning toward the window, should say:  
"That is not it at all,  
That is not what I meant, at all."

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;  
Am an attendant lord, one that will do  
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,  
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,  
Deferential, glad to be of use,  
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;  
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;  
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—  
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old ... I grow old ...  
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?  
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.  
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves  
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back  
When the wind blows the water white and black.  
We have lingered in the chambers of the sea  
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown  
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

## ***The Potato Eaters* by Van Gogh**



Conceived as a summation of Van Gogh's work and study up to that time, *The Potato Eaters* also expresses most strongly and fully his social and moral feeling. He was a painter of peasants, not for the sake of their picturesqueness - although he was moved by their whole aspect - but from a deep affinity and solidarity with poor people, whose lives, like his own, were burdened with care. He found in their common meal the occasion in which their humanity and moral beauty are strikingly revealed; they appear then as a close community, based upon work and the sharing of the fruits of work. The table is their altar and the food a sacrament for each one who has labored. Under the single light at this common table, the solitude of the individual is overcome and the harshness of nature, too - yet each figure retains a thought of his own and two of them seem to be on the brink of an unspoken loneliness. The colors of the dark interior - blue, green, and brown - bring us back to nature outside. In the homely faces the hands of these peasants - in color and modeling they are like the potatoes that nourish them - there is a touching purity. It is the purity of familial souls in whom care for one another and the hard struggle with the earth and weather leave little place for self-striving.

The composition has a rough strength, in part the result of a naive placing. And in Van Gogh's clumsiness, which conveys also, as he intended, the clumsiness of his people, there is a source of movement. The grouping of the figures at the sides of the table is odd; the wall between the two figures at the right creates a strange partitioning of the intimate space.

Within the gloom of the dark tonality are remarkable bits of painting, prepared by Van Gogh's tenacious studies: the cups of coffee, with their gray shadows; the potatoes on the platter; and the superb heads, which in their isolation from one another betray the portrait studies from which they were copied. The eyes of two figures at the left shine with an inner light and the shadows on their features are more a modeling of character than a phenomenon of darkness. "I like so much better to paint the eyes of people than to paint cathedrals", Van Gogh wrote shortly after.

From <http://www.vangogh.net/potato-eaters.jsp>

## “Hate your family?”

By John W. Martens, September 5, 2010

The Gospel reading for the Twenty Third Sunday of Ordinary Time, [Luke 14:25-37](#), is one of those passages that I just ache to cut down to size, to make certain that it says something more palatable, easier to handle, than what it seems to be saying. Jesus speaks to a crowd: “now large crowds were traveling with him; and he turned and said to them, “Whoever comes to me and does not hate father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yes, and even life itself, cannot be my disciple” (14:25-26 NRSV). Hate your family? Hate life itself? In what way do these teachings agree with the command to honor your parents or God’s desire that we share in the goodness of creation? It is possible to deal with the word “hate” in a reasonable manner; most scholars understand that the use of hate indicates a comparative, along the lines of saying, “you must *love me more than* father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yes, and even life itself.” Fair enough, but it does not seem to leave us on easy street: Jesus demands our allegiance, beyond that given to family and even this good life. If you want to be Jesus’ disciple, then you have to be all in. Where the demands of the goods of this life, including family, conflict with the commands of Jesus and his teachings, Jesus comes first. This is not a soft saying, even if we soften the meaning of “hate.”

The teachings that follow are also fascinating, though, and I think often lost in the first two verses, which always spin my head as I seek an escape clause for true discipleship. Jesus gives a couple of examples to the crowds following him, at least quasi-disciples or wannabe-disciples at this point. He tells the crowds that they must be prepared to “carry the cross,” which even if the followers did not understand in light of the implications for Jesus himself at this point would have understand in the context of the nature of crucifixion in general. A disciple of Jesus would have to give up everything to follow him. The next two examples, though, I think, pertain more to Jesus himself than to his followers, that is, I think he is telling them why it is essential that he have disciples willing to give up everything.

He gives the example of a person who builds a tower, but runs out of money when the foundation is complete; it is necessary to calculate the full cost in advance to know whether you can finish your task, for if you fall short you will be subject to ridicule. In the same way, a king going into battle must know whether his army of 10,000 can do battle with an army of 20,000; if they cannot the king will sue for terms of peace. These examples might be applied to the possible disciples, to have them search themselves to see if they are prepared to give everything up, but I think that they could easily apply to the master-builder or the king, who must know that as he builds and as he leads that each disciple is in for the long haul. He cannot build the kingdom of God or fight the powers of destruction without followers who will give all to the task at hand.

The section ends with this saying of Jesus: “so therefore, none of you can become my disciple if you do not give up all your possessions” (14:33). I know that “possessions” might mean different things in different contexts to different people. In Tracy Kidder’s *Mountains Beyond Mountains*, the wealthy developer Tom White tells Paul Farmer that



he would like to come to Haiti as a missionary, but Farmer's medical work is being funded through *Partners in Health* which in turn was funded to a large degree by Tom White. Farmer says to White, "in your case that would be a sin." The issue is not so much that we are all called to live in poverty, by throwing our possessions, like St. Francis, out the window or retreating to the desert, like St. Anthony, but that all of our possessions, our talents, our heart, our being, are ready to build and willing to do battle for the only kingdom that matters. I am not certain how well or how often I am able to meet these demands because as simple as they are, they are not easy.