English 11

Siuslaw High School

Note to Students: In this packet, you will find two weeks worth of activities to complete during this time.

from

Self-Reliance

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. . . .

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. . . .

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, "What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?" my friend suggested— "But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, "They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the devil's child, I will live then from the devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what

GUIDE FOR READING

10 ***the divine Providence:*** God, as the guiding force of the universe.

12 ***confided:*** trusted.

13–14 ***betraying their perception that the Eternal . . . :*** revealing their awareness that God . . . .

18 ***palms:*** the leaf of the palm was worn in ancient times as a symbol of success, honor, excellence, or triumph.

22 ***suffrage:*** here, approval or support.

24 ***wont to importune me:*** inclined to trouble me.

30–31 Emerson is saying that believing in and following one's own nature is sacred. *What is implied by the word sacred?*

Words to Know

conviction (kən vik' shən) *n.* a strong opinion
predominate (prē däm' ə nāt') *v.* to exert controlling power or influence over; dominate
honesty and sincerity

is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it. . . .

What I must do, is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. . . .

For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversation had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own, he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause,—disguise no god, but are put on and off as the wind blows, and a newspaper directs. . . .

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word, because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency, a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with packthread, do. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said today. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood. Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood. ❧

33 ***after:*** according to.

33 ***constitution:*** the physical and mental nature of a person.

38 ***meanness:*** ordinariness.

40–44 Emerson says that it is easy either to follow the world or to follow your own conscience while isolated from the world. *What is a great person able to do?*

47 ***askance:*** with suspicion.

48 ***aversation:*** the act of turning away; aversion.

54–58 *Why does consistency keep us from self-trust?*

59 ***A foolish consistency . . . little minds:*** Emerson means that an inability to change or progress is like an imaginary goblin that frightens small minds. Notice that Emerson does not condemn all consistency but only "foolish," or mindless, consistency.

INSIGHT

phorisms

ALPH WALDO EMERSON

othing great was ever achieved without ıthusiasm.

he only reward of virtue is virtue; the only ay to have a friend is to be one.

ood men must not obey the laws too well.

t was a high counsel that I once heard given o a young person, "Always do what you are ıfraid to do."

The reward of a thing well done, is to have done it.

We are wiser than we know.

Words are also actions, and actions are a kind of words.

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius.

I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching.

What is a weed? A plant whose virtues have not been discovered.

We are always getting ready to live, but never living.

Hitch your wagon to a star.

We boil at different degrees.

'Tis the good reader that makes the good book.

Keep cool; it will be all one a hundred years hence.

The true test of civilization is, not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out.

from Walden

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

from Where I Lived, and What I Lived For

When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence Day, or the fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defense against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. . . .

I was seated by the shore of a small pond, about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord and somewhat higher than it, in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and Lincoln, and about two miles south of that our only field known to fame, Concord Battle Ground; but I was so low in the woods that the opposite shore, half a mile off, like the rest, covered with wood, was my most distant horizon. For the first week, whenever I looked out on the pond it impressed me like a tarn high up on the side of a mountain, its bottom far above the surface of other lakes, and, as the sun arose, I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, and here and there, by degrees, its soft ripples or its smooth reflecting surface was revealed, while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods, as at the breaking up of some nocturnal conventicle. The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual, as on the sides of mountains. . . .

GUIDE FOR READING

3 *Do you think Thoreau really ... Independence Day "by accident" ... the day he would move to the ...*

21 ***tarn:*** a small mountain lake or pool.

28 ***nocturnal conventicle*** (nak tėr nəl kən ven′ ti kəl): a secret meeting held at night by certain religious groups.

Words to Know and Use

exude (eg zyo͞od′) *v.* to ooze
stealthily (stelth′ i lē) *adv.* secretly

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartanlike as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have somewhat hastily concluded that it is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."

Still we live meanly, like ants, though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes; it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumbnail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. . . .

Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take

31–44 *What are Thoreau's reasons for moving to the woods?*

37 ***marrow:*** the very center of something; literally, the soft tissue inside a bone.

38 ***Spartanlike:*** self-disciplined and self-denying.

39 ***cut a broad swath:*** to make a forceful impression.

49 ***the fable:*** a Greek myth in which Zeus changed ants into men.

50–51 ***like pygmies . . . cranes:*** a reference to a battle between pygmies and cranes in Homer's *Iliad*. Because the pygmies were small, they were afraid of the cranes.

56–68 *What is Thoreau's answer to our hectic, detail-crowded lives?*

63 ***founder:*** to fill with water and sink.

Words to Know and Use

deliberately (di lib′ er it lē) *adv.* in an unhurried and thoughtful manner
mean (mēn) *adj.* low in quality, value, or importance
sublime (se blīm′) *adj.* noble; majestic
superfluous (se pur′ flo͞o əs) *adj.* unnecessary or excessive

a thousand stitches today to save nine tomorrow. As for *work*, we haven't any of any consequence. We have the Saint Vitus' dance, and cannot possibly keep our heads still. If I should only give a few pulls at the parish bell rope, as for a fire, that is, without setting the bell, there is hardly a man on his farm in the outskirts of Concord, notwithstanding that press of engagements which was his excuse so many times this morning, nor a boy, nor a woman, I might almost say, but would forsake all and follow that sound, not mainly to save property from the flames, but, if we will confess the truth, much more to see it burn, since burn it must, and we, be it known, did not set it on fire—or to see it put out, and have a hand in it, if that is done as handsomely; yes, even if it were the parish church itself. Hardly a man takes a half hour's nap after dinner, but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks, "What's the news?" as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels. Some give directions to be waked every half hour, doubtless for no other purpose; and then, to pay for it, they tell what they have dreamed. After a night's sleep the news is as indispensable as the breakfast. "Pray tell me anything new that has happened to a man anywhere on this globe," and he reads it over his coffee and rolls, that a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River; never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark unfathomed mammoth cave of this world, and has but the rudiment of an eye himself.

For my part, I could easily do without the post office. I think that there are very few important communications made through it. To speak critically, I never received more than one or two letters in my life—I wrote this some years ago—that were worth the postage. The penny post is, commonly, an institution through which you seriously offer a man that penny for his thoughts which is so often safely offered in jest. And I am sure that I never read any memorable news in a newspaper. If we read of one man robbed, or murdered, or killed by accident, or one house burned, or one vessel wrecked, or one steamboat blown up, or one cow run over on the Western Railroad, or one mad dog killed, or one lot of grasshoppers in the winter, we never need read of another. One is enough. . . .

74 ***Saint Vitus' dance:*** chorea, a nervous disorder characterized by spasms and twitching

86–93 *What situation is Thoreau exaggerating here?*

89 ***sentinels:*** guards

96 ***Wachito River:*** a river in northern Louisiana and southern Arkansas, a region believed in those days to harbor violent men. Today the river is spelled *Ouachita*.

98 ***rudiment:*** undeveloped form.

103–106 ***The penny post . . . jest:*** Thoreau is further dramatizing what he views as the worthlessness of letters by humorously equating postage rates (a penny per letter) with the joking phrase "a penny for your thoughts."

Let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature, and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails. Let us rise early and fast, or break fast, gently and without perturbation; let company come and let company go, let the bells ring and the children cry, determined to make a day of it. . . .

Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. I cannot count one. I know

120–136 Thoreau says that do not have much time on ea wants to spend his time tryin understand the eternal questi secrets of life. He feels that h some of the answers in natur

Thoreau's furniture from the Walden cabin. Photograph courtesy of the Concord Museum, Concord, Massachusetts.

not the first letter of the alphabet. I have always been regretting that I was not as wise as the day I was born. The intellect is a cleaver; it discerns and rifts its way into the secret of things. I do not wish to be any more busy with my hands than is necessary. My head is hands and feet. I feel all my best faculties concentrated in it. My instinct tells me that my head is an organ for burrowing, as some creatures use their snout and forepaws, and with it I would mine and burrow my way through these hills. I think that the richest vein is somewhere hereabouts; so by the divining rod and thin rising vapors I judge; and here I will begin to mine.

127 ***cleaver:*** a heavy knife.

from Solitude

This is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself. As I walk along the stony shore of the pond in my shirt sleeves, though it is cool as well as cloudy and windy, and I see nothing special to attract me, all the elements are unusually congenial to me. The bullfrogs trump to usher in the night, and the note of the whippoorwill is borne on the rippling wind from over the water. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled but not ruffled. These small waves raised by the evening wind are as remote from storm as the smooth reflecting surface. Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures lull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete. The wildest animals do not repose, but seek their prey now; the fox, and skunk, and rabbit, now roam the fields and woods without fear. They are Nature's watchmen—links which connect the days of animated life. . . .

138 ***imbibes:*** drinks.

138–139 Thoreau asserts his oneness with nature here and in most of the rest of this paragraph

Words to Know and Use

discern (di zurn') *v.* to recognize as separate or different; to distinguish
repose (ri pōz') *n.* sleep; rest

Men frequently say to me, "I should think you would feel lonesome down there, and want to be nearer to folks, rainy and snowy days and nights especially." I am tempted to reply to such, This whole earth which we inhabit is but a point in space. How far apart, think you, dwell the two most distant inhabitants of yonder star, the breadth of whose disk cannot he appreciated by our instruments? Why should I feel lonely? Is not our planet in the Milky Way? This which you put seems to me not to be the most important question. What sort of space is that which separates a man from his fellows and makes him solitary? I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another. . . .

161–164 *Thoreau suggests that we are all in this life together, so the distance between us does not matter*

from The Pond in Winter

Every winter the liquid and trembling surface of the pond, which was so sensitive to every breath, and reflected every light and shadow, becomes solid to the depth of a foot or a foot and a half, so that it will support the heaviest teams, and perchance the snow covers it to an equal depth, and it is not to be distinguished from any level field. Like the marmots in the surrounding hills, it closes its eyelids and becomes dormant for three months or more. Standing on the snow-covered plain, as if in a pasture amid the hills, I cut my way first through a foot of snow, and then a foot of ice, and open a window under my feet, where, kneeling to drink, I look down into the quiet parlor of the fishes, pervaded by a softened light as through a window of ground glass, with its bright sanded floor the same as in summer; there a perennial waveless serenity reigns as in the amber twilight sky, corresponding to the cool and even temperament of the inhabitants. Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads.

176 ***marmots:*** *squirrels that have coarse fur and short, bushy tails and that burrow in the ground.*

Words to Know and Use

dormant (dôr′ mənt) *adj.* in a state of suspended animation, as if asleep
pervade (pər vād′) *v.* to spread throughout

from Spring

One attraction in coming to the woods to live was that I should have leisure and opportunity to see the spring come in. The ice in the pond at length begins to be honeycombed, and I can set my heel in it as I walk. Fogs and rains and warmer suns are gradually melting the snow; the days have grown sensibly longer; and I see how I shall get through the winter without adding to my woodpile, for large fires are no longer necessary. I am on the alert for the first signs of spring, to hear the chance note of some arriving bird, or the striped squirrel's chirp, for his stores must be now nearly exhausted, or see the woodchuck venture out of his winter quarters. . . .

The change from storm and winter to serene and mild weather, from dark and sluggish hours to bright and elastic ones, is a memorable crisis which all things proclaim. It is seemingly instantaneous at last. Suddenly an influx of light filled my house, though the evening was at hand, and the clouds of winter still overhung it, and the eaves were dripping with sleety rain. I looked out the window, and lo! where yesterday was cold gray ice there lay the transparent pond already calm and full of hope as in a summer evening, reflecting a summer evening sky in its bosom, though none was visible overhead, as if it had intelligence with some remote horizon. . . .

206–211 *What is the change from winter to spring like where you live?*

210 ***intelligence:*** communication

MAY DAY 1960 Andrew Wyeth Private collection.

Words to Know **sensibly** (sen′ sə blē) *adv.* noticeably

from Conclusion

I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one. It is remarkable how easily and insensibly we fall into a particular route, and make a beaten track for ourselves. I had not lived there a week before my feet wore a path from my door to the pond side; and though it is five or six years since I trod it, it is still quite distinct. It is true, I fear, that others may have fallen into it, and so helped to keep it open. The surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men; and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, must be the highways of the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity! I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world, for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains. I do not wish to go below now.

I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them. . . .

Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. It is not important that he should mature as soon as an apple tree or an oak. Shall he turn his spring into summer? If the

212–214 *Why does Thoreau leave the woods?*

223–225 *What ruts do societies form?*

225–228 ***cabin passage . . . deck of the world:*** Thoreau does not want to go through life in sheltered comfort and security. He wants to stand at the front of the ship; that is, face and challenge life.

245–248 ***If a man . . . far away:*** This ode to individuality is one of the most famous passages from Thoreau. The term "different drummer" evolved from a journal entry of Thoreau's that detailed an 1839 river voyage. During the voyage he fell asleep to the nonstop sound of someone beating a drum "alone in the silence and the dark." The phrase "marching to the beat of a different drummer" became popular in the nonconformist 1960's, and in 1967 the song "Different Drum" provided rock star Linda Ronstadt with her first hit single.

Words to Know and Use

conformity (ken fôrm′ ə tē) *n.* action that follows custom and is similar to that of others

license (lī′ sens) *n.* a lack of restrictions on behavior; freedom

condition of things which we were made for is not yet, what were any reality which we can substitute? We will not be shipwrecked on a vain reality. Shall we with pains erect a heaven of blue glass over ourselves, though when it is done we shall be sure to gaze still at the true ethereal heaven far above, as if the former were not? . . .

However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The faultfinder will find faults even in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poorhouse. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheering thoughts, as in a palace. The town's poor seem to me often to live the most independent lives of any. Maybe they are simply great enough to receive without misgiving. Most think that they are above being supported by the town; but it oftener happens that they are not above supporting themselves by dishonest means, which should be more disreputable. Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage. Do not trouble yourself much to get new things, whether clothes or friends. Turn the old; return to them. Things do not change; we change. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts. God will see that you do not want society. If I were confined to a corner of a garret all my days, like a spider, the world would be just as large to me while I had my thoughts about me. The philosopher said, "From an army of three divisions one can take away its general, and put it in disorder; from the man the most abject and vulgar one cannot take away his thought." Do not seek so anxiously to be developed, to subject yourself to many influences to be played on; it is all dissipation. Humility like darkness reveals the heavenly lights. The shadows of poverty and meanness gather around us, "and lo! creation widens to our view." We are often reminded that if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Croesus, our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same. Moreover, if you are restricted in your range by poverty, if you cannot buy books and newspapers, for instance, you are but confined to the most significant and vital experiences; you are compelled to deal with the ma-

261–269 *What are some ways that Thoreau finds between poverty and wealth? What one benefit of poverty does he name?*

283 ***abject:*** low and miserable

285 ***dissipation:*** a wasteful activity

289 ***Croesus*** (krē′ səs): a king of Lydia (now a part of Turkey) who is legendary for his wealth. He lived during the sixth century B.C.

terial which yields the most sugar and the most starch. It is life near the bone where it is sweetest. You are defended from being a trifler. No man loses ever on a lower level by magnanimity on a higher. Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only. Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul. . . .

The life in us is like the water in the river. It may rise this year higher than man has ever known it, and flood the parched uplands; even this may be the eventful year, which will drown out all our muskrats. It was not always dry land where we dwell. I see far inland the banks which the stream anciently washed, before science began to record its freshets. Everyone has heard the story which has gone the rounds of New England, of a strong and beautiful bug which came out of the dry leaf of an old table of apple-tree wood, which had stood in a farmer's kitchen for sixty years, first in Connecticut, and afterward in Massachusetts—from an egg deposited in the living tree many years earlier still, as appeared by counting the annual layers beyond it; which was heard gnawing out for several weeks, hatched perchance by the heat of an urn. Who does not feel his faith in a resurrection and immortality strengthened by hearing of this? Who knows what beautiful and winged life, whose egg has been buried for ages under many concentric layers of woodenness in the dead dry life of society, deposited at first in the alburnum of the green and living tree, which has been gradually converted into the semblance of its well seasoned tomb—heard perchance gnawing out now for years by the astonished family of man, as they sat round the festive board—may unexpectedly come forth from amidst society's most trivial and handselled furniture, to enjoy its perfect summer life at last!

I do not say that John or Jonathan will realize all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star. ❧

307 ***freshets:*** streams.

308–327 The parable of the "strong and beautiful bug" is another famous passage from *Walden*. What is its message?

326 ***handselled:*** discounted; cheap.

328 ***John or Jonathan:*** examples of common, everyday names in England and the United States.

I Hear America Singing

WALT WHITMAN

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe[1] 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 woodcutter'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.

1. **blithe** (blīth): cheerful.

Responding to Reading

First Impressions of "I Hear America Singing"

1. What memories or mental images come to your mind as you read this poem? Jot them down in your journal or on a piece of paper.

Second Thoughts on "I Hear America Singing"

2. What do you think "singing" represents in the poem? Consider who the singers might be and what they might be celebrating in their songs.

3. Why do you think Whitman does not include wealthy entrepreneurs, prominent leaders, or powerful politicians in the poem?

When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer

WALT WHITMAN

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable[1] I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

NIGHT SCENE 1980 Neil Welliver
Courtesy of Marlborough Galleries, Ne

1. **unaccountable:** without explanation.

Responding to Reading

First Impressions of "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer"

1. What is your impression of the speaker of this poem? Write three phrases that describe the speaker.

Second Thoughts on "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer"

2. Why do you think the speaker in this poem leaves the lecture room?
3. The scientist has one way of understanding things in nature. The speaker in

I Sit and Look Out

WALT WHITMAN

I sit and look out upon all the sorrows of the world, and upon all oppression and shame,
I hear secret convulsive sobs from young men at anguish with themselves, remorseful after deeds done,
I see in low life the mother misused by her children, dying neglected, gaunt, desperate,
I see the wife misused by her husband, I see the treacherous seducer of young women,
I mark the ranklings of jealousy and unrequited love attempted to be hid, I see these sights on the earth,
I see the workings of battle, pestilence, tyranuy, I see martyrs and prisoners,
I observe a famine at sea, I observe the sailors casting lots who shall be kill'd to preserve the lives of the rest,
I observe the slights and degradations cast by arrogant persons upon laborers, the poor, and upon negroes, and the like;
All these—all the meanness and agony without end I sitting look out upon,
See, hear, and am silent.

GUIDE FOR READING

1 ***oppression*** (ə presh′ ən): cruel or unjust use of power.

2 ***convulsive*** (kən vul′ siv): intense and uncontrolled.

2–8 Notice that Whitman tries to include as many sorrows as possible in his poem.

5 ***ranklings*** (raŋ′ kliŋz): angry or bitter feelings; resentments. ***unrequited*** (un′ ri kwīt′ id): not returned.

SILENCE about 1911 Odilon Redon
Oil on gesso on paper, 21 ⅛ × 21 ½ inches
Collection, The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Lillie P. Bliss Collection.
© 1992 The Museum of Modern Art, New York.

Responding to Reading

First Impressions of "I Sit and Look Out"

1. What words or phrases express your thoughts after reading this poem? Jot them down in your journal or on a piece of paper.

Second Thoughts on "I Sit and Look Out"

2. Why do you think the speaker remains silent at the end of the poem?
3. Do you think that the speaker's silence is an appropriate response to "all the sorrows of the world"? Explain your opinion.

from Song of Myself

WALT WHITMAN

1

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf 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 schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

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 remembrancer designedly dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say *Whose?*

GUIDE FOR READING

1–3 *Why do you think that Whitman connects himself to the reader in the beginning of the poem?*

10 ***in abeyance*** (ə bā′ əns): temporarily suspended.

11 ***sufficed:*** was enough.

16–25 In these lines Whitman lists a series of metaphors for what grass means to him.

18 ***remembrancer designedly dropt:*** souvenir purposefully dropped.

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 them 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 transpire from the breasts of young men,
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,
It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken soon out of their mothers' 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 heads 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 arrest it,
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.

21 ***hieroglyphic*** (hī' ər ō' glif' ik): a picture or symbol representing a word.

24 ***Kanuck . . . Cuff:*** A Kanuck (now spelled Canuck) is a Canadian, a Tuckahoe is a Virginian from the coastal lowlands, and a Cuff is an African American.

26–37 Whitman elaborates here on the metaphor of grass as "the uncut hair of graves."

27 ***transpire:*** pass through the pores of the skin; develop.

38–45 *What is Whitman's concept of death as expressed in these lines?*

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 gab and my loitering.

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

The last scud 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 effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.

I bequeath 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 fibre your blood.

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

45 *Why does Whitman think that to die is "luckier" than what people suppose?*

48 ***yawp:*** a loud, harsh cry.

49 ***scud:*** fragment of clouds.

52–58 Notice the poet's physical transformation in these lines.

53 ***effuse*** (e fyōōz'): pour out. ***eddies:*** swirling currents.

54 ***bequeath*** (bē kwēth'): to leave (property) to another by last will and testament.

61 *At the end of the poem, why do you suppose Whitman says he's "waiting for you"?*

TRANSCENDENTALISM ONE PAGER

Due: 3/20

A One-Pager is a single-page response that shows your understanding of a piece of text you have read, be it a poem, novel, chapter of a book, or any other literature. It is a way of making representation of your individual, unique understanding. It is a way to be creative and experimental; it is a way to respond to your reading imaginatively and honestly.

The purpose of a One-Pager is to own what you are reading since we read differently when we know we are going to do something with the text that we have read. We learn best when we are able to create our own patterns!

Requirements

1. Include the authors' names. Please make these large and noticeable. (10 points)

2. Pull out one notable quote from each of the transcendental texts:
Self-Reliance, Walden, and Walt Whitman's poems. These quotes must be cited correctly. Use
the title of the piece in parenthesis. (40 points)

EXAMPLE: "Envy is ignorance, imitation is suicide" (Self-Reliance).

3. Create at least TWO illustrations which create a central focus - these pictures need to illustrate what you have in mind from your readings. (20 points)

4. An example of modern-day transcendentalism. This can be a person, a movement, an idea, etc. Write a full-sentence three-sentence response as to how this example represents transcendentalism. (20 points)

5. Write a haiku about Transcendentalism (10 points)
Haiku basics: A Haiku is a Japanese form of poetry that has three unrhymed lines with a 5, 7, 5, pattern syllable pattern.
EXAMPLE
In my new clothing (5)
I feel so different. I must (7)
look like someone else. (5)

6. Make the one-pager thoughtful and creative. You must use color and you must fill up the page. Anything that looks like it is thrown together will lose all points for this category. (10 points).

Total: 100 points
This will be going into the summative portion of your grade as it is considered the final

assessment of your Transcendental readings. **Please use your time wisely.**

Elissa Hurley

"That envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide"
(Self-Reliance)

-EMERSON

"Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life?"
(Walden)

-THOREAU

"I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love."
(Song of Myself)

-WHITMAN

Singapore green city.

The city's buildings are covered with growing bushes and trees, bringing nature close to the people. It being close to nature peace and clear headedness scendentalism is a philosophy understand oneself one most

We must find ourselves in nature, and enjoy life or it will be gone.

is believed that brings a sense of to people. Tran- that in order to understand nature and its simplicity

"See, hear, and am silent."
(I Sit and Look Out)

-WHITMAN

Use a google.doc to write your answers and essay if using the computer to complete this. If using a packet, write on the packet itself.

Like several of Hemingway's other works, A *Farewell to Arms* describes life during World War I.

The narrator is an American ambulance driver. In this excerpt, he is talking with the Italian ambulance drivers he commands.

This excerpt includes conversations that address lost faith in war and military leaders.

from *A Farewell to Arms*

by Ernest Hemingway

Village at the Austrian-Italian border completely destroyed in World War I

As you read, highlight key examples of Hemingway's style in the selection. Use sticky notes to mark passages in which the style illustrates something distinctive about the narrator or another character.

from Chapter IX

The road was crowded and there were screens of corn-stalk and straw matting on both sides and matting over the top so that it was like the entrance at a circus or a native village. We drove slowly in this matting-covered tunnel and came out onto a bare cleared space where the railway station had been. The road here was below the level of the river bank and all along the side of the sunken road there were holes dug in the bank with infantry in them. The sun was going down and looking up along the bank as we drove I saw the Austrian observation balloons above the hills on the other side dark against the sunset. We parked the cars beyond a brickyard. The ovens and some deep holes had been equipped as dressing stations. There were three doctors that I knew. I talked with the major and learned that when it should start and our cars should be loaded we would drive them back along the screened road and up to the main road along the ridge where there would be a post and other cars to clear them. He hoped the road would not jam. It was a one-road show. The road was screened because it was in sight of the Austrians across the river. Here at the brickyard we were sheltered from rifle or machine-gun fire by the river bank. There was one smashed bridge across the river. They were going to put over another bridge when the bombardment started and some troops were to cross at the shallows up above at the bend of the river. The major was a little man with upturned mustaches. He had been in the war in Libya and wore two wound-stripes. He said that if the thing went well he would see that I was decorated. I said I hoped it would go well but that he was too kind. I asked him if there was a big dugout where the drivers could stay and he sent a soldier to show me. I went with him and found the dugout, which was very good. The drivers were pleased with it and I left them there. The major asked me to have a drink with him and two other officers. We drank rum and it was very friendly. Outside it was getting dark. I asked what time the attack was to be and they said as soon as it was dark. I went back to the drivers. They were sitting in the dugout talking and when I came in they stopped. I gave them each a package of cigarettes, Macedonias, loosely packed cigarettes that spilled tobacco and needed to have the ends twisted before you smoked them. Manera lit his lighter and passed it around. The lighter was shaped like a Fiat radiator. I told them what I had heard.

"Why didn't we see the post when we came down?" Passini asked.

"It was just beyond where we turned off."

"That road will be a dirty mess," Manera said.

"They'll shell the —— out of us."

"Probably."

"What about eating, lieutenant? We won't get a chance to eat after this thing starts."

"I'll go and see now," I said.

"You want us to stay here or can we look around?"

"Better stay here."

I went back to the major's dugout and he said the field kitchen would be along and the drivers could come and get their stew. He would loan them mess tins if they did not have them. I said I thought they had them. I went back and told the drivers I would get them as soon as the food came. Manera said he hoped it would come before the bombardment started. They were silent until I went out. They were mechanics and hated the war.

I went out to look at the cars and see what was going on and then came back and sat down in the dugout with the four drivers. We sat on the ground with our backs against the wall and smoked. Outside it was nearly dark. The earth of the dugout was warm and dry and I let my shoulders back against the wall, sitting on the small of my back, and relaxed.

"Who goes to the attack?" asked Gavuzzi.

"Bersaglieri."

"All bersaglieri?"

"I think so."

"There aren't enough troops here for a real attack."

"It is probably to draw attention from where the real attack will be."

"Do the men know that who attack?"

"I don't think so."

"Of course they don't," Manera said. "They wouldn't attack if they did."

"Yes, they would," Passini said. "Bersaglieri are fools."

"They are brave and have good discipline," I said.

"They are big through the chest by measurement, and healthy. But they are still fools."

"The granatieri are tall," Manera said. This was a joke. They all laughed.

"Were you there, Tenente, when they wouldn't attack and they shot every tenth man?"

"No."

"It is true. They lined them up afterward and took every tenth man. Carabinieri shot them."

"Carabinieri," said Passini and spat on the floor. "But those grenadiers; all over six feet. They wouldn't attack."

"If everybody would not attack the war would be over," Manera said.

"It wasn't that way with the granatieri. They were afraid. The officers all came from such good families."

"Some troops went out."

"Those that went out were not lined up when they took the tenth men."

"One of those shot by the carabinieri is from my town," Passini said. "He was a big smart tall boy to be in the granatieri. Always in Rome. Always with the girls. Always with the carabinieri." He laughed. "Now they have a guard outside his house with a bayonet and nobody can come to see his mother and father and sisters and his father loses his civil rights and cannot even vote. They are all without law to protect them. Anybody can take their property."

"If it wasn't that that happens to their families nobody would go to the attack."

"Yes. Alpini would. These V. E. soldiers would. Some bersaglieri."

"Bersaglieri have run too. Now they try to forget it."

"You should not let us talk this way, Tenente. Evviva l'escercito," Passini said sarcastically.

"I know how you talk," I said. "But as long as you drive the cars and behave —"

"— and don't talk so other officers can hear," Manera finished.

"I believe we should get the war over," I said. "It would not finish it if one side stopped fighting. It would only be worse if we stopped fighting."

"It could not be worse," Passini said respectfully. "There is nothing worse than war."

"Defeat is worse."

"I do not believe it," Passini said still respectfully.

"What is defeat? You go home."

"They come after you. They take your home. They take your sisters."

"I don't believe it," Passini said. "They can't do that to everybody. Let everybody defend his home. Let them keep their sisters in the house."

"They hang you. They come and make you be a soldier again. Not in the auto-ambulance, in the infantry."

"They can't hang every one."

"An outside nation can't make you be a soldier," Manera said. "At the first battle you all run."

"Like the Tchecos."

"I think you do not know anything about being conquered and so you think it is not bad."

"Tenente," Passini said. "We understand you let us talk. Listen. There is nothing as bad as war. We in the auto-ambulance cannot even realize at all how bad it is. When people realize how bad it is they cannot do anything to stop it because they go crazy. There are some people who never realize. There are people who are afraid of their officers. It is with them the war is made."

"I know it is bad but we must finish it."

"It doesn't finish. There is no finish to a war."

"Yes there is."

Passini shook his head.

"War is not won by victory. What if we take San Gabriele? What if we take the Carso and Monfalcome and Trieste? Where are we then? Did you see all the far mountains to-day? Do you think we could take all them too? Only if the Austrians stop fighting. One side must stop fighting. Why don't we stop fighting? If they come down into Italy they will get tired and go away. They have their own country. But no, instead there is a war."

"You're an orator."

"We think. We read. We are not peasants. We are mechanics. But even the peasants know better than to believe in a war. Everybody hates this war."

"There is a class that controls a country that is stupid and does not realize anything and never can. That is why we have this war."

"Also they make money out of it."

"Most of them don't," said Passini. "They are too stupid. They do it for nothing. For stupidity."

According to the drivers, why do soldiers from "good families" attack the enemy?

Focusing in-

The major asked me to have a drink with him and two other officers. We drank rum and it was very friendly. Ontside it was getting dark. I asked what time the attack was to be and they said as soon as it was dark. I went back to the drivers. They were sitting in the dugout talking and when I came in they stopped. I gave them each a package of cigarettes, Macedonias, loosely packed cigarettes that spilled tobacco and needed to have the ends twisted before you smoked them. Manera lit his lighter and passed it around. The lighter was shaped like a Fiat radiator. I told them what I had heard.

–A Farewell to Arms, *Ernest Hemingway*

What does this passage reveal about the narrator?

a. He looks down upon the drivers and up to his superiors.
b. He is not respected by his superiors, but he is respected by the drivers.
c. He is respected by the drivers and by his superiors.

Explain your selection with evidence from the text.

What effects does this indirect characterization have on the story? Check all that apply.

It allows the reader to fill in the details.
It provides the author's clear opinion.
It slows down the story for reflection.
It develops multiple characters at once.
It allows the action to continue.
It provides a detailed description.

Hemingway's Novels and stories usually contain three categories of characters.

Exemplar: A character who recognizes the meaningless of the world.

Makes their own meaning by:

Developing and abiding by a code of morality

Exhibiting grace under pressure

Apprentice: A character who struggles to evolve into an exemplar

Often mentored by an exemplar character

Anti-Exemplar: A character who is blind to reality and bewildered.

In Chapter 9, Passini has speeches that are longer than anyone else's. How does this style help characterize him as the exemplar?

Passini's rambling sentences convey the complexity of his heroic thoughts about war.
Grace under pressure causes Passini to repeat his wise words without regard to what his listeners can understand.
Passini's questions and logic illustrate that he is expressing his own understanding of war rather than accepted beliefs.

Why is an apprentice narrator appropriate for describing World War I?

The narrator's growth can contrast naive views with the harsh realities of war.

The narrator is able to explain why war is always necessary despite its enormous costs.
In his blindness to reality, the narrator represents the majority of war's proponents.
An exemplar narrator would give nothing but wise speeches, which would get boring.

Review Questions

Read the Excerpt and then answer the review question connected to it:

The road was crowded and there were screens of corn-stalk and straw matting on both sides and matting over the top so that it was like the entrance at a circus or a native village.

1. Keeping in mind Hemingway's iceberg principle, what feeling is he trying to convey by describing the scene as an "entrance to a circus or a native village"?

a feeling of unease as the narrator is driving into a peculiar and alien location
a feeling of sadness at the devastation that has been caused by the violence of war
a feeling of joy as the narrator realizes that he is alive despite all the carnage
a feeling of defeat about a war that has taken so many lives and still continues on

"Tenente," Passini said. "We understand you let us talk. Listen. There is nothing as bad as war. We in the auto-ambulance cannot even realize at all how bad it is. When people realize how bad it is they cannot do anything to stop it because they go crazy. There are some people who never realize. There are people who are afraid of their officers. It is with them the war is made."

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"Yes there is."

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2. Which **best** describes the effect of Passini's long pieces of dialogue?

They indicate that Passini is naive about the ways of war.
They indicate that Passini is guided by his emotions.
They indicate that Passini feels passionately about his beliefs.
They indicate that Passini is the main protagonist.

3. Because of his journalistic background, Ernest Hemingway's *diction** tends to be

**Diction: the choice and use of words and phrases in speech or writing.*

a combination of formal and informal.
neither formal nor informal.
only formal.
only informal.

Summative Assessment:

Based on your understanding of the three Hemingway character types as explained on **pg. 7**. These types are: Exemplar, Apprentice, and Anti-Exemplar write a personal narrative explaining the roles of these archetypes in your life. For example, you may be the apprentice character type and have both positive and negative role models filling in the Exemplar and Anti-Exemplar. Perhaps you are the Exemplar and have an apprentice of your own. Write a 5 paragraph essay explaining how these character types fit into your life.

Alternative: You may write about a book, movie, or show that has all three of these characters types. Explain the example you've chosen, the characters, and why they fit into their specific character type as explained by Hemingway.

Submit your Essay to max.perry@siuslaw.k12.or.us on Google Drive.

Essay: If you don't have access to a computer, please write your essay on the lines provided below.